REFERENCE LIBRARY OF
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 PARK STREET, BOSTON

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.
Archive
Collection
This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days.

DIARY, REMINISCENCES,

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, F. S. A.

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

THOMAS SADLER, PH. D.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.
Cambridge: The Riverside Press.
1877.

"A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows; with a face
Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
Of Nature's impress, — gayety and health,
Freedom and hope; but keen withal, and shrewd.
His gestures note, — and hark! his tones of voice
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Excursion, Book VII.

DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, F. S. A.

VOL. I.

PREFACE.

THE materials placed in the hands of the Editor, from which to make selections for the following work, were: 1. Brief journals reaching as far as 1810, inclusive; 2. A regular and full home Diary, begun in 1811, and continued till within five days of Mr. Robinson's death, forming thirty-five closely written volumes; 3. About thirty volumes of Journals of tours; 4. Reminiscences, reaching down to the year 1843, inclusive; 5. Miscellaneous papers; 6. A large number of letters. It was Mr. Robinson's intention to very materially reduce the number of letters, and to leave only those which were valuable. This sifting he regarded as a chief work of his later years, and he was fond of quoting respecting it the saying of Dr. Aikin when struck by paralysis: "I must make the most of the salvage of life." But although he destroyed a vast number of letters, the work of selection and arrangement was very far from completed.

The part of his papers of which he himself contemplated the posthumous publication, was a selection from his Reminiscences, with some letters. Many friends repeatedly urged him to make the necessary preparation for such a publication. Among these were Rogers and Wordsworth. On the recommendation of the latter, Mr. Robinson laid special stress, for he said: "Wordsworth must be aware that there are many interesting particulars respecting himself, which I should wish to preserve, if I preserved anything." And the recommendation was, therefore, interpreted as a sanction to including these particulars with those relating to Goethe, Wieland, and

others. To his executors, Mr. Robinson used to say: "If you were to print all that you find" (referring to the Reminiscences), "I should think you would show great want of judgment; and I should think the same if you came to the conclusion that there is nothing worth printing." About six weeks before his death, he met Mr. Macmillan, the publisher of these volumes, who, as they were going down to lunch, gave him his arm, and on the stairs said: "Mr. Robinson, I wonder that you have never been induced to undertake some great literary work." Mr. Robinson stopped, and, placing his hand on Mr. Macmillan's shoulder, answered: "It is because I am a wise man. I early found that I had not the literary ability to give me such a place among English authors as I should have desired; but I thought that I had an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of many of the most distinguished men of the age, and that I might do some good by keeping a record of my interviews with them." And writing to his brother in 1842, he said: "When you complain of my not being so copious as I ought on such occasions, you only remind me of what I am already sufficiently aware, and that I want in an eminent degree the Boswell faculty. With his excellent memory and tact, had I early in life set about following his example, I might, beyond all doubt, have supplied a few volumes superior in value to his 'Johnson,' though they would not have been so popular. Certainly the names recorded in his great work are not so important as Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, the Duchesses Amelia and Louisa of Weimar, and Tieck, — as Madame de Staël, La Fayette, Abbé Grégoire, Benjamin Constant, — as Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Rogers, Hazlitt, Mrs. Barbauld, Clarkson, &c., &c., &c., for I could add a great number of minor stars. And yet what has come of all this? Nothing. What will come of it? Perhaps nothing."

From the year 1811 the Diary is entitled to the most prominent place. The Reminiscences were not begun till Mr. Robinson had nearly reached threescore years and ten; and even if they had been written in the freshness of his memory, and in the fulness of his mental

vigor, they would still hardly have had equal value with the daily record, which breathes the air of the scenes and incidents to which it relates.

In the execution of his task, the Editor has kept two objects especially in view: first, to preserve interesting particulars respecting distinguished men, both in England and on the Continent; and, secondly, to keep unbroken the thread of Mr. Robinson's own life. One reason why the materials were put into his hands rather than those of one possessing more literary experience was, that he had been himself a student at German Universities, and was interested in German literature; but the chief reason was that, from various circumstances, he was likely to give due prominence to Mr. Robinson's own modes of thinking and mental characteristics, his independent unconforming ways, without which those who knew him best would feel that they had not a faithful portrait of their friend. If this were not secured, the executors would consider that they were not carrying out his own aim, in leaving the selection of editor to them, without guidance or restraint. The Editor has, therefore, felt it to be his duty to take all the care he could that the unpopular, or commonly uninteresting, subjects of Mr. Robinson's thought and interest should not be suppressed, in order to make the book more in accordance with the public taste.

The Editor cannot venture to hope that, in the first edition of the work, there will not be many mistakes. Mr. Robinson often excited surprise by his wonderful memory in the narration of personal incidents; but in regard to dates and names, it was not altogether without grounds that he called himself an incorrigible blunderer.

Of the mass of MS. which remains after selection, it will be enough to say, that it, for the most part, refers simply to the ordinary matters of private life, but that there are some parts which, though they could not, with propriety, be published now, may in time have a public interest and value.* It may, perhaps, not be out of place to give very

* Mr. Robinson's papers will be carefully preserved with a view to any historical value they may acquire by the lapse of time. It may be stated, as a rough guess, that the selections, not taking into account the letters, do not amount to more than a twenty-fifth or thirtieth part of the whole.

briefly some of the most marked impressions of Mr. Robinson, which have been left on the Editor's mind, after reading the whole.

In Holcroft's "Hugh Trevor" there is a passage in which Mr. Robinson was greatly interested, because he felt it to be singularly applicable to himself: "I was possessed of that hilarity which, when not regulated by a strong desire to obtain some particular purpose, shows itself in a thousand extravagant forms, and is then called animal spirits; but when once turned to an attainment of some great end, assumes the more worthy appellation of activity of mind." Of this passage Mr. Robinson says: "I have through life had animal spirits in a high degree. I might, under certain circumstances, have had more." When he was in his seventieth year, Mrs. Clarkson said of him, that he was "as much a boy as ever." Wordsworth called him "a healthy creature, who talked of coming again in seven years as others would of seven days." And the first line of the Dedication to H. C. R. of the "Memorials of the Italian Tour" is: —

"Companion! By whose *buoyant* spirit cheered."

This was, doubtless, in some measure owing to a healthful and vigorous constitution. Very rarely does so long a life pass with so little interruption from illness. Even so late as 1831, when he was in Italy, he made an excursion with three gentlemen, one of whom, before their return, volunteered this confession: "When I heard that you were to be of the party, I, at first, refused to go; 'For,' I said, 'Mr. Robinson is an old man, and the rest of us shall have to accommodate ourselves to his infirmities'; but you have already knocked up two of us, and all but me also."

Mr. Robinson was a voracious devourer of books. He read before he got up, and after he went to bed. On his journeys, whether on foot or on a stage-coach, he was in the habit of spending much of his time in reading. The most attractive scenery had to share his attention with a book. He said: "I could have no pleasure at the seaside without society. That is the one great want of my life, or rather the second, — the first being books." In a

Christmas visit to Rydal, for a month or five weeks, he would read from ten to twenty volumes of such works as those of Arnold, Whately, and Isaac Taylor. Nor was he one of those who think they have read a work when they have only skimmed through it, and made themselves acquainted with its general contents. Sometimes he gives, in the Diary, an account of what he read, and there is a large bundle of separate papers, containing abstracts of books, plots of stories, and critical remarks.

In his case, however, there was no danger of becoming so absorbed in literature as to lose his interest in men. He was eminently *social*. But he liked to have to do with persons who had some *individuality*. It was an affliction to him to be obliged to spend several hours with one of those colorless beings who have no opinions, tastes, or principles of their own. Writing from Germany to his brother, he said, "I love *characters* extremely." The words, "He is a character," are frequently the prelude to an interesting personal description. Of one whom he knew, he says: "All his conversation is ostentatious egotism; and yet it is preferable to the dry talk about the weather, which some men torment me with. The revelations of character are always interesting." This interest in character seems to have given him an intuitive power of finding out noticeable men. Wherever he was, — in London, Germany, or Rome, — a secret affinity was almost sure to bring him into contact with those who were most worth knowing, and to lead to a lasting acquaintance with them. When compelled, by Napoleon's soldiers, to fly from Hamburg, and to take refuge in Stockholm, he formed a friendship with the veteran Arndt, and there was no diminution in the warmth of their greeting after an interval of twenty-seven years.

Mr. Robinson's name is widely known as that of a capital talker. There is a saying that a man's strength is also his weakness, and in this case there are not wanting jokes about his taking all the conversation to himself. It is reported that one day at a breakfast-party at Sam Rogers's, the host said to those assembled: "O, if there is any one here who wishes to say anything, he had bet-

ter say it at once, for Crabb Robinson is coming." But there is no subject on which he more frequently reproaches himself, than with this habit of taking too large a share of the talk. When his strength was beginning to fail, his friend Edwin Field urged him in a letter to refrain from talking "more than two hours consecutively." He notes this in the Diary, and adds: "Is this satire? It does not offend me." Yet he was too candid not to acknowledge that conversation was the one thing in which, in his own estimation, he excelled. It was, he said, his power of expression which enabled him to make his way as a barrister, notwithstanding his deficiencies in legal attainment.* He not only had a copious vocabulary, but could also convey much meaning by his manner, and by a playful exaggeration in his words.

Of this last use of speech he says in a letter to his brother: "What I wrote about the parson's alleging that he had never seen me at church, was not altogether a joke. but was a real feeling, exaggerated into a joke, which is very much my habit in company, and, I may say, is one of the secrets of conversational tact. There is not a better way of insinuating a wholesome but unpalatable truth, than clothing it in language wilfully beyond truth, so that it may be taken as a satire on those who gravely maintain the same doctrine, by all who perhaps would not tolerate a sober and dry statement of it. I have the vanity to think I know how to do this, but I may sometimes fail, of course. The intelligent always understand me, and the dull are puzzled." It is not too much to say, that to the great majority of those who were in the habit of meeting him his conversation was a real delight. The Editor well remembers the secret pleasure with which he invariably saw him come into the room, and the feeling which the announcement of his death caused, as of a loss which, in kind, could never be made up. There were veins in his conversation, from which more good was to be gained in a pleasant hour after dinner, than from many a lengthened serious discourse.

* Whatever amount of truth there may be in Mr. Robinson's own idea of his legal attainments, he, at all events, as the Diary shows, was a great reader of legal books, while he was in practice at the bar.

Throughout life Mr. Robinson was a man of unusual activity. He himself would hardly have admitted this. A title that suggested itself to him for his Reminiscences was, "Retrospect of an Idle Life." When on one occasion he was told by his medical attendant that he had been using his brain too much, he exclaimed, "That is absurd." He would say of himself, that while he talked too much he *did* nothing. But, in truth, men "who have nothing to do" are very serviceable members of society, if they only know how to employ their time.

Those who knew him best, protested against the self-reproaches he heaped upon himself for not being of more use. Miss Denman says in a letter: "I must scold you in good earnest. What can you mean by complaining of being useless in the world, when you must be conscious that every human being you ever called friend has found you one in any and every emergency where your kindness and services could be made available? Do we not all feel and acknowledge this, and are you the only forgetful person? I'll tell you what you should do. When the uncomfortable discouraging idea is taking hold of your mind, call over the names of the persons you have been most intimate with, and ask yourself before you dismiss each name, Have I never done a service, given useful advice or pecuniary aid, to this person? Try this, and I think your mind will be relieved from the fancied evil." He was, as he himself expressed it, "a busy idle man."

In the early part of his life, simple habits and a very limited expenditure were necessary to "make both ends meet." But when his means became considerable he had no desire to alter, materially, his mode of living. He did not covet the kind of rank and station which are attained by a costly establishment and a luxurious table. He had not a single expensive habit; but he said, "My parsimony does not extend to others." He would rather help some widow to bring up her children, or some promising young man to obtain superior educational advantages. But he had his own method of giving. It was rather in the spirit of *generosity*, than of charity, in the narrower

sense of that word. He had his pensioners among the poor, but he had a wholesome fear of encouraging a spirit of dependence, and was conscientiously on his guard against that kind of liberality which is easily taken in. There were friends to whom he used to say, "If you know of any case in which money will do good, come to me!" * And he did not like to be much thanked; he felt humiliated by it, when he had simply followed the natural dictates of kindness and good-will. He was especially fond of promoting the enjoyment of the young. "In the happiness of the young," he said, in a letter to his brother, "we, the aged, if we are not grossly selfish, shall be able to take pleasure." If it were rumored that the students of University Hall wanted the relief of a dance, towards the close of a session of hard study, they would presently hear that an anonymous friend had presented £ 50 for the purpose. He took great *pains* with his gifts. He would often get some friend to choose a wedding present, and the value was "not to be less than a sum named," — always a handsome amount. With a book-gift, he would sometimes send a long and valuable letter about the best way to read it. In Rome, on the birthday of Pepina, Miss Mackenzie's adopted child, he put into her hands a present of money, with a kind letter of advice, which he hoped would be valuable to her in after life. There was often peculiar delicacy in his acts of generosity. In one of his tours, he found his old friend Charlotte Serviere somewhat narrowed in her circumstances, and, calling at Frankfort on his way back, he begged her to do him the favor of relieving him of a part of the too large balance which his tour had left in his hands, and to excuse a pecuniary gift from an old friend. He would not let her express the gratitude she felt; but on leaving the house, on a subsequent visit, he could not prevent the old servant from seizing him by the hand and saying, "I thank you for the great joy you have given to the Fräulein." Some who are now thriving in fortune, and holding a prominent place in the literary world, will remember the little "sealed

* Mr. Robinson often said to E. W. Field: "You cannot think what a trouble it is to me to spend a shilling on myself; but if you know of any good way of using my money, come to me."

notes," containing a valuable enclosure, for which he would fain have it believed that a volume or two of the author's works, or a ticket to a course of lectures, was ample return. Nor was his generosity by any means confined to pecuniary gifts and personal exertions.

Not a few of his best anecdotes have got, prematurely, into print. This was inevitable with a good talker. And he would not have avoided it, if he could, by putting a restraint on the sociability of his nature, though he *did* like to have his anecdotes told as they ought to be. Not only, however, did some of his best anecdotes get abroad, if sometimes in an imperfect form, but he seems to have had no disposition to keep back other matter, though strictly under his own control. When he heard that Moore was preparing a "Life of Byron," he wrote a letter, which, it appears, never reached its destination, giving a full account of those highly interesting interviews, in which Goethe's opinions of Byron were expressed. Mrs. Austin, in her "Characteristics of Goethe," and Mr. Gilchrist, in his "Memoirs of Blake," not to mention others, received valuable contributions from Mr. Robinson; and this, notwithstanding that recollections of his own would, in all probability, be some day published.

His love for the young showed itself, not only in his thoughtfulness for their pleasure, but also in the allowance he made for their faults.* Jean Paul says, that in the young man the wing feathers (the impulsive energies) are chiefly developed, and that the tail feathers (the balancing power, or judgment) are the growth of later years. Accordingly, Mr. Robinson, though himself of the widest toleration, thought "intolerance not inexcusable in a young man. Tolerance comes with age." His own large experience of diversity of opinion, taste, and feeling, combined with excellence of character, had made him thoroughly catholic in spirit; and with his tendency to self-depreciation, he was (to borrow Dr. King's expression) "too modest to be tolerant." But there were two

* Not indeed for the faults of the young only. "Dr. E. spoke with spirit about T. I defended poor T. as well as I could, with more love than logic. He is indefensible. Amyot cheered me on, who loves all his old friends; he gives up none." — H. C. R., October 22, 1832.

classes of persons who formed exceptions. One consisted of those who spoke disrespectfully of his demigods; the other class is indicated by his own words: "I cannot tolerate the toleration of slavery." Of these two forms of intolerance, the first, which cost him some friendships, he acknowledged as a fault, and, on various occasions, expressed his deep regret at it, as arising from a want of control over his temper; the second he felt to be a virtue. To one who was satirical on the subject of slavery, he said: "Lord John is fair game, and the *Times*, and the Whigs too, if by Whigs you mean the great Whig families; but *humanity* is too sacred a subject for irony."

Mr. Robinson used to lament that he had not the faculty of giving a graphic account of the illustrious men with whom he came into contact. He had, at all events, one qualification for interesting others, — he was interested himself. The masters of style have no arts which can take the place of a writer's own enthusiasm in his subject. Mr. Robinson's descriptions are often all the more effective from their very naturalness and simplicity. The Italian tour, with Wordsworth, may be cited as an example. What was written on the journeys is, on the whole, hardly equal to the ordinary home Diary. Nor is that tour one of the best, so far as the record is concerned. And yet the few notes jotted down day by day are admirably illustrative of Wordsworth's mind and character, and are strikingly confirmed by the "Memorials" written by him afterwards. The poet's love for natural beauties rather than works of art, for the country rather than the towns, for fresh life in bird, or flower, or little child, rather than for the relics of the things of old, — his annoyance at the long streets of Bologna, — his eagerness to depart from the fashionable watering-place of Ischl, — the wide difference in his interest in those places which have influenced the character and works of a great man, and those which have only been outwardly associated with him, — his being allured by the sound of a stream, and led on and on till midday, notwithstanding that he was expected back to breakfast, and the relief his anxious friend felt as soon as he heard the same sound, knowing

that it would be likely to be irresistible to the truant, and tracking him out by this clew, — these and kindred touches of character have in them the material and coloring of genuine biography.

The time spent by Mr. Robinson in Germany, as a young man, was a turning-point in his life. And he did not derive the advantage of between four and five years' study there, in the best society, without leaving a very favorable impression on many, whose esteem and friendship were, in the highest degree, honorable to him, as well as a rich possession. He must have been a tolerable German scholar to have been able to personate Professor Fichte to the lionizing landlord and the confidential priest. What warm greetings he invariably received at Jena and Weimar, Frankfort and Heidelberg! So thoroughly had he entered into the thoughts and customs of his German friends, that they felt themselves to be understood by him, and fully trusted him to represent them on his return to his native country. And certainly if he were a "missionary of English poetry in Germany," he was also a missionary of German literature in England. This is amply acknowledged in the "Memoirs of Frederick Perthes." * Besser, the partner of Perthes, writing from England in 1814, says: "Such men as Robinson are of rare occurrence in England. A better medium than this remarkable and most attractive man it would be impossible for Germany to find. I unconsciously place him, in my mind, by the side of Villers, and then the different influence which a thorough German education has had on the Frenchman and on the Englishman is very striking."

Mr. Robinson's breakfast and dinner parties were characteristically interesting. He did not seek to gather about him either the lions or the wits of the day. There were witty men and eminent men at his table, but not *as such* were they invited. None were allowed to come there who showed themselves to be either intolerant or subservient. He liked to gather around him cultivated and earnest representatives of various phases of political and

* Vol. I., ch. xix., p. 258.

religious thought. "His house" (Mr. Taylor said in his address at Highgate) "was a centre of attraction for minds from the most opposite points in the wide horizon of opinion. Softened by his genial spirit, and animated by his cheerful flow of kindly and interesting talk, Tories and Liberals, High-Churchmen and Dissenters, found themselves side by side at his hospitable board, without suspecting that they were enemies, and learned there, if they had never learned it before, how much deeper and stronger is the common human heart, which binds us all in one, than those intellectual differences which are the witness of our weakness and infallibility, and sometimes the expression of our obstinacy and self-will." It was, indeed, no small privilege to hear the passing topics of the day, and the chief questions of literature, talked over by able men of such widely differing points of view, and in a spirit of mutual respect and kindness. And the host, who was as free in the expression of his own opinions as he was ready to listen to the opinions of others, seldom failed to bring to bear on the question under consideration some recollection from Weimar or Highgate, a walk with Wordsworth at Rydal, or an evening with Charles Lamb.

To those who were not intimate with Mr. Robinson what he says respecting religion may sometimes be puzzling. There are occasions when his words seem to imply that with him belief was rather hoped for than an actual possession. He thought there was more real piety in the exclamation of the anxious father in the Gospels, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief," than in the confident and self-satisfied assertion of the longest creed. His sympathy in opinions was with those who have exercised the fullest liberty of thought. He had traversed far and wide the realms of theological speculation, and in every part he had found sincere and devout men. But he was always interested and touched by genuine religious feeling, wherever he found it,—whether in the simple and fervent faith of the Moravians at Ebersdorf, or in the blessings which the old Catholic woman at Bischoffsheim *

* Where Christian Brentano had been at school.

poured upon Christian Brentano, or in the vesper service at the wayside inn in the Tyrol, or in the family worship at Ambleside, where "sweet Jessie" Harden "read the prayers." He thoroughly entered into the sentiment of the author of the "Religio Medici," — "I cannot laugh at, but rather pity, the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, — that is, in silence and contempt. Whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine own." Looking to the church of the future, he hoped there would be found in it "the greatest quantity of religion founded on devotional sentiment, and the least quantity of church government compatible with it, and consistent with order." The concluding paragraph of his obituary of his friend Anthony Robinson, written in 1827, is strikingly applicable to himself: "Could Mr. Robinson be justly deemed a religious man? If religion be a system of confident conclusions on all the great points of metaphysical speculation, as they respect the universe and its author, — man and his position in the one, and relation to the other, — it must be owned Mr. Robinson laid no claim to the character. But if the religious *principle* be that which lays the foundations of all truth deeper than the external and visible world; if religious *feeling* lie in humble submission to the unknown Infinite Being, who produced all things, and in a deep sense of the duty of striving to act and live in conformity with the will of that Being; if, further, Christianity consist in acknowledging the Christian Scriptures as the exposition of the Divine will, and the guide of human conduct, — then, surely, he may boldly claim to be a member of that true Christian Catholic Church, according to his own definition of it, — 'An association of men for the cultivation of knowledge, the practice of piety, and the promotion of virtue.'" *

* *Monthly Repository*, 1827, p. 293.

Mr. Robinson was an earnest thinker on the profoundest and most difficult religious subjects. This was especially the case in his old age. As we like to look up to the stars, though we may not be able to tell their magnitude or their distance, and to behold the majesty of the sea, though we may not be able to fathom its depths, so he seemed to be attracted to the great problems of religion, as if he liked to feel their infinitude, rather than hoped to find their solution. He stated as his experience, that "Religion in age supplies the animal spirits of youth." His old age had its pathetic side, as, indeed, every old age must have.

Those who, in his later years, met him in society, and saw how full of life he was, with what zest and animation he told his old stories, merely requiring, now and then, help as to a name or a date, may easily have imagined his strength greater than it really was.

But though few, perhaps, have ever so closely watched the approach of infirmity, and though he was in the habit of saying, "Growing old is like growing poor, a sort of going down in the world," his frequent expression was, "This does not make me melancholy." And when, at last, "everything seemed to tire," there was, with this feeling of mortal weariness, another feeling, which was that he was

"On the brink of being born."

T. S.

HAMPSTEAD.

The Editor desires to acknowledge the valuable assistance he has received; and would especially mention James Gairdner, Esq., of the Record Office; George Scharf, Esq., one of Mr. Robinson's intimate and highly valued friends; and J. Morley, Esq., author of "Burke: a Historical Study," &c. Mr. Gairdner made the selections in some of the years. The proofs have had the advantage of additional notes, especially in connection with art, by Mr. Scharf, and of excellent suggestions by Mr. Morley. Dr. Wagner has rendered a like service, in re-

gard to those parts which relate to Germany. The admirable paper by Mr. De Morgan, at the end of the second volume, speaks for itself. In acknowledging the kindness of Lady Byron's relatives, in regard to the letters by her, the Editor cannot but add the expression of a hope, that, before long, the public may have the opportunity of a fuller acquaintance with the correspondence of one capable of writing such letters.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I. 1789.

PAGE

Family and Childhood 1

CHAPTER II. 1790–95.

Articled Clerk at Colchester 10

CHAPTER III. 1795.

Interval at Bury 18

CHAPTER IV. 1796–1800.

Unsettled Life in London. — Correspondence with Robert Hall . . 22

CHAPTERS V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. 1800–5.

In Germany 44

CHAPTER X. 1805–6.

In London. — Acquaintance with Mrs. Barbauld, and C. and M. Lamb 144

CHAPTER XI. 1807.

In Holstein, as "*Times* Correspondent" 148

CHAPTER XII. 1807–9.

In London, as Foreign Editor of the *Times*. — Acquaintance with Wordsworth. — At Corunna, as "*Times* Correspondent" . . 168

CHAPTER XIII. 1810.

In London. — Acquaintance with Coleridge and Flaxman . . 191

CHAPTER XIV. 1811.

In London.— Debating Societies.— Coleridge's Lectures. — Southey. — Resolution to study for the Bar 204

CHAPTER XV. 1812.

In London. — Studies for the Bar. — Lectures by Coleridge and Hazlitt 235

CHAPTER XVI. 1813.

Acquaintance with Talfourd. — Madame de Staël in London. — Circuit. — Takes Chambers 260

CHAPTER XVII. 1814.

European Politics. — Practice at the Bar. — Tour in France. — La Fayette. — French Courts of Justice. — Madame de Staël. — Benjamin Constant. — Schlegel. — "The Excursion" . . . 273

CHAPTER XVIII. 1815.

"The Excursion." —Buonaparte's Escape from Elba. — Death of H. C. R.'s Father. — Tour in Belgium and Holland. — Visit to Waterloo. — Progress at the Bar 300

CHAPTER XIX. 1816.

Flaxman. — Lamb. — The Clarksons at Playford. — Wordsworth. — Southey. — De Quincey. — Coleridge 327

CHAPTER XX. 1817.

On Circuit. — Treason Trials. — Coleridge and Tieck. — Journey to Paris. — Hone's Trials 354

CHAPTER XXI. 1818.

Lectures by Hazlitt and Coleridge. — Visit to Germany. — The Court at Weimar. — Knebel. — On Circuit 379

CHAPTER XXII. 1819.

Clarkson. — J. P. Collier and Mr. Walter. — On Circuit. — Benecke. — New Chambers 402

CHAPTER XXIII. 1820.

On Elton Hamond 417

CHAPTER XXIV. 1820.

Flaxman. — Lamb. — Swiss Tour with the Wordsworths . . 428

CHAPTER XXV. 1821.

Mrs. Barbauld. — Flaxman. — Tour to Scotland 456

CHAPTER XXVI. 1822.

Wordsworth's Memorial Poems. — Visit to Paris. — Charles and Mary Lamb in Paris 468

CHAPTER XXVII. 1823.

Southey. — Wordsworth, Coleridge, Moore, Lamb, and Rogers. — Abernethy. — Acquaintance with Irving. — Schlegel. — Flaxman 481

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I. 1824.

PAGE

Sir John Franklin. — Lamb. — Coleridge and Irving. — Athenæum Club opened. — Lady Morgan. — Tour in Normandy. — Visit to the Trappists 1

CHAPTER II. 1825.

Julius Hare. — Sir James Stephen. — Blake's Conversations . . 17

CHAPTER III. 1826.

Blake. — Lamb. — Irving. — Coleridge. — Tour in Ireland. — Journey with O'Connell. — Visit to Derrynane. — Wordsworth. — Visit to Dawson Turner. — Macaulay. — Death of Flaxman . 33

CHAPTER IV. 1827.

Death of Blake. — Lamb at Enfield 73

CHAPTER V. 1828.

Goethe. — Opening of the London University. — Repeal of Test and Corporation Acts. — Bishop Stanley. — H. C. R. quits the Bar 79

CHAPTER VI. 1829.

Antiquarian Society. — Linnæan Society. — Lamb's Hoax and Confession. — With Lamb at Enfield. — Mrs. Clarkson. — Wordsworth. — Croker 87

CHAPTER VII. 1829.

Tour in Germany. — Visits to Benecke, Knebel, Goethe, Tieck, &c. 98

CHAPTER VIII. 1829-31.

In Italy. — Winter in Rome. — Tour in Sicily. — Stay in Florence 117

CHAPTER IX. 1831.

In England again. — The Reform Bill. — Visits to Lamb and the Clarksons. — Jeremy Bentham 158

CHAPTER X. 1832.

Reform Bill. — Goethe's Death. — Lady Blessington. — Fatal Accident to W. Pattisson and his Bride 168

CHAPTER XI. 1833-35.

Hudson Gurney. — First Railway Journey. — At the Lakes. — Scotch Tour with Wordsworth. — Visit to Heidelberg. — Theological Talks with Benecke. — Death of Lamb. — First Christmas at Rydal 179

CHAPTER XII. 1836.

Dr. Arnold. — Sydney Smith. — W. S. Landor and Wordsworth . 220

CHAPTER XIII. 1837, 1838.

Italian Tour with Wordsworth. — Journey to the West of England with Wordsworth. — Copyright in America. — Clarkson and Wilberforce Controversy — Journey to Paris with Southey . 237

CHAPTER XIV. 1839, 1840.

At Rydal. — H. C. R. removes to 30 Russell Square. — Visit to Playford. — The Non-con. Club. — Tour to Frankfort . . 271

CHAPTER XV. 1841.

Death of H. C. R.'s Nephew, and of many Old Friends . . . 289

CHAPTER XVI. 1842.

Christmas at Rydal (1841). — Death of Dr. Arnold. — Christmas at Rydal (1842). — Talks with Faber 291

CHAPTER XVII. 1843, 1844.

On Church Questions. — Correspondence with Quillinan. — Christmas at Rydal. — Visit to Playford. — Archæological Association 302

CHAPTER XVIII. 1844.

Dissenters' Chapels Act 328

CHAPTER XIX. 1845.

At Rydal. — Rogers. — Wordsworth. — Robinsoniana . . . 334

CHAPTER XX. 1846.

Donaldson. — Visit to Heidelberg. — Acquaintance with F. W. Robertson 343

CHAPTER XXI. 1847.

Visit to Devizes. — University Hall. — Deaths of Mary Lamb, Mrs. Quillinan, and J. Walter. — F. W. Robertson. — University College and Flaxman's Works. — Sad Christmas at Rydal . 351

CHAPTER XXII. 1848.

Political Crisis. — Bunsen. — Emerson. — On the Punishment of Criminals. — Christmas at Rydal 366

CHAPTER XXIII. 1849.

The Circle at Rydal. — University Hall opened 383

CHAPTER XXIV. 1850, 1851.

Wordsworth's Death. — Trip to Paris. — Visit to Mrs. Wordsworth. — Flaxman Gallery at University College. — Death of Habakkuk Robinson. — Tour to Germany. — Arndt 394

CHAPTER XXV. 1852–1857.

Death of Robertson. — Lady Byron. — Dr. King. — Mrs. Clarkson and Mrs. Wordsworth. — Visit to France. — Death of H. C. R.'s Grand-nephew. — On the Study of Wordsworth 420

CHAPTER XXVI. 1858–1862.

At Bury. — Mrs. Wordsworth's Death. — Death of Thomas Robinson. — More Deaths. — At Lulworth Cove. — Anecdotes and Bons Mots 464

CHAPTER XXVII. 1863–1866.

At Stratford-on-Avon. — Last Continental Journey. — Putting Papers in Order. — Resigning Trusts. — Death 481

APPENDIX 509

INDEX 521

REMINISCENCES

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

FAMILY AND CHILDHOOD.

IT is one of the evidences, or shall I say consequences, of a happy frame of mind, that I am capable of deriving pleasure from things, the absence or even loss of which does not give me pain. I should have rejoiced had I been *well* born, could I have reckoned historical characters among my ancestors; but it has never occasioned me any serious uneasiness that my family are of as insignificant a class as can be imagined. Among the Robinsons I cannot find a single individual who appears to have acquired any distinction, and among the Crabbs only a remote probability of an affinity to a single individual of the name, who has ever been heard of, — and that is the Poet.

My father used to say that his great-grandfather was a tanner at Bildeston in Suffolk, and that his name was Henry. *My* great-grandfather was Thomas. He was a tanner at Sudbury, where he is said to have attained the dignity of Mayor.

Some circumstances concerning the marriage of my father and mother are worth writing down. I have forgotten from whom I heard them. My mother, Jemima Crabb, was the eldest daughter of a large family, and when of an age to be useful she left her father's crowded house to reside at Bury with a family very intimate with her own. Mr. Bullen, the head of this family, being a Dissenter, it was quite a matter of course that Miss Crabb should be known to the Robinsons. My grandfather was reputed wealthy, and was certainly one of the most respectable of the Dissenters. Jemima Crabb could have very little fortune, and my grandfather did not consent to a love-match between her and his second son Henry.

She therefore returned to Wattisfield. One day her brother Zachariah seeing Henry Robinson in the market-place, said to him, "Not yet married, Master Henry? I expected to hear of your marriage before this time." Henry answered, "No, Mr. Zachary, as I cannot have your sister Mimie I won't marry at all." A few days after this, a letter came to him from Miss Crabb, in which she said she was sorry for what she had heard from her brother, — that it would be sinful in him not to marry, for it is God's ordinance, and he should not refuse to do so because he could not have the first woman he had taken a liking to. It would be undutiful to his father also, who did not approve of his marrying her. She hoped to hear that he had thought better of this, and that he would make a happy marriage in conformity with his father's wishes. This letter Henry showed to his brother Thomas, who carried it to his father. The old gentleman was so pleased with its tone that he withdrew his objection. Henry immediately went over to Wattisfield with the good news, and the marriage soon followed. It took place in 1766.

There were born two children, who died in infancy; and besides these, Thomas, born January 25, 1770; Habakkuk, born June 4, 1771, and Henry Crabb, the writer of these Reminiscences, born May 13, 1775.

When I was about twenty-one years of age, I met on a stage-coach a very gentlemanly man, who, hearing my name, asked me whether my father was not a tanner, and whether my mother's name was not Crabb. Surprised at the question from a stranger, I inquired why he asked. He thus explained himself: "More than twenty years ago I attended the Gentlemen's Club at the Angel, when the chairman gave as a toast, 'The Handsome Couple'; I was from the country, and it was then related to me that that morning there had been married a couple said to be the handsomest pair ever known to have lived at Bury. I recollect that the names were Robinson and Crabb, and that he was a young tanner."

In general, it is not easy to fix a date to the earliest recollections. My mother's pocket-books supply a few. The very earliest that I am aware of is the being taken out one night in the arms of the nurse to see an illumination. I recollect being frightened at the report of a gun, or some fireworks, and that advantage was taken of my crying to carry me home. Now my mother writes under February 15, 1779, "The town (Bury St. Edmunds) illuminated in honor of Admiral

Keppel." I was then three years and nine months old, being born May 13, 1775.

I recollect going to a dame's school, to a Mrs. Bard who lived in a very small house in the South Gate Street. I find a payment of five shillings to Mrs. Bard, — one quarter, for H. C. R. This was in July, 1780.

I have a very clear recollection of seeing my aunt Williamson enter the keeping-room one morning and lift up her hands in a melancholy way, on which my mother exclaimed, "My father's dead!" In her pocket-book she has written, February 25, 1781: "My dear father died. 26th, Sister here by breakfast." This same aunt Williamson had a doleful tone of voice which I used to make game of; I recollect being reproved for crying out on her coming one day from Wattisfield, "Behold, the groaner cometh."

I find that these are not the very earliest recollections, for it appears that my grandmother Crabb died June 22, 1779; now I very well recollect hearing it discussed with my mother whether the departed would be known in the other world, and saying, "I shall know my grandmamma in heaven by the green ribbon round her cap."

Another very early, but also faint recollection is of going with my mother to see the camp on Fornham Heath, of being lost there, and taken into a tent by some officers and feasted, and while there seeing my mother pass, and calling out to her with great joy. This must have been in the summer of 1778.

Of early education and religious instruction I recollect next to nothing. I was an unruly boy, and my mother had not strength to keep me in order. My father never attempted it. I have a faint impression of having learnt a catechism, in which there was this: "Dear child, can you tell me what you are?" A. "I am a child of wrath like unto others." I have never found this precisely in any catechism, — but I was brought up with Calvinistic feelings.

It appears from my mother's pocket-book that I went to school in the year 1781 to *old* Mr. Blomfield. He was the grandfather of the present Bishop of London. My brothers went with me for a short time. They went to a boarding-school in 1782, and then, I incline to think, I was removed to an inferior English and Writing School kept by a Mr. Lease.

One really interesting occurrence I recollect which I have often thought of as significant. There used to be given to the

boy who was at the head of his class a box and ring, and he had a present if he could keep it a certain number of days. On one occasion I lost it, to my great sorrow, and as I thought, very unjustly; therefore next day I went boldly to young Blomfield, who was an usher under his father, and with a book in my hand, and with a consciousness of injured innocence, said, "Sir, you turned me down for spelling the word —— so, but I was right after all. There, see! I was right." Mr. Blomfield smiled, patted me on the head, and said: "Well, Henry, as you read it in a printed book you are not to blame, but that's printed wrong." I was quite confounded, I believed as firmly in the infallibility of print as any good Catholic can in the infallibility of his church. I knew that naughty boys would tell stories, but how a book could contain a falsehood was quite incomprehensible.

I will here mention what is the most important of all my reminiscences, viz. that in my childhood my mother was to me everything, and I have no hesitation in ascribing to her every good moral or religious feeling I had in my childhood or youth. Had she possessed more knowledge and more activity she might have made a much better character of me. But she was guided by the instinct of motherly love and pious feelings. It was, I dare say, with a purpose, that when I had one day brought home a pin from Mrs. Ling's (an old lady with whom she used to drink tea) she made me carry it back with an apology, my excuse being that I did not think it was of any value: she thus gave me a respect for property. This same Mrs. Ling had an engraving in her parlor. She told me it was Elisha raising the Shunamite's son. And what story was that, I asked her. "I thought, Master R., you had been better educated," she replied, very formally. I was much affronted, but set about reading the Bible immediately.

My mother's mantua-maker was a Roman Catholic. I was one day told to go to her, but was unwilling to do so; I said I was afraid of her, I was told she was a Pope and would do me a harm. My mother scolded me as a silly boy and forced me to go. I believe she gave Mrs. Girt a hint, for the latter bribed me to religious tolerance by giving me shreds of silk and satin to clothe pictures with, which was a favorite employment. This reminds me that I had very early a great horror of Popery, my first notions of which were taken from a ballad relating how

> "As Mordecai the Jew one day
> Was skating o'er the icy way,"

he fell in, and would have been drowned, but a Popish priest came by. The Jew called for help. "You, a Jew! I won't help a Jew." "If you will help me out I will be baptized." "You must be baptized first." The Jew consented, and then begged to be taken out. "No," said the priest, "if I let you out you will relapse into Judaism and so be damned. I will rather save your soul."

"And saying this he in a trice
Clapped Mordecai beneath the ice."

Could and would men closely examine they would probably find that their most inveterate religious prejudices, which they think their most valuable religious convictions, are of such origin. But Mrs. Girt's bits of silk went far to counteract the ballad.

When a child, like other children, my faith was implicit in what I was told to be true by my mother, and I have no sense of devotion now, which I did not catch from her.

The name of the minister whose religious services my father and mother attended was Lincolne. He was a gentlemanly person and inspired respect, especially by a very large white wig. He was often at our house, and his two daughters were my mother's very great friends. When he came I used to be kept at a distance, for I was always running about as well as talking, and he was afraid for his gouty toes. When I set about reading the Bible I used to ask my mother questions. Her prudent answer frequently was, "Ask the minister, my dear." I recollect hearing some anecdotes told of me and the minister, and some I seem to recollect myself, one especially. I had taken a great fancy to the Book of Revelation; and I have heard, but this I don't recollect, that I asked Mr. L. to preach from that book, because it was my favorite. "And why is it your favorite book, Henry?" "Because it is so pretty and easy to understand."

I had a happy childhood. The only suffering I recollect was the restraint imposed upon me on Sundays, especially being forced to go twice to meeting; an injurious practice I am satisfied. To be forced to sit still for two hours, not understanding a word, was a grievance too hard to be borne. I was not allowed to look into a picture-book, but was condemned to sit with my hands before me, or stand, according to the service. The consequence was that I was often sent to bed without my supper for bad behavior at meeting. In the evening my father used to read aloud Mr. Henry's Commentary, and in winter it was my

agreeable occupation to turn the apple-pie that was in a Dutch-oven before the fire, which was a great relief from Mr. Henry. Once I recollect being whipped by my mother for being naughty at meeting. A sad preparation for a religious life.

Now and then, by way of treat or reward for good behavior, I was allowed to go to the Independent meeting to hear Mr. Waldegrave preach. Mr. W. as I afterwards knew, was an ignorant, noisy, ranting preacher; he bawled loud, thumped the cushion, and sometimes cried. He was, however, a kind man, and of course he was a favorite of mine. It belongs perhaps to a later time, but I well recollect he repeatedly used the phrase, "But as the 'Postle Paul say" (say is Suffolk grammar). And after all I could carry away a thought now and then from him.

To return to my mother's instructions; I recollect a practice of hers, which had the best effect on my mind. She never would permit me (like all children, a glutton) to empty the dish at table if there was anything particularly nice, such as pudding or pie. "Henry, don't take any more; do you not suppose the maids like to have some?" A respect and attention to servants and inferiors was a constant lesson; and if I have any kindness and humanity in my ordinary feelings I ascribe it all to her, and very much to this particular lesson.

Of my schooling at Mr. Lease's I have little or nothing to say. I was an ordinary boy and do not recollect acquiring any distinction at school. The sons of Mr. Lease I knew and the children of some other Dissenters who went there; but some others of my acquaintance went to the grammar school. This set them above the rest of us, and I believe I should have wanted to go to the grammar school too, but I had heard that Mr. Lawrence was a flogging master, and I was therefore glad to escape going there.

It was either in 1782 or 1783, the Annual Register of the year will say which, that there was a very hard winter throughout the country. To raise a fund for the poor of the town, the grammar-school boys were induced to act plays at the theatre. I have a distinct recollection of some of the boy actors; the principal play was Venice Preserved. There is nothing worth noticing in the acting of the tragedy, but it is a significant circumstance, and one that belongs to the state of moral and religious feeling in the country between sixty and seventy years ago,* that the farce acted with Venice Preserved was

* This was written in 1845.

Foote's Minor, the performers being school-boys! It would seem impossible, but it becomes less surprising when one recollects that the hatred of the clergy was still active against the Methodists, that Dr. Squintum (Whitfield) was vigorously satirized, and that the religious classes were the object of derision to all the genteel part of the community, especially to the clergy. I only wonder that I was allowed to be present, but probably the Dissenters, certainly my parents, knew nothing about such plays.

How much I understood of the farce I cannot now tell. Perhaps little clearly. But children are content with confused and obscure perceptions of a pleasurable character.

When very young indeed, my mother delighted me by singing a ballad which must be in some of the popular collections. It was about the rich young lady who lived "in the famous town of Reading," and fell in love with a poor lawyer. She challenges him and he is forced to fight or marry her in a mask. He consults a friend who answers:—

> "If she 's rich you are to blame,
> If she 's poor you are the same."

Of course it ends happily. I used to delight in this story. Children's moral feelings are not more delicate than those of the people or their poets.

I recollect too the coming out of John Gilpin, and rather think I had a sixpence given me for learning it by heart.

My mother's sister married a Dissenting minister, Mr. Fenner, who kept a boarding-school at Devizes. I was accordingly sent to his school, where I remained three years. The time passed pleasantly enough, but I have often regretted that my educational advantages were not greater at this period of my life. Among the places in the neighborhood where I spent some happy days was a gentleman's seat called Blacklands. At that time it was occupied by an old gentleman named Maundrel, one of whose sons was at the same school with me. The old gentleman was burly and bluff, very kind and generous, but passionate; once or twice he did not scruple to box the ears of his young visitors. Not far from the house was a horse cut out of the chalk hill. I believe it exists still. Maundrel set us boys — there were some seven or eight of us — to weed it, and very good workmen we were. He used also to make us carry logs of wood for the fires up stairs, telling us that we must work for our living. But he fed us well.

During my school life I obtained among my school-fellows

the reputation of being a good talker, and was put forward as a speaker on public matters in school, such as a combination against a head-boy. And I was also noted as an inventor of tales, which I used to relate to the boys in bed; but this faculty did not grow with me, and has utterly died away. I had no distinction in any branch of school exercise but one, and this was French. I did not like learning it at first, and wrote to my mother to beg that I might be relieved from the task; but she wisely took no notice of my letter. Before I left school I liked French above everything, and was quite able to read with pleasure the French classics, as they are called.

I did not once go home during the three years of my school life at Devizes, but in the summer of the second year my mother came to see me. The sensation which I most distinctly recollect is that of seeing her at the Turnpike gate of the Green. I thought her altered, or rather for a moment did not know her, and that pained me; but she gradually became to me what she had been.

Though Mr. Fenner was a minister I received no religious instruction at his school. What I fancied to be religion was of my own procuring. I had fallen in with De Foe's Family Instructor, and I became at once in imagination a religious teacher. I had an opportunity of trying my power, for during one of my last holidays I was left with a few Irish boys when Mr. and Mrs. Fenner went a journey. I was the older and placed in authority over the other boys, and I was not a little pleased with myself for my mode of governing them. On the Sunday I read a sermon to them, and I made the boys and servants attend prayers. But I scorned *reading* a prayer; I prayed extempore, and did not hold my gift in low estimation.

In the summer of 1789 I returned home with Mr. Fenner and my aunt. My uncle Crabb had a few years before accepted the office of pastor at the Wattisfield meeting, and as he intended to open a school there, I went to him for the next half-year. Our numbers were so few that we were subject to little of the ordinary restraint of school.

It was while here that I had a letter from my brother Thomas directed to "Mr. Robinson, Attorney at Law." I had to ask Mr. Crabb to explain to me the nature of an attorney's profession, which had been chosen for me without my knowledge.

So entirely have I lost all recollection of the few months spent at Wattisfield that I cannot call to mind anything

I studied or read. I only recollect having a sentiment of respect and regard towards Mr. Crabb.

I recollect too that it was while I was with Mr. Crabb that the French Revolution broke out, that every one rejoiced in it as an event of great promise, and that Popery and absolute government were both to be destroyed. Though I had no proper political knowledge, yet I had strong party feelings. In my childhood I had always heard the Church spoken of as an unjust institution, and thought Dissenters a persecuted body.

I can testify to this fact, that very strong prejudice may be raised without any degree or sort of knowledge in justification of the sentiment. I knew too I was, or rather that my friends were Presbyterians, and I had a vague notion that the Independents were more orthodox than was reasonable, and that there was a degree of rationality compatible with sound doctrine. Mr. Lincolne, too, our minister, was much more of a gentleman and scholar than Mr. Waldegrave, the Independent minister.

Among my letters are a number by my dear mother. Her memory is very dear to me, but I would not have these letters survive me. They would not agreeably impress a stranger, but they express the warm affections of a fond mother, full of anxiety for the welfare of her children. Her mother-love was combined with earnest piety. She had no doctrinal zeal, and seems, though educated in a rigidly orthodox family, to have had very little knowledge of religious controversy.

It is worth mentioning that I have found my mother's *Experience*, that is the paper she delivered in before she was admitted a member of the church at Wattisfield. The paper is in one respect curious; it shows that at that time even among the Independents, doctrinal faith was not the subject of a formal profession, though of course inferred. In this paper there is no allusion to the Trinity, or any other disputed doctrine. Indeed, the word *belief* scarcely occurs. The one sentiment which runs throughout is a consciousness of personal unworthiness, with which are combined a desire to be united to the Church, and a reliance upon the merits of Christ. Therefore her orthodoxy was indisputable. But when in after life her brother (the minister, Mr. Habakkuk Crabb) became heretical, either Arian or Unitarian, and his son also professed liberal opinions, she was not disturbed by these things of which she had a very slight knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

AN ARTICLED CLERK AT COLCHESTER.

WHILE I lived as an articled clerk with Mr. Francis of Colchester, I learned the ordinary routine of an attorney's office and was absorbed in newspaper and pamphlet reading, in which religious controversy was included.

On religious subjects I seem very quietly to have given up my orthodoxy, and to have felt strongly for Dr. Priestley on account of the Birmingham riots; but even the orthodox Dissenters became sympathizing on that occasion. I attended a meeting of Dissenters at Chelmsford to appoint deputies to go to London to concert measures for the repeal of The Corporation and Test Act; we dined together, and among the toasts given was one in honor of Dr. Priestley and other Christian sufferers. I recollect that I was irritated by the objection of one who was present that he did not know Dr. Priestley to be a Christian. I replied that if this gentleman had read Priestley's Letter to the Swedenborgians he would have learned more of real Christianity than he seemed to know. I had myself, however, not formed any distinct religious opinions, but felt deeply the importance of religious liberty and the rights of conscience.

Through Mr. Dobson, who afterwards became a distinguished mathematician at Cambridge, I formed an acquaintance with a number of French emigrants on their escape from France during the horrors of the Revolution, and my compassion for them modified my Jacobinical feelings. I was, however, a Jacobin notwithstanding, and felt great interest in one Mr. Patmore, who was indicted for selling some of Paine's works, and ultimately escaped through a defect in the indictment. But my Journal records my shock at the death of the King of France. My French attachment expired with the Brissotine party, though in my occasional pious moods I used to pray for the French.

At the spring assizes of 1791, when I had nearly attained my sixteenth year, I had the delight of hearing Erskine. It was a high enjoyment, and I was able to profit by it. The subject of the trial was the validity of a will, — Braham *v.*

Rivett. Erskine came down specially retained for the plaintiff, and Mingay for the defendant. The trial lasted two days. The title of the heir being admitted, the proof of the will was gone into at once. I have a recollection of many of the circumstances after more than fifty-four years; but of nothing do I retain so perfect a recollection as of the figure and voice of Erskine. There was a charm in his voice, a fascination in his eye, and so completely had he won my affection that I am sure had the verdict been given against him I should have burst out crying. Of the facts and of the evidence I do not pretend to recollect anything beyond my impressions and sensations. My pocket-book records that Erskine was engaged two and a half hours in opening the case, and Mingay two hours and twenty minutes in his speech in defence. E.'s reply occupied three hours. The testatrix was an old lady in a state of imbecility. The evil spirit of the case was an attorney. Mingay was loud and violent, and gave Erskine an opportunity of turning into ridicule his imagery and illustrations. For instance, M. having compared R. to the Devil going into the garden of Eden, E. drew a closer parallel than M. intended. Satan's first sight of Eve was related in Milton's words,

> "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love";

and then a picture of idiotcy from Swift was contrasted. But the sentence that weighed on my spirits was a pathetic exclamation, "If, gentlemen, you should by your verdict annihilate an instrument so solemnly framed, *I should retire a troubled man from this court.*" And as he uttered the word *court*, he beat his breast and I had a difficulty in not crying out. When in bed the following night I awoke several times in a state of excitement approaching fever, the words "*troubled man from this court*" rang in my ears.

A new trial was granted, and ultimately the will was set aside. I have said I profited by Erskine. I remarked his great artifice, if I may call it so; and in a small way I afterwards practised it. It lay in his frequent repetitions. He had one or two leading arguments and main facts on which he was constantly dwelling. But then he had marvellous skill in varying his phraseology, so that no one was sensible of tautology in the expressions. Like the doubling of a hare, he was perpetually coming to his old place. Other great advocates I have remarked were ambitious of a great variety of arguments.

About the same time that I thus first heard the most perfect

of forensic orators, I was also present at an exhibition equally admirable, and which had a powerful effect on my mind. It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round meeting-house at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind I never saw anything comparable to it in after life.*

The following letter enters a little more into particulars respecting this interesting occasion : —

October 18, 1790.

DEAR BROTHER : —

. . . . I felt a great Satisfaction last Week, on Monday, in hearing (excuse me now) that veteran in the Service of God, the Rev. John Wesley. I was informed in the Afternoon that he was in Town and would preach that Evening. Unfortunately a sick Man had sent to have his Will made directly, and it was given to me to write. But Mr. Francis, seeing how mortified I appeared, gave it to some one else, and I went to the Chapel. At another time, and not knowing the Man, I should almost have ridiculed his figure. Far from it now. I lookt upon him with a respect bordering upon Enthusiasm. After the people had sung one Verse of a hymn he arose, and said : " It gives me a great pleasure to find that you have not lost your Singing. Neither Men nor Women — you have not forgot a single Note. And I hope that by the assistance of the same God which enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well." A Universal Amen followed. At the End of every Head or Division of his Discourse, he finished by a kind of Prayer, a Momentary Wish as it were, not consisting of more than three or four words, which was always followed by a Universal Buzz. His discourse was short — the Text I could not hear. After the last Prayer, he rose up and addressed the People on Liberality of Sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any Congregation on ac-

* I have heard Mr. R. tell this more than once at his own table, with the interesting addition that so greatly was the preacher revered that the people stood in a double line to see him as he passed through the street on his way to the chapel. — G. S.

count of difference of Opinion. He said, "If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep his commandments, we have nothing to object to." He preached again on Tuesday Evening, but I was out of Town with Mr. Francis all day, holding a Court Baron. . . . .

I remain, &c.,

H. C. R.

1793.

On the 8th of January in this year died my dear mother, an excellent woman I firmly believe, though without any superiority of mind or attainments. Her worth lay in the warmth of her domestic affections, and in her unaffected simple piety. After fifty-two years I think of her with unabated esteem and regard.

1794.

Among my Colchester acquaintance there is one man of great ability whom I recollect with pleasure, though I was but slightly acquainted with him. This is Ben Strutt. He was a self-educated man, but having been clerk to a provincial barrister, the Recorder of the town, where he had a great deal of leisure, he had become a hard reader and so acquired a great deal of knowledge. He was a man of literature and art, and without being an attorney knew a great deal of law. He was a sort of agent to country gentlemen, particularly in elections. He published an edition of the poems of Collins, whom he praised and declared to be much superior to Gray. And I think (though I have lost the book) that it contains additional stanzas by himself to the Ode on Superstition. Strutt also painted in oil, and was skilful as a mechanic. I recollect once having a peep into his bedroom, in which were curious figures and objects which I beheld with some of the awe of ignorance. I looked up to him, and his words made an impression on me. One or two I recollect. When I went to Colchester I was very desirous of studying, but I had no one to direct me, and therefore followed the routine practice and advice given to all clerks. I bought a huge folio volume to be filled with precedents, and copied therein my articles of clerkship. One evening I was writing very industriously in this volume when Ben Strutt came in. "I 'm sorry to see you so lazy, young gentleman!" "Lazy! I think I 'm very industrious." "You do? Well now, whatever you think, let me tell you that your writing in that book

is sheer laziness. You are too lazy to work as you ought with your head, and so you set your fingers at work to give your head a holiday. You know it is your duty to do something, and try to become a lawyer, and just to ease your conscience you do that. Had you been really industrious you would have studied the principles of law and carried the precedents in your head. And then you might make precedents, not follow them." I shut up the book and never wrote another line; it is still in existence,* a memorial of Strutt. Yet Mephistopheles might have given the advice, for in my case it did harm, not good. S. was cynical, a free-thinker, I think an unbeliever. Yet one day he said something that implied he was a churchman. "What!" I exclaimed, "you a churchman!" He laughed: "Let me give you a piece of advice, young man. Whatever you be through life, always be of the Act of Parliament faith."

I recollect a wise word of Strutt's about law. I had been repeating to him some commonplace saying that governments ought to enounce great principles, and not to interfere with men's actions or details. "Just the contrary," growled Strutt, "government has to do with nothing but details; of course it ought to do the right, not the wrong thing, and it makes many blunders. There is no use in prating about abstract rights. It is the business of government to counsel people to do what is right." In the same spirit at another time he said, I having uttered some commonplace saying as if Locke's principles had produced the Revolution: "That 's all nonsense, Locke's book was the effect, not the cause of the Revolution. People do not rebel and overset governments because they have any ideas about liberty and right, but because they are wretched, and cannot bear what they suffer. The new government employed Locke to justify what they had done, and to remove the scruples of weak, conscientious people." I believe I owe a great deal to Strutt, for he set me thinking, and had he been my regular instructor might have really educated me. But I saw him only now and then. I once saw him by accident in London a few years after I had left Mr. Francis. He was going to the Opera; I mentioned that I had no ear for music, least of all for Italian music. "Get it as soon as you

* Yes. It was found among his books by his executors after his death. It gives evidence of great industry, accuracy, and neatness as well as order and method. On page 76 of the book is the following memorandum at the end of one of the precedents: "Wrote this April 1st, 1791, the first year of my clerkship being then finished." The book is continued to page 120, and finally stops in the middle of a precedent.

can. You must one day love Italian music, either in this or another life. It is your business to get as much as you can *here*, — for, as you leave off here you must begin *there*." This, if seriously said, implied a sort of hope of immortality very much like that of Goethe.

Ben Strutt has been many years dead. He had a son who survived him and became a painter. He made a portrait of me, a disagreeable but a strong likeness.

On my becoming clerk at Colchester, only thirteen miles from Witham, I had frequent opportunities of visiting my relatives, the Isaacs, and through them I became acquainted with others. Among these was Mr. Jacob Pattisson. He had a wife whom he married late in life, — a cousin, deformed in person and disfigured by the small-pox, but there was a benignity and moral beauty in her face which rendered her a universal favorite. Mr. Pattisson had only one child, who became my most intimate friend for many years, and our regard has never ceased. He is a few months younger than myself. His education had been much better than mine ; when young he was at Mr. Barbauld's school. But his Dissenting connections had not been favorable to his forming acquaintance superior to himself, though his own family were wealthy. So that when he and I met at Witham, each thought the other a great acquisition. Being of the same profession, having alike an earnest desire to improve, and being alike ignorant how to set about it, we knew no better expedient than to become correspondents, and I have preserved a formidable bundle of his letters, with copies of my own. I have glanced over those of the first year, — we began to write in the spring, — I had hoped to find in them some references to incidents that occurred, but there is nothing of the kind. They are mere essays on abstract subjects, mine at least very ill-written and evincing no original thought whatever ; law questions are discussed and criticisms on style fill many a dull page. There are also occasional bursts of Jacobin politics. It was this friend who drew my attention to the *Cabinet*, a Norwich periodical, and set me on fleshing my maiden sword in ink.

It was in December, 1794, that my vanity was delighted by the appearance in print of an essay I wrote on Spies and Informers. It was published in the *Cabinet*, which had been got up by the young liberals of the then aspiring town of Norwich, which at that time possessed two men of eminent abilities, — William Taylor and Dr. Sayers. They, however, took very little, or no part, in the *Cabinet*. Charles Marsh, Pitchford, Norgate

and Amelia Alderson were its heroes. My essay is very ill written, only one thought rather pompously expanded, viz. that the shame of being an informer ought to be transferred to the *Law;* for the detection of the breach of good laws ought to be honored. My friend Will Pattisson was also a contributor to this periodical, under the signature of Rusticus.

Another friend of this period, with whom I have ever since retained an intimate acquaintance, was Thomas Amyot. At the time of my beginning a correspondence with Pattisson he was already the correspondent of Amyot. He communicated the letters of each to the other, and from first writing on Pattisson's letters we began to write to each other directly, and became correspondents without having seen each other. Amyot's letters are far the best of the whole collection, as in ability and taste he was far the superior of the three. He was the son of a watchmaker in Norwich, and clerk in the house of some eminent solicitors in that town. Our correspondence had led to an invitation to visit Amyot, and Pattisson joining me in the visit, we met at the house of Amyot's father on the 5th of December and remained there till the 9th. Within a few years of this time, Amyot married the daughter of Mr. Colman, a Norwich surgeon. He was fortunate enough to become the law agent of Mr. Windham, and when the latter became War and Colonial Minister, he offered Amyot the post of private secretary. This was readily accepted, and when after the death of his patron this place was wanted for some one else, he was appointed Registrar in London of the West India Slaves, an office which still remains, though slavery has been long abolished. Why this should be I could never learn. He became an active F. S. A., and is now (1846) treasurer of that learned and very dull body.

My visit to Norwich made me also acquainted with Mrs. Clarkson, and that excellent couple Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, the parents of a numerous family, among whom is Mrs. Austin. With several of the sons I am now in very friendly, not to say intimate relations. I was also very civilly received by Dr. Alderson, the father of Amelia, who afterwards became Mrs. Opie. I even now retain a lively recollection of this young lady's visit to Bury, and of the interest excited by her accomplishments and literary celebrity. Another person with whom I became acquainted was William Taylor, of whom I shall have occasion to write hereafter.

The perusal of my Journal for the year 1794 has brought a

few facts to my recollection that deserve to be briefly mentioned. The chief of these are the famous State Trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall. I felt an intense interest in them. During the first trial I was in a state of agitation that rendered me unfit for business. I used to beset the post-office early, and one morning at six I obtained the London paper with "NOT GUILTY" printed in letters an inch in height, recording the issue of Hardy's trial. I ran about the town knocking at people's doors, and screaming out the joyful words.

Thomas Hardy, who was a shoemaker, made a sort of circuit, and obtained, of course, many an order in the way of his trade. In 1795 he visited Bury, when I also gave him an order, and I continued to employ him for many years. His acquaintance was not without its use to me, for his shop was one in which obscure patriots (like myself) became known to each other. Hardy was a good-hearted, simple, and honest man. He had neither the talents nor the vices which might be supposed to belong to an acquitted traitor. He lived to an advanced age and died universally respected.

Thelwall, unlike Hardy, had the weakness of vanity, but he was a perfectly honest man, and had a power of declamation which qualified him to be a mob orator. He used to say that if he were at the gallows with liberty to address the people for half an hour, he should not fear the result; he was sure he could excite them to a rescue. I became acquainted with him soon after his acquittal, and never ceased to respect him for his sincerity, though I did not think highly of his understanding. His wife, who was his good angel, was a very amiable and excellent woman. He was many years a widower, but at last married a person considerably younger than himself. Thelwall's two sons, Hampden and Sydney, became clergymen.

CHAPTER III.

INTERVAL AT BURY.

AFTER leaving Colchester at midsummer, 1795, I remained at Bury till April in the next year. During this time I had serious thoughts of being called to the bar; it was I believe Mr. Buck who put this into my head. He had always a good opinion of me. My vivacity in conversation pleased him, and others like him entertained the very false notion that the gift of words is the main requisite for a barrister, — a vulgar error, which the marvellous success of such men as Erskine and Garrow had encouraged. I was invited to meet Mr. Capel Lofft at dinner, that I might have the benefit of his opinion. He was against my being called. My acquaintance in general — among others not yet named, Walter Wright — concurred in this view, and the effect was that I neglected being entered a member of an Inn of Court; nevertheless I was averse to being an attorney, for which I was as little qualified as to be a barrister. I determined, however, to read law and occupy myself as well as I could, living meanwhile with the utmost economy. With youth, health, high spirits, and, alternating with a very low opinion of myself, a vanity which was gratified by perceiving that I could readily make my way in society, I was able to lead a busy idle life. In me was verified the *strenua inertia* of Horace. And in society I verified a line of the French Horace, as his countrymen term him, —

"Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire."

I was now, as it were, entering society, and before I relate the few incidents of the year, I will review the more remarkable of the persons I then knew.

The most noticeable person I had ever been in company with was Capel Lofft, — a gentleman of good family and estate, — an author on an infinity of subjects; his books were on Law, History, Poetry, Antiquities, Divinity, and Politics. He was then an acting magistrate, having abandoned the profession of the bar. He was one of the numerous answerers of Burke; and in spite of a feeble voice and other disadvan-

tages, an eloquent speaker. This faculty combined with his rank and literary reputation made him the object of my admiration.

Another of my acquaintances was Walter Wright. He was rather older than myself, and the object of my envy for having been at Cambridge. He had been trained for the bar, but accepted a colonial appointment, first at Corfu and afterwards at Malta. Wright published a small volume of poems entitled Horæ Ionicæ, which Lord Byron praised warmly in his first satire. It was from his friend I used to hear of Lord Byron when his fame first arose. W. was the friend of Dallas, a barrister, and told me one day (this is anticipation) that he had been reading a MS. poem, consisting of two cantos, entitled "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," which Lord B. offered to present to Dallas if he thought it worth his acceptance. "I have told him," said Wright, "that I have no doubt this will succeed. Lord B. had offered him before some translations from Horace, which I told him would never sell, and he did not take them."

Walter Wright was Recorder of Bury.* He always expressed a great interest in me; and though at this time he discouraged my going to the bar he approved of my doing so some years later.

But of far greater influence over me was the family of Mr. Buck. And among these the one to whom I was most devoted was his eldest daughter, Catherine. She was three years older than I. Being the playfellow of her brother John, who was of my own age, I soon became intimate at the house; as I was perhaps the most promising of her brother's playfellows, Catherine took me in hand to bring me forward. I have very severe letters from her, reproaching me for slovenliness in dress, as well as rudeness of behavior. But at the same time she lent me books, made me first acquainted with the new opinions that were then afloat, and was my oracle till her marriage with the then celebrated Thomas Clarkson, the founder of the society for the abolition of the slave-trade. After her marriage she quitted Bury, but our friendship never ceased, and her name will frequently occur in these reminiscences. Catherine Buck was the most eloquent woman I have ever known, with the exception of Madame de Staël. She had a quick apprehension of every kind of beauty, and made her

* This seems to be an error. John Symonds, LL.D., was Recorder at this period.

own whatever she learned. She introduced me to Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c.*

Catherine Buck had an intimate friend in Sarah Jane Maling, a person rather older than herself and of much originality of mind and character. She was also one of my friends.

It was in the spring of this year and before I left Colchester that I read a book which gave a turn to my mind, and in effect directed the whole course of my life, — a book which, after producing a powerful effect on the youth of that generation, has now sunk into unmerited oblivion. This was Godwin's Political Justice. I was in some measure prepared for it by an acquaintance with Holcroft's novels, and it came recommended to me by the praise of Catherine Buck. I entered fully into its spirit, it left all others behind in my admiration, and I was willing even to become a martyr for it; for it soon became a reproach to be a follower of Godwin, on account of his supposed atheism. I never became an atheist, but I could not feel aversion or contempt towards G. on account of any of his views. In one respect the book had an excellent effect on my mind, — it made me feel more *generously*. I had never before, nor, I am afraid, have I ever since felt so strongly the duty of not living to one's self, but of having for one's sole object the good of the community. His idea of justice I then adopted and still retain; nor was I alarmed by the declamations so generally uttered against his opinions on the obligations of gratitude, the fulfilment of promises, and the duties arising out of the personal relations of life. I perceived then the difference between principles as universal laws, and maxims of conduct as prudential rules. And I thought myself qualified to be his defender, for which purpose I wrote a paper which was printed in Flower's Cambridge Intelligencer. But

* She felt it to be, as she herself expresses it, "a prodigious disadvantage to a man not to have had a sister." But in Mr. Robinson's case she did her utmost to make up the deficiency. Indeed, few elder sisters have done more for her brother than she seems to have done for her friend. He had so much esteem for her judgment and such a perfect reliance on the genuine kindness which actuated all her conduct towards him that there was no danger of offence or misunderstanding when she pointed out his weakness or faults, and expressed her anxiety as to the effect of any pursuit on his character or on his health. "There are many points," she says, "in which from the circumstances in which you have been placed, the habit of feeling you have acquired is not like that of other people"; but she adds, "of all those whom I knew in childhood or youth you are the only one who has retained any likeness to myself; and you are so like that I wonder how it is possible that you can be so different."

one practical effect of Godwin's book was to make me less inclined to follow the law, or any other profession as a means of livelihood. I determined to practise habits of rigid economy, and then I thought my small income would suffice with such additions as might be gained by literature.

In the autumn of this year I was led to take a part in public matters, and from its being the first act of the kind, I may here relate it. In consequence of Kyd Wake's * attack upon the King, two Acts were introduced, called the Pitt and Grenville Acts for better securing the King's person. They were deemed an infringement on the Constitution, and in every part of the kingdom petitions were prepared against them and public meetings held. The drawing up of the petition and obtaining signatures at Bury were intrusted to Walter Wright and myself. I was very active, but nevertheless impartial enough to see all that was foolish in the business, and it is a satisfaction to me to recollect the great glee with which I read Johnson's admirable satirical account of a petition in his "False Alarm." I have pleasure also in remembering that even while I was a partisan of the French Revolution I was an admirer of Burke, not merely for his eloquence, but also for his philosophy. It was after the Bury petition had been prepared that a county meeting was held at Stowmarket. Mr. Grigby was in the chair; the Whig Baronets Sir W. Middleton and Sir W. Rowley attended; but the hero of the day was Capel Lofft. He spoke at great length, and as I thought, very admirably. His voice was sweet, though feeble. He was the only orator I had heard except at the bar and in the pulpit. The Whig gentry became impatient and at length retired, but by way of compromise, after Mr. Lofft's resolutions had been passed, the Bury petition was clamorously called for. Towards the end of the proceedings, I got upon the wagon and was endeavoring to prompt Mr. Lofft to move a vote of thanks, when he suddenly introduced me to the meeting, as one to whom the county was greatly indebted as the author of the petition. This little incident served as a sort of precocious introduction to public life.

* Kyd Wake, a journeyman printer, was convicted for insulting the King in his state carriage, and sentenced to stand an hour in the pillory each day for three months and to be imprisoned for five years. The "Treason" and "Sedition" Bills were laid before Parliament November 6 and November 10, 1795.

See Stanhope's "Life of William Pitt," Vol. II. p. 358.

CHAPTER IV.

1796–1800. — UNSETTLED LIFE IN LONDON.

ON the 20th of April I went to London with the intention of entering an attorney's office in order to qualify myself for practice. This step was taken, not on account of my having less dislike to the law as a profession, but because friends urged me, and because I was unwilling to remain idle any longer. My lodgings were of a simple kind, in Drury Lane, and my expenses not more than about a guinea a week; but a first residence in London cannot be otherwise than a kind of epoch in life.

Among the new acquaintance which I formed there is one of whom I was proud, and to whom I feel considerable obligation, — John Towill Rutt. He was the son of an affluent drug-grinder, and might possibly have himself died rich if he had not been a man of too much literary taste, public spirit, and religious zeal to be able to devote his best energies to business. He was brought up an orthodox dissenter, and married into a family of like sentiments. His wife was an elder sister of Mrs. Thomas Isaac, daughter of Mr. Pattisson of Maldon and first cousin of my friend William Pattisson. I was therefore doubly introduced to him. I had the good fortune to please him, and he became my chief friend. He had become a Unitarian, and was a leading member of the Gravel Pit congregation, Hackney, of which Belsham was the pastor. Mr. Rutt was the friend and biographer of Gilbert Wakefield and of Priestley. He also edited the entire works of the latter. He was proud of having been, with Lord Grey, an original member of the Society of the Friends of the People. The eldest daughter of his large family is the widow of the late Sir T. N. Talfourd.

My days were spent in attending the courts with very little profit. I heard Erskine frequently, and my admiration of him was confirmed; but I acquired no fresh impression concerning him.

I tried to procure a suitable situation but without success; and this, with an almost morbid feeling of my own ignorance, made me more unhappy than I had been before, or ever was afterwards. Thus discouraged, I returned to Bury in the

summer. My brother's marriage, which took place soon afterwards, was the cause of my being introduced to an entirely new connection, — the Fordhams and Nashes of Royston. The most prominent of the former for wealth and personal character was Edward King Fordham, a remarkable man, who retained his bodily and mental vigor to a great age. Of all these new friends the one to whom I became most indebted was Mr. William Nash, an eminent solicitor and a first-rate character in the sphere in which he moved. Both of these families were liberal in religious opinion and zealous for political reform. There had been established at Royston a book-club, and twice a year the members of it were invited to a tea-party at the largest room the little town supplied, and a regular debate was held. In former times this debate had been honored by the participation of no less a man than Robert Hall. My friend J. T. Rutt and Benjamin Flower, the ultra-liberal proprietor and editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, had also taken part. To one of these meetings my brother was invited and I as a sort of satellite to him. There was a company of forty-four gentlemen and forty-two ladies. The question discussed was, "Is private affection inconsistent with universal benevolence?" Not a disputable point, but it was meant to involve the merits of Godwin as a philosopher, and as I had thought, or rather talked much about him, I had an advantage over most of those who were present. I have no doubt that what I said was, in truth, poor stuff, but I was very young, had great vivacity and an abundance of words. Among the speakers were Benjamin Flower, Mr. Rutt, and four or five ministers of the best reputation in the place; yet I obtained credit, and the solid benefit of the good opinion and kindness of Mr. Nash. He was told of my unsettled state and my want of an introduction in London. He did not offer to be of any practical use, perhaps had not the means, but his advice was emphatically given in the words, Fag, fag, fag." By laborious fagging he had raised himself to wealth and distinction.

On my return to my old London quarters in October I entered a solicitor's office on the condition of nothing being paid on either side. This was Mr. White's office in Chancery Lane. My occupation was almost entirely mechanical, and therefore of no great advantage to me. My leisure was devoted partly to legal and miscellaneous reading, from which I derived little profit, and partly to attending debating societies, which afforded me practice in public speaking, and thus materially

contributed to my moderate success in life. At the meetings of one of these societies I frequently had, as an adversary, John Gale Jones. At those of another, to which Mr. Rutt introduced me, and which was presided over by Belsham, I formed a lifelong friendship with Mr. Anthony Robinson, whose powers of conversation were far greater than those of any other of my acquaintance.

1797.

THE SERVILE YEAR.

I have spent several days in deciphering a short-hand journal, and looking over a collection of letters belonging to this year; an employment that must have humiliated me, if after half a century it were possible to have a strong sense of personal identity. Thus much I must say, that if "the child" (in this instance the youth) be "father of the man," I must plead guilty to the impiety of despising my parent.

How long I should have gone on in my mechanical work there is no guessing, had not an accident relieved me.

There came to the office one day a clerk who was going to leave his situation at Mr. Hoper's (Boyle Street, Saville Row), and he advised me to apply for it, which I did, and was accepted as a conveyancing clerk at a guinea a week. I went on the 5th of April. At the end of three weeks, however, my employer told me he should no longer need my services, but had recommended me to a better place than his. This was in the office of Mr. Joseph Hill, of Saville Row, with whom I remained from the 28th of April till my uncle's death at the close of the year. Mr. Hill's name appears in the Life of Cowper, whose particular friend he was. He had no general law practice, but was steward to several noblemen. All I had to do was to copy letters, make schedules of deeds, and keep accounts. My service was light but by no means favorable to my advancement in legal knowledge. I attended from half past nine or ten till five, and had therefore leisure for reading. The treatment I received was kind, though I was kept at a distance. Mr. Hill seemed to have an interest in my welfare, and gave me good counsel. He had a country-house at Wargrave, on the Thames, and was frequently absent for weeks together in the summer. When he was in London he sent me very nice meat luncheons, which usually served me for dinner. On the whole I was not at all uncomfortable, and

should have been even happy if I could have kept out of my thoughts the consideration that I was, after all, it was to be hoped, fit for something better than to be a writing-clerk at a guinea a week.

On going to Mr. Hoper's I removed from Drury Lane to small and neat rooms on the second floor at 20 Sherrard Street. One of my principal amusements was the theatre. I had great pleasure in the acting of Mrs. Jordan and others, but my admiration for Mrs. Siddons was boundless. One little anecdote concerning her effect upon me has been printed in Campbell's life of her. I had told it to Charles Young, and he thought he was at liberty to repeat it for publication.

The play was "Fatal Curiosity," acted for her benefit. In the scene in which her son having put into her hands a casket to keep, and she having touched a spring it opens and she sees jewels, her husband (Kemble) enters, and in despair exclaims, "Where shall we get bread?" With her eyes fixed on the jewels, she runs to him, knocks the casket against her breast, and exclaims, "Here! Here!" In Mrs. Siddons's tone and in her look there was an anticipation of the murder which was to take place. I burst out into a loud laugh, which occasioned a cry of "Turn him out!" This cry frightened me, but I could not refrain. A good-natured woman near me called out, "Poor young man, he cannot help it." She gave me a smelling-bottle, which restored me, but I was quite shaken, and could not relish the little comedy of "The Deuce is in him," though Mrs. Siddons played in it. I thought her humor forced, and every expression overdone. By the by, the title of the piece may have been "Diamond cut Diamond." It is the only piece in which I did not admire Mrs. Siddons.

The Forums were a source of great enjoyment to me. They exercised my mind, and whatever faculty of public speaking I afterwards possessed I acquired at these places. If the attention my speeches received from others may be regarded as a criterion, my progress seems to have been very considerable. In general the speakers were not men of culture or refinement. There was one, however, of extreme liberal opinions, who was distinguished from all others by an aristocratic air. His voice was weak but pleasing, and his tone that of a high-bred gentleman. Some compliments paid me by him were particularly acceptable. He was accompanied by his wife, one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. On one

occasion I chanced to sit next to her and a very lively and agreeable lady who accompanied her. No gentleman was with them. She asked me whether I did not know Hardy the patriot; and as she seemed to know me, I ventured to offer my services in procuring them a carriage. But none was to be had, and so I saw them safely home. In a few days I had a call from her husband, Mr. Collier, to thank me for my attention. Thus began an acquaintance, which lasted through life, and was to me of inestimable value. The Colliers passed through great changes of fortune, but if I had it in my power to render them any service or kindness I have always felt it to be very far below what they rendered to me. Perhaps they thought otherwise, — it is well when persons can so estimate their relation to each other.

In some money transactions that passed between Mr. C. and me, the only dispute we ever had was that each wished to give the other some advantage which he would not take. The eldest son, John Payne Collier, the editor of Shakespeare, is now one of my most respected friends. The parents have long been dead.

At the Westminster Forum late in the year I made a successful speech on the French Revolution, and among those present was one of the most respectable inhabitants of Bury, Gamaliel Lloyd, a gentleman of fortune, — a Whig of the old school, a friend of Cartwright and Wyvill as well as Capel Lofft. I knew him merely by meeting him at the Bury Library. He complimented me on this occasion, and an invitation to his lodgings was the origin of an acquaintance of which I was proud. He was a fine specimen of the Yorkshire gentry. He has long been dead, leaving as his present representative William Horton Lloyd, a most respectable man. Leonard Horner is the husband of G. L.'s second daughter. One of her daughters will probably be hereafter Lady Bunbury; another is married to Sir Charles Lyell.

My old friend Pattisson lodged in Carey Street. We saw each other daily, and in order to avoid missing each other we agreed always to pass through certain streets between our two abodes. I recollect with tenderness how many hours of comfort and enjoyment I owed to his companionship. At his apartments I became acquainted with Richard Taylor, the eminent printer and common-council man.

1798.

On the first of January in this year I received the news of the death of my uncle Robinson. He was good-natured and liberal, and richer than any other relation. His property was left to my brothers and myself. I soon ascertained that I should have about a hundred pounds per annum. A very poor income for a student aspiring to the bar; a comfortable independence to fall back upon for one content to live humbly as a literary man. Between a legal and a literary occupation I was unable at once to determine. All I resolved on for the present was to quit Mr. Hill. With him I was idling away my time and learning nothing. I remained with him till the 5th of March, when he was able to procure a successor. He dismissed me with good advice, counselling me to lead a life of business, and warning me against indulging in habits of speculation. This he said in a parental way. I met him afterwards in the streets, but was never recognized by him.

On the 6th of May I went down to Bury and did not return till October. In the interval I made a visit to Norwich and Yarmouth. At the latter place I stayed four weeks. My main inducement was to read to Harley, a blind man I became acquainted with through Miss Maling. An interesting man in humble circumstances. At Yarmouth also I fell in with two young men about to go to Germany to study. One afterwards became famous, Captain Parry, the traveller and discoverer in the Polar regions.

But the most eventful occurrence of the year was an introduction to William Taylor of Norwich, who encouraged in me a growing taste for German literature.

I had already thought of a visit to Germany, and my desire to go was very much strengthened. But it proceeded chiefly from dissatisfaction with my present pursuits, and from a vague wish to be where I was not.

What I have written about my general occupations in 1797 is applicable to a large part of this year. I went on reading in a desultory way. Books were oddly jumbled together in my brain. I took a few lessons in German.

In my visit to Bury I found I had already acquired a bad character for free thinking. This led to a correspondence between the famous Robt. Hall and me. I heard that he had told Mr. Nash it was disgraceful to him as a Christian to admit me into his house. I remonstrated with Mr. Hall for this

officious interference, and asked him why he had defamed me. He answered me in a letter which I have preserved as a curiosity. It is an excellent letter of the kind. He said he believed me to be a professor of infidelity, of pantheism, and therefore as became him he warned a Christian brother of the peril of intercourse with me. On his own principles he was right. My letter I have also preserved. It is as ill as his is well written.

TO THE REV. R. HALL.

YARMOUTH, 30th August, 1798.

SIR, — Your own good sense will suggest every apology necessary for troubling you with this unpleasant letter. Unpleasant it certainly is for me to write, and it will be more or less so for you to receive, as your recollection may echo the observations I have to make. I am informed that you have of late distinguished yourself by displaying much zeal against certain very prevalent speculative opinions. And I am also told that in connection with such subjects you have thought proper frequently and generally to introduce my name and character. Recollecting probably the great secret of poetry, where beauty and effect consist in the lively representation of individual objects, you have, it seems, found it convenient to point the sting of your denunciation by setting the mark of censure and reprobation on my forehead. I hear too that you have travelled amongst my friends in a neighboring county, urging them no longer to honor me with their friendship, and declaring it to be a disgrace to them to admit me into their houses. I will name but one person, and that a gentleman for whom I feel the warmest sensations of esteem and love; and the loss of whose good opinion I should consider as a very serious privation, Mr. Nash, of Royston. And this style I understand you scruple not to hold in large and mixed companies, where I am of course unknown, and where only, I flatter myself, your labors could be successful. Indeed, sir, I as little deserve the honor of such notice from you as I do the disgrace of so much obloquy. But not having so much of the childish vanity of being talked about, as of the honorable desire to be esteemed by the truly respectable, I am compelled to remonstrate with you, and call upon you for some reason why you have thus made an attack, in its possible consequences incalculably injurious to the reputation of a young man, who is an entire stranger to you. Were I addressing a

man of the world, I know that what I have written is vague enough to allow room for evasion and prevarication, for a denial of having used the precise terms stated, and for a demand of my authors. But I recollect that you have adopted a profession of high pretensions, and that it is probable you will excuse yourself on the ground of performing a religious duty. As such you cannot scruple to inform me what more and worse things you have said, — particularly what opinions they are which excite so much anger, and what authority you have for imputing them to me. I do not accuse you of personal malignity, but I charge you with wantonly casting arrows and death. And it matters not to the sufferer whether sport or false zeal direct the aim. I do not think you capable of inventing calumny ; but it seems that you have heedlessly built opinions on vague report, drawn unwarrantable inferences from general appellations, and carelessly trifled with the happiness of others as objects below your regard. Constitutionally enthusiastic, I have warmly expressed, perhaps without enow limitations, my high admiration of the "Political Justice." Hence, I suspect, all the misapprehension. I was told by a gentleman who knows you well, that so inveterate was your rage against Mr. Godwin, that when any incident of unnatural depravity or abandoned profligacy was mentioned, your exclamation has been, "I could not have supposed any man capable of such an action, except Godwin." Excuse me when I add, that had this been told me of a stranger, I should have felt great contempt for him. I could not despise Mr. Hall ; and therefore it only added one more to the list of examples which prove a most important truth, that the possession of the greatest talents is no security against the grossest absurdities and weaknesses. I do not choose to consider this as an exculpatory letter, and therefore I will not state why I admire the "Political Justice"; but as I understand that the sprinkling I have felt is but a spray of the torrent cast on poor Godwin, it is hardly irrelevant for me to remark, that such intemperate abuse will be received by some with stupid and vulgar applause, and by others with pity and regret. I am anxious you should not mistake me. I believe your motives, so far as you could be conscious of them, were good ; that zeal (always respectable whatever be its object) alone impelled you ; but I fear that, like most zealots, your views were confined and partial, and that, eager to do your duty towards your God, you forgot what you owed to your neighbor ; that your imagination, forcibly

excited by passion, waited not for the dull inquiry, the tedious discrimination of your judgment; and that you reasoned absurdly, because you felt passionately. R. is a Godwinite — therefore an atheist — therefore incapable of virtuous habits or benevolent feelings — therefore disposed only to commit crimes and make proselytes — therefore I ought to use my appropriate weapons of excommunication by exciting against him both his friends and strangers, and deprive him of all power to do injury by blasting his reputation, and making him an object of hatred and contempt. Thus, by the ruin of one, I shall save many. Something of this kind, though certainly short of its extent, has probably influenced you. However, giving you credit for integrity and benevolence, of which I shall be better able to judge hereafter, I remain, without enmity, and with respect for your general character,

Yours, &c.,

H. C. R.

To Mr. Henry Robinson.

October 13, 1798. Cambridge.

Sir, — That I have not paid to your frank and manly letter the prompt and respectful attention it deserved, my only apology is a variety of perplexing incidents which have left me till now little leisure or spirits.

Before I proceed to justify my conduct, I will state to you very briefly the information on which it was founded, not doubting that where I may seem to usurp the office of a censor you will attribute it to the necessity of self-defence.

I have been led to believe you make no scruple on all occasions to avow your religious scepticism, that you have publicly professed your high admiration of the "Political Justice," even to the length of declaring, I believe at the Royston Book Club, that no man ever understood the *nature* of virtue so well as Mr. Godwin; from which I have drawn the following inference, either that you disbelieve the being of God and a future state, or that admitting them to be true, in your opinion they have no connection with the nature of virtue; the first of which is direct and avowed, the second *practical* atheism. For whether there be a God is merely a question of curious speculation, unless the belief in him be allowed to direct and enforce the practice of virtue. The *theopathetic* affections, such as love, reverence, resignation, &c., form in the estimation of all theists a very sublime and important class of vir-

tues. Mr. Godwin as a professed atheist is very consistent in excluding them from his catalogue; but how he who does so can be allowed best to understand the nature of virtue, by any man who is not himself an atheist, I am at a loss to conceive.

A person of undoubted veracity assured me that on being gently reprimanded by a lady for taking the name of God in vain in a certain company, you apologized by exhibiting such an idea of God as appeared to him to coincide with the system of Spinoza, in which everything is God, and God is everything. Since the receipt of your letter I applied to this gentleman, who confirms his first information, but is concerned at having mentioned the circumstance, as it might be construed into an abuse of the confidence of private conversation. You will oblige me by not compelling me to give up his name. Of this you may rest satisfied, he will make no ungenerous use of this incident, and that his character is at the utmost removed from that of a calumniator. He will not affirm the sentiments you uttered were serious; they might be a casual effort of sportive ingenuity, but their coincidence with other circumstances before mentioned strengthened my former impressions.

More recently I have been told your chief objection to the system of Godwin is an apprehension of its being too *delicate* and *refined* for the present corrupt state of society; which from a person of your acknowledged good sense surprised me much, because the most striking and original part of his system, that to which he ascends, through the intermediate stages, as the highest point of perfection, — the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, — has been uniformly acted upon by all four-footed creatures from the beginning of the world.

In another particular I am sincerely glad to find myself mistaken. From a late conversation with Mr. Ebenezer Foster, I was induced to suppose you had been at pains to infuse into his mind atheistical doubts. I retract this opinion with pleasure as founded on misapprehension. Having no reason to doubt of your honor, your disavowal of any opinion will be perfectly satisfactory. I will repeat that disavowal to any person whom I may have unintentionally misled.

In exonerating me from the suspicion of being actuated by personal malignity, you have done me justice; but you have formed an exaggerated idea of those circumstances in my conduct which wear the appearance of hostility. Your moral

character has been unimpeached. I have neither invented nor circulated slander. On the contrary, when I have expressed myself with the greatest freedom, I have been careful to premise that I had no personal acquaintance with you, that your manners might for anything I knew be correct, and that all the censure attached or fear expressed was confined to the licentious opinions I understood you to embrace. I have never travelled a mile on your account. My efforts have been confined to an attempt within a very limited circle (for it is in a very limited circle I move) to warn some young people against forming a close intimacy with a person who by the possession of the most captivating talents was likely to give circulation and effect to the most dangerous errors. As you allude to a conversation with Mr. Nash (whom in common with you I highly esteem), I will relate it to you as nearly as my recollection will serve. After a sort of desultory debate on heresy and scepticism, he told me he designed at your next visit to Royston to request you to make his house your home. Warmed in a degree, though not irritated by the preceding dispute, I replied it was all very proper considering him as a man of the world, but considering him as a Christian it was very unprincipled, — an expression of greater asperity, I will allow, than either politeness to him or delicacy to you will perfectly justify. I conceived myself at liberty to express my sentiments the more freely to Mr. Nash because he is a member and an officer in our Church.

I have ventured repeatedly to express my apprehension of baneful consequences arising from your attendance at the book club, where if your principles be such as I have supposed, you have a signal opportunity, from the concourse of young people assembled, of extending the triumph of the new philosophy.

Such, as far as my recollection reaches, is the faithful sketch of those parts of my conduct which have provoked your displeasure.

To make an attack in its possible consequences incalculably injurious, to seek the salvation of others by your ruin, are the gigantic efforts of a powerful malignity, equally remote from my inclination and ability. The rapid increase of irreligion among the polite and fashionable, and descending of late to the lower classes, has placed serious believers so entirely on the defensive, that they will think themselves happy if they can be secure from contempt and insult.

How far a regard to speculative opinion ought to regulate the choice of our friendships is a delicate question never likely to be adjusted harmoniously by two persons who think so differently of the importance of truth and the mischief of error. Principles of irreligion, recommended by brilliant and seductive talents, appear to me more dangerous in the intercourse of private life than licentious manners.

Vice is a downcast, self-accusing culprit; error often assumes an appearance which captivates and dazzles. The errors — or rather the atrocious speculations — of Godwin's system are big with incalculable mischief. They confound all the duties and perplex all the relations of human life: they innovate in the *very substance* of virtue, about which philosophers of all sects have been nearly agreed. They render vice systematic and concerted; and by freeing the conscience from every restraint, and teaching men to mock at futurity, they cut off from the criminal and misguided the very possibility of retreat. Atheism in every form I abhor, but even atheism has received from Godwin new degrees of deformity, and wears a more wild and savage aspect. I am firmly of opinion the avowal of such a system, accompanied with an attempt to proselyte, ought not to be tolerated in the state, much less be permitted to enter the recesses of private life, to pollute the springs of domestic happiness or taint the purity of confidential intercourse. For the first of these sentiments, Mr. Godwin's disciples will doubtless regard me with ineffable contempt; a contempt which I am prepared to encounter, shielded by the authority of all pagan antiquity, as well as by the decided support of Mr. Locke, the first of Christian philosophers and political reasoners.

I appeal to a still higher authority for the last, to those Scriptures which as a Christian minister I am solemnly pledged not only to explain and inculcate, but to take for the standards of my own faith and practice.

The Scriptures forbid *the disciples of Christ* to form any near relation, any intimate bond of union, with professed infidels. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with *unbelievers;* for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness, and what concord hath Christ with Belial, and what part hath *he that believeth* with *an infidel?* Wherefore come out from amongst them and be ye separate, saith the Lord." If it be urged that this precept primarily respects the case of marriage with an infidel, it is obvious to reply that the reason of marriage with such

persons being prohibited is the *intimate friendship* which such union implies.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

R. HALL.

1799.

When I became a professed follower of Godwin as a moral philosopher I could not but be also an admirer of his ally Holcroft, whose novels "Anna St. Ives" and "Hugh Trevor" I had read with avidity; and I had thought his conduct noble in surrendering himself in court when the trial of Thomas Hardy began. I was introduced to Holcroft by Collier, but the acquaintance never flourished. I was present, however, at a remarkable dinner at his house (14th March). Aicken, of the Drury Lane company, highly respectable both as a man and an actor, and Sharp the engraver, were there. The latter is still named as one of the most eminent of English engravers; he is at the head of the English school. I possess one of his works which is a masterpiece, — "The Doctors of the Church," by Guido. I am no connoisseur certainly, and perhaps have no delicate sense of the beauty of engraving; but I never look on this specimen without a lively pleasure. Sharp was equally well known in another character which I will exemplify by an anecdote from the lips of Flaxman. "After Brothers had rendered himself by his insanity the object of universal interest, to which publicity had been given by the motion of Halked in the House of Commons, I had a visit from my old friend Sharp. 'I am come,' said he, 'to speak to you on a matter of some importance. You are aware of the great mission with which the Lord has intrusted Brothers?' I intimated that I had heard what everybody else had heard. 'Well,' he continued, 'perhaps you have not heard that I am to accompany the Children of Israel on their taking possession of their country, the Holy Land. Indeed, I think I shall have much to do in the transplanting of the nation. I have received my instructions, and I have to inform you that you also are to accompany them. I know from authority that you are of the seed of Abraham.' I bowed and intimated my sense of the honor done me by the invitation, but said it was quite impossible. I had other duties set out for me. On my return from Rome I bought this house, and established myself here, and here I must maintain

myself and my family. 'I am aware of all that, said Sharp, 'and I have arranged everything. I know very well you are a great artist, I know too that you are a great architect as well as a great sculptor. I shall have intrusted to me the office of making all the chief appointments on this journey, and I pledge myself that you shall have the rebuilding of the Temple.'" The same mental delusion showed itself at the dinner at Holcroft's. On leaving the table Sharp called his host out of the room to say that Buonaparte was quite safe, — it was communicated to him last night by authority. There had been a great battle yesterday in Germany. Sharp was one of the objects of suspicion to the English government during the famous trials of 1794. He was a violent Jacobin and an extreme and passionate partisan of the Republicans. There is to be met with in the cabinets of the curious an admired engraving by him of Thomas Paine, as also of Brothers, whom he regarded as the messenger and sent of God.*

It is well known that the French Revolution turned the brains of many of the noblest youths in England. Indeed, when such men as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, caught the infection, no wonder that those who partook of their sensibility but had a very small portion of their intellect were carried away. Many were ruined by the errors into which they were betrayed; many also lived to smile at the follies of their youth. "I am no more ashamed of having been a republican," said Southey, "than I am of having been a child." The opinions held led to many political prosecutions, and I naturally had much sympathy with the sufferers. I find in my journal, February 21, 1799, "An interesting and memorable day." It was the day on which Gilbert Wakefield was convicted of a seditious libel and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. This he suffered in Dorchester jail, which he left only to die. Originally of the Established Church, he became a Unitarian, and professor at the Hackney College. By profession he was a scholar. His best known work was an edition of "Lucretius." He had written against Porson's edition of the "Hecuba of Euripides."† It is said that Porson was at a dinner-party at which toasts were going round;

* Sharp's engraving of "Richard Brothers, Prince of the Hebrews," is a small square, dated 1795. Below it is inscribed: "Fully believing this to be the Man whom GOD has appointed, I engrave his likeness. — WILLIAM SHARP."

† In Euripidis Hecubam Londini nuper publicatam Diatribe Extemporalis. 1797.

and a name, accompanied by an appropriate sentence from Shakespeare, was required from each of the guests in succession. Before Porson's turn came he had disappeared beneath the table, and was supposed to be insensible to what was going on. This, however, was not the case, for when a toast was required of him, he staggered up and gave, "Gilbert Wakefield! — what 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" Wakefield was a political fanatic. He had the pale complexion and mild features of a saint, was a most gentle creature in domestic life, and a very amiable man; but when he took part in political or religious controversy his pen was dipped in gall. The occasion of the imprisonment before alluded to was a letter in reply to Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff, who had written a pamphlet exhorting the people to loyalty. Wakefield asserted that the poor, the laboring classes, could lose nothing by French conquest. Referring to the fable of the Ass and the Trumpeter he said, "Will the enemy make me carry two panniers?" and declared that if the French came they would find him at his post with the illustrious dead.

The prosecution was not intemperate, but he gloried in what he had done, and was actuated by the spirit of martyrdom. Nothing could be more injudicious than his defence, though in a similar trial an example had been set him just before by Erskine of what such a defence should be. My friend Rutt was one of Wakefield's bail. On being brought up for judgment he spoke in mitigation, but in a way which aggravated the offence. I accompanied him in a hackney-coach to the King's Bench prison. While his friends were arranging with the Governor about rooms there were brought to the prison two young men named Parry, editors of *The Courier* newspaper, who had been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for a libel on the Emperor of Russia. The libel consisted in a single paragraph, stating that the Emperor had acted oppressively and made himself unpopular with the nobility by a late decree prohibiting the importation of timber. Such was the liberty of the press in the days of William Pitt!

H. C. R. TO T. ROBINSON.

(No date.)

DEAR THOMAS, —

. . . . One of the most interesting occurrences here has been Wakefield's trial. How I wished that you had been

here then! My acquaintance with him perhaps heightened the effect; but I think to a mere stranger his delivery of his own defence must have been one of the most gratifying treats which a person of taste or sensibility could enjoy. His simplicity quite apostolic, his courage purely heroic. The energy and dignity with which he conducted himself have certainly had no parallel of late years. You saw a report of his speech in *The Courier*. It certainly was not a good defence, but as Anthony Robinson observed, something better than any defence, — a noble testimony. I dined in company with him on Monday and yesterday. His spirits are not in the least depressed.

Johnson, the Unitarian publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard, was convicted of a libel for selling Wakefield's pamphlet; he was imprisoned in the King's Bench for a few months. For a consideration he was allowed to occupy apartments within the rules. My first visit to him in prison was in company with Mary Hays,* a very zealous political and moral reformer, a friend of Mary Wollstonecraft, and author of a novel called "Memoirs of Emma Courtney." I called on Johnson several times and profited by his advice. He was a wise man, and his remarks on the evil of indulging in melancholy forebodings were applicable to a habit of my own. He described them as the effect of dreamy indolence, and as liable to increase from the unhealthy state into which they bring the mind. Though he did not cure me of my fault, some of its consequences were mitigated. I was especially unhappy from my inability to come to any satisfactory conclusion as to my plan of life. I hated the law, yet I knew not how otherwise to attain any social station. I was ambitious of literary distinction, but was conscious that I could never attain any reputation worth having. My desire to go to Germany was rather a *pis aller*, than from any decided preference of the comparative advantages of such a course.

One other political prisoner occasionally visited by me was Benjamin Flower, who had been committed to Newgate by the House of Lords for a breach of privilege.

* She professed Mary Wollstonecraft's opinions with more zeal than discretion. This brought her into disrepute among the rigid, and her character suffered, — but most undeservedly. Whatever her principles may have been, her conduct was perfectly correct. My acquaintance with her continued till her death. — H. C. R.

H. C. R. TO HIS BROTHER.

(About) June, 1799.

MY DEAR BROTHER, —

. . . . I suppose the fame of "Pizarro" has already reached you. It is unquestionably the most excellent play I ever saw for variety of attractions. The scenery and decorations are splendid and magnificent without being tawdry or puerile, and these ornaments are made to heighten, not supersede, real dramatic merit. The tragedy possesses scenes of the most tender and pathetic kind, and others highly heroic. Mrs. Siddons displays her usual powers in the character of the mistress of Pizarro, — proud, haughty, with a true sense of honor and a romantic passion for glory: in love with Pizarro because he was great, she hates him when he degrades himself by acts of meanness, — herself a criminal, her passion for humanity leads her to acts of heroism and desperation. Kemble plays the Peruvian Chieftain in his very best style. The lover of Cora, he voluntarily yields her to Alonzo, and when they are married, devotes his life to their happiness; brave, generous, and pious, he is a kind of demi-god, — and you know with what skill Kemble can "assume the god and try to shake the spheres." The incidents are in themselves so highly interesting and extraordinary that far less superiority of acting and pomp of machinery would have given ordinary effect to the piece; but, when united with the utmost efforts of the painter and machinist, they produce a drama absolutely without parallel. Were you a little richer I should recommend a journey to London on purpose to see it.

I have also been greatly amused by hearing one of Mackintosh's lectures. It was on the British Constitution. Though his praise of the British Constitution was extravagant, he was far from being uniformly favorable to the cause of government. His favorite notion concerning the Constitution is, that it is the most truly democratic of any that has ever existed. He defines a real democracy to be a government where the *opinion* of the body of the people influences and governs the state, whatever the nominal legislature may be. And he boldly asserts that a more formal democracy would lessen the real democracy, because it is the nature of all mobs and public assemblies to be under the secret guidance of factious demagogues; and that the people in such states never act, precisely because they are the *direct* actors, and have a power nominally

given them which they cannot exercise. He urged the common argument in favor of Monarchy, that it took from the ambitious the motives to be factious and breed dissension in order to procure the principal stations; and that the king, sharing the honor of victory and the affections of the soldiery with the General, was not likely to become a military tyrant. He defended Coalitions, Parties, and moderation towards ex-Ministers, was eloquent against the French, but likewise hinted at the danger to public liberty from not watching the government. On the whole I was much pleased with the lecture, which was well adapted to secure popularity. As to his politics, they are certainly moderate, nor do I know that he has gone an inch beyond pure Whiggism.

Horne Tooke has never been a favorite of mine, but I never thought so well of his heart as I have done from his behavior to Wakefield, which was kind and respectful; and when we consider, not how like, but how unlike their characters are, his attentions do him the greatest honor. The day sentence was passed he sent to Wakefield, and, in his jocular way, comforted him by observing that probably a year hence he and Mrs. Wakefield would be congratulating each other on his situation, — "For, my dear, it has saved you," Mrs. Wakefield will say; "you see Tooke and the rest of them are half-way on their voyage to Botany Bay." Horne Tooke promised too, old as he was, to visit him at Dorchester, though he said he had not thought he should travel seven miles from Wimbledon again. This looks well. You have heard, I dare say, that Tooke's friends have lately raised him an annuity for life of £ 600. This following Dr. Parr's and Fox's seems to show that all regard for public characters is not at an end. . . . .

Adieu. In haste,

Yours, &c.,

H. C. R.

I became acquainted about this time with George Dyer. He was one of the best creatures morally that ever breathed. He was the son of a watchman in Wapping, and was put to a charity school by some pious Dissenting ladies. He afterwards went to Christ's Hospital, and from there was sent to Cambridge. He was a scholar, but to the end of his days (and he lived to be eighty-five) was a bookseller's drudge. He led a life of literary labor in poverty. He made indexes, corrected the press, and occasionally gave lessons in Latin and Greek.

When an undergraduate at Cambridge he became a hearer of Robert Robinson, and consequently a Unitarian. This closed the Church against him, and he never had a Fellowship. He became intimate with the Nashes, Fordhams, and Rutt, and was patronized by Wakefield and Mrs. Barbauld. He wrote one good book, "The Life of Robert Robinson," which I have heard Wordsworth mention as one of the best works of biography in the language. Dyer also put his name to several volumes of poetry; but on his poems my friend Reid made an epigram that I fear was thought just: —

> "The world all say, my gentle Dyer,
> Thy odes do very much want fire.
> Repair the fault. my gentle Dyer,
> And throw thy odes into the fire."

Dyer had the kindest heart and simplest manners imaginable. It was literally the case with him that he would give away his last guinea. He was not sensible of any impropriety in wearing a dirty shirt or a ragged coat; and numerous are the tales told in illustration of his neglect of little every-day matters of comfort. He has asked a friend to breakfast with him, and given him coarse black tea, stale bread, salt butter, sour milk, and has had to run out to buy sugar. Yet every one loved Dyer. One day Mrs. Barbauld said to me, "Have you heard whom Lord Stanhope has made executor?" — "No! Your brother?" — "No, there would have been nothing in that. The very worst imaginable." — "O, then it is Buonaparte." — "No, guess again." — "George Dyer?" — "You are right. Lord Stanhope was clearly insane!" Dyer was one of six executors. Charles James Fox was another. The executors were also residuary legatees. Dyer was one of the first to declare that he rejected the legacy and renounced the executorship. But the heir insisted on granting him a small annuity; his friends having before settled another on him, he was comparatively wealthy in his old age. Not many years before his death, he married his laundress, by the advice of his friends, — a very worthy woman. He said to me once, "Mrs. Dyer is a woman of excellent natural sense, but she is not literate." That is, she could neither read nor write. Dyer was blind for a few years before his death. I used occasionally to go on a Sunday morning to read to him. At other times a poor man used to render him that service for sixpence an hour. After he came to London, Dyer lived always in some very humble chambers in Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street.

Another interesting acquaintance I made at this period was with William Hazlitt, — a man who has left a deservedly high reputation as a critic; but at the time I first knew him he was struggling against a great difficulty of expression, which rendered him by no means a general favorite in society. His bashfulness, want of words, slovenliness of dress, &c., made him sometimes the object of ridicule. It will be better, perhaps, if I confine myself at present to describing him as he was at this early period of our acquaintance. He was the younger brother of John Hazlitt, the miniature painter. His first design was to be a Dissenting minister; and for that purpose he went to the Unitarian New College, Hackney. He afterwards thought of becoming a painter, and lived with his brother. At our first interview I saw he was an extraordinary man. He had few friends, and was flattered by my attentions. We were about the same age, and I was able to render him a service by introducing him to Anthony Robinson, who induced Johnson to publish Hazlitt's first work, "The Eloquence of the British Senate." Late in life, when our intimacy had been broken off, he said to Mary Lamb, "Robinson cuts me, but I shall never cease to have a regard for him, for he was the first person who ever found out that there was anything in me." I was alone in this opinion at the time of which I am speaking. I recollect saying to my sister-in-law, "Whom do you suppose I hold to be the cleverest person I know?" — "Capel Lofft, perhaps?" — "No." — "Mrs. Clarkson?" — "O no." — "Miss Maling?" — "No." — "I give it up." — "William Hazlitt." — "O, you are joking. Why, we all take him to be just the reverse." At this time he was excessively shy, especially in the company of young ladies, who on their part were very apt to make fun of him. The prettiest girl of our parties about this time was a Miss Kitchener, and she used to drive him mad by teasing him.

I was under great obligations to Hazlitt as the director of my taste. It was he who first made me acquainted with the Lyrical Ballads and the poems generally of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and Southey.

Among those to whom Mary Hays introduced me was the free-thinking, ultra-liberal Roman Catholic priest, Dr. Geddes, translator of the Old Testament, — a man of fine person and very amiable manners. His wit was exhibited in macaronic verses. He was a patron of two young ladies, the Miss Plumptres. Anne Plumptres made herself known as one of the first

introducers of German plays, — she translated many of Kotzebue's.

During this summer my friend Miss Maling was in London, living in the same house with the Archbishop of Aix, — a man known to history; he pronounced the oration at the coronation of Louis XVI., and afterwards by the favor of Napoleon obtained a cardinal's hat.* He was a zealous emigrant at this time. Having conceived a great respect for Miss Maling, he had destined for her the post of *Lectrice* to the Duchess of Orleans, had the Revolution succeeded, which was projected this year. He was a man of letters and a poet. I had the honor of an introduction to him, but a mere introduction. I had only time to admire his majestic figure. His preaching I thought magnificent.

I made in this year a pedestrian tour in Wales. On my way I visited Stonehenge, — the first place I ever went to see as an object of curiosity; and I had all the enjoyment that was to be derived from so novel and so sublime a scene. This tour, of which I shall write little, afforded me the opportunity of visiting two men, who suffered for political opinions, — Gilbert Wakefield and John Thelwall; the former was in prison at Dorchester. A subscription of £3,000 had been raised by his friends, who were thereby enabled to supply Mrs. Wakefield with a very comfortable house in the vicinity of the prison. Here she and the children dwelt, and a spare room was always ready for some friendly visitor. During Wakefield's imprisonment this room was almost always in use. I occupied it several days, and found him suffering more in his spirits than was expected. The distress he witnessed in jail, and the presence of physical and moral evil, preyed on his mind and seemed to crush him.†

John Thelwall, to whom I have already alluded, as having had a narrow escape of conviction for high treason, had settled down in a farm in a beautiful place near Brecon. His history is known to all who care to inform themselves of the personal occurrences of this eventful period. He had left his shop (that of a silk mercer) to be one of the Reformers of the age. After his acquittal he went about the country lecturing, and was ex-

* On the copy of a letter by the Archbishop, Mr. Robinson has written: "Afterwards Cardinal Boisgelin, an emigrant nobleman who made his peace with Buonaparte, and had his due reward in a cardinal's hat for preaching a sermon on the Emperor's marriage."

† He was released from prison May 30, 1801, and died on the 9th of September in the same year.

posed to great varieties of fortune. Sometimes he was attended by numerous admirers, but more frequently hooted and pelted by the mob. In order to escape prosecution for sedition he took as his subject Greek and Roman History, and had ingenuity enough to give such a coloring to events and characters as to render the application to living persons and present events an exciting mental exercise. I had heard one or two of these lectures, and thought very differently of him then from what I thought afterwards. When, however, he found his popularity on the wane, and more stringent laws had been passed, to which he individually gave occasion, he came to the prudent resolution of abandoning his vagrant habits and leading a domestic life in the country. It was at this period that my visit was paid, and I received a most cordial welcome. His wife was a very pleasing woman, a great admirer of her husband, — never a reproach to a wife, though the kind of husband she has chosen may sometimes be so. But Thelwall was an amiable man in private life; an affectionate husband, and a fond father. He altogether mistook his talents, — he told me without reserve that he believed he should establish his name among the epic poets of England; and it is a curious thing, considering his own views, that he thought the establishment of Christianity and the British Constitution very appropriate subjects for his poem.

After a stay of a week, I left my friends with a strong sense of their personal kindness. I may add here that when farming had succeeded as ill as political agitation, he took to the teaching of oratory as a profession, and for a time succeeded in it. For some years he had an establishment in Upper Bedford Place, where he received boarders. But gradually his didactic talents were directed more especially to the correction of defects arising from the malformation of the organs of speech.

At Haverfordwest an unexpected pleasure awaited me. I fell in with Robert Hall. He received me with apparent pleasure, and was kind without being flattering. His countenanee indicated a powerful intellect and strong sensibility. In disputation he expressed himself with his characteristic point, and sometimes with virulence. He spoke of my sister-in-law with unusual seriousness, and said she was the most extraordinary instance he had ever known of a woman of superior talents preserving universal respect; abilities being so rare among women, and when found so rarely accompanied by amiable qualities. The only allusion he made to our correspondence

was by saying of one who thought himself ill treated: "He ought at once to have come forward, and in a manly way, as you did, have made his complaint."

In passing through Wem in Shropshire I saw a very worthy old Presbyterian minister, — not worse than an Arian, I presume, — the father of the Hazlitts. William, who had become my friend, was not there, but John, the miniature-painter, was.* I liked the good old man and his wife, who had all the solidity (I do not mean stolidity) and sober earnestness of the more respectable Noncons. There was also a maiden sister. Altogether an amusing and agreeable group in my memory.

On my return from Wales I took Bath in my way. Seven years had elapsed since I attended my mother in her last illness, and my desire to see the place of her interment was increased by something Mrs. Fenner had related to me. My mother had expressed pain at being buried at so great a distance from her children. She feared they would never see her grave. "But," she added, "I have no doubt Henry will come though he walk." I did not need this stimulus, for my mother was the sole object of my fondness as a child. It was a substantial gratification to me to find my mother's grave in one of the most beautifully situated churchyards I ever saw, — a long slip of land near Whitcomb Church. I have often visited it since, and always with a sort of pleasure.†

CHAPTER V.

GERMANY. — 1800 AND 1801.

I AM now come to an incident, which had a great influence on my tastes and feelings, and therefore, I have no doubt, on my character. In the course of this year I went to Germany, where I remained more than five years, and pursued something like study, and where I was brought into contact with some of the most distinguished men of the age.

Mr. Aldebert, a German merchant with whom I had become

* An interesting but weakly painted portrait of Joseph Lancaster by John Hazlitt is in the National Portrait Gallery. It is in oil, the size of life, and evidently the production of an artist accustomed to work on a smaller scale with different materials. — G. S.

† This part of the Reminiscences was written in 1845 and 1846.

acquainted, undertook to convoy me as far as Frankfort. The journey, which now may be accomplished easily and in a very short time, was comparatively formidable at the beginning of this century. We embarked at Yarmouth, on the 3d of April, and on Friday evening I beheld that dismal fortress Heligoland, a scene which in my imagination might be appropriately connected with Goethe's " Natürliche Tochter." On the morning of the 6th we landed at Cuxhaven, and proceeded by land to Hamburg. I have still a clear recollection of the flat, cold, colorless country, which an instinctive feeling had led the inhabitants to make as lively as possible by the bright green on the scattered houses.

H. C. R. to his Brother T. R.

We remained twelve days at the Kaiserhof, where we paid 7*s.* a day for a dirty room on a second floor, 4*s.* to the man who waited on us at the hotel and attended us in the town, and 1*s.* 4*d.* for breakfast ; in short, where, though we lived in the plainest and most economical style, our daily bill was nearly a guinea apiece. We then removed to private lodgings, where the civility and honesty of the good family reminded us of the family of Lot.

. . . . . .

The houses at Hamburg perpetually suggest the idea that you are looking at England as it was a century ago. The original model of a farm-house (and farm-houses were the primitive houses) as I have seen it in the wild parts of Hanover, is that of one immense room, without chimney or division, — the various parts being allotted, as a farmer lays out his different seeds or fruits. At one corner the fire, — here the beds, — there the piggery, — there some furniture, — and a good carriage-way all through. Now the progress of refinement is this : after a time the sides are separated (like the King's Bench and Common Pleas in Westminster Hall), glazed, and adorned, for the women and children, — but still the centre is unpaved. I have seen several respectable houses of this kind in the country near Hamburg. Refinement increases, but still the old hall remains as in ancient English mansions. Perhaps we have gone beyond the exact mark of propriety through our proud love of retirement, and by converting our halls into narrow passages and large parlors, have injured our houses as summer retreats and promoted the natural shyness

of our tempers. In the houses near Hamburg the genteelest families dine or drink coffee in their halls, and with the doors open to observation and curiosity. In the town, too, most of the houses have the narrow or gable end in front, which necessarily precludes the elegant uniformity of a Bath street, but at the same time allows of an infinite variety of ornament, which gives an idea of distinctiveness, and is, I think, an advantage. As the stories rise, the curtain, if it may be so called, is narrowed till it terminates in a pyramid. There is, it must be confessed, a great waste of room in the lofty halls and shops which you see in the front of the Hamburg houses. But perhaps it is more pleasing to witness resources and means of future improvements, as necessities may arise, than to behold, as in London, every inch occupied, and management and economy put to their last shifts. The dress of the lower classes confirms the suggestion that Germany is now what England was. Many a poor woman wears a tight black velvet bonnet like that in which Mary Queen of Scots is painted. The Lutheran clergy appear to wear the cast-off ruffs of Queen Elizabeth.

After remaining a few weeks at Hamburg, we proceeded to Frankfort, where Mr. Aldebert procured me lodgings near his own house, and introduced me to his relations and partners. I set about reading as hard as I could, dining at the various hotels in the city, which were famed for their excellence. My first object was to acquire a knowledge of the German language, and I took lessons of an old man named Peile, who confided to me that he had been when young a member of the Illuminati, an order of which he gave me a better opinion than I previously had, both in regard to their intentions and their practical ability.

Frankfort was then a fortified town, much to its disadvantage in regard to air and comfort, and without any adequate compensation, for the fortification was next to useless. *Now*, in the place of the walls and ditches, there are beautiful walks which render the place as agreeable as it was formerly dismal. Though professedly neutral, its neutrality was violated on the 6th of July.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

I believe were a cracker or squib to be let off in any town in Great Britain, and were it thought to come from a French

hand, half the old women would be in fits. Now, I had so much of the old woman in me that one day when I was sleeping over my German grammar, and the maid burst into the room, crying, "The French are at the gates," I made but two skips down stairs, and flew into the principal street. It was a false alarm, but I found all in confusion, — a body of Mayençois troops had demanded entrance, and were then on their march to support their allies, whom the French were attacking a few miles off. They had cannon, with lighted matches. The men were fine fellows, and without being sad were grave. I knew they were going into the field, and I felt that sinking within the breast which betrays the coward, — but they passed away and my sinking too. The rest of the day nothing was known. On the morrow we learnt that the French had been thrice beaten back, but that early in the morning they had renewed the attack, and were now in the midst of the engagement. I left my books, and hastened to the ramparts, which were covered with idlers. Couriers passed backwards and forwards, but nobody knew what was going forward. Citizens are mob, and soldiers are gentlemen at such times; and Sterne's remark concerning Susanna and the women at a groaning might be parodied here. Our curiosity was not left, however, to starve for want of nourishment; every now and then a wagon slowly entered the town, and though covered with straw or cloth, we generally could perceive something moving underneath, — it was only a wounded man, — nothing more! By and by I ventured, with the doctor of the house, to make an excursion. We walked up a hill, and were near enough to hear the discharge of musketry, and see the smoke and flash of the cannons, but that was all. And I was half angry with myself for being so composed. It was probable that every instant some horrid wound was inflicted, or some wretch suddenly carried off, and yet I ate cherries! And how could it be otherwise? We are sympathetic; and indifference, or the want of passion, is catching as well as passion itself. The persons around me were at their ease, and that made me so in a great degree. I cannot forbear to make a remark, which though simple is important. From the modern system of war and politics, by which the civil and the military state are so much separated, and the subject is so much distinguished from the prince, this consequence has arisen, — that war has ceased to be a matter of national passion, and has become in a great degree a professional business. At least in this neighborhood it is so.

Next day in the evening the French actually came, and I, standing on the walls, witnessed their entrance. The general indifference at the event confounded me; but it was in reality an affair of money. They came not as an enemy. The soldiers were billeted in the town; and a gentlemanly young officer was in the house in which I lodged. With him I soon became acquainted. He loved poetry, and we talked on various subjects. Nor did he take any exception to my being an Englishman. At this moment the war was flagging.

Of those to whom I was introduced, there is one of whom it is necessary that I should write a few words. This was Sophia de la Roche, a sentimental novelist, and in her youth a friend of Wieland, under whose auspices she became known as an authoress. Her daughter married Brentano, a wealthy merchant, who died young; and among her grandchildren were several with whom I had much to do during my residence in Germany. She herself was never tired of talking of England, of which she was a passionate admirer. An amusing account of her is given in Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs.* In extravagant language she poured out to me her love of this country, declaring that on her death-bed she should thank God for her journey hither, and expressing the wish that she could offer up her soul to God in Richmond vale!

My journal mentions a circumstance worth recording in connection with the drama in the wealthy city of Frankfort. I saw the play of "Hamlet" performed by actors of repute; but the catastrophe was changed. As Hamlet is about to drink the poison the Queen's illness is perceived, — his hand is stayed, — he rushes on the King and slays him, — he is attacked, — thunder is heard, — the Queen confesses, — he forgives Laertes, — and all's well that ends well. This I have told to Germans, who have wished to deny the fact.

In July I wrote to my brother: "My last letter told you that I had ceased to be a traveller. The effect produced on the mind by the knowledge that you are but the inhabitant of a day is really astonishing. It quickens the observation and animates the spirits exceedingly. While I was on my journey nothing escaped me. It was a second childhood. I was once more gay, impetuous, inquisitive, and adventurous; but as soon as I had fixed myself I became the same dull, phlegmatic, and sometimes hyppish soul, which I was often in

* Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay. September, 1786. Vol. III. p. 136.

my lodgings in London. I am now so domesticated, so reconciled to the slight varieties of manners, that nothing but the language reminds me I am out of Old England."

In September I give this account of my life at Frankfort: —

"I breakfast at half past seven, and dine at twelve; then I go to a reading society, where I meet with a profusion of German magazines (which are something between the English magazines and periodical essayists), the *Moniteur* and French journals, and the English *Chronicle*. This is an agreeable addition to what my sister properly calls 'my comforts,' and is my after-dinner dessert. Three times a week I go to a respectable old gentleman who corrects my translations into German, and from him I try to get an idea of German literature. It is, however, too soon to talk about it. I take solitary walks about the town, which are pleasant, and generally on the Sunday accompany some friends to one of the neighboring villages, where we drink coffee or wine. This is the universal custom, and I do not dislike it. These little parties are not expensive. The company is very mixed, and there is often music and dancing, — but the dancing is unlike anything you ever saw. You must have heard of it under the name of waltzing, — that is, rolling or turning, though the rolling is not horizontal but perpendicular. Yet Werter, after describing his first waltz with Charlotte, says, — and I say so too, — 'I felt that if I were married, my wife should waltz (or roll) with no one but myself.' Judge, — the man places the palms of his hands gently against the sides of his partner, not far from the arm-pits. His partner does the same, and instantly with as much velocity as possible they turn round and at the same time gradually glide round the room. Now, as Sir Isaac Newton borrowed his notion of attraction from an apple falling, why might not Copernicus, who was a German,* conceive his theory of the twofold motion of the earth from a waltz, where both parties with great rapidity themselves turn round and yet make the circuit of the room?"

It was my habit to make occasional excursions when I found a suitable companion. On one of these occasions, when Mrs. Aldebert was following her husband to England, I accompanied her to the gates of Castel, a suburb of Mainz, and was left without a passport.

At the inn at Hochheim I found three French officers. I

* Copernicus was a Pole.

was startled, but as there was an armistice (it was the 16th of August) I thought frankness the safest policy. I joined them at the dinner-table. "A hot day, sir." — "Yes, sir." (N. B. The French, like the Quakers, do not like to be called "Citizen" but by a citizen, though, unlike the brethren, they preserve the old forms of civility, and use "Sir" as much as formerly to strangers.) I immediately told of my ride from Frankfort, of my friends who were at Mainz, and of my incapacity to follow them. "It is mortifying," said I, "to see a fine town and rich country shut against one." — "Yes, to be sure; but it is not difficult to get a pass. You are a German?" — "No." — "Pray what countryman are you, then?" — "Can I answer with safety? If, now, I should be an unlucky enemy by birth, are you bound officially to arrest me?" — "O no!" said they, and laughed; and I found that the Englishman was very welcome. So I stayed several hours with them, and debated on politics. I found in these and several other officers more respect than I should have expected for Mr. Pitt, who individually is fancied to be all in all in the Cabinet; they had a warm zeal for France as France, without much care about its immediate government.

This spirit of patriotism unquestionably saved the nation. Could Mr. Burke have persuaded the people of France that "France was out of itself," the affair would have been over. And the Revolution owed its success to the early creation of a power which the people looked up to as its head. The first Assembly, by calling itself the *National*, gained the nation by the word.

In the progress of familiarity I begged the officers to tell me how I stood as to personal safety. They said unquestionably liable to be arrested every moment, but not in any great danger; there were parties on the scout to pick up deserters and examine travellers. Being on foot I should likely enough be considered a native, but if questioned, as I had no passport, I should certainly be taken before the Commandant at Mainz, and they did not advise my going farther.

I did not, however, take alarm, and went on to the little town of Biebrich, the residence of the Prince of Nassau. Here I was very civilly treated at the only inn in the place. Next day I made a circuitous walk back, taking in my way Wiesbaden, a small neat dull curious old German town, famous only for its hot spring. It is noteworthy that this has become one of the most fashionable watering-places in Germany, much

frequented by English guests, with elegant gambling-houses which have been a source of great wealth to the Prince.

The following letters will give some idea of the condition of England at the close of the eighteenth century: —

T. R. to H. C. R.

Bury, December 18, 1800.

I cannot forbear speaking a word or two on the situation of our own country. You cannot be aware, I think, to the extent in which it exists, of the distress of all orders of people amongst us on account of the high price of provisions. The poor-rates have risen to an unexampled height, — they have nearly doubled since you left England. The present rate at Bury for the *quarter* is seven shillings in the pound, upon an assessment of two thirds of the rental, — in short, as much is paid to the poor as to the landlord. At the commencement of the war the rate with us was not more than 1 *s.* 9 *d.* or 2 *s.* in the pound. The burden which the circumstances have laid upon the people will, I imagine, be scarcely credited in Germany, and yet the situation of Bury is much less lamentable than that of many other towns in the kingdom. The alarm respecting a scarcity is so great that Parliament is now assembled by special proclamation to take into consideration the best means of relieving the nation in the present dearth. High bounties are accordingly offered to encourage the importation of grain, and various plans of economy are recommended to diminish the consumption of bread. The causes of the distressed state of the country are a subject of controversy both within and out of Parliament. The Administration are, of course, very strenuous in maintaining that the *war* has no share in it, while the Opposition as loudly attempt to prove it is the principal cause. The seasons have unquestionably been very unfavorable. But besides these palpable reasons an idea has been set afloat, and very eagerly caught at by vast numbers of people, that the scarcity is to be chiefly attributed to monopoly. As a disciple of Adam Smith, you will probably recollect his sentiments on the subject. He compares the dread of monopoly, when a free trade is allowed in so bulky a commodity as corn, to the terror of witchcraft. This opinion, it is understood, has been adopted by our leading statesmen, both on the Ministerial and Opposition side. And so much

has this opinion prevailed till of late, that I understand the old statute laws relating to forestalling, regrating, &c., were some few years since repealed. The common law, however, still remaining in force, a prosecution grounded upon it was a few months since commenced against Waddington, a great hop-merchant, for monopoly, and another against a contractor for regrating. On one of their trials Lord Kenyon combated the doctrine of Adam Smith; and on the defendant being convicted, warmly applauded the jury for their verdict, and said the country was much indebted to them. He was followed in this opinion by the greater part of the judges, who, on the ensuing circuit, declaimed against those hard-hearted persons who made a prey of their fellow-creatures by withholding from them the necessaries of life, and strongly urged the magistrates to be vigilant to prevent the markets being forestalled. In consequence of this recommendation associations were formed in almost every county to carry it into effect.

Owing to these proceedings a violent clamor was excited against corn-dealers and farmers, which being joined in by the mob, artificial scarcity became the cry. Farmers were threatened, and their barns and ricks in many places were set on fire; this has been particularly the case in the neighborhood of Bocking, where several wilful conflagrations have taken place. . . . .

January 27, 1801.

. . . . The times continue excessively hard with us, — indeed the cloud of evil seems to threaten more and more every day. Corn rises every market-day, and indeed alarm is spreading in all directions, and not least among the friends of the administration. I wish not to dwell upon political topics, but distress has brought them home to everybody's bosom, and they now produce all the interest of domestic incidents. With the Funds falling, and trade very precarious, Mary and I sometimes talk of emigration, — but where to go is the question. France is the only country which to my mind presents any temptation. The language, however, is an insuperable objection. Buonaparte seems as if he would make the assumed title of *great nation* a valid claim, and I fear it is as clear that the sun of England's glory is set. Indeed I am become quite an alarmist, which I believe is equally the case with the democrat and the aristocrat. Such is the state of the country in the prime article of life, flour, that the millers are prohibited under very heavy penalties from making any but coarse flour,

and instead of any restraint being laid upon them against mixing of grains, encouragement is given them to do it. Speaking on the state of the country the other day to Garnham, he exclaimed, "A very pretty state we are reduced to, — our pockets filled with paper and our bellies filled with chicken's meat!"

March 9, 1801.

. . . . If you have noticed in the papers you are no doubt interested in the circumstances of Horne Tooke having obtained a seat in the House of Commons as representative of the famous borough of Old Sarum. This he effected through the patronage of the eccentric Lord Camelford. A very interesting debate is expected to-morrow on a motion of Lord Temple to inquire into the eligibility of a priest to a seat in Parliament. Lord Camelford, it is said, told Lord Grenville that if the black coat were rejected he would send a black *man*, referring to a negro servant of his, born in England, whom he would qualify to take a seat.

. . . . When we were in London Mary and I had lodgings in Newgate Street. The theatre was the only amusement which interested me. We were, of course, desirous of seeing the present *nine days' wonder*, Mr. Cooke. We were so lucky as to see him in Richard, his favorite character. Nature has assisted him greatly in the performance of this part, — his features being strongly marked and his voice harsh. I felt at the time that he personated the ferocious tyrant better than Kemble could have done. There is besides a sort of humor in his manner of acting which appeared very appropriate, and which I think Kemble could not have given; and I think it likely the latter would be surpassed in Shylock. Cooke's powers of expression are strong and coarse. I am persuaded that in dignified and refined character, — in the philosophical hero, — he would fall infinitely short of Kemble. He had the effrontery to play the Stranger, but, if I mistake not, he appeared in it but once. . . . .

Early in 1801 I became acquainted with a very interesting and remarkable person, — Baron Hohenfels, the Dom-dechant von Speyer. He had a somewhat quixotic figure, — tall and gaunt, with marked features. Though careless about his dress, he had a distinguished gait. He was an elderly man who had been for many years chancellor of the Elector of Treves, and as such, had he continued in office, would have been the Elec-

tor's successor. He was also, as he used to tell me, a bishop *in partibus*. But he was a very liberal and philosophic churchman, and preferred a life of literary leisure. He had been in England, to which he was warmly attached, and had a strong liking for Austria. Everything French and Prussian he hated in an equal degree. To the Austrian state and the Romish Church he was attached politically. He was living an idle life, and in order therefore to gratify as well his indolence as his taste for everything English, — he loved our poets not less than our politicians, — he was glad to have even my acquaintance. We frequently walked together, and he taught me much by the questions he was in the habit of putting to me. On one occasion he was very particular in inquiring what the Unitarians believed. What did Priestley believe? On my mentioning some orthodox doctrines rejected, he asked "Did Priestley believe the resurrection?" — "Yes." On this, with a very significant expression, he said: "This reminds me of an anecdote of Ninon de l'Enclos. Being asked one day by a Parisian lady, whether she believed that St. Denys walked *all* the way to Paris with his head under his arm, 'Pourquoi pas, Mademoiselle?' Ninon said; 'ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.'"

The Baron was more fond of asking than of answering questions; but when I pressed him, he did not shrink from a reply which, without compromising himself, seemed to me intelligible. I had before drawn from him the remark that Christianity is a great fact, — that the fact being admitted it allowed neither of criticism nor of argument; and now in reference to the claims of Roman Catholicism, I asked whether the evidence of the later miracles was as strong as that of the earlier. His answer was again in the form of an anecdote: "In the time of Pope —— there were some saints who were called the new saints. On one occasion his Holiness exclaimed, 'These new saints make me doubt the old.' You will excuse my not giving a more direct reply." I ought to add that some years afterwards, when the Baron died, he left all his property to the Roman Catholic church at Frankfort.

I had not known this interesting man many days before he said he would introduce me to two young ladies "*qui petillaient d'esprit.*" These were Charlotte and Paulina Serviere. They were persons of small fortune and carried on a little business, but lived on terms of intimacy with one of the most distinguished families in Frankfort, — that of Brentano. Char-

lotte Serviere was not handsome, but was attractive to me by singular good sense and sweetness of disposition, though the latter quality was generally assigned in a higher degree to the younger sister, Paulina, who was a joyous, kind creature, naïve, sportive, voluble, — liked by every one. In their house I became intimate, and there I soon saw the ladies of the Brentano family, — to whom I was introduced on the very same day by Mad. de la Roche. By them also I was received as a friend. Mad. Brentano, a beautiful Viennese, the eldest daughter Kunigunda, — afterwards the wife of Savigny, the great Prussian lawyer and statesman, — were my present companions. They proposed that I should read English to them, and that they should initiate me into German poetry, in other words into Goethe, with whom they were personally acquainted, and of whom they were all devoted worshippers. During the first four months of 1801 I made considerable progress in the study of Goethe, and imbibed a taste for German poetry and literature, which I have always retained.

H. C. R. to T. R.

Goethe is the idol of the German literary public. The critics of the new school assert that since the existence of letters there have been only four of those called geniuses, on whom Nature and Art seem to have showered down all their gifts to form that perfection of intellect, — a Poet. Virgil, Milton, Wieland, Klopstock, Ariosto, Ossian, Tasso, &c., &c., are singers of various and great excellence, but the sacred poetic fire has been possessed in its perfection only by Homer, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Nay, some of this new school have even asserted that the three great "tendencies" of the late century are the French Revolution, the Fichtian Philosophy and "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre."

This valuable addition to my acquaintance had been made only a few days, when it was increased by that of the brother, Clemens Brentano, — then known only by irregular ballads and songs inserted in a very irregular novel, but a poet in character, as that term is generally understood, and a man of genius, though not an artist; and after many years the author of fairy tales which brought him *éclat*. He was on terms of intimacy with the Schlegels, Tieck, and others of the romantic school; but on account of peculiarities of temperament was

rather difficult to get on with. As I shall have little to say of him hereafter, I may add that he married a poetess named Sophie Mereau, who however died after a short time. Late in life he took a religious turn, and published a strange book, professedly relating from the lips of a diseased nun her visions of the sufferings of Christ; but the Bishop of Ratisbon, Seiler, would not allow the work to be printed without being accompanied by the declaration that the visions were given as the pious contemplations of a good woman, and not as preternatural revelations.

Personally I had more to do with a younger brother, whose education was unfinished, and who, learning that I was unsettled, proposed that I should accompany him on foot into Saxony, where I could go on with my study, while he completed his. In my entirely isolated state an offer much less agreeable than this would have been acceptable. I should visit a country which I longed to see. Several months however elapsed before our plan was carried into effect. In the mean while I pursued my studies with something like system; devoting myself steadily to German poetry and philosophy. All my vacant time was spent either with the Servieres or the Brentanos. The manners of this little society were very free and easy; and my character as an Englishman contributed to my being treated as a pet.

Before my departure I made a short journey with Herr Mylius and his sister Mad. Kohl to Wetzlar, — a town of some importance because, under the old German constitution, it was the seat of a court of appeal from courts held in all the small states of Germany; in other respects an insignificant place. The noblesse of this old-fashioned "free city" were the bigwigs, the lawyers. Our journey lay through a pleasing country, and this three days' excursion made me acquainted with the simple manners of a people who seemed to belong to a former age. The tribunal has been abolished, and the town no doubt lost its privileges as a free city.

My tour with Christian Brentano began on the 14th of June. Our first object was to see his brother Clemens, who was then residing at Göttingen. I will not stop to give particulars of any of the places through which we passed. On our arrival I was received with kindness, and introduced to Clemens Brentano's friends. Of these the principal was a young man of great promise, — a poet and scholar. He lectured on poetry, and strengthened the interest I already felt in German philosophy

and literature. His name was Winckelmann. He died a few years later, still a young man. It was he who first distinctly taught me that the new German philosophy — in connection with which Fichte was the most celebrated living teacher, and Schelling was rising into fame — was idealism. Winckelmann urged me to study Fichte's "Wissenschaftslehre," which he said was in its elements the philosophy of Plato, Spinoza, and Berkeley.

These two days, like the preceding weeks, served as a hot-bed to me. In my letter to my brother, I noticed what then was a novelty to me: "I must not forget a curious trait of the new school. They are all poetico-metaphysical religionists. Clemens Brentano declared religion to be 'philosophy taught through mystery.' And the heading of one of Winckelmann's lectures on poetry was, 'the Virgin Mary as the ideal of female beauty and perfection.'"

Christian Brentano and myself next proceeded to visit the celebrated mine mountains of the Harz, belonging to Hanover; and some of our Göttingen friends accompanied us a day on the road. We stayed successively at Osterode and St. Andreasberg. At this place I gratified my curiosity by descending a mine, learning thereby that it is a fatiguing and particularly uninstructive and uninteresting spectacle. Generally speaking I know no sight which so ill repays the labor. Two things have fixed themselves on my mind: first, a number of men in narrow slanting passages knocking off bits of soil mixed with metal; and, secondly, the motion of boxes up and down perpetually. I could hardly be angry with the vulgar inscription of an English "my lord" in the album: "Descended this d——d old hole."

We spent a night on the Brocken or Blocksberg, and I ought not to forget when mentioning this famous mountain that it has been from time immemorial the seat of witchcraft; the witches of the Blocksberg till the present age being the most illustrious in Germany. The historians assign a reasonable cause. The region of the Harz was the very last converted to Christianity, and the heathen religious rites were for the last time performed on the Blocksberg. When the country was at last subdued, troops were stationed in the principal avenues up the mountain to prevent the natives exercising unlawful and ungodly ceremonies. Some of the more zealous, however, disguised themselves in various frightful forms, came at midnight, and frightened away the superstitious soldiery.

Since that time the Brocken has been in ballads and old stories the seat of "monsters, hydras, and chimeras dire."

Passing over other local matters which afforded me much pleasure, I proceed to that part of my Diary in which I say: We had this day entered the Saxony which Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister" so significantly terms *den gebildeten aber auch bildlosen Theil von Deutschland.* We lose the play of words when we render this "the cultivated but imageless part of Germany."*

While I was staying at Frankfort I seldom ventured to speak German when I was with those who spoke either English or French; but during this journey I made as it were a spring, and found that I was very well able to make myself understood in the language of the country.

The place at which Christian Brentano was studying, and at which I was for a time to reside, was Grimma, a small town not very far from Leipzig and on the Mulde, — a very agreeable residence for a student. It had a large gymnasium or Prince's school, one of the feeders of the Leipzig University. The mathematical teacher at this school was one Töpfer, who received Brentano into his house. The family lived in a very plain way, and I was kindly received by them.

The chief person in the town was a Mr. Riese, a large manufacturer. I had seen him at Frankfort. He was very attentive to me, and offered me the use of his house; but I thought lodgings would for the present be preferable. My prospect was a satisfactory one. I had access to Mr. Riese's very respectable library; such society as the town afforded was open to me, and I should have Brentano as a frequent companion in my walks.†

* Goethe's meaning is not easily understood without the context. The whole sentence is: "Er kam in den gebildeten, aber auch bildlosen Theil von Deutschland, wo es zur Verehrung des Guten und Schönen zwar nicht an Wahrheit, aber oft an Geist gebricht." Carlyle has translated this as follows: "He came into the polished but also barren part of Germany, where, in worshipping the good and the beautiful there is indeed no want of truth, but frequently a grievous want of spirit." *Bildlos* is not much used in modern literature, in fact Grimm knows only this instance from Goethe besides those which he gives from writers of the 16th and 17th centuries. The meaning according to him is *imagine carens.* Gebildet corresponds with Wahrheit, and bildlos with want of Geist. If so, Goethe meant to say that the Saxons were indeed apt to acquire knowledge from others, but were wanting in original productiveness.

† Our tour seems to be insignificant on the map, but, with all our deviations, was not less than sixty German miles, at least 300 English miles. Our expenses together nine guineas; deducting therefore what I should have paid at Frankfort, my journey has cost me only two and a half guineas. And

Of the two months passed at Grimma at this time, and of the short period I spent there later in the year, when I took up my quarters at the house of Mr. Riese, I will say no more than that I was very happy, and began to read Kant, at the recommendation of Töpfer, who was a zealous Kantianer. I looked also into the writings of Jacobi.

In a short tour which I made by myself in order to test my power of finding interest in solitary travel, I availed myself of the opportunity which offered itself of visiting a Moravian establishment at Ebersdorf; and I had a great deal of pleasure, — the pleasure of sympathizing with a very benevolent and truly Christian society. The day on which I was there was Sunday, and I heard three sermons in one day with less than usual ennui, and was introduced to the well-bred, accomplished presidentess, Fräulein Gerstendorf. Without attempting to give a detailed account of the constitution of these Moravian institutions, I may describe them as a kind of Protestant monasteries. They are distinguished from those of the Roman Catholics by these two striking features: First, there is no compulsion to stay, either openly enforced by the law, or through a vow or secret understanding binding on the conscience. Any one may leave when he pleases. Secondly, there are no idlers, — all are workers. The unmarried live together, and sleep in two huge apartments. Going through these two vast dormitories I was struck by their perfect cleanliness and sweetness. The married live in apartments by themselves. They have private property, and have few or many comforts according to their respective means. The sermons I heard were evangelical, perhaps Calvinistic; but in one respect contrasted very advantageously with our English orthodoxy. Little importance seemed to be attached to doctrine. I heard nothing about belief, but a great deal about love. They had such set phrases as "the love of the Lord," "the faith of the heart." I would add that this is in perfect correspondence with Goethe's confessions of a beautiful soul in "Wilhelm Meister"; and, if the bringing together of things so unlike may be permitted, my own dear mother's written Experience when she was received into the Wattisfield church, in which there is nothing about theological opinions, but

when it is considered that we included in our tour one of the most fashionable and famous resident towns, and one of the celebrated districts of Germany, it must be allowed that travelling is for me a cheap pleasure. Thanks to my good health and sound limbs, I hope to see a great part of Germany and France at a trifling expense. — H. C. R.'s *Journal.*

much about love, a consciousness of guilt, &c. It occurred to me that this institution seemed to come nearer to an apostolic body than any I had ever seen, and that the Gospel age seems to have had no presentiment of the legal and political establishment of Christianity, but to have contemplated rather a multiplication of brotherhoods resembling these of the Herrnhuter. The founders named their first establishment in Moravia Herrnhut, i. e. the Lord's heed or guard.*

The churchyard, to which the kind-hearted attendant who showed me about the place took me, was very prettily ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and I was much struck by the unfeigned joy with which he talked of death, as, with a childlike simplicity and almost gayety, he jumped on the grave in which the remains of his wife had been recently laid. Fräulein Gerstendorf was a woman of ability, exemplifying the compatibility of practical wisdom with a devout spirit.

At Schneeberg I fell in with Anton Wall's "Amatonda," a fairy tale which much delighted me.†

At Chemnitz I met with a Welshman, whose history interested me. He was by trade a watchmaker, living at Holywell, where he had great difficulty in supporting his wife and three children; but he was a mechanic and understood the steam-engine. Graf —— was then travelling for the Elector of Saxony, and made the man an offer of a fair stipend if he would leave his country. "I know," said he, "that if I were to attempt to go back to England, I should be hanged; but I do not want to go. I am at the head of a manufactory here, and my employer gives me £ 200 per annum, besides perquisites. My wife and children are here. Besides, the Elector has given me a bond for £ 100 per annum during my life. The only condition is that I remain in the country. I need do nothing; I may spend my time in a public-house if I like; I should still be entitled to my hundred a year." He told me of several persons who were paid for living in the country, with a perfect freedom of action.

On the day on which I expected to reach Grimma an agreeable incident detained me at Colditz. It was late in the evening when I fell in with a parish clergyman, who having found that I was what is here called an English Gelehrter, and bound for Grimma, invited me to take a bed at his par-

* The Colony settled at the foot of the Hutberg, or pasture hill. The name has a double meaning, — Hut signifying "guard" as well as "a place where flocks are guarded."

† This tale was afterwards translated by Mr. Robinson.

sonage. He had a name singularly in contrast with his character, — Hildebrand ; for he was very liberal in his opinions, and very anti-church in his tastes. We had many hours' talk on subjects equally interesting to him and to me. He gave me an account of the state of religious opinion among the Saxon, i. e. Lutheran clergy. He professed himself to be a believer in miracles, but evidently had no unfriendly feeling towards the free-thinkers, whom he called *Naturalisten*, but who are now better known under the name of Rationalists. He declared that their ablest men were Socinians, if not Naturalists. On my saying that Michaelis's " Introduction to the New Testament " had been translated into English, he said : " That work is already forgotten here ; we have a more learned commentary in the work of Paulus." On my inquiring whether the clergy had no tests, " O yes," he replied, " we affirm our belief in the symbolical books ; but we have a very convenient saving-clause 'as far as they are not contradictory to the word of God.' The fact is, we pay very little attention to the old orthodox doctrines, but dare not preach against them. We say nothing about them." This I believe to be true. I recollect relating to my host the retort which Wilkes is said to have made to a Roman Catholic, who had asked, " Where was your religion before Luther ? " The answer was, " Where were your hands before you washed them ? " Hildebrand said that that very retort is to be found in one of the pamphlets published in Germany at the time of the Reformation.

During my tour I met with a young Saxon nobleman, Herr von Carlowitz, a pupil of the Fürsten-Schule, who invited me to accompany him to his mother's house. This plan left me so little time at Grimma that I was barely able to write a few letters and show myself to my friends.

Falkenstein, the seat of young Carlowitz's mother, was only a walk of about four leagues. As we were not expected, we found no one but the servants in the house. In the evening, however, came my lady, with friends, who were staying with her, and I had a specimen of the proverbial stiffness of the Saxon nobility. She was a stately dame, and had but a short time back been beautiful ; she was rich, and was addressed with formal respect by all about her. At night on taking leave every one kissed her hand, excepting myself ; and I omitted the ceremony through my ignorance, and gave offence. At supper grace was said in verse.

My intention was to proceed to Dresden and Prague, and I reached the former place after two more nights on the way. I was delighted with the *coup d'œil* from the bridge, including noble edifices, and the views up and down the river. There was also a stillness which soothed me. I will copy a remark or two I made at the time respecting the impression made on me by Dresden: "One sees more of elegance and the amusing formality of innocent aristocracy, than of the luxury of upstart wealth. One is neither oppressed by greatness, nor confounded by bustle. Many an Excellency rides in a carriage which in London would be thought a shabby hackney-coach; and the distinctions of rank are announced by formal appendages, — sword, big wig, &c., not costly attire.

"The most famous of the sights of Dresden is the Grüne Gewölbe, or Green Vaults, the most illustrious warehouse of jewelry and other toys in the world. Augustus, the lavish and the strong king of Poland, was the founder of this collection, consisting of all sorts of things wrought in ivory and gold, vessels of every form. I saw these in company with a French lady and her husband. Her raptures rose to something like hysterics.

"The picture gallery was the first of great excellence I had ever seen. It contains *the* picture, which now that I have seen all that Rome and Florence, Naples, Venice, and Paris have to exhibit, I still look back upon as the one which has afforded me the highest delight, — the Madonna di San Sisto, or Vierge aux Anges. When I first saw it, I exclaimed unintentionally, 'Looking at this, it is possible to believe the Immaculate Conception.' The Roman Catholic *custode* who was present looked offended, with no reason. I possess a fine copy of Müller's engraving. There are few pictures for which I would exchange it.*

"One other source of especial pleasure at Dresden was an almost daily visit to the Catholic chapel, for church music (though I am insensible to ordinary music) I can enjoy."

I did not omit to make an excursion, occupying a day, to Pillnitz, which has a castle of doubtful or disputed celebrity;

* This copy of Müller's engraving was given by Mr. Robinson's will to E. W. Field.

This picture, unlike all Raphael's other altar-pieces, is painted on canvas which gave rise to an opinion, strongly contested by Professor Hübner, Keeper of the Gallery at Dresden, that it was originally intended to serve as a Processional Banner. The picture was purchased by Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, from the monks of the church of San Sisto, at Piacenza, in 1754, for about £ 10,000. — G. S.

it being still a question whether the treaty which bears the name of Pillnitz was ever entered into among the great powers in 1792 to partition France.

At the distance of a few miles from Dresden is a knot of little valleys, known by the name of the Saxon Switzerland. This district is about fifteen miles in length and two or three broad, and it affords in miniature every variety of mountain and valley scenery. The first place I came to, the little town of Pirna, detained me by its attractions. I had parted from my young companion, and was left here to myself in a country so beautiful, and in an inn so comfortable, that I stayed four days. One of the largest rocks in this neighborhood is the insulated and famous Königstein. It is said to have been rendered impregnable. Certainly it has never been taken. During the long French possession of Germany, Buonaparte could never obtain possession of this fortress from the otherwise obsequious King of Saxony, who retained it as a place of deposit for his green-vault and other treasures. It is too small to hold a large garrison, and therefore might be spared by Buonaparte. Amidst the recesses of a mountain forest is a vast mass of rocks, some eighty feet in height, with a natural cavity or hollow called the Kuhstall (Cowstall), and which, according to the legendary tales, was a place of refuge for the Saxon peasants from the imperial troops during the Seven Years' War. It might well be so now, for the brushwood and stunted trees would render the passage of troops impossible. This wild and desolate spot I crossed ; and when I found myself again in the beautiful valley of the Elbe, I was in Bohemia.

The difference between a Roman Catholic country and that I had hitherto been in was apparent at once in the salutation of the peasantry. Every one who met me muttered, "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus" (Praised be Jesus Christ). To which I invariably answered, "In Ewigkeit" (To eternity). "Amen" was the rejoinder. Then the ordinary talk about weather or inquiry about roads followed. Had I not responded like a good Christian, I should have had no other greeting. The first night I slept at Teschen, in a small house with worthy people, and my first evening in Bohemia is worth recording. I have often told the story. In a large kitchen lay a bedridden old woman near the fire. She began questioning me : "Are you a Christian ?" — "Yes." — "A Catholic Christian ?" The landlord came up : "Don't trouble the gentleman with

questions ; you know he is an Englishman, and cannot be *such* a Christian as we are." — "I know only one sort of Christian," muttered she. "Why, mother! don't you know the priest says it is the duty of everybody to remain of the religion they are born in?" This looked like indifference at least, and I got into talk with him. I asked him about the Hussites. "O, they are the most loyal and peaceable of all our people." — "It did not use to be so." — "O no! they were always breeding disturbances, but the Emperor Joseph put an end to that. Their priests were very poor and lived on the peasants ; one man gave them a breakfast, another a dinner, another a bed ; and so they went from house to house, beggars and paupers. When the emperor came to Prague to be crowned, among the decrees which he issued the first day was one that the Hussite priests should be allowed the same pay as the lowest order of the Catholic clergy. And since then we have never had a disturbance in the country." I thought then, and have often said, that had I ever been in the House of Commons I would have related this as an instructive lesson on the Irish priest question.

Next day I dined at Aussig. There I fell in with a traveller who, finding I was going to the watering-place Teplitz, recommended me to a private lodging at the house of an honest shoemaker. In the afternoon I was there.

Teplitz is a small but beautiful watering-place, in which is a chateau, occupied at the time by the Prince de Ligne, who is known as the friend of Madame de Staël. In this very agreeable little spot I took up my residence for six days. Here I found a circulating library (prohibited in other Bohemian towns), and in the beautiful country numberless walks. The season for drinking the waters was over, so that I found myself quite in retirement ; but the residence of the Prince afforded me an unexpected pleasure the day after my arrival. I was told that there was an amateur theatre, at which the Herrschaften, the noble inhabitants of the chateau, performed ; and to which any one decently dressed might go, — the nobles in the pit below, the citizens in the gallery above. I presented myself at the door of the pit. "Sind Sie adelig, mein Herr?" (Are you noble?) said the doorkeeper. "I am English," I said, "and all English are noble." — "I know it, sir," he replied, and opened the door to me. This I said, not meaning a joke, for everywhere in Germany English travellers are treated as if they were noble, even at the small courts,

where there is no ambassador. No inquiry is made about birth, title, or place.

At the theatre a French comedy was acted, as it seemed to me with perfect good-breeding. The little I saw in this performance of the Princess and the rest of the family was in harmony with the character they possess as being among the most amiable and respectable of the higher French noblesse.

I lived a week of great enjoyment, — a sort of hermit's life. My breakfast consisted of grapes and cream, — and certainly I never lived at so little cost. I soon formed an acquaintance with a young man — a Herr von Schall — who, like myself, seemed to have nothing to do. With him I spent my days in walking. In the course of talk he used the expression "one of my subjects" (Unterthan). "Unterthan?" I exclaimed; "why, you are not a sovereign?" — "Yes, I am," he said; and then he explained that he was a knight. I thought he had been a Suabian knight, but my journal calls him a Silesian. According to the now-abolished old German constitution these knights were sovereigns, though they might be very poor. They had the power of appointing judges, in whom was the prerogative of life and death, — a jurisdiction the knights could not personally exercise. I did not stand in any awe of my new companion, nor did he claim any deference on account of his princely dignity. He was a light-hearted young man, as may be seen by an anecdote he told me of himself. A few weeks before I met him, he had the misfortune, on his way to Teplitz, to be robbed of his purse. He was forced to take his portmanteau on his back and bring it to Teplitz, selling a pair of stockings on the road, in order to get food. Arrived here, and not expecting a remittance for some time, he announced himself as a painter, being an amateur artist. He waited on Count Brühl with his papers and testimonials, and solicited employment. The Count gave him a miniature to copy; this was finished in a day and a half, and three ducats paid for it. He went home, dressed, and in the evening went to a ball, where he met his employer the Count. Von Schall spent two ducats that evening, — worked two days longer, and earned four ducats more. He then received a remittance from home, shut up his portfolio, told his story to everybody, the ladies he danced with included, and figured away as one of the beaux of the season.

When I left Teplitz and my worthy host and hostess, Von Schall accompanied me over a mountain till we came within

sight of Lobositz and Leitmeritz, when I entered the plains of Bohemia. I slept the first night at Budin, a poor little town; but I met there with a sort of adventure which I have often looked back upon with pleasure.

I was inquiring in the street for a circulating library, — an idle inquiry, by the by, — when a very handsome young Jew came up and offered me a book for the evening. He accompanied me to the inn, and was my very agreeable companion, but would not suffer me to treat him. He had a fine manly expression, and talked with great freedom, which I encouraged by speaking of Moses Mendelssohn and Lessing, whom he naturally held in reverence. He seemed to have a taste for free-thinking books; and when I remarked that these books, if they were successful against Christianity, must be still more so against Judaism, he was embarrassed. He professed to hold Jesus Christ in the highest respect, but would not allow that he had ever claimed to be the Messiah. "Moses," he said, "if his claim to inspiration be waived, must still be allowed to be one of the greatest of men." On my asking whether the odium frequently cast on the Jews operated as a temptation to embrace Christianity, he replied: "You forget that we are brought up to that, and that we are trained to return contempt with hatred. All those I love are Jews. Were I to go over to your church, I should become an object of hatred and contempt to all I love. My father and mother would die of shame; and, after all, by the respectable Christians converted Jews are more despised than those who remain firm. Fortune has made me what I am, and whatever difficulties my religion may have I know of none better." He said he did not believe there was anything miraculous in the Israelites' passage of the Red Sea. This young man lent me the continuation of "Nathan der Weise." The title of this continuation is "The Monk of Lebanon," and its object to counteract the effect of Lessing's work.

Next day eight hours' hard walking brought me to Prague, — an imposing city, ancient and stately, containing 70,000 inhabitants. I have seldom seen a spot so striking as the bridge over the Moldau, with its thirty high statues. The view from this bridge of the cathedral on the hill is exceedingly fine. But, on the whole, I found little to detain me at Prague. Contrasting its churches with those at Dresden, I wrote to my brother: "The nine paintings in the Chapel at Dresden delight the eye, — the hundreds at Prague only oppress the

senses, — the more so, as there is no classification or harmony in their arrangement. Old paintings, curious perhaps for their antiquity, are paired with flashy pieces glaring with varnish. A colossal statue stands by the side of a rotten relic; in one place there was a complete skeleton, the skull covered with satin, and the ribs adorned with crimson ribbon and tinsel.

'One would not sure look frightful when one's dead.'

Still more offensive were a long row of rotten teeth. Not all the objects, however, were of this class. At the high altar in St. Nicolai Church, I saw four colossal statues, not less than fourteen feet high. They impressed me solemnly, and I recollected the opinion expressed by Wieland, that size was probably the great charm which rendered so illustrious the Jupiter of Phidias."

On my way back to Pirna I was amused by the slyness of an inscription on a newly built wall. It was in verse, and its import as follows: "This house is in the hand of God. In the year 1793 was the wall raised; and if God will turn my heart to it, and my father-in-law will advance the needful, I will cover it with tiles."

I found I had still unseen beauties to explore in the Saxon Switzerland. Hohnstein I thought among the finest objects of this very delightful country.

On the last day of my tour, when I was at Hubertsburg, I met a party of show-folk and pedlers, and was treated both by them and the landlord as if I were one of them. A few months before I had dined at the same inn, as a gentleman visitor to the chateau. Then my dinner cost me 1*s.* 2*d.*; now I paid for my afternoon luncheon, supper, bed, and breakfast, 1*s.* 9*d.*, — a difference more agreeable to my pocket than flattering to my vanity. But travelling on foot, I found that my journey, as a whole, cost me only a trifle more than I paid for my ordinary board and lodging at Frankfort.

With respect to the society in this district — the cultivation and manners of the higher classes — I have every reason to speak favorably. As far as I myself am concerned, I never before experienced from strangers so much civility; and my external appearance was certainly not inviting, for I went as usual in black. My coat, which I brought with me from England, had necessarily lost much of its original brightness; and it was rather eclipsed than set off by velvet pantaloons and gaiters, which I wore out of convenience, though they attracted

now and then a smile from the honest villagers. I met uniformly with civil treatment in the public-houses, where I was always in high spirits, and by my gayety generally gained the good-will of my host and his other guests.

T. R. TO H. C. R.

BURY, October 20, 1801.

. . . . The Peace is an event which has excited a tumult of joy such as I never before saw equalled. The effect was the stronger as the event was totally unexpected, — indeed, for two or three days preceding, it was totally despaired of. The Funds were falling, and the expectation of an invasion was very general. All parties are therefore willing to give the Ministry great credit for the secrecy with which they conducted the negotiation. The demonstrations of joy have risen almost to madness. Illuminations have been general throughout the kingdom, and in London and some other places have been repeated several times. Last Friday we illuminated at Bury.

The papers will inform you of the reception which was given by the London populace to the French general who brought over the ratification of the preliminaries. It is said that "Long live Buonaparte!" was repeatedly cried in the streets; and among the transparencies exhibited in London his portrait was shown with this inscription: "The Saviour of *the World*." Indeed it is curious to observe the change of style in the government newspapers. The "Corsican adventurer," "the atheistical usurper," is now "the august hero," "the restorer of public order," &c. &c.; in fact, everything that is great and good. It reminds one of the transformation in a pantomime, where a devil is suddenly converted into an angel. The blessings of peace begin already to be felt. An abundant harvest promised a considerable reduction in the price of provisions, but the fall in corn has been rapid beyond example. In the course of about eight or ten weeks wheat has fallen in our market from 92*s.* to 30*s.* the coomb, and it is expected to sink lower. . . . .

On my return to Grimma, at the beginning of November, I became an inmate in the house of Mr. Riese; and there I remained during the winter. I spent my time pleasantly, partly in reading, and partly with friends. The best society of the

place was freely open to me; and at about this period I became acquainted with a very remarkable person, of whom there is an account in the "Conversations-Lexicon," and to whom I became indebted for a great pleasure. His name was Seume, the son of a poor woman who kept a public-house near Leipzig. She meant to make her boy a parson, as he was clever; but he was wild, and after making some progress in his studies, left his books and took up a musket. He served in the American war as a private, and was afterwards a non-commissioned officer among the Hessians. He then went to the West Indies, and at length entered the Russian service, — was lieutenant under Suwarrow, and was present at the infamous storming and sacking of Praga, near Warsaw. Meanwhile he pursued his studies, and became occasionally a tutor to young noblemen. For some years he corrected the press at Leipzig. He also printed some volumes of poetry, and gave lessons in Greek, English, &c. He knew almost all the European languages. His countenance was very striking. Herder remarked to me that he had the physiognomy of a Greek philosopher. With Seume I was to pay a visit to Weimar and Jena. At Leipzig we were joined by Schnorr, whose son has since attained great eminence as a painter. The father was, I believe, the master of the government drawing-school at Weimar. We left Grimma on November 17th, and on the 19th I visited the most famous of the Fürsten-Schulen. The establishment had 150 scholars. The only particular I thought worthy of notice and imitation was a body of poor students called *collaborateurs*, and who assist the more wealthy but less advanced students, receiving for their trouble a salary of 200 dollars.

We arrived late the same day at the Eagle Hotel, Weimar; and the two next days belong to the most interesting in all my life. They were devoted to visits to the most eminent men of their age and country.

Our first call was at the house of the aged Wieland. The course of my late reading had not led me to form terrifying ideas of his mental greatness, though as a *littérateur* he is one of the first writers of his country. He is not less universally read and admired in Germany than Voltaire was in France. His works amount to more than fifty volumes, all written for the many. He resembles the French wit in the lightness of his philosophy, in the wantonness of his muse (though it is by no means so gross), and in the exquisite felicity of his style. But he surpasses Voltaire in learning, if not in philosophy; for

Wieland is no school-philosopher, — he belongs to the sensual school of Locke. And his favorite opinions are those of the common-sense, sceptical school. He is a sworn foe to the Kantian metaphysics, and indeed to all others. In his writings, as in his person and manners, he is a perfect gentleman. He received us with the courteous dignity of a sage, who accepted without *hauteur* the homage of his admirers. I have already printed an account of this my first and subsequent interviews with him in a note to Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics of Goethe." * I shall in substance repeat what I have there said. He had already shrunk into the old man. His pale and delicate countenance was plain, and had something of the satyr in it. He wore a black skull-cap. The marble bust by Schadow, which I have the good fortune to possess, is an exact resemblance of him. I ventured to refer to his philosophical writings, and especially to his "Agathodämon," which gives but a sad view of Christianity and its influence on mankind. In this book he draws a parallel between Jesus Christ and Apollonius of Tyana, whom he considers as alike generous enthusiasts, willing to make use of superstition in order to teach a beneficent morality. I ventured to express my regret at the mournful conclusions at which he had arrived. He admitted that his hopes of any great improvement in mankind were faint.

To refer to another subject, the best if not the only advantage which in his judgment may be expected from the French Revolution is the promotion of the fine arts and the sciences; for he holds the French nation absolutely incapable of forming a Republic. He vindicated the administration of Buonaparte, and did not censure the restoration of the Roman Catholic Church. What he said on this point is worth reporting: "We Protestants allow ourselves a great deal of injustice and habitual falsehood towards the Catholics. We forget that Roman Catholicism is, after all, real Christianity, and in my judgment preferable to the motley things produced by the *soi-disant* Reformation."

Speaking further of the Reformation, Wieland asserted that it had been an evil and not a good; it had retarded the progress of philosophy for centuries. There were some wise men among the Italians who, if they had been permitted, would have effected a salutary reform. Luther ruined everything by making the people a party to what ought to have been left to the

* Vol. II. p. 227.

scholars. Had he not come forward with his furious knock-down attacks on the Church, and excited a succession of horrible wars in Europe, liberty, science, and humanity would have slowly made their way. Melanchthon and Erasmus were on the right road, but the violence of the age was triumphant. It is needless to add that Wieland is a supporter of national religion.

He spoke with great feeling of his wife, who had died a few weeks before. "I help myself with illusions," he said; "he whom I have once loved never dies to me. He is absent only from my outward senses; and that to be sure is painful. My wife was my good angel for thirty-five years. I am no longer young, — the recollection of her will never be weakened." He spoke in a faint half-whisper, as from the bottom of his throat.

My next call was on Böttiger, — a very laborious boot-maker and honest fagging scholar, noted for his courtesy to strangers, of which I both now and afterwards had the benefit. He had a florid complexion, and seemed to be in the possession of rustic health.

My companions then took me to Professor Meyer, who introduced us into the presence of Goethe, — the great man, the first sight of whom may well form an epoch in the life of any one who has devoted himself seriously to the pursuit of poetry or philosophy.

I had said to Seume that I wished to *speak* with Wieland, and *look* at Goethe, — and I literally and exactly had my desire. My sense of his greatness was such that, had the opportunity offered, I think I should have been incapable of entering into conversation with him; but as it was, I was allowed to gaze on him in silence. Goethe lived in a large and handsome house, — that is, for Weimar. Before the door of his study was marked in mosaic, SALVE. On our entrance he rose, and with rather a cool and distant air beckoned to us to take seats. As he fixed his burning eye on Seume, who took the lead, I had his profile before me, and this was the case during the whole of our twenty minutes' stay. He was then about fifty-two years of age, and was beginning to be corpulent. He was, I think, one of the most oppressively handsome men I ever saw. My feeling of awe was heightened by an accident. The last play which I had seen in England was "Measure for Measure," in which one of the most remarkable moments was when Kemble (the Duke), disguised as a monk, had his hood pulled off

by Lucio. On this, Kemble, with an expression of wonderful dignity, ascended the throne and delivered judgment on the wrongdoers.

Goethe sat in precisely the same attitude, and I had precisely the same view of his side-face. The conversation was quite insignificant. My companions talked about themselves, — Seume about his youth of adversity and strange adventures. Goethe smiled, with, as I thought, the benignity of condescension. When we were dismissed, and I was in the open air, I felt as if a weight were removed from my breast, and exclaimed, "Gott sei Dank!" Before long I saw him under more favorable auspices; but of that hereafter.

Goethe has been often reproached for his *hauteur*, and Bürger made an epigram which the enviers and revilers of the great man were fond of repeating. I believe, however, that this demeanor was necessary in self-defence. It was his only protection against the intrusion which would otherwise have robbed him and the world of a large portion of his life.

H. C. R. to T. R.

Goethe's "Iphigenia in Tauris" is perhaps the most perfect drama ever composed. I have read it three times within a month, and believe it has not a faulty line. W. Taylor has translated it. Do lay out half a crown on my judgment, — fancy Mrs. Siddons to be Iphigenia, — and you will feel that she is the most perfect ideal of the female character ever conceived, rivalling in that point of view even Milton's Eve. You will admire the solemn repose, the celestial tranquillity of her character, as well as of the events themselves; and this is, in my mind, the characteristic of Goethe. His better and more perfect works are without disorder and tumult, — they resemble Claude Lorraine's landscapes and Raphael's historical pieces. Goethe's Songs and Ballads and Elegies all have the same character; his Ballads in particular have a wildness of fancy which is fascinating, but without turbulence. No hurry-scurry, as in Bürger's "Leonora." Apropos, I believe you will find in Monk Lewis a translation of a ballad called the "Erl-King," — hunt for it and read it. Goethe knows his own worth. In the whole compass of his works I believe not a single preface, or an article in which he speaks of himself, is to be found, — it is enough that his works are there. . . . .

The same evening I had an introduction to one who in any place but Weimar would have held the first rank, and who in his person and bearing impressed every one with the feeling that he belonged to the highest class of men. This was Herder. The interview was, if possible, more insignificant than that with Goethe, — partly, perhaps, on account of my being introduced at the same time with a distinguished publicist, to use the German term, the eminent political writer and statesman Friedrich Gentz, the translator of Burke on the French Revolution, author of several Austrian state papers against France, and the great literary advocate of the Austrian cause. I naturally kept in the background, contenting myself with delivering a letter which Madame de la Roche had given me. But Herder sent for me next day. He had a fine clerical figure, and reminded me of Dr. Geddes. His expression was one of great earnestness. Though he filled the highest ecclesiastical office the little state of Weimar afforded, yet the greatness of Goethe seemed to throw him into the shade; and this, perhaps, prevented him from appreciating Goethe's genius. For the present I shall content myself with saying that we had some controversial talk, — I not assenting to his contemptuous judgment of the English lyric poets, and he declaring the infinite superiority of Klopstock's Odes to all that Gray and Collins had ever written. We talked also about our English philosophers, and he gave me a shake of the hand for my praise of Hartley. Herder was a partisan of Locke.

Before I left Weimar I called on the one other great poet, Schiller, of whom unhappily I have as little to say as of the others. Indeed we were with him but a few minutes. I had just time to mention Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein, of which he seemed to have a high opinion. The translator was a man of genius, he said, but had made some ridiculous mistakes. Schiller had a wild expression and a sickly look; and his manners were those of one who is not at his ease. There was in him a mixture of the wildness of genius and the awkwardness of the student. His features were large and irregular.

On Saturday night we went to the theatre, where I saw "Wallensteins Tod" performed in the presence of the author. Schlegel somewhere says: "Germany has two national theatres, — Vienna with a public of 50,000 spectators, Weimar with a public of 50." The theatre was at this time unique; its managers were Goethe and Schiller, who exhibited there the works which were to become standards and models of dramatic litera-

ture. Schiller had his seat near the ducal box, Goethe an arm-chair in the centre of the first row of the pit. In general, theatres, whatever their size and beauty may be, are after all mere places where people, instead of sitting to enjoy themselves at their ease, are crowded together to see something at a distance, and it is considered a sort of infringement on the rights of others to take knee or elbow room. Here, on the contrary, I found myself in an elegant apartment, so lightly and classically adorned, and so free and easy in its aspect, that I almost forgot where I was. In the pit the seats are all numbered, each person has his own, and each seat has arms. The single row of boxes is supported by elegant pillars, under which the pit loungers stroll at pleasure. The boxes have no division except in front. They are adorned, too, by elegant pillars, and are open below; instead of the boards commonly placed in front are elegant iron palisades. There are no fixed seats, only chairs, all of which, in front, are occupied by ladies. The gentlemen go into the pit when they do not, as courteous cavaliers, wait behind the chairs of their fair friends. The box in front is occupied by the Duke and Duchess with their suite, of course without the dull formality attending a Royal presence at Drury Lane. I beheld Schiller a great part of the evening leaning over the ducal box and chatting with the family. In the performance of this evening, I was pleased with Graff as the representative of the hero, and with Mademoiselle Jagermann as Thekla. She was a graceful and beautiful creature, the first actress of the company.

One other noted character we visited, — the one who, according to William Taylor of Norwich, was the greatest of all. This was August von Kotzebue, the very popular dramatist, whose singular fate it was to live at variance with the great poets of his country while he was the idol of the mob. He was at one time (about this time and a little later) a favorite in all Europe. One of his plays, "The Stranger," I have seen acted in German, English, Spanish, French, and I believe also Italian. He was the pensioner of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The odium produced by this circumstance, and the imputation of being a spy, are assigned as the cause of his assassination by a student of Jena a few years after our visit. He was living, like Goethe, in a large house and in style. I drank tea with him, and found him a lively little man with small black eyes. He had the manners of a *petit maître*. He was a married man with a large family, and seemed to be not

without the domestic feelings which he has so successfully painted in his works. We were ushered through a suite of rooms by a man-servant, and found Mr. President in state. Nor is it unworthy of remark that his house had thirty-seven windows in front. Indeed, the comfortable style in which all the poets I have mentioned lived would make me imagine the poet's fate must be singularly good in Germany, if I did not recollect that those I saw were the prime and elect of the German geniuses, — the favorites and idols of their nation. Wieland and Goethe both gained a fortune by their writings, and Schiller supported himself entirely by his pen.

Weimar * is an insignificant little town, without an object of beauty or taste but its park; and even that among parks has no great excellence. It has been immortalized by many a passage in Goethe's poems. His house will no doubt be preserved for the sake of its associations, and so probably will be the residences of the other chief poets. These, alas, have all passed away! †

On Sunday, amid snow and rain and wind, we left the seat of the Muses for the school of the philosophers, — Weimar for Jena. The University at the latter place has all the advantage of site, lying in a beautiful valley. The town itself, as approached from Weimar, looked interesting and promising as we descended the winding road called the Snake, but within it is a beggarly place. I at once made use of a strange letter of introduction given me at Göttingen by Winckelmann to a student here, — a character, — one Kölle, who, having passed through the ordinary years of study, continued to live here at the least possible expense, sauntering his time away, but by his conversation amusing and instructing others. He received me very cordially, though my introduction consisted only of my name with some verses from Goethe. Kölle took me to a concert-room, where I saw the students in genteeler trim than I had seen before. His enthusiastic talk about the poets and philosophers awakened in me the desire, which was afterwards gratified, of residing among them. We soon left Jena, and my companions, Seume and Schnorr, set out on that "Spaziergang nach Syrakus," an account of which was published. Seume in the first sentence says: "A few kind friends accompanied us a short distance." I was one of those friends.

* A very interesting and detailed description of Weimar as it appeared in the eighteenth century will be found in G. H. Lewes's "Life of Goethe," Vol. I. p. 311.

† Written in 1847.

CHAPTER VI.

GERMANY. — 1802.

I FINALLY left Grimma on May 4, 1802. Brentano had finished his preparatory studies for the University, and wished me to accompany him to Frankfort. We intended to have gone thither by Carlsbad, but on my applying to Mr. Elliott for a certificate that I was an Englishman, he refused it very civilly on the ground that I had not a single letter or paper to corroborate my declaration. He said he had no doubt that I was what I declared myself to be, and he would speak in my behalf to the proper authorities. But Brentano objected to the delay, and we therefore changed our route, and took the opportunity of visiting some romantic scenes among the Fichtelgebirge, or Fir Mountains, the birthplace of Jean Paul Richter. Here are some very curious rocks, well known and celebrated by travellers in search of the picturesque. Houses of entertainment have been erected, and are adorned with arbors, which are furnished with inscriptions. On a lofty rock, under which there is a rich spring, there are two hexameters, which I thus translated : —

> "Here from the rock's deep recesses, the nymph of the fount pours her treasures :
> Learn, O man, so to give, and so to conceal, too, the giver."

On our arrival at Ansbach, which had recently been brought under the dominion of Prussia, we found in the peasantry an antipathy to the new government, on account of their becoming subject to military conscription, from which the subjects of the ecclesiastical states and of the small German princes were free. I could not but notice that the peasants under the ecclesiastical princes were unquestionably, in general, in a far better condition than those under the secular Protestant princes. The Calvinists and Lutherans had certainly the advantage in intelligence, but they had worse bread and less meat than their superstitious brethren, who doffed the hat at the wayside shrines and repeated the Pater Noster and Ave Maria three times a day. It was my observation on this and subsequent occasions that the peasantry in the bishoprics of Bamberg and Würzburg appeared to be in a state of more ease and comfort

than any I saw in Germany, excepting, perhaps, the Saxon peasants in the Mine mountains.

In passing through the University town of Erlangen, I was pleased with the gentlemanly appearance of the students, though they had not the dashing impudence of the Cantabs or Oxonians. We supped at the head inn, where there were about fifty young men. Our polite host placed me by the side of Professor Abicht, and I was again struck by the concurrence of opinion among the German philosophers as to the transcendent genius of Shakespeare, Goethe, and Dante, — the triple glory of modern poetry, and by the diversity of opinion as to the great principles of metaphysics. Abicht was the first German whom I had heard avow belief in Priestleyan necessity.

I also visited Nuremberg, famous for the manufactory of toys ; and itself one of the most curious and national of cities. On the morning after our arrival, I arose early and walked out of the gates, and on my return was arrested by the guard ; who ordered me to accompany him to the Governor. I observed that he carried some irons in his hand. The Governor received me courteously, examined my pass, asked me a few questions, and finding I was at the principal inn, dismissed me with the assurance that he was satisfied that I was an Ehrenmann (as we should say, a gentleman) ; "though," he added, "the sentinel was not to blame." In the course of the day he sent a powdered lackey to me with the message that he hoped I should not think worse of the city for what had happened. I asked the servant to explain the cause of my arrest, and he showed me a hue and cry after a merchant who had become a fraudulent bankrupt and fled. The *signalement* stated that the fugitive had on pantaloons and cloth gaiters !

At Bischoffsheim, where Brentano had been at school, I was amused by the cordial simplicity with which the old women greeted him whom they had known as "little Christian" ; one old woman exclaiming perpetually, "O thou holy Mother of God ! O thou holy Antonius of Padua !" Another good creature said she had never forgotten to pray for him, but now that he had visited her, she would do it ten times oftener. I could not but notice that Catholic piety seemed more lively as well as more poetical than Calvinistic. I saw here in a poor cottage an edifying book, which delighted me by the beautiful simplicity of its style. It was entitled "Gnadenbilder" (Grace-working Images), and was a collection of tales of mira-

cles wrought by images. The facts were briefly stated, with no assertion of their truth, and no dogma or imprecation against unbelievers; and each tale had its prayer. The prayers addressed to the Virgin were in a style of naïve and simple affection, quite touching; such as, "O thou chaste Dove, who feddest with holy crumbs the heavenly Babe!" — "O thou pure Swan, who sailest on the lake of Divine Grace!" — "O thou Arch of triumph, through which alone the Lord of Glory was permitted to pass!" Brentano afterwards became a zealous Romanist, and perhaps the circumstances of his early education had something to do with this change.

In a certain sense, many of us mutilate the mind and render it impotent, for there is in the nature of man an irresistible tendency to religion; it is founded in our wants and passions, in the extent of our faculties, in the quality of mind itself. Akenside's description of the *untired soul* darting from world to world is a noble image of the restless longing of the mind after God and immortality. The stronger his sensibility, the more exalted his imagination, the more pious will every man be. And in this inherent and essential quality of our minds can we alone account for the various absurd and demonstrably false dogmas believed so honestly and zealously by some. Men run headlong into superstition in the same way as young boys and girls run into matrimony.

On reaching Frankfort I took up my abode there for a short time, and enjoyed the renewal of the society of the Servieres, the Brentanos, and other former friends. The only incident I have to mention is, that once or twice I was in the company of Frau Rathinn Goethe,* who is almost an historic character through the supreme eminence of her son. She had the mien and deportment of a strong person. This impression of her is confirmed by the anecdotes related of her in the "Briefwechsel von Goethe mit einem Kinde," and indeed by every account of her. She spoke of her son with satisfaction and pride. In the course of her conversation she remarked, that Werter is not in the beginning the Werter of the end, and that it is only in the latter part of the work he may be said to represent Jerusalem, — a young man who really killed himself because he received an affront in public. She spoke also of the origin of "Götz von Berlichingen." Her son came home one evening in high spirits, saying, "O mother, I have found such a book in the public library, and I will make a play of

* Known under the appellation of *Frau Rath* Goethe in German literature.

it! What great eyes the Philistines will make at the Knight with the Iron-hand! That 's glorious, — the Iron-hand!"

H. C. R. to T. R.

Frankfort, June 6, 1802.

A few days since I had the pleasure of conversing with F. Schlegel, one of the first living poets, and a great Æsthetiker; he is the brother of the translator of Shakespeare. He seemed much pleased with one or two pieces by Wordsworth. We talked of our English poets. He holds Spenser to be the greatest in respect to the melody of verse. "When I read him," says he, "I can hardly think it is a Northern language, much less English." He holds his "Pastorals" to be his best work, and yet this is a book of which neither you nor I have read a word. I am resolved to leave my favorite authors and study those I have through mistaken notions or absurd prejudices neglected.

I met lately with a declaration by Wieland concerning Shaftesbury: "The author," says he, "to whom I owe more of my cultivation than to any other writer, and of whom I never think without humility when I reflect how far below him I now am." And yet I believe Shaftesbury is quite unknown to you. Mendelssohn calls him the English Plato for richness of style, and for the genial poetic character of his moral philosophy.

While I was at Frankfort I received an invitation from Christian Brentano to join him at Marburg and accompany him to Jena. One of the places I passed through was the University town of Giessen, which seemed to me a poverty-struck and remarkably uninteresting town. It belongs to Hesse, and has recently derived celebrity from its great chemical professor, Liebig. In five days I reached Marburg, also the seat of a University, and beautiful and romantic in situation. Delightful apartments had been taken for me in the house of Professor Tiedemann, the author of a learned History of Philosophy. But I saw nothing of him or his family. His house was nearly at the top of the town, and from my pillow I had towards the east a glorious view of a long valley. I lay on a sofa of metal rings, covered with hair, the most elastic of couches, and to me a novelty. Adjoining this apartment were the rooms of the then Doctor Docens, or perhaps Professor Extraordinarius, von Savigny, who was commencing

the professional career which ended in his being placed in the highest position in Prussia, that of Minister of State for the Law Department, — a kind of Chancellor. He became the head of the historical school of law as opposed to the codifying school, of which in modern times Bentham was the most eminent advocate. Savigny's great work is a History of Roman Law. At the time of which I speak he was known by a learned work on Real Law, "Uber Besitz" (on Possession). A dinner for four was brought up to his apartments every day, for him, the two Brentanos, and myself; and we usually spent the rest of the day together. Savigny was altogether different in his manner from the Brentanos, — rather solemn in his tone. In the contests which constantly arose between them and me, I always found him on my side. He had a fine face, which strongly resembled the portraits of Raphael. At this very time he was paying his addresses to the eldest of the Miss Brentanos, Kunigunda by name. Several of her letters to him were sent under cover to me. I am ashamed to confess that, though I was fully sensible of the solidity of his attainments and the worth of his character, I had so little discernment as not in the least to foresee his great future eminence. Of his conversation I recollect only one thing that is characteristic. He said that an English lawyer might render great service to legal science by studying the Roman Law, and showing the obligations of English Law to it, which are more numerous than is generally supposed. One day I mentioned our fiction of a wager in order to try an issue, and he informed me that that was borrowed from the Roman Law.

After an agreeable residence of between five and six weeks at Marburg, I set out on foot with Christian Brentano for Jena. The only incident on the journey which I recollect, is a visit to the celebrated castle of Wartburg, where Luther underwent his friendly imprisonment, and made part of his famous translation of the Bible. On arriving at Jena I took up my residence in agreeable apartments,* and was at once introduced to a social circle which rendered my stay there, till the autumn of 1805, one of the happiest periods of my life.

Having resolved to become a student at the University, I matriculated on the 20th of October, the Prorector being Geheimerath (Privy Counsellor) Voigt.

It required only a few dollars to become enrolled among the

* My lodgings cost yearly somewhat less than seven pounds! — H. C. R.

Academischen Bürger. The fees amounted to little more than half a guinea; but for the honor of Old England I contrived to spend nearly a guinea by increasing the gratuities to the under officers. I received in return a large piece of printed paper, with a huge seal, announcing in Latin that, on due examination, I had been found worthy to study all the arts and sciences. I had also acquired a variety of legal privileges, and contracted certain obligations. I solemnly promised not to knock anybody on the head, which I never felt any inclination to do: to enter into no clubs and societies, which nevertheless exist with the knowledge and connivance of the authorities: to employ all the knowledge I should gain to the advantage of religion and society, — a promise which might be kept without, I fear, sensibly advancing either. And yet I took pains enough to get wisdom, for I went to school four times a day, and heard lectures on experimental physics, on æsthetics, on speculative philosophy, and on physical anthropology. The shortest way of giving an account of my uniform occupation during five days of the week will be by an extract from a letter: —

"About six o'clock the man who brushes my clothes and cleans my shoes will open my bedroom, or rather closet, door, and light my candle. I shall instantly jump out of my wretched straw hammock and go into my room, where in half an hour our pretty chambermaid will bring my dried carrots, called coffee, which I shall drink because I am thirsty, but not without longing after tea and toast. This done, I shall take up Schelling's 'Journal of Speculative Physics,' and, comparing the printed paragraphs with my notes taken last Friday, try to persuade myself that I have understood something. Then I shall listen to another lecture by him on the same subject. What my experience will then be, I can't say; I know what it has been."

I will interpose a sad but true commentary on the text. I very lately read, in the *Prospective Review*, an article by James Martineau, in which he says, "This is the age of metaphysical curiosity without metaphysical talent." In every age, I believe, there have been students of whom this might be said, and I do not repent of being one of them. I would rather have failed in the attempt than not have made it.

"Precisely at ten I shall run to the Auditorium of his 'Magnificence,' the Prorector Voigt, and hear his lecture on Experimental Physics, which we call Natural Philosophy. I

shall admire his instruments and smile at the egregious absurdity of his illustrations of the laws of nature, and at his attempts to draw a moral from his physical lessons. He may possibly repeat his favorite hypothesis of two sorts of fire, male and female ; or allude to his illustration of the Trinity, as shown in the creative or paternal, the preserving or filial, the combining or spiritual principles of nature. Or he may liken the operation of attraction and repulsion in the material world to the debit and credit of a merchant's cash-book. (N. B. These are all facts.) Wearied by the lecture, I shall perhaps hardly know what to do between eleven and twelve o'clock, when I shall reluctantly come home to a very bad dinner. Jena is famous for its bad eating and drinking. Then I shall prepare myself for a lecture at two from Geheimer-Hofrath Loder, on Physical Anthropology, by far the best delivered and most useful of the lectures I attend. I shall do my best to conquer my dislike of, and even disgust at, anatomical preparations, and my repugnance to inspect rotten carcasses and smoked skeletons. And I expect to learn the general laws and structure of the human frame, as developed with less minuteness for general students than he employs on his anatomical lectures for students of medicine."

I add here that the museum of Loder enjoyed as high a reputation in Germany as that of John Hunter in England, and that the museum and its professor were together invited soon after this time to the Russian University of Dorpat, — the malicious and envious affirming that the professor went as accessory.

"From Loder I shall proceed to Schelling, and hear him lecture for an hour on Æsthetics, or the Philosophy of Taste. In spite of the obscurity of a philosophy in which are combined profound abstraction and enthusiastic mysticism, I shall certainly be amused at particular remarks (however unable to comprehend the whole) in his development of Platonic ideas and explanation of the philosophy veiled in the Greek mythology. I may be, perhaps, a little touched now and then by his contemptuous treatment of our English writers, as last Wednesday I was by his abuse of Darwin and Locke. I may hear Johnson called thick-skinned, and Priestley shallow. I may hear it insinuated that science is not to be expected in a country where mathematics are valued only as they may help to make spinning-jennies and machines for weaving stockings. After a stroll by the riverside in Paradise, I shall at four

attend Schelling's lecture on Speculative Philosophy, and I may be animated by the sight of more than 130 enthusiastic young men, eagerly listening to the exposition of a philosophy which in its pretensions is more aspiring than any publicly maintained since the days of Plato and his commentators, — a philosophy equally opposed to the empiricism of Locke, the scepticism of Hume, and the critical school of Kant, and which is now in the sphere of Metaphysics the Lord of the Ascendant. But if I chance to be in a prosaic mood, I may smile at the patience of so large an assembly, listening, because it is the fashion, to a detail which not one in twenty comprehends, and which only fills the head with dry formularies and rhapsodical phraseology. At six I shall come home exhausted with attention to novelties hard to understand ; and after, perhaps, an unsuccessful attempt to pen a few English iambics in a translation of Goethe's 'Tasso,' I shall read in bed some fairy tale, poem, or other light work."

This account of my first Semester studies may suffice for the present. Soon after writing the letter from which the above is taken, I was invited to a supper-party at Schelling's. The evening was a jovial one, and showed that philosophers can unbend as well as other folk ; and as it was only in a convivial way I could expect to be listened to by a great metaphysician, I ventured to spar with the Professor. Some strange and unintelligible remarks had been made on the mythology as well of the Orientalists as the Greeks, and the important part played by the Serpent. A gentleman present exhibited a ring, received from England, in the form of a serpent. "Is the serpent the symbol of English philosophy?" said Schelling to me. "O no!" I answered, "the English take it to appertain to German philosophy, because it changes its coat every year." — "A proof," he replied, "that the English do not look deeper than the coat." Though I shall have occasion again to speak of Schelling, I will here add that he had the countenance of a white negro, if the contradiction may be pardoned, — that is, the curly hair, flat nose, and thick lips, without the color of the African. After a time he was dethroned from his metaphysical rank by Hegel, who must have been his pupil.* Of him I have no recollection, though I find among my papers some memoranda of him. His philosophy was stigmatized as

* Hegel and Schelling were fellow-pupils at Tübingen. The former was five years the elder; nevertheless Schelling seems at first to have taken the lead in philosophy, and to have been of service to his friend.

Pantheistic; Schelling managed to keep on better terms with Christianity. His learning is unquestionable, and he ranks among the first of German thinkers. Like his predecessors, he was fond of tracing a trinity in his scheme. The Absolute Being or All in All appears sometimes as the finite or nature, symbolized by the Son, who, according to the Christian revelation, is subject to the conditions of Time, like all natural and material things, and therefore dies; sometimes as thought or the infinite, having no form, the Spirit; and the union of the two, matter and spirit, is the Father. And thus who knows but that after all the Athanasian Creed will be resolved into high metaphysical truth?

It may be thought that these metaphysical puzzles have no business in a paper of personal recollections; but, in fact, these subjects occupied much of my time while in Jena, — and never more than now.

The old student Kölle, to whom I have already referred, introduced me to Professor Fries, the most distinguished Kantianer at that time, when the idealists of the Fichte and Schelling schools had nearly destroyed the Critical Philosophy. Fries was brought up among the Moravians, fond of talk, but of the simplest habits, — a shy man. Almost the only treat he allowed himself was a daily walk to Zwätzen, a village about two miles from Jena, in the charming valley of which Jena is the metropolis. Around Fries collected a number of young men; and of his party I was considered an ordinary member. By him and by others I was well received, my chief merit being, I believe, there as elsewhere in Germany, that I was "der Englander." Nearly the whole of my time at Jena I was the only Englishman there. It was a passport everywhere. I could give information, at all events, about the language. With Fries I used to talk about the English philosophers, held very cheaply by him; but he wanted historical knowledge about them, which I was able to give. And he, in return, tried to inoculate me with Kantianism. The little I ever clearly understood I learned from him.

On passing through Schlangenbad I fell in with a Major K——, a gentlemanly man, who gave me a card to two students who were connected with him, — Frederick and Christian Schlosser. Christian, the younger, had a commanding intellect, and was a partisan of the new poetical school, as well as of the newest school of medical philosophy. His profession was that of medicine. He became a Roman Catholic, and his

elder brother followed him. He died young. At the time of my writing this, Frederick is still living, and resides at Heidelberg, in a handsome house called the Stift, an ancient convent; he and his wife are both highly esteemed. The Stift is his own property; but he told me that as it had been Church property, and was confiscated at the Reformation, he did not purchase it until he had obtained the approbation and license of the Pope.

Before the end of the year I left off dining at home, and became an *abonné* at the Rose, the head inn, where my dinner cost five shillings a week. Here were the Schlossers and other students of the higher class, and the conversation was in the best University tone. I was often applied to, to read passages from Shakespeare. Christian Schlosser remarked one day at the Rose table-d'hôte, that in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the pervading idea is *mésalliance*, — among the supernatural beings and on earth, matrimonial dissensions, — in the comic characters also, when the mechanics presume to ally themselves to fine art. The Schlossers looked down upon the Kantian school, and therefore upon Fries. They and he, however, were united to a certain degree by a common love and admiration of Goethe. A third Schlosser, a cousin, was a nephew of Goethe, and there was a friendly acquaintance between the Schlossers and Clemens Brentano.

I may here relate a curious phenomenon of which I myself was a witness. The house in which I lived was large, and a number of students occupied apartments in it. There was no resident family, nor any female except a middle-aged woman, Aufwärterinn (waitress), and a very pretty girl, Besen (broom), in the cant language of the Burschen, — both respectable in their situation. It was the business of these women to let in the students at all hours of the night, and by so doing a habit was contracted of rising and opening the door without awaking. It became possible to maintain a conversation with both the woman and the girl without their being properly awake. Their condition seems to have been very much like what is now known as the mesmeric sleep. The particulars which I have to mention are still fresh in my memory, but I will copy from an account written by me at the time: "Last night, going into the kitchen for a candle, I saw the younger woman of the house in this extraordinary state, and listened to a dialogue between her and the elder: her answers were pertinent and even witty. One question put to her was, 'What

sort of a man is Brentano?' She answered: 'The little fellow in the front parlor? O, he 's a comical fellow, — like his brother Clemens, — but *he* was artig' (polite). — 'And what of the Englishman?' — 'O, he 's a guter Kerl (a good fellow), — he 's so fond of talking.' So you see what she said in her sleep was credible at all events. After several incidents, which I pass over, I spoke in my own voice, and asked for a candle; she recognized me, and without awaking took the light and accompanied me to my room. A few days later I witnessed some amusing but unwarrantable experiments on the elder woman, when she was in the same state. The inquiry was made whether she had any empty rooms. She replied, 'O yes!' and then in an artificial tone praised the rooms and named the price. Some of the questions were of a kind which I could not approve, and when at length she awoke she was very reasonably angry at the tricks which had been played on her."

On seeking for an explanation of these facts, I found that animal magnetism, so far from being considered in Jena as mere quackery, was received by the most esteemed natural philosophers as an admitted fact, and an important chapter in the natural history of man.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

"On all points, natural philosophy, religion, metaphysics, there seems to be a uniform opposition between German and English opinion. You say with truth I am growing a mystic. I rejoice to perceive it. Mystery is the poetry of philosophy. It employs and delights the fancy at least, while your philosophy, and the cold rational quibbles of the French and English schools, furnish nothing but negatives to the understanding, and leave the fancy and the heart quite barren. After all, what we want is strong persuasion, conviction, satisfaction; whether it be the demonstrated *knowledge* of the mathematician, the *faith* of the pietist, the *presentiment* of the mystic, or the *inspiration* of the poet, is of less consequence to the individual. And it seems that nature has sufficiently provided for this great blessing by that happy ductility of imagination which is called credulity."

So I wrote. But I should have thought more justly if I had said that the best provision of nature or providence (whichever name we give to the originating cause), for the fit cultivation of the spheres of nature, physical and moral, lies

in the infinite varieties of human character. All the faculties which man has are found, generally speaking, in all men; but with infinite degrees of strength and quantity, and with varieties in combination.

One of my employments during a part of 1802–3 was that of a contributor to a magazine entitled the *Monthly Register*, and edited by my friend Collier. The subjects on which I wrote were German literature, the philosophy of Kant, &c. I also gave many translations from Goethe, Schiller, and others, in order to exemplify the German theory of versification. As an apology for my being so much attracted to this subject, I quote on the epic hexameter: —

> "Giddy it bears thee away, on the waves ever restless and rolling;
> And thou, behind and before, seest but ocean and sky."

I sent one really wise paper, — a translation of an essay by Herr von Savigny on German Universities; for the rest, I unaffectedly declare that they attracted no notice, and did not deserve any.

[This will be the best place for a letter from Savigny, though written somewhat later, on the subject of University teaching. — Ed.]

Savigny to H. C. R. (Translated.)

Marburg, January 9, 1803.

Dear Robinson, — If you saw what a tremendous deal I have to do this winter, you would forgive me that I have not written to you before. Nevertheless I do not forgive myself, for I have all this time not heard from you, and that through my fault.

Moreover, in your letter you do me a wrong which I have to endure from many; you imagine you see in me a teacher full of noble views with regard to you. God knows how I have incurred this suspicion, — I, who perhaps am too off-hand with myself and others, and act and speak almost entirely according to my mood, and consequently as I feel at the moment, without any generous thought about the future. If I were to keep silent at such an accusation, my relation to you would be really a mockery; I should then put on a serious face, and could not help laughing at you in my heart.

About the oral lectures we are indeed of very different opinions, although I quite agree with you as to the method in which they are now given. If a rule is to be established

on the subject, it is necessary first to leave out of consideration those real geniuses who are great in practice, though even these must find a place in the end. Such a genius Schelling is not, — Fichte may partially have been; I have known only one such, and that was Spittler. To give one day full expression to my theory, and also to do something towards carrying it out, is a matter which I have especially at heart. Its principle is very simple: whatever man pursues, his own dignity, as well as the interest of the work, and of the subject itself, demands always that he should do it thoroughly. Thoroughly to do a thing means so to do it that the work shall penetrate our innermost being and thus become a part of ourselves, and then be spontaneously reproduced. Thus arise master minds who combine mastery of their subject with the maintenance of their individuality. But the only way in which we can make a thing our own is by thoroughly working it out. Therefore the whole art of a teacher consists in methodically quickening the productive energy of the pupil, and making him find out science for himself. I am convinced, therefore, that this is the one necessary method, and consequently that it is possible. Our lectures, as they are at present, have little resemblance to it; even in outward form almost everything must be changed. I see clearly the possibility of carrying out a great part of this plan, — the greatest difficulty being without doubt to teach philosophy in this way, although it may be supposed to have been the method of the ancients. Nothing can be more opposite than the diffuse way in which Schelling authoritatively forces his ideas on crude understandings, and this method, according to which it ought to be the highest glory of the teacher, if the pupils, with the greatest love and veneration for him, should nevertheless stand to him, the scientific individual, in no nearer relation than to any one else. The manner of lecturing should be in the highest degree unrestrained: teaching, talking, questioning, conversing, just as the subject may require. There is no calculating what must result from this; unquestionably the greatest difficulty would be to find a number of teachers adapted to it. Yet nothing is impossible. You see that this whole idea might be expressed from another side, by the demand that the free activity of the mind should be rendered possible by the complete mastery of the whole subject-matter. And, viewed from this point, it stands in very decided connection with the method of the excellent and enthusiastic Pestalozzi.

. . . . . .

Last of all, because such is the custom, but in every other respect first of all, I beg the continuance of your friendly feeling.

SAVIGNY.

[Here also may be added two extracts respecting the fundamental principles of Kant's philosophy.]

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Kantianism professes to have detected the basis of metaphysical science, and to have established that science on a similar but not the same footing of sure evidence as the mathematical and natural sciences. It professes to annihilate *scepticism*, which is an eternal reproach to reason, (for what is scepticism but a confession of the impotence of reason?) by showing the precise limits of knowledge, and the extent and degree of belief which we are compelled to give to notions that are not susceptible of certain evidence. In the study of Kant, independently of his grand result, I have learnt to detect so many false reasonings in our school, and have acquired so many new views of intellect, that I rejoice in having undertaken the study of him, though it has caused me more pain than I scarcely ever felt, and produced that humiliating sense of myself, the free and unexaggerated expression of which you have been pleased to consider as chimerical. I have indeed conquered one vast difficulty, and have at length pierced the cloud which hung over his doctrine of liberty. I am converted from the dogmatical assertion of philosophical necessity, but on grounds of which the libertarians in England have no conception. I will still support necessity against all the world but Kant and the Devil. Don't ask me for these grounds, — they would be quite unintelligible till you had previously comprehended and adopted the Kantian theory of conceptions *a priori*, and of time and space. It was the fault of my last letter that I tried to say too much. I will confine myself at present to one single point, and I flatter myself that I shall make that one point intelligible. And I have hitherto found that to comprehend and to be a convert to Kant were the same. This point is the refutation of Locke's (or rather Aristotle's) famous principle, that there is nothing in intellect which was not before in sense, or that all our conceptions (ideas) are derived from sensation.

According to the empirical system, as stated in its utmost consistency by Horne Tooke, man has but one faculty, that of receiving sensation from external objects. But as it is certain we have innumerable notions and ideas which are not the copies of external object, the empirics, particularly Hartley, explain how these super-sensible notions and ideas yet arise (*mechanically* according to Hartley) from such sensations. But here is a clear defect in the system; every operation supposes a power working and a power worked upon. Mere *sensibility* can give us only sensations, but it is certain we have a thousand notions which are not material and sensible. External objects may be, and unquestionably are, necessary *conditions*, — the *sine qua non* of ideas, but there must be something more. There must be in us a capacity of being so affected, as well as in external objects a capacity of affecting. And this something is *a priori:* not that in the order of time the conceptions (general ideas) exist before experience, but that the source of such conceptions is independent of experience. You will therefore not accuse Kant of supporting innate ideas, of which he is the decided adversary.

What Kant asserts is, that in order to the arriving at knowledge there must be a *matter* and *form;* the former is furnished by the sensibility, the latter exists in the faculty of understanding. This word *form* is to you quite unintelligible. It was a long while ere I learnt its import. It is the Ass's Bridge of Kantianism. I will try to lift you over it. You have seen, I hope, a magic lantern. It is the best illustration I can find. In order to show off the figures, there must be a bright spot on the wall, upon which the colored figures are exhibited. This is an image of the human mind. Without figures, the luminous spot is an empty nothing, like the human mind till it has objects of sense. But without the spot the figures would be invisible, as without an *a priori* capacity to receive impressions we could have none. The matter, therefore, of the dancing spectacle on the wall is the ever-shifting figure; its form is the bright spot which is necessary to its being shown. According to Leibnitz, the figures are ready made in the spot. According to Locke, no spot is necessary. Kant is the first philosopher who explained the true mechanism of that wonderful magic lantern, the human mind. When, therefore, it is said we have the conceptions (general ideas) *a priori*, it is not meant that the actual conceptions lie in us, even in a sort of dormant state, — which would be a position with-

out meaning, and hence equally incapable of being proved or disproved, — but that they are, or arise from *the pre-existent capacity of the understanding*, and are determined by the natural power of thinking which the mind possesses. In other words, conceptions *a priori* are but the forms of conceptions *a posteriori*, i. e. conceptions whose matter is derived from experience. Perceiving a ball on the edge of a table, which lies still till pushed off and then falls to the ground, the mind can observe this fact, remember it, and put it into words. But how is the mind enabled by this observation to infer that *all* bodies in a state of rest remain as they are till a foreign substance operates on them, — or, in a more general form, that *all* events *must* have a cause? The pushing of a ball is not *all events*. And the fact that something *is*, is essentially different from the knowledge that something *must be*. The latter knowledge nature can never give, for nature gives only facts and things, but we have the latter conception. Your Hartley shows the circumstances under which these super-sensible conceptions are called forth. His facts are denied by no one, but they do not prove the conceptions to be of sensible origin, any more than the warmth necessary to hatch an egg proves that the warmth is the principle of animal life. Conceptions themselves, which are essential to all knowledge, are *a priori*, — and not only conceptions, even intuitions, — for instance *space*, which is yet generally considered as a general or abstract idea (i. e. conception). Now it is the characteristic of conception (or general idea) that it includes under it many individuals, — as "man" includes Jack, Tom, and Harry; but when we think of space it is always as *one whole*. And *different places* are not like individual persons, — distinct beings having only common qualities; but different places are only *parts of space*. How, then, did we come by the *a priori* intuition, space? You will say by abstraction; we unite all the places we have seen, imagine an infinity of others, and call the whole *space*. But on reflection, you will find this process requires that we should set out with the notion of space, though your professed object is to leave off with it; for how could the mind have the consciousness, "I am in a place," or, "This is a place," if it had not already a notion of space? I will state the example in another form. You have a conception of *body*. Most of its requisites or component parts are empirical, and all that you have acquired through experience you can imagine yourself not to have; for instance, you can dismiss at will color, hardness,

irresistibility, &c., but you cannot possibly think away space. In like manner you will find space to be included in all our intuitions of external objects, of which it is the form or condition *a priori*. In like manner, time is the formal condition, or *sine qua non*, of all appearances whatever, for we cannot think of any thought or event which does not take place in time.

As time and place — which, however general they seem, must nevertheless not be considered as general ideas (to use our scandalously incorrect phraseology) — are *a priori* intuitions grounding all *a posteriori* intuitions (i. e. sensations of experience), so all our conceptions (or general-ideas) must be grounded by *a priori* conceptions, which conceptions are grounded on the nature of the human mind and its laws of thinking. The philosophy which shows how these *a priori* conceptions and intuitions are the basis of all knowledge is called the Transcendental (or, if you will, the high-flying) Philosophy.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

1. Experience gives us the materials of knowledge, of which the form lies in the mind.

2. Consciousness is the ultimate source of all our notions, beyond which we cannot go, for we cannot step out of ourselves. This consciousness, when the subject of our thoughts, teaches us that we have a primitive productive faculty : *imagination*, whence everything is derived ; *sense*, which opens to us the external world ; *understanding*, which brings to rule the objects of sense ; and further, *reason*, which goes beyond all sense and all experience, — a faculty by which we attain ideas. (You know already the difference between idea and thought, &c.)

3. (And here I beg you to be very attentive, for I enter on a new topic, which I have hitherto not ventured to introduce.) There is in man a perpetual conflict between his reason and his understanding, whence all philosophical disputes arise, and which a critical investigation of the mind alone can solve. These disputes are of the following nature : The *reason postulates* a vast number of truths which the understanding in vain strives to comprehend. Hence the *antinomies* of pure reason. Hence it is easy to demonstrate the eternity and non-eternity of the world, — the being and no-being of God, — the existence and non-existence of a free principle. Kant has placed these

contradictory demonstrations in opposition, and gave, more than twenty years ago, a public defiance to the whole philosophical world to detect a flaw in either side of these contradictory demonstrations : *and no one has yet accepted the challenge.* And the solution of the riddle is, —

All these ideas, as ideas, have their foundation in the nature of the mind, and as such we cannot shake them off. But whether these ideas out of the mind have any reality whatever, the mind itself can never know ; and the result is, *not scepticism, which is uncertainty, but the certainty of our necessary and inevitable ignorance.* And here *speculative reason* has performed its task. But now a second principle is started by Kant. This is *practical reason.*

Kant proceeds on the same experimental basis of consciousness, and grounds all his moral philosophy on the *fact* that we are conscious of a certain moral feeling *I ought.* Kant will not reason with him who disputes this fact, and excludes such a one from the rank of a rational and moral agent.

But the idea *I ought* includes in it *I can ;* and as speculative reason is quite neutral on all these ultimate points of absolute knowledge, practical reason on this basis, weak as it seems, raises the vast structure of moral philosophy and religion. *And the want of knowledge is supplied by faith,* but a faith that is necessary, and, to an honest sound mind, irresistible. Its objects are God, immortality, and freedom, — notions which all unsophisticated minds readily embrace, which a certain degree of reason destroys, but which, according to Kant, reason in its consistent application shall restore again to universal acceptance.

The seeming scepticism of the great results of speculative reasoning is favorable to the interests of religion and morality by keeping the coasts clear. I cannot, says Kant, demonstrate the being of God, nor you his non-existence. But my moral principle — the fact that I am conscious of a moral law — is a something against which you have nothing. This, as respects the first principle of morals and religion, and the reality and foundation of human knowledge, is the essence of the Kantian philosophy.

Of the numerous students with whom my University life brought me into contact I shall not speak in detail ; but I must say something about the student life, of which exag-

gerated accounts are current. In spite of the wildness and even coarseness of manners too generally prevalent, and though I was too advanced in age to be more than a looker-on at their amusements, yet I conceived quite an affection for the class. I thought I had never seen young men combining so many excellences of head and heart. Nearly all the undergraduates belonged to societies which were called Landsmannschaften, — these Landsmannschaften being formed of the natives of separate countries or districts. Each held an occasional festival, called a Commerz, to which it was a great privilege for an outsider to be admitted. I was never present at more than two. The first was with the Rheinländer, — generally speaking, a warm-hearted, rough set. At these meetings only beer was drunk, but there was a great deal of smoking. There was, however, no excess to signify. Many Burschenlieder (student songs) were sung, some earnest, others jocular; but a gross song I never heard from a student, either here or elsewhere. Among the frequent practices was that of Schmollis trinken, which consisted in knocking glasses together, drinking healths, and kissing each other. After this the parties became Dutzbrüder, — that is, instead of greeting each other in the ordinary way by the third person plural, they made use of "thou"; and it was a legitimate cause of duel if, after Schmollis trinken, "Sie" was used instead of "Du." As I had drunk with scores of these Rheinländer, I used, in order to avoid all occasion of quarrel, when I met any one of them to say, "Wie gehts?" (How does it go?) instead of "How do you do?" which might be expressed in two ways. The only other grand Commerz which I attended was with the Curländer. A Curland nobleman, a very young man, brought with him to the chief inn of Jena, where he stayed two days, an English lady, whom he represented as his wife. He had among the students personal friends, whom he invited to his inn. He was said to be a lieutenant-colonel in the English service; at all events he was an Englishman in heart, had the Anglomania in the highest degree, and for this reason invited me to join his party. His companion was young and very pretty, and as wild as a colt; and as she knew no language but English, she constantly applied to me to interpret the cause of the merriment which was going on, — no slight task. In honor of this gentleman a grand Commerz was given, which made me intimate with the Curland body.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the two bodies of

students most opposed to each other in appearance and manners were both subjects of the Russian Empire, — the Liefländer* and the Curländer.

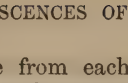
The former were the *petits maîtres*, — they dressed more smartly than any others, and were remarkably precise in their speech. Their German was said to be ultra-correct. The Curländer were the heartiest and most generous of youths, not superior in ability or scholarship, but among the most amiable. I find among my memoranda thirty-three Stammblätter (album-leaves) of engraved and ornamented paper signed by Curländer alone. It is the practice of students on leaving the University to exchange these tokens of remembrance. Those to which I have referred have revived tender feelings, but on looking over them I feel the truth and force of the words which fell from Madame de Staël on one occasion when I was with her. Goethe's son, a lad, called on her and presented to her his Stammbuch. When she had bowed him out of the room she threw the book on the sofa, and exclaimed, "Je n'aime pas ces tables mortuaires!" Mortuary tables indeed they are. On one of those which I possess is written, "I shall never forget you, and I expect the same from you." But not even this memorial brings the writer to my mind.

An account of a German University would be very imperfect without some mention of duels, which, from the great exaggerations generally circulated, have brought more reproach than is deserved. Generally speaking, they are harmless. Very few indeed are the instances in which they are fatal, and not often is any serious injury inflicted. I knew of only one case of the kind; it was that of a student who had received a wound in the breast, from which he said he should never cease to feel the effects.

Schelling said from the rostrum, "He that dares not boldly on occasion set his life at stake and play with it as with a top, is unquestionably one who is by nature unable to enjoy it, or even possess it in its highest vigor," — a hint which it is true was not wanted here, as in the course of the last six months near a hundred duels were fought.

At Jena the weapon used was the rapier, which with its three edges has certainly a murderous appearance; but honor is satisfied if a triangle appears in the flesh; a very slight wound is sufficient for that, and great care is taken that nothing more serious shall be inflicted. The combatants are made to stand

* From Liefland or Livland, Livonia.

at a distance from each other, and two seconds lie on the ground with sticks to interpose the moment their principals press too near. Thus 

A and B are the duellists, and C D the seconds, who beat down the swords when a wound is likely to be dangerous. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a flesh wound on the arm is all that is given. As the issue is usually so unimportant, a very slight offence is considered a sufficient cause for fighting. There is a code of honor among the students which might be derived from Touchstone's famous code as to giving the lie. For instance, if A says of anything that B says, "Das ist comisch" (that is comical) — that is a *Touche* — an offence — which B must notice, or A has the "advantage" (*Avantage*) of him. Or if A says, "It 's a fine day, upon my honor," and B says, "Upon my honor it 's a dull day," — that 's a *Touche*, for here the honor of one of two Burschen is in imminent peril. But it is not to be supposed that a fight can take place *per saltum*. Wherever a *Touche* has been received, the party sends his friend to the opponent's room with a Ziegenhainer (a stick cut from a neighboring wood),* who, without pulling off his hat, asks what was meant. If the supposed offender says, "I meant nothing," or "No offence was intended," the affair is over; but a Bursch who is jealous of his honor, though he actually did mean nothing, is ashamed to say so, and then the usual answer is, "He may take it as he likes." Thereupon the second says, "A desires me to tell you that you are a dummer Junge, or a dummer Kerl"; that is, "You are an ass or a fool," or, as we should say in England, "You are no gentleman." This is the offence which blood alone can redress. But then, as I said before, it is only arm blood, not heart's blood. During my stay at Jena, it never happened but once that a man came to my rooms with a Ziegenhainer. The student who came was a sensible fellow, who volunteered in order to prevent a silly young fellow sending as great a fool as himself. The messenger threw down his stick and his hat, and burst out laughing; but very gravely took back my answer that I meant nothing. The sender was a young Hessian nobleman, and from that time I refused to speak to him.

* This wood, Ziegenhain, was celebrated for the knotted sticks cut from a kind of cherry-tree (Corneliuskirschen).

On one occasion I was myself present when, in a beautiful and romantic valley a few miles from Jena, some half-dozen duels were fought with due solemnity, including one intermediate duel, which arose in this way: A wound having been received, one of the seconds cried out, "A triangle, on my honor." "No triangle, on my honor," answered the other. On this, the seconds, *sans phrase*, stripped and fought, and the result being in favor of him who said, "A triangle," his view of the matter was held to be established, and all four became as good friends as ever. It is to be understood that in these cases the parties still consider each other friends, though etiquette does not allow intercourse between them till the Ehrensache (affair of honor) is decided.

To connect great matters with small, as we constantly find them in human life, these duels in the Rauhthal had eventually a mighty effect on the fate of Europe. For in the famous campaign of 1806, Buonaparte having heard that there was a colonel in his army who had been a student at Jena, and foreseeing that Jena would be the seat of war, sent for him; and he rendered most important service. Buonaparte held the town, and on the high ground between it and Weimar was the Prussian army. The colonel led the troops through the Rauhthal, which he probably became acquainted with from fighting or witnessing duels there. The Prussians were taken in the rear, and this movement contributed to a victory which for six years kept Germany in subjection to France.

During my stay at Jena I had the opportunity of seeing a man of science whose name I have never heard in England, but who is mentioned with honor in the "Conversations Lexicon," — Chladni, the inventor of a musical instrument called the Clavi-cylinder, and the author of a work on the theory of sound.* He travelled in Germany, Italy, and France in order to make known both his instrument and his theory. All I recollect is some curious experiments intended to show the relation between vibration and form. A plate of glass was thinly strewn with sand, the string of a fiddlestick was drawn across the side of the plate, and instantly the sand flew to certain parts, forming figures which had been previously described.

* His name is repeatedly mentioned in Professor Tyndall's work "On Sound," where this very experiment is referred to.

CHAPTER VII.

GERMANY. — 1803.

ON March 20, 1803, I attended the first performance of Schiller's tragedy of "Die Braut von Messina." A visit to the Weimar Theatre was the occasional treat of the Jena students. The distance (from seven to ten miles) was such as to allow those young men who had more strength in their limbs than money in their purses, to walk to Weimar and back on the same day. This I have done repeatedly, returning after the play was over. "The Bride of Messina" was an experiment by the great dramatist, and it certainly did not succeed, inasmuch as it led to no imitations, unless the representations of "Antigone" a few years since, both in Germany and England, may be traced to it. In this tragedy Schiller introduced choruses, after the fashion of the ancients. The bride had two lovers, who were her brothers; the catastrophe is as frightful as the incidents are horrible. The double chorus sometimes exchanged short epigrammatic speeches, and sometimes uttered tragic declamations in lyric measure. I was deeply impressed, and wrote to my brother that this tragedy surpassed all Schiller's former works. But this feeling must have been caught from my companions, for it did not remain.

It must, too, have been about this time that Goethe brought out one of the most beautiful, though not the most popular, of his dramas, "The Natural Daughter," — a play meant to be the first of three in which he was to give a poetic view of his own ideas on the great social questions of the day. Eugenia, the well-born, is condemned to make an ignoble marriage for reasons which are left unexplained; otherwise she is to be consigned to a barren rock. The lawyer to whom she is to be married is represented as a worthy man, whom she respects. When she gives her consent, she exacts from him a promise that he will leave her mistress of her actions, and not intrude on her solitude. With her words, "To the altar," the curtain drops. Herder professed a high admiration of the piece, but it is utterly unfit for a large audience. The character of Eugenia was beautifully represented by Jagermann, who combined dignity and grace. On my complimenting her on the per-

formance she said, "If I played the part well it was by chance, for I do not understand the character."

She would not have said this of another character in which I beheld her, though I do not precisely recollect at what time. I refer to Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," which came out in 1801. A glorious work! It was well remarked by Hofrath Jung of Mainz, that the characteristics of French and German literature were well exemplified by the name and the quality of the "Virgin of Orleans" by Schiller and "La Pucelle d'Orléans" by Voltaire. Jagermann recited with great effect the lyrical passages, both when the inspiration seizes Joan, and the heroic conclusion. I suppose it is because the English make such a bad figure in this tragedy that it has never been introduced on our own stage.

One other dramatic recollection I may mention. I saw at Weimar Lessing's "Nathan der Weise." The author pronounced a blessing on the town which should first dare to exhibit it to the world. He thought the lesson of tolerance would not be learned for generations. The play was adapted to the stage by Schiller, and the greatest actor of the day came to Weimar to perform the part of Nathan. Never probably, in any language, was the noble and benignant Jew more impressively represented than by Iffland. But the work has no dramatic worth. All one recollects of it is the tale of the rings, which was borrowed from Boccaccio.

I went to Weimar twice in the beginning of 1803, to visit Herder. What I had previously seen of him made me feel that in spite of his eminence there were many points of agreement in matters of taste and sentiment, and caused me to approach him with affection as well as fear. I lent him Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," my love for which was in no respect diminished by my attachment to the German school of poetry. I found that Herder agreed with Wordsworth as to poetical language. Indeed Wordsworth's notions on that subject are quite German. There was also a general sympathy between the two in matters of morality and religion. Herder manifested a strong feeling of antipathy to the new anti-supernatural school of Paulus. With all his habitual tolerance, he could hardly bear with the Jena professor, or with the government which permitted such latitudinarianism. Yet he was attached to Wieland personally, who was certainly no Christian. Herder was also tolerant towards anti-Christian writers of past generations. He was a warm admirer of

Shaftesbury, of whom the worst he had to say was that he wrote like a lord. His repugnance to some of Goethe's writings was perhaps still stronger than to those of Paulus; and he reprobated with especial warmth "Die Braut von Corinth," and "Der Gott und die Bajadere." Though in some respects the anti-supernatural professor was as opposite as possible to the poetic and anti-metaphysical divine, yet they were in sympathy in their hostility to the modern German philosophy of the Kantian and post-Kantian schools.

Of Paulus I myself had some personal knowledge. Notwithstanding his well-known opinions, he was one of the regular theological professors and members of the senate in the University of Jena. In the following year he was invited by the Catholic King of Bavaria to the University of Würzburg. No wonder, it may be thought, for that would be an effectual mode of damaging the Protestant Church. But he did not long remain under a Roman Catholic government, for he was soon called to occupy a high place in the University of Heidelberg. He was a laborious scholar and a very efficient teacher, and always respected for his zeal and activity. During the present session he lectured on the Epistles of St. Paul, and on Dogmatic Theology, and held every Saturday a theological conversation. I went one day as a visitor to hear his lecture, and having already received some kindness from him, ventured to call on him afterwards, when the following conversation took place. Referring to the lecture I had heard, I said, "Herr Geheimer-Kirchen-Rath (Mr. Privy-Church-Counsellor), will you oblige me by telling me whether I heard you rightly in a remark I understood you to make? It was this, that a man might altogether disbelieve in miracle, and of course all prophecy and inspiration, and yet be a Christian." His answer I distinctly recollect: "Don't imagine, Mr. Robinson, that I mean anything personally disrespectful when I say that that seems to me a foolish question (eine dumme Frage)." — "How? Is that possible?" — "Why, it implies that Christianity may have something to do with inspiration, with prophecy, or with miracle; but it has nothing to do with them. (Es hat nichts damit zu thun.)"

Paulus, when a young man, visited England, and had corresponded with Geddes. He also told me that he saw Dr. Parr, and had received letters from several of the bishops; but he said: "Your English theologians did not much please me. I found but one man who really interested me, and him

I consider one of the most excellent men I ever saw. This was Robert Robinson of Cambridge ; with me he is the beau-ideal of a Christian minister.* I loved him even for his weaknesses. With all his peculiarities, he was thoroughly liberal. In his attachment to the Baptists there was a union of childlike simplicity and kind-heartedness that was quite charming." Paulus spoke of Priestley as superstitious.

Griesbach, the famous biblical scholar, was an older and soberer man ; I visited him in his garden-house, but have retained no particulars of his conversation.

Among those who held the office of Doctor docens at Jena was one Kilian, who wrote as well as lectured on a system of medicine. The proof-sheet of the preface was shown me, from which I extracted a sentence to this effect : " The science of medicine does not exist in order to cure diseases, but there are diseases in order that there should be a science of medicine." In the same book I was shown some verbal corrections made by himself. Wherever he had written " God " he struck it out and substituted " The Absolute."

Living at Jena, but neither as professor nor student, was Gries, who afterwards acquired reputation as the best translator in rhyme of the romantic poets. He was chiefly known by his versions of Ariosto and Tasso, but he also translated from the great Spanish dramatist Calderon.

On the 4th of April I closed my academical term by setting out student-fashion on a walking expedition, and had between three and four weeks of high enjoyment ; for which, indeed, nothing was requisite but health, spirits, and good-humor, all of which I possessed in abundance. I determined to take the opportunity of visiting Berlin, and on my way passed through the University towns of Halle and Wittenberg. The latter is known to every one as the place whence Luther promulgated the Reformation. The town, however, with its sunken University, was disappointing ; but I still retain a recollection of the portraits of Luther and Melanchthon. Both of them lived and preached and are buried here. Their monuments are very simple, — merely a brass plate on the ground with the common inscription of dates, and the two full-length portraits. The acute and sarcastic countenance of the one, and the bull-like head of the other, are strikingly contrasted. Mildness is the recorded virtue of Melanchthon ; but had subtlety and craft

* Robinsoniana. by H. C. R., will be referred to in a later part of this work.

been his qualities, I should have thought the portrait expressed them.

Berlin, as a city, gave me little pleasure. A city in which the sovereign prince applies the revenues of the state to the erection of opera-houses and palaces has never been an agreeable object in my eyes. I hastened on my arrival to deliver a letter of introduction to one of the Berlin notabilities, and indeed one of the remarkable men of the day. He is entitled to a grateful notice from me for his generous hospitality; and what I have to say will not be altogether insignificant as illustrative of character. No one who has paid any attention to the German literature of the eighteenth century can be ignorant of the name of Frederick Nicolai, the Berlin publisher. And those who know of him merely as the object of the satires of Goethe and Schiller, Tieck and the Schlegels, — that is, of the most splendid writers in Germany, — may be excused if they think of him as little better than an ass. But as he would have greatly erred who took his notion of Colley Cibber from Pope's "Dunciad," so would they who fancied Nicolai to be the arch Philistine of the authors of the "Xenien." The fact is, that Nicolai was really a meritorious and useful man in his younger days; but he lived too long. He was neither more nor less than an active, clever fellow, — full of enterprise in the pursuit of inferior objects which he attained, but destitute of all sense of the higher and nobler ends of science and literature. When I visited him he was in his seventieth year. He had been brought up by his father to the bookselling business, and had received a learned education. Early in life he became the friend of Lessing — the most honored name of that age — and of Moses Mendelssohn. In 1765 he established the famous *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek* (Universal German Library), a review which was as important in its day as, for so many years, our *Monthly Review* was. But what that Review now appears to be in comparison with the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and some others of a subsequent period, such is the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek* compared with numerous works of the modern German schools. When Lessing was gone, Nicolai could not engage men of equal rank to supply his place, and, unable to discern the signs of the times, became the strenuous opponent of the moderns. When age and youth commence a warfare, which is to last, every one knows which will be the conqueror. "Denn der Lebende hat recht," says Schiller ("For he who lives is in the right"). Now it unfortu-

nately happened that Nicolai ventured to oppose himself — and that in the very offensive form of coarse satire — to the two great schools of philosophy and poetry ; of philosophy in the persons of Kant and Fichte, and of poetry in the person of Goethe. In a novel entitled "Leben und Meinungen Sempronius Gundiberts," which he gave me, the hero is a sort of metaphysical Quixote, who, on Kantian principles, acts like a fool. Nicolai's best book, "Sebaldus Nothanker," was translated into English by Dutton. Nicolai also brought out a squib against the "Sorrows of Werter," when at the height of popularity, and called it "Werter's Joys." Werter's pistol-shot only wounds him, — he recovers, marries Charlotte, and sustains the most disgraceful calamity that can befall a husband. Many years afterwads Nicolai wrote a clever play, in which Kotzebue's "Stranger" and the hero of Goethe's "Stella" are made to be the same, and the Stranger is represented as compromising with his wife, receiving her back on condition of her living with him in partnership with Stella. Such was the Berlin publisher who attained a kind of literary notoriety. I did not approach him with awe, but I found him a most lively, active, and friendly man. His conversation was without bitterness. I told him of my fondness for some of the objects of his satire, which did not seem to displease him. He was still editor of a periodical, a small insignificant monthly magazine, entitled *Neue Berliner Monatschrift*. A number, which he placed in my hands contained a very foolish paper on the opinions of the English respecting the Germans, — full of absurd, vulgar falsehoods about the English, such as that they can sell their wives according to law by taking them to market with a rope round their necks, &c. Nicolai said, "Write me word what you think of it" ; and so I did. It was my amusement on my return to Jena ; and I own I was pleased to find, on receiving a parcel from Berlin, that my answer was printed in full without corrections, and with a complimentary preface by the editor.

While at Berlin I paid a visit to the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Some of the pupils evinced so much perception, that I might have supposed the deafness feigned if there had been any motive for deception. They are not all dumb, for many of them, by imitating certain movements of the lips and tongue, can produce sounds which they themselves do not hear, and thus make themselves understood. In the dark, the pupils write on each other's backs and *feel* the words. I observed

that one young man did not understand me so well as he did others. The preceptor said my foreign manner was puzzling.

Next day I met a pupil in the street, who smiled and took me by the hand, when this dialogue took place : I said, "Which is the way to St. ——'s Church?" He made a flourish in the air with his hands, in imitation of a cupola with a spire above. It was the form of the church. I nodded assent. He pointed to a street, and stretching out his right arm, struck it twice, with his left hand ; then for the outstretched right arm substituted the left, and finished by one stroke on the left arm with the right hand. So that I at once understood that I had to take the second turning to the right, and the first to the left. Nothing could be clearer or more correct. I shook hands with him at parting, and he appeared delighted at his success in rendering me this little service.

I thought the Opera-house very splendid. I saw there "The Island of Spirits," founded on Shakespeare's "Tempest," with a skilful omission of everything beyond the story that could recall the great dramatist to the mind. Prospero's character was ruined by his appearing to be dependent on a spirit floating in the clouds, whose aid he implores ; and Caliban was a sort of clown, unmercifully thrashed as the clown is in our pantomimes. I saw also a comic *vaudeville*, with jokes of a bolder character than I should have expected. A dispute arises about geography, and an old map being brought, the remark that Germany and Poland are terribly torn was warmly applauded. I saw Iffland in a sentimental melodrama by Kotzebue, — "The Hussites before Naumburg." He charmed me by his tender and dignified representation of an old man.

The only occurrence on my way back to Jena worth noting took place at the little town of Altenburg, where I was asked at the inn whether I would not call on Anton Wall. Now Anton Wall was the *nom de guerre* of a writer of romances, in which he availed himself of Oriental imagery and machinery with humor and grace. Especially had his "Amatonda" pleased me.* It is considered not an intrusion, but a compliment, at all events by the minor writers, when a traveller calls on an author. The singular habits of Anton Wall might render such a visit peculiarly acceptable ; for, though he did not pretend to be ill, he had literally taken to his bed, and there

* Afterwards translated by H. C. R. Anton Wall is the *nom de guerre* of Christian Leberecht Heyne.

in a garret had lived for years. He had his books near, and dreamed away his time, writing occasionally. I introduced myself as an Englishman, and he was evidently flattered by finding himself known to an Englishman. He inquired which of his books I had read, and when I said "Amatonda," he told me that the poetical brother was intended for Jean Paul. This tale relates how a magician, dying, tells his three nephews that the only way to secure happiness is by finding the fairy Amatonda; but he dies without keeping his promise to any one of the three, that he would tell them where she is to be found. The two elder brothers set out in search of her. The eldest fancies she must be glory, and becomes a warrior and statesman; but adversity overtakes him, and in old age he returns to his uncle's house a cripple and in poverty. On his way back he falls in with the second brother, who had pursued the fairy in literary fame, and was equally unsuccessful and wretched. They find the third brother at home with a wife and children, and in the enjoyment of the happiness of which they had gone forth in search. He said to them, "I did not think it worth while to go out of my way in pursuit of the fairy; but she might come to me, if she liked, and she did come. She made her appearance to announce that the true Amatonda is a good wife." With Anton Wall I had a long chat. He was remarkably clean in his person, and there was an air of neatness and comfort in his apartment, which itself, though a garret, was spacious. He himself was a compound of kindliness and vanity. It was thought he was rather crazy, but he was universally liked. He was fond of giving treats to little children; and girls used to come to him to receive lessons. In announcing his "Bagatellen," Schlegel in his *Athenæum* says, "These are genuine 'Bagatellen,' and that is not a trifle," — a compliment which Anton Wall heard from me with satisfaction.

I commenced my second session at the University of Jena much more auspiciously than the first. My position was very much improved, and I was in excellent health and spirits. As to my studies, I determined to endeavor to make up for my want of an early grammar-school education. It is not without a feeling of melancholy that I recollect the long list of Greek and Latin authors whom I read during the next two years.* That I never mastered the Greek language is certain; but I am unwilling to suppose that I did not gain some insight into

* The list includes the principal authors in both languages.

the genius of Greek poetry, especially in its connection with philosophy.*

H. C. R. TO HIS BROTHER.

JENA, June 2, 1803.

DEAR THOMAS: —

. . . . I have changed my lodgings, and have at present one of the best in the town. My sitting-room has four sash-windows opening into a beautiful walk of lime-trees, and affording a fine hilly prospect. Now, too, that spring is come, I find Jena one of the most beautiful spots I ever dwelt in. It stands in the centre of a valley of more than fifteen miles along the Saale, which in its course has many a picturesque winding, and passes through many pleasing villages. I have likewise remarked in myself two very happy changes. The one is that I can amuse myself without suffering ennui in mixed society, and that I have lost that eager thirst after new books which is rather a disease than a passion. I can now take a walk without a book in my pocket, and can be at ease if I do not find on my desk a new, unread publication.† . . . .

I have introduced among the students games at leap-frog and jumping over ditches; and I attribute much of my well-being now to these bodily exercises. In short, I am without care and very lively, and withal by no means idle. I write or study attentively eight hours every day.

Notwithstanding my study of the ancient languages, I attended a course of lectures by Schelling on methodology; and I fancied I had a glimpse of light every now and then. He pointed out the relation of the several sciences to one another, but dwelt chiefly on religion and jurisprudence, and said but little of the physical sciences. I will insert here a recollection, which seems to me important, and the accuracy of which was corroborated by one who ranks among those who have advanced the philosophy of science, and especially in connection with magnetism: I refer to Dr. Neeff. Schelling said: "We are accustomed to consider magnetism, electricity, and galvanism three distinct sciences; and in a certain sense they are, inasmuch as the facts belonging to them are arranged in three classes. But in truth the magnetic, electric, and gal-

* Private lessons from an old student cost me three dollars six groschen for two months.

† At all events during the last forty years of his life, Mr. Robinson never took a walk without a book in his pocket.

vanic powers are only various forms of the same thing; and before many years have elapsed some experimental naturalist will come forward and exhibit visible proofs of this fact." *

I kept up my acquaintance with Schelling by occasionally calling on him; and, during one of my visits, I ventured to remonstrate with him on the contemptuous language he used respecting our great English authors, even Bacon and Newton. He gave the best turn he could to the subject by saying, "Because they are so dangerous. The English empiricists are more consistent than the French." (I doubt this, by the by, so far as Locke is concerned.) "There is Bacon, a man of vast talents, but a most mischievous philosopher. He and Newton may be regarded as the great enemies and destroyers of philosophy in modern times. But," he added, "it is no small matter to be able to do so much harm."

The name of Voss will have a lasting place in the history of German literature. He is known and prized as the greatest of German translators from the Greek. Especially is his "Homer" considered a masterpiece. To this he owes his fame. The one drawback on his good name is the acrimony of his polemical writings. He was an elderly man at the time I was introduced to him, — in his person tall and thin, with a sharp nose, and a sort of lanky figure, — a compound of subtlety and naïveté. He was living retired and quite domesticated. He was the son of a Mecklenburg peasant, and used to be called a "gelehrter Bauer" (a learned peasant). To this circumstance some ascribed the absence of good manners in controversy; but I would rather ascribe a great portion of it to his intense conscientiousness. He was a rigidly virtuous man, and a Protestant: and seemed hardly able to tolerate any departure from what he thought right and true. Roman Catholicism he called Jesuitism. When his noble friends, the Counts Stolberg, whom in his youth he must have deemed it a high honor to know, went over to the Roman Catholic Church, he treated the change as if it were hardly short of a crime. Nor was he much better able to bear difference of

* "In 1812 Oersted went to Germany, and whilst there he wrote his essay on the Identity of Chemical and Electrical Forces, thus laying the foundation for the subsequent identification of the forces of magnetism, electricity, and galvanism. In 1819 he made the announcement of his great discovery of the intimate relation existing between magnetism and electricity."— *Eng. Cyclop.*, Article "Oersted." "Faraday read his first paper on Magneto-electric Induction before the Royal Society on the 24th November, 1831"; "his paper on Identity of Electricities on January 10th and 17th, 1833, also before the Royal Society." — *Faraday as a Discoverer*, by John Tyndall.

opinion on matters of taste. Hence his furious disputes with Heyne, the learned Göttinger, and (but that was later) with Creuzer, the mythologist. The latter explained the Greek and Roman mythology, as Voss thought, mystically. I was quite unable to make him see the beauty of Dryden's exquisite translations from Horace, — such as the "Ode on Fortune." Indeed, his love of English literature was nearly confined to Shakespeare and Milton, of both of whom he always spoke in high admiration. And he affirmed that Milton might, had he pleased, have successfully introduced hexameters into English poetry.

Voss's "Louisa" is the rival of "Hermann und Dorothea," and has perhaps more admirers. He is delicate in his descriptions, and paints and describes nothing but the simple, the noble, the modest, and the good. But this turn of mind, which prevents his being a great poet, makes him one of the best men imaginable.

It was understood that Voss's time for receiving callers was after supper, and I frequently availed myself of the opportunity of seeing him. For, with all his infirmities of temper and his narrowness, there was in him an integrity, a simplicity, a purity, which placed him in the very first class of men combining great mental power with the highest moral qualities; and it was no slight merit in my eyes, that he loved Goethe and Wieland, notwithstanding the extreme difference between his literary tastes and theirs.

I once saw at the house of Voss the accomplished scholar Wolf, who had in Germany, in my time, as high a reputation as at the same time Porson had in England. Wolf's commanding person and figure of themselves attracted attention to him. His friendship with Voss was cemented by their united opposition to Heyne. Voss told me that he and Wolf used to dispute which owed most to Heyne. Both had been his pupils; one had subscribed to two courses of lectures, and heard a single lecture, — the other had subscribed to only one course, and had heard three lectures. Voss's attachment to Wolf may be regarded as a great and rare act of liberality, seeing that he altogether dissented from Wolf's theory concerning Homer. Voss used to say, "It would be a greater miracle had there been many Homers, than it is that there was one." On the other hand, Goethe has an epigram in which he gives the health of him who freed the poets from the tyranny of the single-one, with whom no one would dare to contend; "but to be *one* of

the Homeridæ is beautiful." This he said in allusion to his own "Achilleis," a continuation of the "Iliad."

Wolf frequently said good things. I heard Voss relate this *mot* of his against Meiners. He quoted some Latin book of Meiners,' "Minertis de," &c., and remarked it would have been better if the learned professor had written "Minertii de," but he always through life thought proper to decline himself according to *iners*.

When Madame de Staël came to Weimar, Voss was told that she wished to see him. He coolly replied that she might come. But she would have been sadly perplexed if she had taken him at his word; for he would not have spoken French to her. He was indignant at the homage paid to foreigners by speaking their language. "I should think it my duty," he said, "to learn French before I went to France. The French should do the same."

Out of his own peculiar line of philological and archæological study, he was not a man of great acuteness. When his poetical works were reviewed by Goethe in the Jena *Literarische Zeitung*, I was afraid he would take offence at what seemed to me some awkward compliments. For example, "While other poets raise to themselves the objects they describe, our amiable author descends to their level and becomes one of them." Goethe was speaking of the Idyllists, the class to whom Voss belonged. But my apprehension proved to be groundless. Goethe praised affectionately, picking out excellences and passing over defects, after his fashion, and Voss was well pleased. His "Louisa" is certainly a masterpiece, though I cannot but think Wordsworth greatly mistaken in prizing it more highly than "Hermann und Dorothea."

In the same house I once met the famous philosopher Frederick Jacobi, with whose personal dignity and beauty I was much struck. He was, take him for all in all, one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He was greatly respected. I should have said universally, but for the odium he incurred from the Romanist party.

He spoke with great respect of my friend Fries, and said, "If he be a Kantianer, so am I." Jacobi is at the head of a school of thought which has attracted men of feeling and imagination, but which men of a dry and logical turn have considered a corruption of philosophy. Yet opposed as he was to the critical philosophy on account of its dryness, and

to the poets for their supposed want of religion, he was to no one's taste precisely. Some accused him of intolerance. But I believe it lay in his warm style, rather than in his heart. Goethe, however, seemed never to be quite reconciled to his way of showing religious zeal.

At the beginning of session 1803 – 4, the list of Jena professors showed a serious loss, no less than seven having left, including Schelling, Tennemann, Paulus, and Hufeland, a distinguished jurist. But another loss, which soon followed, affected me personally still more. It arose out of the New Year festivities.

It is a custom at Jena, as at other German Universities, to celebrate the New Year by a midnight frolic. The Burschen assemble in the market-place, and, when the town-clock strikes twelve, they shout a *pereat* to the Old Year, and a *vivat* to the New. Like base and disgraceful sycophants, they forget the good and exaggerate the evil the departed year may have brought, and dismiss it without ceremony to the shades. They then hail the new-comer with the complimentary salutation, "Das neue Jahr soll leben!" — as we should say, "The New Year forever!" Squibs and crackers frequently accompany this celebration. Now it is obvious that the darkness of night and the excitement arising from the Commerze which have probably taken place are not unlikely to lead to more or less rioting, especially if during the year offence have been given to influential Burschen. The previous year about thirty houses had their windows broken without resistance, or subsequent notice by the authorities. On the present occasion I did not anticipate any disturbance, and therefore, after supping with the Curländer, retired to my rooms before the stroke of the clock. Unluckily, however, a tradesman had given offence by sending a girl to Bridewell, and a body of students showed their displeasure by breaking a few panes of glass at his house. In an instant a number of hussars appeared, and a skirmish arose, in which the students, few in number, and these few more or less intoxicated, were driven out of the market-place. The cry resounded, "Bursch heraus!" like the cry of "Gown against Town" at Cambridge, and the students came again into the field. The Prorector, who corresponds to the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor, was called up, and the demand was made that a wounded student who had been taken to the watch-house should be set free This was refused, and the hussars returned. The affair was already bad

enough, but the students made it worse by a most indecorous memorial, which they called a petition, and in which they demanded an amnesty in behalf of the implicated students, compensation for what was considered an insult in the calling out of the military with fixed bayonets, and a pledge on the part of the government that on no occasion in future should troops not garrisoned at Jena be sent from Weimar. In case these demands were not complied with, two hundred and four students pledged themselves to leave the University at Easter. Among the subscribers were the Curländer, Rheinländer, and nearly all my personal friends. I, being a sort of privileged person, was not pressed for my name, though a blank was left for it. On the part of the academical senate, the negotiation was put into the hands of one who had no *savoir faire*. The result was that conference served rather to widen than to close the breach. Both parties secretly wished for a reconciliation, for the professors were unwilling to lose their pupils, and the students were aware that nowhere else could they enjoy so many advantages at so little expense; and yet neither were prepared to make the necessary concessions. Thinking myself perhaps a suitable person to interpose, I called on seven of the leading members of the senate. But meanwhile the matter had been laid before the Duke, whose pride was wounded by the insult offered to his soldiers; and he gave preparatory orders, which rendered all reconciliation impossible. I shall mention more in detail by and by an application made by me to Goethe in behalf of the students. It was of no avail.

CHAPTER VIII.

GERMANY. — 1804.

THE prospect of losing so many friends was to me a real sorrow, and I should have felt it still more deeply had not my interest in University studies been weakened by other pursuits, and especially by the very interesting acquaintance which I formed in the month of January (1804) with a lady who then enjoyed a European reputation, and who will have a lasting place in the history of French literature. I received a note from Böttiger, the curious beginning of which is worth

translating: "Madame de Staël, from whose lips flow spirit and honeyed speech (Geist und Honigrede) wishes to make your acquaintance, dearest Sir and Friend. She longs for a philosophical conversation with you, and is now busied with the Cahier (notes) on Schelling's 'Æsthetics,' which I possess through your kindness. She has, indeed, translated some portions of them with admirable skill." I was then requested to fix a day for dining with her. I was delighted with this invitation, and knew how to interpret Böttiger's flattering expressions in reference to myself. He further begged me to draw up a sketch of Schelling's "All-philosophia," as he termed it, adapted to the Verstandswelt, i. e. the world of the ordinary understanding and common sense as opposed to the philosophical reason. With this request I complied, not that I imagined myself competent to write a sentence which would satisfy a German philosopher, but I thought I might render some service to a French lady, even though she were Madame de Staël.

On the 28th of January I first waited on her. I was shown into her bedroom, for which, not knowing Parisian customs, I was unprepared. She was sitting, most decorously, *in* her bed, and writing. She had her nightcap on, and her face was not made up for the day. It was by no means a captivating spectacle, but I had a very cordial reception, and two bright black eyes smiled benignantly on me. After a warm expression of her pleasure at making my acquaintance, she dismissed me till three o'clock. On my return then I found a very different person, — the accomplished Frenchwoman surrounded by admirers, some of whom were themselves distinguished. Among them was the aged Wieland. There was on this, and I believe on almost every other occasion, but one lady among the guests: in this instance Frau von Kalb. Madame de Staël did not affect to conceal her preference for the society of men to that of her own sex. If I mistake not, this dinner was followed by five others during her short stay at Weimar; but my memoranda do not enable me to assign the exact dates of the conversations to which I have now to refer.

She said, "Buonaparte sent his Marshal to me" — I think it was Caulaincourt — "to say that he would not permit me to receive company; that he knew I was his enemy, — and that my house was open to all his enemies. I might remain at Paris, if I liked, but I must live alone. Now, you must be sensible that is impossible, and therefore I set out on this

journey. I do not think it prudent to go to England at present. Buonaparte pretended, and it was asserted by *order* in the government newspapers, that his displeasure with me was not on account of himself, but because I was a partisan of foreign literature, and therefore a depreciator of the literary glory of France." This I may say, that she had a laudable anxiety to obtain a knowledge of the best German authors; and for this reason she sought my society, and I was not unwilling to be made use of by her. She said, and the general remark is true, "The English mind is in the middle between the German and the French, and is a medium of communication between them. I understand you better than I do any German with whom I have ever spoken." But this, it must be borne in mind, was at the beginning of her residence in Germany, and long before her acquaintance with August Wilhelm Schlegel.

One day after dinner the Duke came in. She introduced me to him, saying, "J'ai voulu connaître la philosophie allemande; j'ai frappé à la porte de tout le monde — Robinson seul l'a ouverte." The day after she said to me, "How like an Englishman you behaved yesterday! When the Duke came in you were in the middle of a story, and after a slight interruption you went on with it. No German would have dared to do this. With a sovereign, it is always understood that he is to begin every subject of conversation. The others answer questions and follow." I replied, "I see I was quite wrong, — I ought not to have gone on." — "Perhaps not; but I was delighted with you for doing it." This subject was introduced by her in connection with the remark that she could at once see whether or not a German was accustomed to good company, but not an Englishman. Then she abruptly said, "Are you rich?" I at once felt that this was not a complimentary question, especially so introduced, so I answered evasively, "As you please to take it; I am either a rich man of letters, or a poor gentleman," — and with that she was content. She expressed her pleasure at the manly and independent tone of my conversation with the Duke, and her contempt for the servile habits of some of the Germans.

When alone with her, it was my great aim to make her feel the transcendent excellence of Goethe. But I failed. She seemed utterly incapable of realizing wherein his excellence lay. But she caught by sympathy a portion of that admiration which every one felt for him. Among those excellences

which she was unable to perceive was that of naïveté. I read to her some half-dozen of Goethe's most subtle and exquisite epigrams. That, for instance, in which, after lamenting that his mistress having jilted him, and the Muses done the same, he, because he could not write, peered about for a halter or a knife. "But thou camest," he concludes, "to save me, Ennui! Hail, Mother of the Muses!" Enumerating the fine arts which he practised, "Bringing one only near to perfection," he says; "and so, miserable artist, I threw away my art on the worst of materials, writing German!" She could not comprehend these. She was precisely what Charles Lamb supposes all the Scotch to be, — incapable of *feeling* a joke. Having tried her with a number of these ironical epigrams, I read a commonplace one against the German sovereigns for speaking French at their courts. "See what comes of it? Your subjects are only too fond of talking French," meaning French principles. This she thought admirable, and took down. Her success in spoiling a fine thing was strikingly shown in connection with a noble saying of Kant, which I repeated to her: "There are two things which, the more I contemplate them, the more they fill my mind with admiration, — the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me." She sprang up, exclaiming, "Ah, que cela est beau! Il faut que je l'écrive," — and years after, in her "Allemagne," I found it Frenchified thus: "Car, comme un philosophe célèbre a très bien dit: Pour les cœurs sensibles, il y a deux choses." The grave philosopher of Königsberg turned into a "cœur sensible!"

It is very apparent from the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller that these two great poets regarded her visit to Weimar as an infliction. Schiller would not go near her, and Goethe made himself scarce. There was a report that she extorted from the latter, by some advice on his "Natürliche Tochter," this reply, "Madam, I am more than sixty years old!" But this is not after his fashion. I know, however, that she did speak irreverently of that masterly work, and provoked me to the utterance of a very rude observation. I said, "Madame, vous n'avez pas compris Goethe, et vous ne le comprendrez jamais." Her eye flashed, — she stretched out her fine arm, of which she was justly vain, and said in an emphatic tone, "Monsieur, je comprends tout ce qui mérite d'être compris; ce que je ne comprends n'est rien." I bowed lowly. This was said at table. After dinner she gave me her hand

very kindly. "I was angry for a moment," she said, "but it is all over now." I believe I owe the favor I experienced from her to my perfect frankness, and even freedom.

One day, in the presence of Böttiger and others, she read a translation of that "Scheussliches Gedicht" (according to Herder), the "Braut von Corinth." The most material point — indeed I might say the *peccant* point — she had not perceived, and therefore it was left out. When she ceased there was a burst of praise from every one but myself. "Et vous, Robinson, vous ne dites rien." — "Madame, je m'occupe en pensant si vous avez compris le véritable sens des mots." And then I read the words significantly. Böttiger began, "Madame a parfaitement rendu le vers." — "Taisez-vous!" she exclaimed, paused a moment, and then, giving me her hand, said, "Vous tous m'avez louée — Robinson seul m'a corrigée; Robinson, je vous remercie." Yet she had pleasure in being complimented, and took it as a sort of right, — like a quitrent, not requiring thanks, but a receipt. I must even quote one of the very few gallant speeches that I have ever made. Before her journey to Berlin, her court-dress for the King's birthday ball was produced at table after dinner. It was highly extolled by the guests. She noticed my silence. "Ah, vous, Robinson, vous ne dites rien?" — "Madame," I said, in a tone of assumed gravity, "vous êtes un peu exigéante. Je ne puis pas admirer vous et votre robe au même temps." — "Ah que vous êtes aimable!" she exclaimed, and gave me a smile, as if she had said, "I know this means nothing, but then these are the things we expect. You are really improving." For English frankness, abstaining from all compliment, had been my habit.

My irregular recollection takes me back to the day when the Duke joined our party. She was very eloquent in her declamation, and chose as her topic an image which she afterwards in her book quoted with applause, but which, when I first mentioned it to her, she could not comprehend. Schelling, in his "Methodology," calls Architecture "frozen music." This she vehemently abused as absurd, and challenged me to deny that she was right. Forced to say something, I made my escape by a compliment. "I can't deny that you have proved — que votre esprit n'est pas gelé." — "Fort bien dit," the Duke exclaimed; and certainly any way of getting out of such a challenge was better than accepting it. There has appeared since in English a treatise on Greek Architecture bearing the significant title, "The Music of the Eye."

I will conclude what I have to say of Madame de Staël personally, before I notice her companions. After some half-dozen dinners, and as many or more tête-à-têtes, she went to Berlin, from which place she wrote to me, proposing that I should remove to Berlin, take a lodging in her neighborhood, and be her constant guest at table. She would introduce me to the literary world at Berlin. This proposal was too advantageous to be declined. Such an introduction would have offered me probably more advantages than I could have profitably made use of. I made up my mind to remove in the summer. It was, therefore, with much sorrow that I heard, first, of the death of her father, the minister Necker, and then that she had arrived at Weimar, to stay a few days on her way to Switzerland. I of course waited on her. She was loud in her expression of grief at the loss which she had sustained. But her feeling was sincere. It would be judging uncandidly to infer that she did not feel because she had leisure to be eloquent. Among her declamatory bursts was this: "Oh! il n'était pas mon père. Il était mon frère, mon fils, mon mari, mon Tout!"

I will now refer to those with whom I became acquainted through her, or whom I saw in her company. Of these by far the most eminent was Benjamin Constant. The slanderous world, at least in France, has always affected to consider him her lover. In a society so generally profligate as that of the Parisian beau-monde, where the ascertained fact would be scarcely a subject of blame, and where any expressed doubt of the truth of the report would expose him who dared utter it to contempt, no wonder that this amour was taken for granted. It would never have occurred to me. She appeared to be the elder, and called him "Mon Benjamin," as she might have done a son or a younger brother. He, on the contrary, never spoke of her lightly, but always with respect as Madame de Staël. At her table he occupied the place of the master of the house; he was quite the *ami de la maison*. The worst thing about him was that he was separated from his wife, to whom it was said he had been a bad husband. He was a declared enemy to Buonaparte, and was a member of the Tribunat which Buonaparte abolished. After the Restoration he became a distinguished member of the Legislative Body. He was by birth a Swiss. As a man of letters he was highly esteemed, and had a first-rate reputation as a philosophical jurist. A zealous anti-Romanist, he wrote on Christianity. I should call him rather a sentimental than a Bible Christian; but I should not be war-

ranted in saying that he was an anti-supernaturalist. A novel of his, "Adolphe," was said to favor free opinions on marriage. I heard that he had translated Godwin's "Political Justice," and inquired whether he had really done so. He said he had made the translation, but had declined to publish it, because he thought it might injure the good cause in the then state of public opinion. Sooner or later, however, the work was to be published, for he regarded the original as one of the masterworks of the age. In saying that his tone towards Madame de Staël was respectful rather than tender, I do not mean that it was deferential towards her opinions. On the contrary, his opposition was unsparing, and though he had not her colloquial eloquence, I thought he had always the advantage of her in argument. One remark on the French national character was made by him, which is worth quoting. I inquired whether Buonaparte really possessed the affections of the French people. He said, "Certainly not. But the French," he added, "are so vain, that they cannot bear the insignificance of neutrality, and will affect to belong to the triumphant party from an unwillingness to confess that they belong to the conquered." Hence Robespierre and Buonaparte have both, in their respective times, had the tacit support of a nation which in reality was not attached to either of them.

I have already said that Wieland was the most distinguished of Madame de Staël's German visitors. He was frequent in his attendance on her, and loud in his admiration. One day, when she was declaiming with her usual eloquence, he turned to me, and exclaimed, "Dass ich, in meinem hohen Alter, solche eine Frau sehen sollte!" (That I, in my old age, should see such a woman!) I had remarked to her that of all the German great writers his mind was the most French. "I am aware of it," she said, "and therefore I do not think much of him. I like a German to be a German."

I, at the same time, told her that of all the then eminent writers, the two Schlegels were those who possessed in a high degree, and beyond all others, that peculiar mental quality which the French call esprit, as distinguished from genius, understanding, &c.; and I advised her to cultivate the acquaintance of A. W. Schlegel, who was then at Berlin. She did what I advised, and more; she engaged A. W. Schlegel to reside with her in the character of tutor to her children. And, in fact, the knowledge she would obtain from him was in every respect so superior to anything I could communicate to her,

that I take very little credit for any part I may have had in supplying the materials of her book. There are, indeed, many opinions in the book which Schlegel probably would have protested against being thought to have suggested. Yet she said to me years after, "You know very well that I could never have written that book without the assistance of Schlegel." But all that is best in that work, the section on life and manners in Germany, came from herself alone.

Next to Wieland, the most eminent visitor whom I recollect seeing at her table, was the famous Swiss historian, Johannes von Müller of Schaffhausen. I saw him frequently, and what I remarked in him deserves to be noticed as bearing on his life and conduct in middle age. He is the most illustrious of literary turncoats on record,— if he deserve that degrading character, which possibly he does not.

When he first made himself known as a political writer, he was librarian to the Elector of Mayence; and in that position he wrote, in 1782, a famous pamphlet on the celebrated visit of the Pope to Joseph II. at Vienna. In this pamphlet, entitled "Reisen der Päbste," he represented the Papal power as exercised in favor of popular liberty against the great military governments. His next and still more famous pamphlet was the "Fürstenbund" (League of Princes), written in 1787, and advocating the cause of the Princes of Germany against the House of Austria. This was followed by his entering into the service of the Emperor. In that service he remained many years. During this time he continued the great work on which his fame chiefly rests, "The History of the Swiss League," which he commenced when young, and which was, in fact, the business of his life. On the subject of his connection with the Austrian government, I heard him say: "The government passed a law which was aimed at me particularly. It was a prohibition of all subjects printing any book out of the dominions of the Emperor. The moment this law was passed I made my preparations for quitting Vienna. I began by sending out of the country all my MSS. and my papers of every description. I sent them in small parcels by many persons, and not one was lost." When I saw him at Weimar he was, as I learn from the "Conversations-Lexicon," on his way to Berlin. He at this time entered into the service of the King of Prussia. Yet my impression was that the tone of his conversation was by no means favorable to the Prussian government. And being, as he was, anti-French in his feelings,

though perfectly liberal in his political opinions, and a sturdy Protestant, he might well be hostile to that fatal policy which for a time made Prussia the ally of France, and the tool of Buonaparte. After the fall of the Prussian government, Müller went into the service of the King of Westphalia, in which he died in 1809 ; and, as I heard, stayed by his death proceedings against him for writings in opposition to the Gallo-German government to which he belonged. Notwithstanding his having served so many rulers of an opposite character, my impression, from what I saw and heard of him, was, that he was an honest and conscientious man, and that, like many others who have incurred the reproach of inconsistency, he acted on the maxim of doing all the good he could in any station in which he might at the time be placed,—not hesitating to leave that station when he found himself no longer able to do good in it.

Müller's German pronunciation was extremely disagreeable. It was excessively Swiss, i. e. the guttural sounds were exaggerated in it. His French, on the contrary, was agreeable.

While he was at Weimar I witnessed the performance of "Wilhelm Tell," when the following incident took place. In the last act an occurrence is introduced for the sake of a great moral contrast, though at variance equally with history and dramatic unity. Parricida, the murderer of the Emperor, is coming on the stage, and the murder is spoken of. On the evening to which I refer, when Müller was present, there was introduced, as I understood for the first time, this passage : "How do you know it?" — "It is certain ; a man worthy of credit, Johannes Müller, brought it from Schaffhausen." The name was pronounced aloud, and was followed by uproarious applause. It was talked of next day as a joke. But in my edition the passage stands in the text without any note.

At Madame de Staël's house I first became acquainted with several of the Weimar court, and so the way was prepared for that introduction which in the following winter became of some importance. My name was known pretty generally. A prominent court lady was Fräulein von Geckhausen, a shrewd lively little woman, who noticed me obligingly. Since her death the gossiping books speak of her as malignant and intriguing ; for myself, however, I have none but agreeable recollections of her. She read to me a short note to Madame de Staël, in which the compliments seemed to me to have an extravagance bordering on insincerity. I therefore ventured to

say, "Do me the favor, Fräulein, to read that in German." She began, stammered, and stopped. "Das lässt sich nicht Deutsch sagen." (You can't say that in German.) — "I know you cannot; shall I tell you the reason why? The German is an honest language, and your German habits are honest. When, therefore, you have anything to say of mere compliment, which means nothing, you feel as you say, 'Das lässt sich nicht Deutsch sagen.'"

In the present University session I saw a little of Schiller, but not much. He had always the appearance of being unwell. His amiable wife, and her very clever sister, and indeed all those who were about him, appeared to watch over him as an object of solicitude. While the admiration excited by Goethe was accompanied by awe, that which was felt towards Schiller was mixed with love and pity. I may here mention that at the end of a very early, if not the first, performance of "Die Braut von Messina," a young doctor, son of the learned Professor Schulz, the philologer, rose in the pit and exclaimed, "Schiller der grosse Dichter soll leben" (Long live Schiller, the great poet)! The numerous students in the pit all joined in the cry, and there was a regular three times three of applause. But this was regarded as a great impropriety and breach of decorum in the presence of the Duke and Duchess, and we heard that young Schulz received a severe reproof from the government.

In March, 1804, I had a re-introduction, and not a mere formal one, as the first was, to Goethe. It was at the theatre. He was sitting in his arm-chair, in the front row of the pit. I had repeatedly taken a seat near enough to him to have an occasional glimpse of his countenance, but I never presented myself to his notice. On the evening of which I write, I was sitting immediately behind him. Benjamin Constant came in with him, and after shaking hands with me, whispered my name to Goethe, who immediately turned round, and with a smile as ingratiating as his ordinary expression was cold and forbidding, said, "Wissen Sie, Herr Robinson, dass Sie mich beleidigt haben?" (Do you know, Mr. Robinson, that you have affronted me?) — "How is that possible, Herr Geheimerath?" — "Why, you have visited every one at Weimar excepting me." I felt that I blushed, as I said, "You may imagine any cause, Herr Geheimerath, but want of reverence." He smiled and said, "I shall be happy to see you at any time." I left my card, of course, the next morning, and

the next day there came an invitation to dinner; and I dined with him several times before I left the neighborhood of Weimar.

It was, I believe, on the very evening on which he spoke to me in the theatre, that I asked him whether he was acquainted with our "Venice Preserved." "O, very well, — the comic scenes are particularly good." I actually started at so strange a judgment. "Indeed! in England those scenes are considered so very bad that they are never acted." — "I can understand that; and yet, on reflection, you will perceive that those scenes are quite essential to the piece. It is they alone which account for, and go near to justify, the conspiracy; for we see in them how utterly unfit for government the Senate had become." I recognized at once the truth of the criticism, and felt ashamed of myself for not having thought of it before. In all his conversation he spoke in the most simple and unpretending manner, but there was in it remarkable significance, — a quiet strength, a power without effort, reminding me of what I read of a painting, in which a man was wrestling with an angel. An ignorant man abused the picture on the ground that in the angel there was no sign of effort, — no muscle was strained. But this was designed to show the angelic nature. It is the same in the Greek sculpture of the gods.

When Madame de Staël returned from Berlin, and brought A. W. Schlegel in her train, I dined at Goethe's with Schlegel, Tieck the sculptor, and Riemer. No one else but Madame Goethe was present. I was struck by the contrast between Schlegel and Goethe. Nothing could exceed the repose of Goethe, whereas on Schlegel's part there was an evident striving after pun and point. Of these I recollect nothing but that Böttiger was his butt, whom he compared to Bardolph. From Goethe I remember a word or two of deep significance. He said to Schlegel: "I am glad to hear that your brother means to translate the 'Sakontala.' I shall rejoice to see that poem as it is, instead of as it is represented by the moral Englishman." And there was a sarcastic emphasis on the word "moralischen." He then went on, "Eigentlich aber hasse ich alles Orientalische." (But in truth, I hate everything Oriental.) By which, probably, he meant rather that he infinitely preferred the Greek to the Oriental mind. He continued: "I am glad there is something that I hate; for, otherwise, one is in danger of falling into the dull habit of literally finding all things good in their place, — and that is destructive of all

true feeling." This casts some light on his sentiments respecting the two religions which had their origin in the East. And yet this might have been a transient feeling, for in less than ten years he withdrew himself from the contemplation of the miseries which then surrounded him, and took refuge in the study of Oriental literature. The result is given in his "West-Eastern Divan."

Were I a younger man, and did I fancy myself competent to the task, I would collect and translate all that Goethe has written on Judaism and Christianity. It should be published without note or comment, — for it is unlike anything I have ever met with from believer or unbeliever, and is absolutely unique. In one of his private letters to Lavater, he makes a distinction, for which our ordinary language has no equivalent. He says, "I am by no means *anti*-Christian, not even *un*-Christian, but I am indeed nicht-Christian." The difference between un-Christian and nicht-Christian may be conceived.

It was at no great distance from this time that I called on Goethe to see whether I could induce him to act as a mediator between the Duke and the students, in the quarrel that threatened an Auszug, or withdrawal, of the best young men of the University. Having listened to my representations, he coolly said: "So is it in these matters of police, in which both parties are right. The students, seeing the matter from their point of view, are perfectly in the right. But then the Duke is equally in the right; he has his own mode of looking at things from his point of view as sovereign."

During these occasional visits, I saw the companion of Goethe's table, the mother of his children. As is well known, she afterwards became his wife. She had an agreeable countenance, and a cordial tone. Her manners were unceremonious and free. Queer stories are told of her undignified ways and the freedom of her intercourse with him when she was young; but she had outgrown all such eccentricities when I saw her.

I have already referred to Goethe's son coming to Madame de Staël with his album. She allowed me to copy the two first verses of the little volume. I have never seen them in print.

In Goethe's hand were these distichs: —

> "Gönnern reiche das Buch, und reich' es Freund und Gespielen:
> Reich' es dem Eilenden hin, der sich vorüber bewegt —
> Wer des freundlichen Worts, des Namens Gabe dir spendet
> Häufet den edlen Schatz holden Erinnerns dir an."

That is : —

"Hand to the Patron the book, and hand it to friend and companion;
Hand to the traveller too, — rapidly passing away :
He who with friendly gift of a word or a name thee enriches,"

[The last line is wanting in the translation. The meaning is : —

"Stores up a noble treasure of tender remembrance for thee."]

In Schiller's hand were these lines : —

"Holder Knab', dich liebt das Glück denn es gab dir der Güter,
Erstes, Köstliches, dich rühmend des Vaters zu freuen
Jetzo kennest du nur des Freundes liebende Seele.
Wenn du zum Manne gereift, wirst du die Worte verstehen.
Dann erst kehrst du zurück mit reiner Liebe Gefühle
An des Trefflichen Brust der dir jetzt Vater nur ist;
Lass ihn leben in dir, wie er lebt in den ewigen Werken,
Die er, der Einzige, uns blühend unsterblich erschuf,
Und das herzliche Band der wechselnden Neigung und Treue
Das die Väter verknüpft, binde die Söhne nur fort."

"Cherished boy! thou art the favorite of Fortune, for she gave thee the first and most precious of gifts, to rejoice in the glory of thy father. Now thou knowest only the loving heart of the friend. When thou art ripened into manhood thou wilt understand the words. Thou wilt then go back with feelings of pure love to the bosom of the excellent who at present is merely father to thee. Let him live in thee, as he lives in the eternal works which he, the only one, produced for us in everlasting bloom; and may the heartfelt bond of reciprocal inclination and confidence, which united the fathers, continue to unite the sons!"

The son of Prorector Voigt was among the students with whom I became most intimate. Later in life he became Professor of Botany at Jena, and acquired reputation by his writings. Of the kindliness of his disposition I have a deep sense; our friendship has retained its original warmth for forty years, and during that time there has been no interruption to our correspondence. At the time of which I am now writing he had completed his studies, and settled at Gotha with the object of practising as a physician; and there I paid him a visit. An Englishman was then a phenomenon in the little town, but I was cordially received in Voigt's circle of acquaintance; and I recollect that when I had danced with a lady and handed her to a seat, she somewhat surprised me by saying, "And now, sir, I have to tell you that you are the last gentleman I shall ever dance with in company." — "Indeed, madam. How is that?" — "Why, sir, to-morrow my daughter is to be confirmed, and I have always been of opinion that when a lady is so far advanced in life as to have a daughter confirmed, it is time to give up dancing."

But my object in referring to this visit to Gotha is to say something of a man whose name belongs to the history of the last century, though it was raised to undue importance by the malignant exaggerations of party spirit.

During the heat of the first Revolution in France, two works appeared, one in England, by Professor Robison of Edinburgh, and the other, the more voluminous, in France, by the Abbé Barruel, with the common object of showing that the Revolution and all the horrors consequent on it were the effect of a conspiracy deliberately planned and carried out on the Continent of Europe by an Order of Infidels, who, by means of secret societies, planned to destroy all thrones, overturn all altars, and completely upset the established order of things. The society to which this scheme was ascribed had the name of *The Illuminati*. They were supposed to have ramifications everywhere. The Kantian philosophy was one of the instruments. Indeed, more or less, every union of men, and every variety of thought, opposed to monarchy and popery had about it the suspicion of "Illumination." And of this tremendous evil the founder and archdeacon was Adam Weishaupt. When I found that this notorious man was leading a secluded life in Gotha, I determined to call on him. On entering his room, I remarked that he was both embarrassed and reserved, and it was not till I had introduced myself as one anxious to see him, though I knew of him only from his enemies, that he seemed willing to enter into conversation with me. On my taking leave, he even invited me to repeat my visit, and I went to him three times. He frankly told me that I was let into his house through the stupidity of a servant-girl, whom he was on the point of turning away for it; but he had forgiven her on account of the pleasure he had derived from our interviews. He said he held in abhorrence all travellers who made impertinent calls, and especially Englishmen. He would not gratify the curiosity of such men. But my candor and openness had rendered him willing to make an exception in my case. In saying this he was, perhaps, not departing from that character which his enemies ascribed to him. Indeed, as is usual in such instances, the statements made concerning him are founded in truth. The falsehood lies in the exaggeration of some parts of his history, and in the omission of others.

Weishaupt would not have denied that he was brought up among the Jesuits, or that in his opposition to them he availed

himself of the resources which he acquired through his connection with them. And he did form a secret Order at a time when, especially in the South of Germany, an open expression of free opinions would have endangered liberty, and perhaps life. That the end was good according to his first intention, and that there was at all times, perhaps, a mixture of goodness in his motives, may reasonably be conceded. Many eminent men (Baron Knigge was one of the ablest) attached themselves to the Order. It has always been said that Maximilian, the first king of Bavaria, was favorable to it; nor does the history of his reign contradict the report. The Church, the courtiers, and the aristocracy were, however, too powerful for the conspirators. The society was broken up, a fierce persecution arose, and Weishaupt was happy in making his escape, and obtaining the protection of the learned Duke of Saxe-Gotha and the Duchess. When I saw him he was about fifty-six years of age, and his appearance was in no respect prepossessing; his features were coarse, his voice harsh, and his manners abrupt and awkward. But his conversation made a strong impression on my mind. He showed no great anxiety to vindicate himself against the prevailing opinion respecting him, or to dwell on those sentiments which would be most likely to gain popular favor; on the contrary, he uttered things which it requires boldness and indifference to evil report to express. Among his sayings, one was delivered with peculiar emphasis: "One of my tests of character is what a man says about *principle*. A weak man is always talking of acting on principle. An able man does always the right thing at the right moment, and therein he shows himself to be able." He even went so far as to say that there are occasions when it is foolish to be just. He took a desponding view of human life, and seemed to think human society unimprovable. No wonder! He had himself failed as a reformer, and therefore thought no one else could succeed. He said, "There is but one schoolmaster whose teaching is always effectual, — Necessity. Evil flourishes till it destroys itself. So it was with Popery; so it will be with monarchy." And he added, somewhat diffusely, that there is a constant interchange of progressive evil and partial reform. I said, I could not believe that his view was a correct one. He smiled and said, "You are quite right; if you can help it, don't believe it." I said, "You would not teach this to your children." — "If I attempted it," he answered, "I should not succeed. The young, with

their good hearts, cannot believe it." — "But old men with cold heads?" I said in a voice of interrogation. "I am sorry for it," he said, "but it is true."

The practical writings of Weishaupt are of value; the speculative were never esteemed. He wrote against the Kantian philosophy, but his works were not read. His "Pythagoras," as he said, contains all the statistics of Secret Societies. But the vast extension of education since Weishaupt's time has rendered this learning of less importance than it was even then. He is said to have been an admirer of Buonaparte. This is natural with his peculiar habit of thought. For the French character he professed great contempt, and for the English high admiration. To poetry and the fine arts he was indifferent.

At the Easter recess of 1804, the students who had threatened to leave the University, unless the demands in their memorial were complied with, took their departure to pursue their studies elsewhere. Jena seemed deserted; I at least lost the greater number of my younger friends and companions. A large proportion of them repaired to the recently established University of Würzburg.

It happened, fortunately for myself, that, soon after this loss, I became intimate with one for whom, of all my German acquaintance, I have felt the warmest regard: this was Major von Knebel. He was at the time just sixty years of age. He had a fine military figure, and his temper and character were much better adapted to arms than to scholarship; yet his tastes were literary. A Franconian nobleman by birth, he entered early into the service of Prussia, and was brought up under the great Frederick. But the restraints and subordination of a military life were repugnant to him. He loved poetry intensely, and even wrote verses. On a journey which he accidentally made through Weimar, when under the government of the Duchess-Dowager Amelia, he had the good fortune to make himself acceptable to the Duchess Regent. She obtained from the King of Prussia his discharge from military duties, and he accepted office in the Court of Weimar as governor of the Prince Constantine, the second son, and became his travelling companion in France. This was just at that genial period when Goethe became, not precisely the governor, but the intimate companion of the heir and subsequent Duke of Saxe-Weimar who when I was at Weimar was the sovereign.

Knebel, therefore, was a participator in all those acts of extravagance of which public report was so full, and which have formed a subject for so much political and literary gossip. When his pupil died, which was in a few years, he had a pension allowed him, with the rank and emoluments of a Major; and thus he was sufficiently provided for till the end of his days. He was without the early training of the scholar and the habits of the literary man; but he had the tastes of a delicate organization, and all the feelings of a man of honor and refined sensibility, with a choleric temperament. His sense of honor rendered him very reserved on all matters connected with the Court, especially with the Duke and Goethe. That sense of honor at the same time also kept him aloof from the Court. While he shared the admiration which was universally felt towards Goethe, there was something which prevented the perfect feeling of cordiality which existed between Herder and himself. In that division of literary men at Weimar, which placed Goethe and Schiller at the head of one set, and Wieland and Herder at the head of the other, there could be no question as to which Knebel attached himself.

His own taste led him to occupy himself with translations. He published a German version of the "Elegies of Propertius," and devoted many years of his life to the production of a German Lucretius. In the course of his studies he had formed a high opinion of the critical taste of Gilbert Wakefield, whose text he adopted; and it added not a little to my merit in his eyes, that I had known Wakefield. Elegiac tenderness and sententious wisdom were the directions which his faculty of verse-making took. He was a moral poet, and full of "natural piety," to borrow Bacon's expression.

From the moment of my being known to Knebel, I became intimate in his house. There was none into which I went with so much pleasure, and Knebel seemed to receive no one with so much satisfaction. He had a great deal to learn from me in English literature, and I from him in German. Though our opportunities of intercourse lasted but a short time, I yet attached greater value to his acquaintance than any other I formed in Germany. He had not the means of giving expensive entertainments, nor was it the custom in Jena to give them; but he was by nature liberal and most gentlemanly in all his feelings. He was an object of universal love.

H. C. R. TO HIS BROTHER.*

JENA, December 12, 1804.

I met Knebel first at the house of Frau von Wollzogen, and was immediately invited to visit him. I am now the most intimate *ami de la maison*. If for three days I omit calling, the servant comes with the Major's compliments to inquire after my health; and I find that I am never unwelcome. We sometimes read Shakespeare, but oftener reason about Lucretius. By what lucky mistake I know not, but the Major looks on me as a *Philolog*, lays scruples and difficulties before me, and listens to me with an attention that makes me internally blush. He is chatty, has seen much of life and literary men, and relates his anecdotes with pleasure. Nor is this all. A few years since he married a very pretty and amiable woman, just half as old as himself. She is lively and naïve in the highest degree, so that they often seem rather in the relation of parent and child than of husband and wife. He has besides a forward clever boy of ten, with whom I can very well entertain myself. Thus it needs no assurance of mine that in this house I am quite happy; indeed it is my prime enjoyment this winter, — a new tie to Jena. When persons of so excellent a character as Major Knebel attach themselves to me, I am always led to inquire into the cause, and that out of true modesty, for it seems a wonder to me. And in this case it lies more in the virtues of Knebel than in me. He loves the society of those to whom he can say everything. And my *betters* here are not of that description, — real scholars have not time, and have too much pretension. I am a man of leisure. I am frank, and as I take liberties myself, so others can take liberties with me. And then the main point is, *we ride one hobby-horse*. I know no source of friendship so productive as this. I should further say that Major Knebel is in other respects a most worthy man, — generous and sincere, — a courtier without falsity, — a soldier without frivolity. The worst fault I know in him is that he admires Buonaparte. I lately dined with him in company with the venerable Griesbach, whom you know as a theologian; and the equally venerable Wieland.

I will here mention an interesting anecdote connected with

* This letter is given a little out of order as to time, but the reference in it to Knebel could come in nowhere else so well as here.

"Reynard the Fox," though it is already contained in my friend Naylor's translation of that work. One day, at Knebel's house, Herder said to Goethe, "Do you know that we have in the German language an epic poem with as much poetry in it as the 'Odyssey,' and more philosophy?"

When "Reineke Fuchs" was named, Goethe said he had been deterred from looking into it, by its being published by Gottsched, a sort of evil spirit who presided over the infant genius of German literature in the eighteenth century. Goethe, however, took the book away with him on a visit to Carlsbad, where he frequently passed the summer; and in a few weeks he wrote to Herder that his version of "Reineke" in hexameters was in the press.

To soften the painful effect of taking leave at once of a number of high-spirited and generous young men, I had promised to pay a visit to Würzburg. On two points, moreover, my curiosity was not a little excited: first, as to how the Deism of Paulus would amalgamate with the Romanism of the Bavarian aborigines; and secondly, whether the peculiar character of a Jenaer-Bursche was fixed to the soil, or might be transplanted by so numerous a colony to the Maximilian school.

At the request of my new friend Knebel, I postponed my journey from the 8th to the 10th of September, in order to accompany his friend, Herr von Holzschuher. He was a patrician of the imperial city of Nuremberg, and I found him a most amiable and obliging man. His station and exterior figure did not seem promising for a long expedition on foot; but, notwithstanding his shrivelled, swarthy face, slender limbs, and shuffling gait, he had an inborn nobility of legs that secured my esteem, and enabled him to accomplish from twelve to fourteen leagues a day during the short time we were together.

My reception at Würzburg was a very cordial one, and I found myself an object of interest to many former Jena students, who crowded round me to hear tidings of a place they loved more than their pride would allow them to confess. When I repaired to my inn, my companions, bent on fun, urged me to be the chief actor in playing off a trick on a a foolish landlord. Indeed, without preparing me for what they were going to do, they introduced me to him at once as the illustrious philosopher Fichte. The man was so egregious a simpleton, that the task on my part was an easy one. My

companions gravely put to me questions of casuistry, which I answered sometimes with Delphic mysticism, i. e. sheer nonsense, at others with pompous triteness, — a still more successful method, perhaps, of befooling a fool. Our host was delighted to have his house honored by the presence of so great a man, and soon brought into the room a witness and sharer of his felicity, a young Catholic priest on his way to the Arch-chancellor, the Elector Dalberg. After my friends had left me, and when I was quite alone, this young priest came to me for the second time, and begged to have the honor of a few words in private with the great man. I thought I might innocently indemnify myself for my trouble by learning some of his sentiments. "Pray," said I, "now that the young people are away, let us talk openly. Men of *our* character understand each other. How is it that a person of your philosophic turn of mind can submit to the slavery of the Roman Catholic system? How do you dare to think philosophy?" He assumed a look that Hogarth might have borrowed, and said: "To tell you the truth, Herr Professor, there is not one of us who does not feel the yoke, and we envy you Protestants; but we are poor, and submit for the sake of a maintenance. But I assure you we are more enlightened than you are aware of." And then he said with a smile of conceit: "Perhaps, after all, we do not believe so much even as you. In secret we are very enlightened." The style in which he went on prevented me from feeling any scruple at the joke to which I was a party. I have no doubt he was saying what he supposed would recommend him to my favorable opinion. I inquired about the disputes then going on between the King and the Bishop (of Würzburg), and found from his account, which now I could believe to be sincere, that he and his brethren were anxious to steer between the two powers; for to the one they owed their subsistence, and to the other their clerical character. The next morning, Professor Fichte paid his bill, and took up his abode with one of his friends.

In the course of the day I beheld a strange sight, — a man beheaded for murder. He was of the lowest description of character, sunk in brutal stupidity and despair. The spectator could not but feel ashamed of such a degradation of human nature. The place of execution in Germany is usually a circular elevation, spacious enough to hold a chair and three or four persons, i. e. some fifteen or twenty feet in diameter.

In the present instance the criminal, having rapidly performed certain religious rites below, which I did not see, was blindfolded, and, with a crucifix in his hand, led by two men to the raised ground, and there placed in a chair. The executioner then stepped from behind, holding a broad sword under his cloak, and in an instant, with a back-handed blow, severed the head from the body. The headless trunk remained in the chair unmoved, as if nothing had happened. A Capuchin monk then came forward, and, lifting up a huge crucifix, exclaimed, "See, my friends, that thing which was a man sits there, and all because he neglected going to confession." A Protestant in like circumstances would have ascribed the catastrophe to the violation of the Sabbath. The address which followed was delivered with eloquence, and, though disgusting to me, was, I felt, well adapted to impress the sort of audience collected to hear it.

I spent two days visiting various acquaintances, and both days I had great pleasure in dining with Professor Paulus, an agreeable companion, very acute as well as clear-headed. Whatever opinion I may entertain of his Christianity, which is not so favorable now as it was then, I see no reason to withhold the acknowledgment of his perfect sincerity and integrity. He claimed the character of a Christian Professor, and this during his long academical life was not denied him by any official colleague, though refused to him by controversial adversaries. I learned from him that Schelling had already lost the favor of the government, and that a struggle of parties was going on which threatened (and soon produced its effect on) the infant University.*

The hope of being able to render service to a friend caused me to extend my tour to Heidelberg and Carlsruhe. Of the former I need not speak; the latter did not please me. The town is built in the shape of a fan, the palace forming the handle, and the streets radiating from it. Of the famous Bergstrasse I will only say, that I never felt more strongly the effect of scenery in giving strength and resolution. It is

* It should be not *infant*, but *rejuvenescent*. The University of Würzburg was originally established in 1403, but, having ceased to exist, was re-established in 1582; and an attempt was made at the beginning of the present century to widen its influence by the appointment of several very eminent professors; and it seems that a Protestant element was introduced in the theological staff of professors. At the present time Würzburg is a Roman Catholic university. The Protestant university of Bavaria is that of Erlangen, at which a large proportion of the students are theological.

said that a property of beauty is to enervate ; but this was not my experience in the present journey. The road was lined on both sides with fruit-trees of every description, especially walnuts, apples, and chestnuts. The principal harvest was over, but every variety of produce was left, including, besides more familiar objects, flax, tobacco, and Indian corn. I noticed one peach-tree standing by itself. The apples were not knocked down, but carefully gathered one by one by means of an instrument combining a rake and a basket.

While I was on this little tour Buonaparte paid a visit to Mayence, of which all the papers were full. I was amused at the prevailing timidity of the people in expressing their opinions. I never met with an individual who had a word to say in his favor, but no one ventured to speak against him. I alone talked freely, and I could see that people envied me my power of saying what I liked. One evening, at the table-d'hôte, I was rattling away as usual, when a well-looking man who sat next me asked where I was going? I said, "On foot to Frankfort." He took me by the hand, and in the tone of one about to ask a serious favor, begged me to take a seat between him and his wife in their carriage. "It will do my heart good," he said, "to talk with an Englishman about that vile people and their vile Emperor, who have thrust my nation into such misery. I am from Berne ; my name is Von Haller." — "Probably of the family of the great physiologist?" I said. "The same." The request was seconded by his very nice little wife, who had hardly ever before been out of her native place. I enjoyed my drive with my patriotic companions, and the first day after our arrival at Frankfort I devoted to them. I then spent four days in calling on my several acquaintance. But my visit was tantalizing rather than satisfying, and led to a reflection which on other occasions has forced itself on me, and which I think worth writing here. It is this, the sentiments we entertain for old friends are sometimes endangered by a *short* visit after a few years' absence. The recollection of the former intercourse with old friends has about it a charm, which is broken when they are seen for only a short time. If there be a second stay with them sufficiently lengthened to form a new image, then a double and strengthened attachment arises. Otherwise an illusion is destroyed, and no substitute is produced.

In my notes of the Brentano family, I find that *Bettina*

pleased me this time better than before. Now I may venture to mention Bettina, who has since gained a European notoriety at least. When I first came to Frankfort she was a short, stout, romping girl, the youngest and least agreeable of Madame de la Roche's grandchildren. She was always considered a wayward, unmanageable creature. I recollect seeing her climb apple-trees, and she was a great rattling talker. I recollect also hearing her speak in terms of extravagant admiration of the Mignon of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Clasping her hands over her bosom, she said, "I always lie thus when in bed, in imitation of Mignon." I had heard nothing of her for many years, when there appeared "Goethes Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde" (Correspondence of Goethe with a Child). In this book Bettina wishes to have it thought that she was so much an object of interest to Goethe, that he framed sonnets out of her letters. My friend Fritz Schlosser says he is most certain that these letters were not written at the date they bear, but are mere inventions founded on the sonnets. My acquaintance at Frankfort are of the same opinion, and it is not opposed by the family.

On the way back to Jena I passed through Fulda, the residence of a prince bishop, and saw a play entitled "Uble Laune," by Kotzebue. I thought it did not justify the epigram made upon it by A. W. Schlegel: —

> "Justly and wisely this piece by the author 's entitled 'Ill Humor"; Though *in* the play 't is not found, still *by* the play 't is engendered."

I visited one Salzmann, a famous practical pedagogue, who has established a large and distinguished seminary at Schnepfenthal.* This Salzmann has made himself generally known by the very elaborate and solicitous attention he pays to the gymnastical part of education, by the anti-disciplinarian principles, and by the universal tendency and direction of the studies. I saw that the boys were healthy, happy, and courageous. And Salzmann seemed to have succeeded in the difficult task (which the French have found impracticable) of giving liberty and repressing licentiousness. The boys are on no occasions struck, — this is a fundamental law. Another is to give them freedom in everything not obviously dangerous. They botanize and study natural history, and take long journeys with their preceptors on foot over the mountains. They climb trees, jump over hedges, swim, skate, &c., &c., and, as far

* A village near Waltershausen, in the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

as general culture of the active powers is concerned, there is much to be applauded, but I fear solid learning is neglected, and the institution is not without affectation, and even what looks like quackery. A newspaper is printed here containing a history of all remarkable occurrences, prizes given, incidents in the house, exercises performed, visits of strangers, &c. With edifying improvements, Salzmann translated Mary Wollstonecraft's "Rights of Women," and he was in correspondence with her. One of her children's books is a translation of a work by him.

After my return, Knebel was anxious to take me to Weimar to see his sister, governess to the Hereditary Princess, and also Fraülein von Geckhausen, the Hofdame to the Duchess Dowager. We went on the 27th of October. I had the honor of sipping chocolate in the presence of the young Princess. I also visited Frau von Wollzogen, Schiller's wife's sister, afterwards his biographer, and I witnessed the performance of "Turandot."* This fairy tale, by Schiller, an imitation of Gozzi, is not considered one of his great works; but it proved versatility of talent, and afforded an opportunity of trying an experiment. It was played with *masks*, and certainly gave pleasure as soon as the spectators were reconciled to the novelty. At each performance, for some time, the interest was enhanced by the introduction of fresh riddles, by which the Chinese Princess tried the skill of her unwelcome lover.

On the 24th of November, an occurrence took place which at one time threatened me with serious consequences, but which eventually was of service to me by occasioning my introduction to the Duchess. Of all the Jena professors, the most unpopular was E——. He had the ear of the Grand Duke, but was disliked both by his colleagues and the students. He lectured this session on Homer and the Roman satirists. One of the students had put into my hands a commentary on Horace, from which we saw that the Professor read page after page. As soon as the lecture was over, and E—— had left the room, I called out to the students, "Gentlemen, I will read you the lecture over again," and began reading; I was a little too soon, E—— was within hearing, and rushed back to the room. An altercation ensued, and I was cited before the Prorector. It was reported that I should be sent away, that is, receive the *consilium abeundi*. My friend Knebel took up my

* Turandot, Prinzessin von China. Ein tragikomisches Mährchen nach Gozzi.

cause zealously. The Prorector interrogated me, and I related to him all that I could. In the Senate, my chief friend was the great jurist Thibaut, who, next to Savigny, was one of the great law authorities of the day in Germany. I soon learned that E—— had succeeded in misrepresenting the affair; and from Thibaut I received the advice to draw up a formal statement, and present it to the Prorector, with the request that he would lay it before the Senate. This I did; and I added a letter from a student corroborating every important fact, especially the fact that E—— had merely read from Haverkamp. The Senate requested the Professor to send in his answer. Thibaut said that for his own part he would never consent to my receiving the consilium, — for either I ought to be expelled with infamy as a liar, or I had told the truth, and then the less said about the matter the better. It was discovered that E—— was gone to Weimar, with the object it was believed of obtaining a Ducal order for my removal; therefore my friends resolved to introduce me to the Grand Duchess.

The Prorector affected to be my friend, and said the matter should be made up by the merely nominal punishment of a rustication for two days. I said I should submit to no punishment. If there were a sentence against me, I should appeal to the Duke; and if that did not avail, I should leave the University, and send a printed copy of my statement to all the other Universities. In my paper, I stated that if I were accused of making a false charge of plagiarism, I pledged myself to prove the charge. The Professor never answered my memorial; and so the matter ended.

In the mean while, however, it took me to Weimar. The Dowager Duchess Amelia, a niece of Frederick, King of Prussia, was a very superior woman; and German literature is under infinite obligations to her. She was the especial patroness of Wieland and Herder, but was honored by Goethe, Schiller, and indeed by every one. The first day I dined with her I felt as much at my ease as the last. Wieland was always at her table. On the present occasion she desired me to be at the theatre in Schiller's box. I called on him, and went with his party. The Duchess came and stood next me, and chatted with me. E—— was in the pit, and it was supposed the sight of me must have taken away his last hope of success. At all events, all apprehension on my account was removed early in the new year by my public appearance under the Duchess-Dowager's protection.

H. C. R. TO HIS BROTHER.

March 2, 1805.

The Duchess is certainly one of the most estimable of the German princesses, and is not unworthy of being a niece of Frederick II. At the theatre I saw the wonder of the North, and the object of every one's idolatry here, — the hereditary Princess of Saxe-Weimar. As my residence here has given you an interest in everything that concerns our little court, I take for granted that you are not ignorant that a few months since our Hereditary Prince brought home his bride, — the sister of the Emperor of Russia, and a daughter of Paul. All tongues are lavish of her praise, and indeed she seems to be really an extraordinary person. She is young, and possesses a most cultivated mind and accomplished address. I stood by her some time, and smiled at myself at remarking the effect she had on me,— since, excellent as I doubt not she is, I am still sensible that the strange sensation I felt at hearing her say common things was principally occasioned by the magic of title and name.

CHAPTER IX.

GERMANY. — 1805.

IN 1805 Jená was to sustain a fresh loss in the departure of Voss, to whom a pension of 1,000 dollars a year was offered on the simple condition of his living at Heidelberg. On the other hand, there came to live at Weimar Mr. and Mrs. Hare Naylor, whom I found a very valuable addition to my circle of acquaintance. He was the son of the Whig Bishop Hare, and she the daughter of Bishop Shipley, brother of the patriotic Dean of St. Asaph, whom Erskine defended in the prosecution for publishing Sir W. Jones's famous Dialogue. The Hare Naylors had young children, of whom, at the time I am writing, the Archdeacon Julius is the only survivor. Miss Flaxman lived with them as governess.*

I have now to mention an event which cast its shadow far

* *Vide* Memoir of Julius Hare prefixed to the last edition of "Guesses at Truth." The property of Hurstmonceux came into the Naylor family in 1701, and was sold by Francis Hare Naylor in 1807. The name Naylor therefore was doubtless assumed by Francis Hare in order to inherit this property.

and wide, but especially over the neighborhood of Weimar, — the death of Schiller.

It has frequently been to me a subject of regret that during my residence at Jena I did not take more pains to be received into the society of the great poets of Weimar. I saw Schiller occasionally, as well as the others ; but I did not push myself into their notice. This indeed I cannot regret. The only conversation I recollect having had with Schiller arose from my asking whether he did not know English, as I saw German translations of Shakespeare among his books. He said : "I have read Shakespeare in English, but on principle not much. My business in life is to write German, and I am convinced that a person cannot read much in foreign languages without losing that delicate tact in the perception of the power of words which is essential to good writing." I also asked him whether he was acquainted with Lillo. He said he began a play founded on the story of "George Barnwell." He thought highly of Lillo's dramatic talent. I told him the story of "Fatal Curiosity," which he thought a good subject. By the by, Werner after this wrote a mystical play with the same plot, and called it "The 24th of February," on which day, for several generations, horrible events take place in a doomed family.

During all the time I was at Jena, Schiller was in poor health, though at this time his greatest works were produced. He lived in a very retired way ; and his habit was to write at midnight, taking a great deal of coffee as a stimulant. The report of his being in a dangerous state had already been spread abroad. Friday, the 10th of May, was Fries's last day at Jena, and as usual I went with him and others to take after-dinner coffee at Zwätzen. I left the party early, to keep an engagement to drink tea with Knebel at Fahrenkrüger's. While I was there some one came in with the news, — "Schiller ist todt." Knebel sprang up, and in a loud voice exclaimed, whilst he struck the table violently, "Der Tod ist der einzige dumme Junge." It was ridiculous and pathetic. Dear Knebel's passions were always an odd combination of fury and tenderness. He loved Schiller, and gave to his feelings immediate and unconsidered expression. He had no other word for them now than the comic student word of offence, the prelude to a duel, "Death is the only fool." I had engaged to go to a party in honor of Fries, and I went. We stayed up late, student-songs were sung, but we could not be glad ; for there

was not one of us who did not grieve for the loss of Schiller, though perhaps no one was intimate with him.

I went next day to Weimar, where I remained till the 14th. I spent the Saturday in various company, for I had now many acquaintances. Schiller's death and character were the sole subjects of conversation. At a party at Fräulein Geckhausen's I was involved in a foolish squabble. I said unguardedly, "The glory of Weimar is rapidly passing away." One of the Kammerherrn (gentlemen of the chamber) was offended. "All the poets might die," he said angrily, "but the court of Weimar would still remain." The ladies took my part; they said, truly, that I was of course referring to no court glory. I was alluding to that in which Weimar threw into the shade Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna.

The interment of Schiller took place by night. Voss came from Jena to be one of the bearers. It rained; I was depressed, and as there was to be no address or ceremony, I did not attend. This I have since regretted.

Next day I dined quietly with Mrs. Hare. No one was with her but Miss Flaxman. I found Mrs. Hare's conversation very interesting. She had known Priestley; and lent me the life of her brother-in-law, Sir W. Jones, of her connection with whom she was proud.

On the 13th I dined with the Duchess Dowager. Wieland was present, and spoke of Schiller's poetical character, remarking, with I believe perfect truth, that Schiller's excellence lay more in lyrical poetry than in dramatic. In reference to himself, Wieland said he was a precocious child. At four years of age he began Latin; at eight understood Cornelius Nepos as well as if he had written it; and at fourteen was well acquainted with Horace.

One little incident I must not forget. The Grand Duchess showed me a copy of Goethe's quarto volume, "Winckelmann und sein Jahrhundert," which she had just received from him. On taking it into my hand, there fell from it a slip of paper, on which was written a distich. I never felt so strong a temptation to commit a theft. But I brought away a copy of the lines, without stealing: —

> "Freundlich empfange das Wort laut ausgesprochner Verehrung,
> Das die Parze mir fast schnitt von den Lippen hinweg."
>
> ["Kindly receive the expression of loudly avowed veneration,
> Though from before my lips Fate nearly snatched it away."]

That Goethe's life was in danger when Schiller died is well

known; and this distich shows that about this time his "Winckelmann" was written.

On the 8th of June I dined with the Duchess for the fourth time, and found Wieland very communicative. He spoke of French literature, and I asked him to recommend some French novels. He said, of Count Hamilton *opera omnia*. He praised even the tales of Crébillon, — "Le Sopha," "Ah, quelle Conte," and "Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité," and some works by Abbé Prévost. He spoke also of English literature, to which he confessed great obligations. I had mentioned that the first book I recollected having read was the "Pilgrim's Progress." "That delights me," he said, "for in that book I learned to read English. English literature had a great influence on me; and your Puritan writings particularly. The first book I attempted to write was an imitation of Mrs. Rowe's 'Letters from the Dead to the Living.'" This was one of the favorite books of my own dear mother. Wieland went on to say: "The next work I read was a large didactic poem on Grace. I said to myself, in future no one will speak of Lucretius. After this I became acquainted with the lighter English poetry. I made my 'Komische Erzählungen' in imitation of Prior. I was fond of Gay." Wieland thought English literature had declined since the age of Queen Anne.

On a later occasion I saw still more of Wieland. It was when Knebel took me to Tieffurth, the country residence of the Duchess. I rode with Wieland *tête-à-tête* to Tieffurth, from his own house; and he spoke of his own works with most interesting frankness. He considered his best work to be "Musarion." He had gone over it with Goethe line by line. He was sensible that the characteristic of his prose style is what the Greeks called *στωμυλία*, — not mere chatter, "Geschwätz," but an agreeable diffuseness.

At dinner I told him of the new publication of Gleim's Letters, and quoted a passage written by Gleim in Switzerland when Wieland, a mere lad, was staying at the house of Bodmer: "There is a clever young man here now named Wieland, — a great talker, and a great writer. It is a pity that, as one can see, he will very soon have exhausted himself." "Ich erschöpft!" ("I exhausted") Wieland cried out, clasping his hands. "Well, well! I am now in my seventy-fourth year (or seventy-third), and, by the blessing of God, I will still write more than he ever did, and it shall last longer too." This he said of the poet of Frederick the Great, whom the last gen-

eration used to regard as a Horace, and still more as a Tyrtæus.

After dinner I read aloud, among other things, a good translation by Schmidt of "Auld Robin Gray," which was much admired. Wieland told us to-day of his early attachment to Madame de la Roche. He said, "It was well it came to nothing, for we should have spoiled each other."

Humboldt, the great traveller, on his return from America, was presented to the Emperor Napoleon. Now, Humboldt himself is a sort of Buonaparte among travellers, and expected to be distinguished. "Vous aimez la botanique," said the Emperor to him, "et ma femme aussi"; and passed on. Is it not admirable? There are many occurrences of great and little moment in life which can only be understood from their relation to the character of the actor. Was this address of Buonaparte humor, or satire, or insolence, or impertinence? Did he deserve a kick or a pat? Ask his lord in waiting.

At the close of my residence in Jena I became rather intimate with a woman whose history is very remarkable, especially as given by herself in detail. This was Frau von Einsiedel. Compelled to marry against her will, she found her husband so unfit for a woman to live with, that she feigned death, and, making her escape, caused a log of wood to be buried in her stead. When the truth was discovered, a legal divorce took place, and she became the wife of Herr von Einsiedel, who had been the companion of her flight. She gave me an account of her strange adventures, that I might not despise her in the distant country to which I was about to return. All she said was in language the most delicate, and was indicative of the most refined sensibility. She was held in high esteem by Knebel and Wieland, and retained the regard of the Duchess Dowager. I saw her repeatedly with the Duchess when she came to Jena, and took up her residence at the castle, in order to attend a course of lectures on Craniology by Dr. Gall.

This science of Craniology, which keeps its place in the world, though not among the universally received sciences, was then quite new. One or two pamphlets had appeared, but the gloss of novelty was still upon it. Goethe deemed it worthy of investigation, and, when a satire upon it was put into the form of a drama, would not allow it to be acted. The Duchess, who had a very active mind and a universal curiosity, took a warm interest in the lectures, and was unremitting in her attendance at them.

Gall, whom the Duchess invited me to meet at dinner, was a large man with a florid countenance, — of the same general complexion as Astley Cooper and Chantrey. He had not been brought up in cultivated society; and so utterly wanting in tact was he, that on one occasion, having enumerated the different organs on a marked skull, he turned to the Duchess and regularly catechized her as if she had been an ordinary student. "What 's the name of that organ, your Highness?" She gave me a very significant look, and smiled: there was a titter round the table, and the Professor looked abashed. Gall was attended by Spurzheim, as his famulus, who received our fee for the lectures.

It occurred to me that I might make this new science known in England, and accordingly I purchased of Spurzheim, for two Friedrichs d'or, a skull marked with the organs. I bought also two pamphlets, one by Hufeland, and the other by Bischof, explanatory of the system. And soon after my return to London I compiled on the subject a small volume, which was published by Longman.* The best part of the book was a happy motto from Sir Thomas Brown, for which I take credit: "The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his works, not graphical or composed of letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts, and operations, which, aptly joined together, do make one word that doth express their nature." The work itself excited hardly any public interest; but just at the time a new and enlarged edition of Rees's Cyclopædia was coming out, and the whole substance of the article on Craniology was copied from my work, the source being suitably acknowledged.

My student life was rapidly drawing to a close, — or perhaps I should say rather my life at Jena, — for I must confess I owe more to the society I enjoyed there than to what I learned in the lecture-rooms of the professors. My memoranda of my reading in Greek and Latin are to me a source of mingled shame and consolation, — consolation that I did not wholly neglect the great authors of antiquity, and shame that so little of what I read remains. To German literature and philosophy I continued also to devote a part of my time. But latterly I attended fewer lectures, and read more with friends and private tutors.

* Some Account of Dr. Gall's New Theory of Physiognomy, founded on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain, and the Form of the Skull. With the Critical Strictures of C. W. Hufeland, M. D. London: Longman & Co. 1807.

On the 8th of August, 1805, I went to Weimar to take leave. The Duchess was exceedingly kind, as also was Wieland. When I called on him he was writing, and I apologized for the interruption. "I am only copying," he said. On my expressing some surprise that he had not an amanuensis, he said: "I believe I have spent one sixth part of my life in copying, and I have no doubt it has had a salutary effect on me. Having devoted myself to the composition of works of imagination, copying has had a sedative and soothing influence, and tended to keep my mind in a healthy state." He was then copying one of the comedies of Aristophanes. He said he meant to translate all but two, which he deemed untranslatable. One was "Peace"; the title of the other I forget.

On the 15th of August I left Jena. It was my good fortune to come to Jena while the ancient spirit was still alive and active, and I saw the last not altogether insignificant remains of a knot of public teachers who have seldom been surpassed in any university. I have seen, too, a galaxy of literary talent and genius, which future ages will honor as the poetical ornament of the eighteenth century, and place above the more showy but less sterling beaux-esprits of France who flourished thirty or forty years before. Of my leave-taking at Jena I will only say that I parted with no one with so much regret as Knebel. My friend Voigt accompanied me three leagues. On the 21st I reached Brunswick, and on the 24th took my place in the Post-wagen to Hamburg. In this journey I had a narrow escape of being taken prisoner. I travelled with a passport, which I had procured as a Saxon. I was not without anxiety, for I had to pass through the French army, which was in possession of the north of Germany. Through the interposition of the King of Prussia, Hamburg had been declared neutral territory; but I at that time spoke German fluently, and did not fear detection by Frenchmen. A more wearisome journey than the one I had now to make cannot be found, certainly in Germany. One of the passengers was a Frenchman, who rendered himself disagreeable to all the rest. I afterwards found that he was even then in the French service. On the way he and I had two or three rather angry discussions in German. But I was not fully aware till afterwards of the peril I encountered in his company. I read occasionally, and as often as I could walked forward, wishing there had been hills to give me more opportunity of walking. On one occasion I had gone on a considerable distance, when I came to a

turnpike, the keeper of which had a countenance which struck me as remarkably like that of Erskine. Two soldiers were riding at a distance. I said to the man, "Who are they?"

"Gens-d'armes."

"What are they about?"

"Looking after suspicious characters."

"Do you mean people who have no passes?"

"Ay, and those who have passes, — Englishmen who try to pass for Germans."

He laughed, and so did I. It was evident he had detected me, but I was in no danger from him. He said also: "Perhaps they are on the lookout for some one. They have their spies everywhere." This I own made me feel a little uncomfortable, and put me on my guard. In the evening, about six, the second day, we passed through Lüneburg, which was full of French soldiers. At length, about 1 A. M., we arrived at the Elbe, where the military were stationed whose duty it was to examine our passports. But it was too much trouble to rise from bed, and we were at once ferried over the river to the Hamburg side, where we were under Prussian protection. As soon as we were again in the carriage, and in motion, I felt unable to repress my feeling of triumph, and snapping my finger at the Frenchman, said, "Nun, Herr, ich bin ein Engländer" ("Now, sir, I am an Englishman"). He did not conceal his mortification, and said, "You ought to have been taken prisoner for your folly in running such a risk," — in which perhaps he was not far wrong. Had he discovered me a quarter of an hour before I should probably have been packed off to France, and kept prisoner till 1813. I was afterwards told by several of my fellow-passengers that they suspected me, and were apprehensive on my account.

At Hamburg I saw Iffland in the comedy entitled "Aussteuer," — one of the most perfect pieces of acting I ever saw. His character was that of a low-minded Amtmann, an incarnation of apathy. I still recollect his look and voice. They were not to be forgotten. It is the one character in which he appeared most perfect, though I saw him in others of greater celebrity.

I remained at Hamburg but a short time, returning to England by the ordinary way.

It was a critical moment. The very packet which took me over to England carried the news of the fatal battle of Austerlitz, which inflicted a deep wound on the already crippled power

of Austria. This victory encouraged Buonaparte to fresh insults on Prussia, which soon led to a Prussian war. And as Prussia had looked on quietly, if not complacently, when the battle of Austerlitz was fought, so Austria beheld with a kind of resentful composure the victory gained by the French over the Prussians at Jena.

On our very disagreeable voyage we were not without fear of being attacked by a French privateer; but, on the 17th of September, we arrived safely at Yarmouth, and on the 19th I proceeded to Bury. I enjoyed the drive, the excellence of the roads, and the swiftness of the stage-coach; and the revival of home feelings delighted me. On the way I saw my father for a moment; and on arriving at Bury, between twelve and one at night, I ran down to my brother's house to see whether by accident any one of the family was still up. As this was not the case, I went back to the Greyhound to sleep. In my walk I was uncomfortably impressed with the lowness and smallness of the Bury houses. And now I will confess to having indulged myself in a little act of superstition. I had not heard of my brother for some months; and as a charm against any calamity to him or his family, I enumerated all possible misfortunes, with the feeling which I have had through life, that all calamities come unexpectedly; and so I tried to insure a happy meeting by thinking of "all the ills that flesh is heir to."

CHAPTER X.

1805–1806.

AFTER my long absence in Germany, it was a great pleasure to see my English friends; and for some weeks I spent most of my time with them. To those who lived in the country I paid visits.

In December I formed a new acquaintance, of which I was reasonably proud, and in the recollection of which I still rejoice. At Hackney I saw repeatedly Miss Wakefield,* a charming girl. And one day at a party, when Mrs. Barbauld had been the subject of conversation, and I had spoken of her in enthusiastic terms, Miss Wakefield came to me and said,

* The daughter of Gilbert Wakefield.

"Would you like to know Mrs. Barbauld?" I exclaimed, "You might as well ask me whether I should like to know the angel Gabriel." — "Mrs. Barbauld is, however, much more accessible. I will introduce you to her nephew." She then called to Charles Aikin, whom she soon after married. And he said: "I dine every Sunday with my uncle and aunt at Stoke Newington, and I am expected always to bring a friend with me. Two knives and forks are laid for me. Will you go with me next Sunday?" Gladly acceding to the proposal, I had the good fortune to make myself agreeable, and soon became intimate in the house.

Mr. Barbauld had a slim figure, a weazen face, and a shrill voice. He talked a great deal, and was fond of dwelling on controversial points in religion. He was by no means destitute of ability, though the afflictive disease was lurking in him, which in a few years broke out, and, as is well known, caused a sad termination to his life.

Mrs. Barbauld bore the remains of great personal beauty. She had a brilliant complexion, light hair, blue eyes, a small elegant figure, and her manners were very agreeable, with something of the generation then departing. She received me very kindly, spoke very civilly of my aunt Zachary Crabb, and said she had herself once slept at my father's house. Mrs. Barbauld is so well known by her prose writings that it is needless for me to attempt to characterize her here. Her excellence lay in the soundness and acuteness of her understanding, and in the perfection of her taste. In the estimation of Wordsworth she was the first of our literary women, and he was not bribed to this judgment by any especial congeniality of feeling, or by concurrence in speculative opinions. I may here relate an anecdote connecting her and Wordsworth, though out of its proper time by many, many years; but it is so good that it ought to be preserved from oblivion. It was after her death that Lucy Aikin published Mrs. Barbauld's collected works, of which I gave a copy to Miss Wordsworth. Among the poems is a stanza on Life, written in extreme old age. It had delighted my sister, to whom I repeated it on her death-bed. It was long after I gave these works to Miss Wordsworth that her brother said, "Repeat me that stanza by Mrs. Barbauld." I did so. He made me repeat it again. And so he learned it by heart. He was at the time walking in his sitting-room at Rydal with his hands behind him; and I heard him mutter to himself, "I am not in

the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines."

> "Life! we 've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
> 'T is hard to part when friends are dear,
> Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:
> Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
> Bid me good morning."

My friend Collier had taken up his residence in a small house in Little Smith Street, to the west of the Westminster School. A bedroom was offered me, and here I was glad to take refuge while I was equally without a home and without employment. The most important of his engagements — important also to me eventually — was that of reporter to the Times, under the management of John Walter, then the junior.*

When the round of my acquaintance had been run through, I set about finding some literary occupation, for I found myself unable to live with comfort on my small income, though with my economical habits I needed only a small addition.

My first engagement was to translate a political work against Buonaparte, for which a bookseller named Tipper, of Fenchurch Street, gave me a guinea and a half per sheet. My friend King Fordham thought some diplomatic post abroad would be suitable to me, and exerted himself in my behalf. C. J. Fox wrote that he thought it probable he should soon have occasion for the services of a person of my description. I went so far as to offer myself to Mr. Fox, but nothing came of it. And it is well, for I am not conscious of possessing the kind of talent required for the position of a diplomatist. Another thought was that I might be engaged as travelling companion to some young man. And there was at one time some prospect of my going to America in this capacity. George Dyer suggested my name to a gentleman, whose sons or nephews were desirous of visiting the New World; and I had several interviews with the celebrated American mechanist Fulton, who invented the Catenarian and Torpedo, and offered to Buonaparte to destroy the whole English fleet by means of explosives. Dining with him one day, I spoke of the "Perpetual Peace" of Kant. Fulton said, "I believe in the 'Perpetual Peace'"; and on my expressing surprise, he

* The father of the recent M. P. for Berkshire.

added, "I have no doubt war will be put an end to by being rendered so murderous that by common consent it will be abandoned. I could myself make a machine by means of which I could in a few minutes destroy a hundred thousand men." After some time I was informed that the visit to America was postponed, and I heard no more of it.*

It was natural that, after having been away six years, I should be curious to see the old Forum where I had formed the valuable acquaintance of the Colliers. They too were desirous that I should go. The old place, the "old familiar faces," were there. I have forgotten the question, but I spoke, and was surprised at the start I had taken. I went a second time, and it was, I believe, this evening that an incident occurred which gave me more pleasure than any other praise I ever received. The subject was private theatricals, which Gale Jones defended, and I successfully attacked. I say successfully, for the success was proved by something more significant than applause. As I left the room with Mrs. Collier, when it was nearly empty, a little old man was waiting about at the door with a fine young girl under his arm, and on my coming up he stretched out his hand, and in an agitated voice said: "Will you allow me, sir, to take you by the hand, and thank you for your speech to-night? You have made me a happy man, and I am under everlasting obligations to you." The poor girl colored exceedingly, and I felt for her. I therefore contented myself with saying that I rejoiced if anything that had fallen from me could be thought by him eventually useful; and I believe I added, that I wished him to know I had spoken not for the sake of argument, but from my heart.

On the following week I went to the Forum once more. On my walking up the centre of the room there was general clapping, at which I felt so unaffectedly ashamed, that I turned back, and never entered the place again.

On November 4th I saw "Coriolanus." It was a glorious treat. I never saw Kemble so great. He played the aristocrat so admirably, and the democratic tribunes and the electors of Rome appeared so contemptible, that he drew down

* At this time Mr. Robinson had in contemplation a work on Kant's Philosophy. Friends advised him not to translate any of Kant's works, but under some original form to introduce a considerable portion of translated matter. He accordingly proceeded so far as to fix on the following title: "Locke and Kant; or, a Review of the Philosophy of the Eighteenth Century, as it respects the Origin and Extent of Human Knowledge, by H. C. R." But the work was never completed.

hisses on them. The house was crowded, and I was forced to stand.

In the month of December the Colliers removed from Little Smith Street to a good house in Hatton Garden, and I accompanied them.

By this time I had become acquainted with Charles Lamb and his sister; for I went with them to the first performance of "Mr. H." at Covent Garden, which took place in the month of December. The prologue was very well received. Indeed it could not fail, being one of the very best in our language. But on the disclosure of the name, the squeamishness of the vulgar taste in the pit showed itself by hisses; and I recollect that Lamb joined, and was probably the loudest hisser in the house. The damning of this play belongs to the literary history of the day, as its author to the literary magnates of his age.*

I was introduced to the Lambs by Mrs. Clarkson. And I had heard of them also from W. Hazlitt, who was intimate with them. They were then living in a garret in Inner Temple Lane. In that humble apartment I spent many happy hours, and saw a greater number of excellent persons than I had ever seen collected together in one room. Talfourd, in his "Final Memorials," has happily characterized this circle.

CHAPTER XI.

ALTONA, SWEDEN, ETC. — 1807.

IN January, 1807, I received, through my friend J. D. Collier, a proposal from Mr. Walter that I should take up my residence at Altona, and become the *Times* correspondent. I was to receive from the editor of the *Hamburger Correspondenten* all the public documents at his disposal, and was to have the benefit also of a mass of information of which the restraints of the German press did not permit him to avail himself. The honorarium I was to receive was ample with my habits of life. I gladly accepted the offer, and never repented having done so.

* The farce of "Mr. H." was written by Lamb. Its absurdity turns on the hero being ashamed of his name, which is only revealed at the end as Hogsflesh.

My acquaintance with Walter ripened into friendship, and lasted as long as he lived.

This engagement made me for the first time a man of business. How I executed my task may be seen by a file of the *Times*. My articles are from "the banks of the Elbe"; the first is dated in March and the last in August, but there followed three letters from Stockholm and Gottenburg.*

Having defeated the Prussians at Jena, Napoleon had advanced into Poland, and the anxious attention of all Europe was directed to the campaign now going on there. Hamburg was in the possession of the French. Holstein, appertaining to the kingdom of Denmark, was a neutral frontier province; and Altona, its capital, was to be my residence as long as it continued to be secure, and as the intelligence of the campaign had interest for English politicians.

I soon made my arrival known to my one only acquaintance, Dr. Ehlers, who, however, was sufficient for all purposes, as he forthwith initiated me into the best society of the place, and provided for my personal comforts by obtaining for me a lodging in a very agreeable family. I lived in the Königstrasse, in the house of Mr. Pauli, a mercantile agent, who had not been prosperous in business, but who was most happy in his wife, — a very sensible and interesting woman, the sister of Poel, the proprietor of the *Altona Mercury*, a political newspaper in which liberal principles were asserted with discretion and propriety. Poel's wife was also a woman of great personal worth, and even of personal attractions, a daughter of the celebrated Professor Busch of Hamburg. These ladies had a friend, Madame Sieveking, who formed with them a society which in few places is equalled. She was a widow, residing at Hamburg, and was a daughter of the well-known Reimarus. On the borders of the Elbe, Poel had a country-house, where, especially on Sundays, there used to be delightful dinner-parties. In this house my happiest hours were spent.

Among the most interesting of those, whose images still live in my memory, is the Count d'Angiviller. He had held in the court of Louis XVI. the office of Intendant of the Palaces, i. e. was a sort of Minister of Woods and Forests. His post

* This correspondence, from "the banks of the Elbe," has reference to the hopes and fears and reports, which ended in the fall of Dantzic, the Battle of Friedland, and the Treaty of Tilsit. The immediate cause of Mr. Robinson's leaving Altona was that naval coalition against England, which rendered it necessary for the British government to send Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen to secure the Danish fleet.

gave him extensive patronage among artists and men of letters, with all of whom he had lived on terms of intimacy. His tall person, very dignified manners, rank, and advanced age, combined to render him an object of universal interest. I was proud when I could get into conversation with him. One evening, at a party, I chanced to make use of the phrase, "Diderot et D'Alembert." He instantly put his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Je vous prie, monsieur, de ne prononcer jamais ces noms au même temps dans ma présence. Vous me blessez les oreilles." I will not answer precisely for the words, but in substance he continued, "Diderot was a monster, guilty of every vice, but D'Alembert was an angel."

At the hotel I first saw George Stansfeld,* a young man from Leeds, who came to learn German and to qualify himself for mercantile life. We became intimate and mutually serviceable; and my friendship with him extended afterwards in England to all the members of his family.

I met one French man of letters, who has a name in connection with German philosophy. I thought his manners agreeable, but he did not appear to me likely to recommend the Kantian philosophy successfully to his countrymen. Yet his book, an account of Kant's philosophy, supplied for many years the sole information possessed by the French on that subject. His name was Charles Villers.

H. C. R. TO HIS BROTHER.

ALTONA, March 23, 1807.

DEAR THOMAS: —

. . . . My time has been spent very pleasurably indeed. I have seldom in so short a time made the acquaintance of so many excellent persons. My usual good fortune has brought me into the most intelligent circle in Altona; so that my second residence in Germany yields as much enjoyment as my former. I have at the same time been able to renew my old acquaintances by letter. I have heard from Herr von Knebel and Dr. Voigt. Both of them have had the good fortune to suffer little or nothing personally by the war; and Voigt seems rather to have enjoyed the scenes he has witnessed. Napoleon took up his lodgings in Voigt's father's house, and dwelt in a room where I have lounged many an hour. This at once secured the house from being plundered, and at the

* The uncle of the present M. P. for Halifax.

same time gave Voigt an opportunity of seeing most of the Marshals of France and the ruling men of the only ruling power in Europe. Knebel writes with more feeling, but with the resignation of a philosopher, who had foreseen all that has happened, and whose sensations are corrected by an admiration of Buonaparte, which was a source of contention between us, and a contempt of the German constitution and Princes, in which I joined with him. . . . .

H. C. R. to his Brother.

Altona, June 7, 1807

. . . . How do I spend my time? I will give a sort of average journal. I rise at seven, and carry into a summer-house in the garden my Italian books; here I prepare my lesson till nine, when my master comes, and with him a fellow-scholar (a very amiable man who holds an office under government, and is also a man of letters). From nine to ten we receive our Italian lesson, — that is, four mornings of the week. On Sundays and the two post mornings (Wednesday and Saturday) my companion has letters of business to write, and therefore we cannot have lessons. The rest of the morning is spent either in reading Italian or at the Museum. This is a sort of London Institution in miniature, — here the newsmongers of the day associate, — every member brings his quota of falsehood or absurdity, reason or facts, as his good luck favors him. Unfortunately, the former are the ordinary commodities, and I have no little difficulty in understanding or appreciating the fables of the hour. There is more bonhomie than ill-will in this. Every one feels what *ought* to take place, and every one is apt to confound what ought to be, and what he wishes to be, with what *is*. Hence we are as often taken in by certain intelligence of Russian and Prussian victories as you can be. Here, too, the politics of the English cabinet are reviewed; and I hear my old friends the Whig ministers derided and reproached for their scandalously weak, almost treacherous administration, while I am unable to say a word in their defence, and can only mutter between my teeth, "God grant that we do not jump out of the frying-pan into the fire!" At half past one I dine in the house of a clergyman, who, having no wife, keeps a table for a number of bachelors like himself. Our dinner is not very good, but it is very cheap, and the company is better than the dishes. We have two Danish

officers, two physicians (one a man of talent, but a political despairer, an ex-Jacobin), two jurists, two Englishmen. The *other* is a young man from Leeds (his name is Stansfeld), for whom I felt something like friendship when I found he is a Presbyterian. . . . . After dinner I either lounge with a book on the Elbe, or play chess with Mrs. Lütchens, a clever woman, the wife of Lütchens, whom I have before mentioned as an old acquaintance of Mr. Clarkson. In the evening I am engaged generally about three times a week in company. Otherwise I go to Aders (Jameson's partner), a very clever, agreeable man ; or he and one or two young men take tea with me. It is thus that day after day has slipt away insensibly, and I have been in danger of forgetting that the continuance of this most agreeable life is very precarious indeed. I am of opinion that it cannot possibly last long. In all probability we shall soon hear of a peace with Russia, or of a general engagement, which, it is ten to one, will end in the defeat of the Allies. In either event I have no doubt the French will take possession of Holstein. I am tolerably easy as to my personal security in this event, and should I even be caught napping and find a couple of gens-d'armes at the side of my bed when I awake some morning, the worst would be an imprisonment. I state the worst, hope the best, and expect neither the one nor the other. As long as Russia continues to bid defiance to Buonaparte, we shall be unmolested here. When this last protecting power is crushed or prevented from interfering in the concerns of the South, it is not difficult to foretell the measures the conqueror will take. Austria will again be partitioned, the northern maritime powers will be forced to shut up the Baltic, and perhaps arm their fleets against us. And the blockade will cease to be a mere bugbear. Then Napoleon will have to choose between an invasion, which will be a short but hazardous experiment ; or, being now (thanks to our Whig administration) so closely allied to Turkey, he will turn his arms into the East and destroy our Indian empire by an attack from the interior. This latter undertaking would suit the romantic valor and vanity of himself and his people. These things may be prevented by more military skill on the part of the Russians, more character and resolution on the part of the Austrians, and more disinterested zeal in the general cause of Europe on the part of the British administration, than I fear any of these bodies severally possess. The world might be saved if it did not still suffer under an infatuation which re-

sembles that of the Egyptian monarch, — "And the Lord struck Pharaoh with blindness." How many Pharaohs have not sat as then twenty years on the thrones of Europe?

But I have omitted some particulars in the account of myself here, which I must insert. Of all my acquaintances, the most interesting is Mr. Pocl. He is the brother of my landlady, proprietor of the *Altona Mercury*, a man of letters, affluent and hospitable. He keeps a good table, and gives dinners and suppers several times a week. He was an ardent friend of the French Revolution, but is now in all things an anti-Gallican. But he is one of the few who, like Mrs. Barbauld's lover, will still "hope though hope were lost." He is persuaded that in the end the good cause will conquer. . . . .

In my attention to the incidents of the day I was unremitting. I kept up a constant intercourse with England. On my first arrival I learned that, notwithstanding the affected neutrality of Denmark, the post from Altona to England was stopped, and, in consequence, all letters were sent by Mr. Thornton, the English minister there,* privately to Husum. I called on him early, informed him I should regularly send letters under cover to the Foreign Office, which he promised should be punctually delivered. And he kept his word.

The progress of the French arms in Poland was the object of overwhelming interest, and the incessant subject of conversation with all of us. As we had but one political feeling, — for I cannot call to mind having met with a single partisan of Napoleon, — our social intercourse was not enlivened by contest; but I perceived that as the events became more disastrous, our cordiality increased, and that calamity served to cement friendship.

I see from my notes that on the 20th of June the fatal news arrived of the great victory obtained over the Russians at Friedland, on the 14th. In ten days we were further informed of the armistice, which on the 7th of July was succeeded by the peace. But afflicting as these public events were to all of us, it was not till the middle of July that they began to affect me personally. On the 14th I learned that Mr. Thornton was gone. We had already heard reports that the English fleet was in the Sound, and the seizure of the Danish fleet by the English was the subject of speculation. Had I left Altona then, I could not have been reproached for cowardice; but I made up my mind to re-

* He was Minister Plenipotentiary to the Hanse Towns.

main where I was, until some act on the part of the government rendered my departure absolutely necessary.

Among the persons whose acquaintance I made at Poel's, was Major von Spät, the second in command in the town, under the chief magistrate, the Bürgermeister. With the Bürgermeister himself I used to play whist at the Museum. After the departure of Mr. Thornton, and other Englishmen, who had followed his example, I met the Major and said, "Do you not think, Major, that I am a very bold man in staying here, now that our minister is gone?" — "Not at all," he answered. "The Danish government is much too honorable to resent on individuals, who are living in confidence in these dominions, the injustice of a foreign power." But, in the mean while, I took care to put my things in order, that, if necessary, I might decamp with the least possible encumbrance.

On Sunday, the 16th, however, two days before the actual bombardment of Copenhagen, an end was put to these uncertainties, and to my residence in Holstein. In the forenoon I had a call from Mr. Aldebert, my first German friend, with whom I went to Germany in 1800, and who had property to a considerable amount warehoused in this town.

He, his clerk (Pietsch), another German, and myself, dined at Rainville's beautiful hotel. It was a fine day, and, as usual on Sundays, the gardens of the hotel were full of company. And here the Major renewed his assurance of my safety, "even should a war break out." After dinner I had a stroll with Stansfeld, who had removed to Hamburg, but had come over to see me. About five o'clock I paid a visit to Madame Lütchens, whose husband was English, and in the service of the English government, in the commissariat department. A month before, as I knew in confidence, he had proceeded to Stralsund. After an hour's chat with her I was going home, when I saw the Bürgermeister in the street, talking with an acquaintance; but, on my going up to them, he turned away abruptly, affecting not to see me. I thought this gross ill manners, and not warranted even by the reported demonstrations of hostility towards Denmark by England. By reference to the "Annual Register" I find it was on the 12th that Lord Cathcart, with a force of 20,000 men, joined the Admiral off Elsinore, and on the 16th (the day of which I am now speaking) that the army landed on the island of Zealand, eight miles from Copenhagen. But, of course, the public at Altona knew nothing correctly of these proceedings. On my way to Poel's in the evening I was

met by William Sieveking, one of the sons of the lady whom I have mentioned. He had an air of anxiety about him, and told me I was wanted immediately at Mr. Poel's. I must go at once, — something was the matter, but he could not say what. A large party of ladies were in the garden, and as soon as Madame Poel saw me, she exclaimed, "Thank God, — there he is, — he at least is safe!" I was then informed that Major von Spät had been there in great trouble. The Bürgermeister had received an order to arrest every Englishman, and at midnight there was to be a visitation of all the houses occupied by the English. The Major could not bear the thought of my being arrested, for perhaps I had remained there trusting to his assurance of my safety. I was therefore told that I must stay the night at Poel's country-house, and be smuggled next day into Hamburg. But to this I would not consent. I insisted on at least going back to my lodgings to put money in my purse; and, disguising myself by borrowing a French hat, I immediately went back. Having arranged my own little matters, I resolved to give notice to all my fellow-countrymen with whose residences I was acquainted. And so effectual were my services in this respect, that no one, whom I knew, was arrested. Indeed the arrests were confined to a few journeymen, who were not considered worth keeping. Of course the Holsteiners had no wish to make prisoners, and therefore did their work very negligently.

I will relate a few anecdotes which have dwelt in my memory ever since. I need not say that the apparent rudeness of the Bürgermeister, which had so much annoyed me, was now accounted for.

There was one Ogilvy, a merchant, who resided with a lawyer, and to whom I sent the servant with a note. I was in a flurry, and wrote on a slip of paper, which was kept as a curiosity, and laughed at. It was shown to me afterwards at Hamburg. I had written on it these words: "They 'll catch us if they can to-night. I mean the Danes. I 'm off. — H. C. R." It was shown to the master of the house. "That Robinson is an arrant coward. It is nothing; you may depend on it." However, at midnight the police were at the door, and demanded admittance. When asked whether Mr. Ogilvy was at home, the servant, being forewarned, had a prompt answer: "I don't know. That 's his room. He often sleeps at Hamburg." The police went in, and said to the sleeper, "You are our prisoner." On which Ogilvy's "German servant"

awoke. "Why, who are you?" — "Mr. Ogilvy's servant. My master went to Hamburg last night, and as his bed is softer than mine, I sleep in his when he is away." — "O, that is it? Well, it is lucky for him, for we should have taken him. We have nothing to say to you." — "The stupids!" said Ogilvy; "there was my watch on the table, and my clothes were about the room." Rather say, "Good-natured fellows."

I sent a note to Pietsch also. He had more than a thousand pounds' worth of Manchester goods in a warehouse. In haste he removed them into a coach-house, and covered them with loose straw. The police came, demanded the keys of the warehouse, sealed the door and windows with the government seal, and threatened Pietsch with imprisonment if he broke the seal, or entered the warehouse. He solemnly promised he would not, and most honorably kept his word. In the course of a few nights all the goods were transported over the Elbe. The empty warehouse was formally opened by the government officers, after the seals had been carefully examined, and it had been found that Pietsch had most conscientiously kept his promise.

There was then at Altona a Leeds merchant, named Bischoff, a connection of Stansfeld's. I did not know the name of the street in which he lived, and so was forced to go myself. He was in bed. Young Stansfeld accompanied me, and we went together into his room. After he had heard my story, he said to Stansfeld, "Ist das wahr was er sagt?" ("Is what he says true?") I was half angry, and left him to give notice to one who would receive it more gratefully. There was, however, another Englishman in the house, and he thought it prudent to give heed to the warning; they went out and begged a lodging in the stable of a garden-house in the suburb leading to Poel's. There they slept. At daybreak, the morning was so fine that they could not believe there was any evil going on. The sunshine made them discredit the story, and they resolved to re-enter the town. Fortunately they saw the servant of Pauli at the gate. "Is Mr. Robinson at home?" — "No, sir, he went away last night, and it is well he did, for at midnight there came some soldiers to take him up." This was enough. Bischoff and Elwin took to their heels, and not daring to go into Hamburg by the Altona gate, made a circuit of many miles, and did not arrive at Hamburg till late in the day.

Having done all that patriotic good-nature required of me, and left everything in order, I went back to Neuemühle, where

a bed was provided for me. Early in the morning Poel said: "You cannot possibly remain here. You must go immediately after breakfast to Hamburg. I have ordered a boat to be here, and my children, and some of the Paulis and Sievekings, shall go with you; and if you are questioned you will be the tutor." Accordingly there was a boat well filled by the tutor and his pupils. We rowed towards the town, where I noticed at the gate some soldiers sitting in a boat. This was unusual, and seemed to me suspicious. So, as we were approaching, I said to the boatman, "I never saw Altona from the Hanover side of the river. It must look very pretty from a distance." — "Ay, sir, it does," said the man. "I should like to see it. I'll give you a klein Thaler (about 2 *s.*) if you will row us to that side." — "Thankee, sir," said the man; and instantly we crossed the Thalweg, that is, the centre of the river. Now, it would have been a breach of neutrality, — a crime, in any police officers to make an arrest on the Hanoverian territory, which included the left side of the river, — and I was there safe. To be perfectly secure, I would not land at the first Hamburg gate, but was rowed to the second.* There the tutor dismissed his pupils, and I went in search of Mr. Aldebert at his lodgings.

I found a post-chaise at his door. Pietsch had informed him of what he had been doing on the notice I had given him; and Mr. Aldebert was then going to Altona partly to look after me. After thanking me for the service I had rendered him, he said: "I have provided for you here. I occupy the first floor, indeed all the apartments not occupied by the family; but there is a very small garret in which you can sleep, and you can use my rooms as your own." No arrangement could be better; and as on the same evening he left for several days, I had the use of his handsome apartments. The house was in the Neue Wall, one of the most respectable streets: it was among those burnt down in the late conflagration.† But I cannot pretend that my mind was quite at ease, or that I was not sensible of the peril of my situation.

My clothes were brought piecemeal, and at last came my empty trunk. Among the German merchants I had several acquaintances, and I occasionally met my English fellow-refugees. The French government at this moment cared nothing about us; nor the Danish, as it seemed, though, as I after-

* The French took possession of Hamburg after the battle of Jena, in 1806

† This was written in 1853; the fire took place in 1842.

wards learned, I was an exception to this general indifference.

I have a very imperfect recollection of the incidents of the next few days, and I did not think it prudent to keep in my possession letters or memoranda which might compromise my friends.

H. C. R. TO J. D. COLLIER, ESQ.

HAMBURG, August 22, 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

. . . . You may think that a long letter of gossip would be very charming from a person in my situation; it would be absolutely romantic, and would be as far preferable to one from an ordinary correspondent, as an elopement in the eyes of Miss Lydia Languish to being asked at church. This is all very well for the reader, but not so for the writer. Give me leave to assure you that a man who is a prisoner, or, what is much the same thing, liable to become so every hour of his life, has little inclination to sit down and, as the phrase is, *open his heart* to his friends, because he is never sure that his enemies may not choose at the same time *to take a peep*. . . . . In the mean while I shall be forced to abstain from the enjoyment of almost all direct communication with my friends at home. . . . . Within the last three days nothing of importance has occurred.

25th August. . . . . Hitherto my good spirits have not often left me; and I assure you it is the reflected concern of my different friends at home that most affects me. I must add, too, that I feel my own personal affairs to be infinitely insignificant compared with the dreadful calamity that overhangs us all. Never was England so nearly in the jaws of ruin. . . . . My late escape and that of my countrymen has occasioned me to observe many interesting and gratifying scenes. I, for my part, felt more flattered by being the object of concern to so many charming women, than alarmed by the personal danger. I have also made an observation curious to the psychologist, and that is the perfect repose which arises from the consciousness that nothing further is to be done by one's self. Formerly, when I came now and then to Hamburg to buy an old book or chat with a friend, it was done with great anxiety; and I was not at ease till again within the Altona gates. Now I am quite comfortable, though the danger is ten times greater. I can do no more than I have done.

If I am taken, I shall bear as well as I can the positive evils of imprisonment; but I shall suffer no reproaches from myself nor fear those of others. And it is this which I am most apprehensive of. If I had the means of escape, and was doubtful whether I should avail myself of them, I should be in constant alarm and perturbation; but now I have nothing to do but to amuse myself as well as I can, and watch for opportunities of getting off, if any should offer. I am, generally speaking, comfortable. I am not without companions. My kind respects to all.

On the 19th I accompanied a merchant of the name of Kaufmann to his country-house at an adjacent village, Ham, and strolled about in an unsettled state; and day by day I gained courage; but on the 25th I again narrowly escaped capture.

My friend, the Major, called on me to warn me that I must be on my guard. The governor, or Bürgermeister, Mr. Levezow, had said to him that, *excepting* myself, he was very glad all the English had escaped. The suspicion had entered his mind that I was a secret agent of the government. I could not, he thought, be living at such a place at such a time without some especial purpose. "And I think" (added Von Spät), "that he has given a hint to the French authorities." I assured the Major that the suspicion was unfounded, and explained to him what might have given occasion to the mistake. "He was glad," he said, "to know this, and he would take care to inform Mr. Levezow of what I had told him."

It was, however, too late; for a few hours afterwards, as I was returning home, after a short walk, my attention was excited by a sound — *St! st!* But for the information I had just received, I should hardly have noticed it. I looked and saw a fellow, — the letter-carrier between Hamburg and Altona, who knew me well, beckoning to some persons at a little distance; and at the same time, he looked back and pointed at me. At a glance I perceived that they were French gens-d'armes. They were lolling by the side of a passage, and within sight of my door.

In an instant I was off. I ran into a market-place full of people, and was not pursued. If I had been, I have no doubt the populace would have aided my escape. I repaired to the house of one of Mr. Aldebert's friends, a Mr. Spalding, a senator. There I dined. I told my story, and it was agreed that

I should not sleep again at my lodgings. The next day but one Mr. Spalding was going to the Mecklenburg watering-place, Dobberan, with his family. He would take a passport for his clerk, and in that capacity I might accompany him.

The intermediate day was spent in removing my clothes and taking leave of my friends. Yet in that day I twice thought I saw a suspicious person lurking in the vicinity of my last asylum; and next day, when I had left the town several hours, my lodging was beset by the military. Some gens-d'armes, without asking any questions, went to my garret, burst open the door, and expressed great disappointment at finding the room empty. They used violent threats towards the women of the house, who told the truth with equal safety to themselves and me. Through a friend I had obtained from the French authorities a *visa* to my old Jena pass; and I had a passport from Netzel, the Swedish consul at Altona, with a letter from him, which might, and in fact did, prove useful. Dobberan was then a small village, with a few large houses to accommodate the bathing guests; but the sea was nearly three miles off. Travelling all night, we arrived on the following day, in time to dine at a table with one hundred and fifty covers, at which the sovereign Duke, though absent this day, was accustomed to take a seat.

I had now to ascertain what vessels were about to set sail for Sweden. In the afternoon I took a solitary walk to the seaside. There I found none of the "airy forces" which, according to Dr. Watts's bad sapphic, "roll down the Baltic with a foaming fury," but a naked sea-coast with a smooth sea, enlivened by a distant view of several English men-of-war, part of a blockading squadron.

Next day I took a walk of about ten miles to the little town of Rostock, a university town, and also a seaport. But no vessel was there; nor had I any prospect of being able to make my escape. In ordinary circumstances, indeed, *escape* would be an unmeaning term, for I was known to the sovereign, who had occasionally chatted with me at Altona. I took an early opportunity of calling upon one of his household, and begged I might be excused for not waiting on His Serene Highness, as I was aware of his position, and was anxious not to embarrass him. This message was very courteously received. I was assured of every protection in the Duke's power; but was requested not to call myself an Englishman, and excuse his affecting not to know me.

The good Duke, however, could not act on his own sage counsel, for, as I was one day not far from him at the table-d'hôte, but carefully avoiding speaking to him or catching his eye, I was surprised by hearing behind me in a loud whisper, "Prosit Herr Engländer." His Serene Highness had filled a bumper, and leaning back behind the guests, drank to me as an Englishman, though he had pretended to consider me an American. And one morning, having walked to the seaside, and jumped into the water from a long board built into the sea (the humble accommodation provided in those days), I was startled by a loud cry, which proceeded from the Duke at the end of the board, — "Herr Engländer, Herr Engländer, steigen Sie gleich aus — 10,000 Franzosen sind gleich angekommen, und wenn Sie nicht aussteigen und weglaufen, wird man Sie arretiren." ("Make haste out, Englishman, — 10,000 Frenchmen are just come, and unless you come out and run for it, you will be made a prisoner.")

More good-nature than dignity in this certainly. But the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was one of that class of petty sovereigns in Germany, who, if they conferred no honor on their rank and power, did not abuse them to the injury of their subjects. I had a formal offer from him to send me on board the fleet, which was in the offing, if I would guarantee the safety of his men. This offer I declined. I could be more sure of being taken in than set down again. And meanwhile I relied on the friendly interest which every one took in me; for, though the Mecklenburg flag had been declared hostile, I was satisfied that every one whom I saw was well disposed towards me.

On the evening of the first of September, I received a letter informing me that a ship was on the point of sailing from Wismar to Stockholm. Next day I proceeded to Wismar, where I remained till the 8th. The only circumstance which made me remember these few days was the intercourse which I had with the guests at the inn, and which I recall with pleasure as evidence of the kindness of disposition generally found among those who are free to be actuated by their natural feelings.

On the evening of my arrival the waiter laid me a cover near the head of the table. Above me sat a colonel of Napoleon's Italian Guard, who was resting here for a few weeks after the fatigues of the campaign ended by the recent peace. At the head of the table was a Dutch general, then on his

way to join Napoleon in Prussia. Other officers were present; and there were also civilians, chiefly merchants.

I passed myself for a German, talking bad French to the Italians, with whom I soon became well acquainted, and remained on the best terms till my departure. They were glad to read a few very common Italian books, which I was able to lend them. Without any hypocrisy, I could praise Italian literature; and I found I could with perfect safety abuse the French. "Is it not to be lamented" (I said in one of our walks after dinner) "that Italy, which in former ages has been the mistress of the world in different ways, should be overpowered by a nation that never produced a great man?" This was strong, but not too strong. The eyes of my companions glistened with pleasure. One of them exclaimed, "Don't suppose it is the Italians who are conquered by the French. It is the French who are governed by an Italian. As long as Napoleon lives he will be master of Europe. As soon as he goes, Italy will be independent!" — "I hope to God it will be so!" Sometimes I ventured to touch on Buonaparte himself; but that was tender ground. They looked grave, and I stopped. On general politics they talked freely. They had liberal opinions, but little information, — were a sort of republican followers of Buonaparte, — good-natured men, with little intelligence, and no fixed principles of any kind, especially on religion.

One evening a Dutch merchant came. He looked me full in the face and said: "Napoleon is all but omnipotent; but there is one thing he cannot do, — make a Dutchman hate an Englishman." I asked him to drink with me.

Among the stray visitors was a German who had formerly studied at Jena. We became good friends at once. I had told him at table that I was Jenenser (true in one sense). After dinner, when we had gone aside, I said, "I am —" "You are," he said, interrupting me, "an Englishman." — "Who told you so?" — "Everybody. Were you not at Rostock a few days ago?" — "Yes." — "And did you not sit next a gentleman in green, a Forester?" — "I did." — "I thought you must be the same from the description. My father said you talked with admirable fluency, — quite well enough to deceive a Frenchman, — but he had no doubt you had escaped from Altona. I was here a few days ago, and after you had left the room I said to the colonel, 'Who is that gentleman?' He said, 'C'est un Anglais qui veut bien

jouer l'Allemand, mais c'est un bon enfant, — nous le laissons passer.'"

This information rather assured than alarmed me. From my companions here I had no apprehension; but I had letters from Stansfeld telling me on no account to return to Hamburg.

At length, on the 8th of September, after various disappointments, the master of the little vessel in which I had taken my passage came to me with the news that he should weigh anchor in an hour.

I went to my landlady and paid my bill, my portmanteau being already gone. I said to her, "Do you know what countryman I am?" — "Lord love you!" she cried out, "every one knows you. When you walk in the streets, the children say, 'Da geht der Engländer.'" — "And the Italian officers, do they know who I am?" — "To be sure they do. I have heard them speak about you when they did not suppose I understood them. It is useful in our situation to know more than people are aware of. They like you. I have heard them say they had no doubt you had run away from the Danes. And I am very sure that if they were ordered to take you up, they would give you an opportunity of escape." This I believe. I sent a friendly message to them, with an apology for not taking formal leave.

I made my voyage in a poor little vessel with a cargo of salt fish on board. The voyage lasted five long days. There was no passenger but myself; and the crew consisted of only four or five, including boys. One night we had a storm, and I was shut up alone in the cabin. I never before felt such entire wretchedness.

On the other hand, the pleasure was intense when the master came to me in my cabin, and said I should have something good for breakfast if I would get up. I had just begun to have an appetite. On my rising he poured part of a bowl of cream into my cup. I was quite astonished, and, hastening on deck, found myself surrounded by picturesque and romantic masses of rock on every side. We were on the coast of Sweden, not far from Dalarö, the port of Stockholm. On these barren and naked rocks I saw some huts, and a momentary feeling of envy towards the happy residents on those quiet solid spots of earth caused me to laugh at myself.

Dalarö is a miserable little village in a wild position at the mouth of the winding river on which Stockholm is built. Here passengers are accustomed to alight, as the windings of the

river render the voyage long. My intention, however, was to remain in the vessel; but I was led to change my plan. My portmanteau was brought to me quite wet. It had fallen into the water; and this accident afforded me another opportunity of witnessing the kindness of strangers. The collector of the customs could speak Swedish only, but, through a person present who knew English, he invited me to spend the evening at his house. Calling his servants, and asking me for my key, he opened my box, and all my clothes and linen were at once seized and carried off by the women. My books and papers were carefully collected, and laid on a stove to dry. In a few minutes I was told that my host was going to fetch his wife, who was on a visit to a friend, and I was invited to accompany him. We entered a stately boat, and were rowed by six men, through — what shall I say? — streets and valleys of stone, a labyrinth of rocks and water. We alighted at steps which led to a neat house, surrounded by fir-trees, the only trees of the place There Madame had been, but she was gone. The master of the house, a sea-captain, named Blum, spoke a little bad English, and regaled me with dried beef, biscuit, and brandy. It was a scene, and my companions were fit for the characters of a romance. On our return by another water-way we found the lady and her sister had arrived. They were pretty women, and spoke a little French. My supper was nice, and consisted chiefly of novelties; dried goose (cured as we cure hams, and as red), salt fish, oaten cakes, and hot custard.

After supper, seeing that I was fatigued, the lady of the house took a candle, and said she would accompany me to my room. Those who were present rose; I was shown into a neat room with a bed in an alcove, and they sat with me five minutes, as if they were paying me a visit in my own apartment. When I got up next morning, after a long and sound night's sleep, I found in an antechamber all my clothes dry and clean, the linen washed and ironed.

The next day, the 15th of September, I proceeded to Stockholm. The drive in a little wagon or open chaise, not broader at the wheels than a sedan chair, was very amusing. I passed a succession of rocky and wooded scenes, with many pieces of water, — I could not tell whether sea or lake. In addition to the fir, I noticed the birch, and a few oaks; but the latter seemed to languish. Few houses were to be seen, — all of wood bedaubed with red ochre, which at a distance gives the appearance of a brick building. The road was most excel-

lent, and the horses, though small, were capital goers. We kept on in one trot without intermission, and made the journey in less than five hours.

"The entrance into Stockholm, through the southern suburb" (I wrote at the time), "disappoints the expectation raised by the brilliant view in the distance; for the greater number of the houses are low and poor, some even roofed with earth, and the larger houses have an uncomfortable air of nakedness and coldness from the absence of architectural decorations, — the windows without sills, the fronts without cornice, pediment, &c. But its position is singularly striking. In England — but then it would be no longer Stockholm — it would be one of the most remarkable cities in the world. In other words, were English capital and English enterprise applied to it, it would be unrivalled. It stands on seven islands, but is cut into three great divisions by large basins of water, two salt and one fresh, which are not crowded with vessels, but are beautiful streets of still water, exhibiting shores at various distances and of diversified character. The island on which stand the royal palace and the state buildings presents a remarkable mass of picturesque and romantic objects."

More than thirty years ago I wrote this description in a letter. I have since seen Edinburgh, Rome, Venice, Naples, and Palermo; and I now think, if I am not deceived by imperfect recollection, that Stockholm would, for beauty of situation, bear comparison with any of these.

Having fixed myself in the best hotel in the city, I delivered a letter which had been given to me at Dalarö. It was addressed to a young man, named Tode, a merchant's clerk, who I was assured knew English, was intelligent and obliging, and would be proud to be my cicerone. I found him all this, and even more. He was my companion to churches, palaces, and public buildings, and was most kind and assiduous in his attentions.

I also went in search of a lady not unknown in the literary world, and who as a poetess is still recollected with respect under the name of Amelia von Imhoff. She had been Maid of Honor to one of the Duchesses of Saxe-Weimar, which office she held when I visited Weimar in 1803–4. Her reputation she owed chiefly to an Idyllic tale, "Die Schwester von Lesbos." She had married a Swedish general, Von Helwig. I was received by her with great cordiality. During my stay at Stockholm, Herr von Helwig was from home. I was almost

the first Weimar acquaintance she had seen since her marriage, and I had interesting facts to relate concerning her native country. She was engaged to dine that day with a Polish countess, wife of Herr von Engerström, an historic character; and she instantly wrote a note intimating that she should bring with her an English gentleman, a personal friend, just arrived. There came an answer, in which the Countess expressed her regret that her dinner was not such as she could with propriety set before a foreign gentleman. She would receive me some other day. Frau von Helwig laughed at this, and with reason. I went, and certainly never was present at a more copious banquet, or one at which the company seemed more distinguished, judging by title and appearance. I cannot specify foreign dishes after thirty-six years, but I did make a memorandum that I used eleven plates at the meal. One national custom I recollect. The company being assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, two large silver waiters were brought in, one full of liqueur glasses of brandy, the other of little pieces of bread and cheese. Whilst these were being carried round to the gentlemen, the ladies went by themselves into the dining-room; and when we followed we found them seated at table, every alternate chair being left vacant. This was an interesting day, and I regret that I am not better able to remember the conversation, which was indicative of the state of opinion among the Swedish gentry and nobility at a most critical period.

This was the 16th of September, and it should be borne in mind that Copenhagen capitulated to the English on the 7th, and that before very long (March, 1809) the King of Sweden was driven from the throne. Partly by my own observation at the dinner-party, and partly by the information given me by Frau von Helwig, I became fully aware of the unpopularity of the King. I was struck by the coldness with which every remark I made in his praise was received; but I was in some measure prepared for this by what I had heard from the minister at Altona. On my reading to him Wordsworth's sonnet, his only comment was that the poet had happily and truly described the King as "above all consequences"; and on my eulogizing the King to Herr von Engerström for his heroic refusal to negotiate with Buonaparte, the reply was, "Personne ne doute que le roi soit un homme d'honneur."

Among the company were two military men of great personal dignity, and having the most glorious titles imaginable.

One was a knight of the "Northern Star"; the other a knight of the "Great Bear," the constellation. I had been introduced as a German, and was talking with these Chevaliers when Frau von Helwig joined us, and said something that betrayed my being an Englishman. Immediately one of them turned away. The cause was so obvious that my friend was a little piqued, and remonstrated with him. He made an awkward apology, and unsuccessfully denied her imputation. This anti-English feeling was so general in Sweden at this time that I was advised to travel as a German through the country, and in fact did so.

On the 18th I dined with Frau von Helwig. She had invited to meet me a man whom I was happy to see, and whose name will survive among the memorable names of the last age. I refer to the patriotic Arndt. He had fled from the proscription of Buonaparte. His life was threatened, for he was accused, whether with truth I do not know, of being the author of the book for the publication of which Salm had been shot. My falling in with him now caused me to read his works, and occasioned my translating entire his prophecy in the year 1805 of the insurrection of the Spaniards, which actually took place within less than a year of our *rencontre* in Sweden. This I inserted in a review* of Wordsworth's pamphlet on the convention of Cintra. I was delighted by this lively little man, very spirited and luminous in his conversation, and with none of those mystifying abstractions of which his writings are full. He spoke with great admiration of our "Percy's Reliques."

On the 21st I set out on my journey to Gottenburg, having bought a conveyance, with whip and other accompaniments, which altogether cost me about £4. The peasants are obliged to supply horses, and I paid 9*d.* per horse for each stage of about seven miles. My driver was sometimes a man or boy, but sometimes also a woman or girl. I am not accustomed to make economical statements, but it is worth mentioning that, including the loss on the resale of my carriage, the whole expense of my journey, over 350 miles, during seven days, was less than £6! I had been furnished with a card, not bigger than my hand, and yet containing all the Swedish words I should want. With this I managed to pass through the country, without meeting with any incivility or inconvenience; and, after what I have said as to expense, I need not add,

* In Cumberland's "London Review."

without being imposed upon. How many Swedes will say the same of a journey in England? The only occasion on which I thought I had reason to complain, was when a peasant provided for my driver a child who could not hold the reins.

With the name of Sweden I had associated no other idea than that of barren rocks; but during the first four days of my journey, in which I left behind me two hundred and fifty miles, there was an uninterrupted succession of beautiful forest scenery. The roads were admirable, needing no repair, for the substance was granite. There was no turnpike from beginning to end. The scenery was diversified by a number of lakes, every now and then a small neat town, or a pretty village, and a very few country-houses. The fir, or pine, and beech were almost the only trees.

I reached Gottenburg on the 27th. The environs of the town consist of masses of rock with very scanty interstices of meagre vegetation, — a scene of dreary barrenness; yet commerce has enriched this spot, and the Gottenburg merchants, as I witnessed, partake of the luxuries which wealth can transport anywhere.

On the 30th I commenced my voyage homewards; the age of steam was not come, but after a comfortable passage of eight days, I sighted the coast of my native country. We landed at Harwich on the afternoon of the 7th of October.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

HARWICH, 7th October, 1807.

Thank God I once more touch English land. To-night I mean to sleep at Witham. To-morrow I shall be in town. And I suppose before long shall come to Bury. I shall in the mean while expect your letter of congratulation.

Kind love to father, sister, little Tom, and everybody.

CHAPTER XII.

VERY soon after my return from Holstein, Mr. Walter proposed that I should remain in the service of the *Times* as a sort of foreign editor; that is, I was to translate from the foreign papers, and write on foreign politics. This engagement began at the close of the year; and I entered on my duties in high spirits. I could not easily find in my life a six months in

which I was more happy in every respect. I began to feel that I had something to do, and could do it. In looking back on my work, I see nothing to be proud of in it; but it connected me with public life, and that at least was agreeable. And though I did not form a portion of the literary society of London, I was brought into its presence.

It was my practice to go to Printing House Square at five, and to remain there as long as there was anything to be done.

After a time I had the name of editor, and as such opened all letters. It was my office to cut out odd articles and paragraphs from other papers, decide on the admission of correspondence, &c.; but there was always a higher power behind. While I was in my room, Mr. Walter was in his, and there the great leader, the article that was talked about, was written. Nor did I ever write an article on party politics during my continuance in that post. I may, however, add, that in February I inserted a letter with my initials, which was, I believe, of real use to the government. It is to be found in the paper printed on February 13th. It is a justification of the English government for the seizure of the Danish ships. The Ministry defended themselves very ill in the House of Commons. In my letter, I stated the fact that the Holstein post-office refused to take in my letters to England, and alleged as a reason that Buonaparte had obliged the government to stop the communication with England. The same evening, in the House of Lords, this fact was relied upon by the Marquis of Wellesley as conclusive. Indeed, it was more to the purpose than any fact alleged by the government speakers.

In the month of March I was invited to dine with Southey at Dr. Aikin's. I was charmed with his person and manners, and heartily concurred with him in his opinions on the war. I copy from a letter to my brother: "Southey said that he and Coleridge were directly opposed in politics. He himself thought the last administration (Whig) so impotent that he could conceive of none worse except the present; while Coleridge maintained the present Ministry to be so corrupt that he thought it impossible there could be a worse except the late." On poetry we talked likewise: I *bolted* my critical philosophy, and was defended by Southey throughout. I praised Wordsworth's "Sonnets" and preface. In this, too, Southey joined; he said that the sonnets contain the profoundest political wisdom, and the preface he declared to be "the quintessence of the philosophy of poetry."

A few days after this (viz. on March 15th) I was introduced to Wordsworth. I breakfasted with him at Lamb's and accompanied him to Mr. Hardcastle's, at Haleham, Deptford, with whom Mrs. Clarkson was on a visit. Wordsworth received me very cordially, owing, I have no doubt, to a favorable introduction by Mrs. Clarkson, aided, of course, by my perfect agreement with him in politics; and my enthusiastic and unconcealed admiration of his poetry gave me speedy admission to his confidence. At this first meeting he criticised unfavorably Mrs. Barbauld's poetry, which I am the less unwilling to mention as I have already recorded a later estimate of a different kind. He remarked that there is no genuine feeling in the line,

In what brown hamlet dost thou joy? *

He said, "Why *brown?*" He also objected to Mrs. Barbauld's line,

"The lowliest children of the ground, moss-rose and violet," &c.

"Now," said he, "moss-rose is a shrub." The last remark is just, but I dissent from the first; for evening harmonizes with content, and the brown hamlet is the evening hamlet. Collins has with exquisite beauty described the coming on of evening: —

"And hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires."

Wordsworth, in my first *tête-à-tête* with him, spoke freely and praisingly of his own poems, which I never felt to be unbecoming, but the contrary. He said he thought of writing an essay on "Why bad Poetry pleases." He never wrote it, — a loss to our literature. He spoke at length on the connection of poetry with moral principles as well as with a knowledge of the principles of human nature. He said he could not respect the mother who could read without emotion his poem,

"Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned."

He said he wrote his "Beggars" to exhibit the power of physical beauty and health and vigor in childhood, even in a state of moral depravity. He desired popularity for his

"Two voices are there, one is of the sea,"

as a test of elevation and moral purity.

I have a distinct recollection of reading in the *Monthly Review* a notice of the first volume of Coleridge's poems before I

* Ode to Content.

went abroad in 1800, and of the delight the extracts gave me; and my friend Mrs. Clarkson having become intimate with him, he was an object of interest with me on my return from Germany in 1805. And when he delivered lectures in the year 1808, she wished me to interest myself in them. I needed, however, no persuasion. It was out of my power to be a regular attendant, but I wrote to her two letters, which have been printed, for want of fuller materials, in the "Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare," edited by Mrs. Henry Coleridge.* At the time of my attending these lectures I had no personal acquaintance with Coleridge. I have a letter from him, written in May, 1808, sending me an order for admission. He says: "Nothing but endless interruptions, and the necessity of dining out far oftener than is either good for me, or pleasant to me, joined with reluctance to move (partly from exhaustion by company I cannot keep out, for one cannot, dare not always be 'not at home,' or 'very particularly engaged,' — and the last very often will not serve my turn) these, added to my bread-and-cheese employments, + my lectures, which are — bread and cheese, i. e. a very losing bargain in a pecuniary view, have prevented me day after day from returning your kind call. I will as soon as I can. In the mean time I have left your name with the old woman and the attendants in the office, as one to whom I am always 'at home' when I am at home. For Wordsworth has taught me to desire your acquaintance, and to esteem you; and need I add that any one so much regarded by my friend Mrs. Clarkson can never be indifferent, &c., &c., to S. T. Coleridge." †

* Pickering, 1849.

† I find among my papers two pages of notes of Coleridge's lecture, February 5, 1808: —

Feb. 5th, 1808. Lecture 2d on Poetry (Shakespeare), &c.
Detached Minutes.

The Grecian Mythology exhibits the symbols of the powers of nature and Hero-worship blended together. Jupiter both a King of Crete and the personified Sky.

Bacchus expressed the organic energies of the Universe which work by passion, — a joy without consciousness; while Minerva, &c., imported the pre-ordaining intellect. Bacchus expressed the physical origin of heroic character, a felicity beyond prudence.

In the devotional hymns to Bacchus the germ of the first Tragedy. Men like to imagine themselves to be the characters they treat of, — hence dramatic representations. The exhibition of action separated from the devotional feeling. The Dialogue became distinct from the Chorus.

The Greek tragedies were the Biblical instruction for the people.

Comedy arose from the natural sense of ridicule which expresses itself naturally in mimicry.

Mr. Coleridge, in Italy, heard a quack in the street, who was accosted by

In a visit to Bury, my friend Hare Naylor being a guest at the house of Sir Charles Bunbury, my brother and I were invited to dinner by this beau-ideal of an English sportsman, who was also well known as a Whig politician and a man of honor. A few months afterwards I met him in London, when I was walking with Lamb. Sir Charles shook hands with me, and asked where my regiment was. I evaded the question. Lamb was all astonishment — "I had no idea that you knew Sheridan." — "Nor do I. That is Sir Charles Bunbury." — "That 's impossible. I have known him to be Sheridan all my life. That *shall* be Sheridan. You thief! you have stolen my Sheridan!"

That I did not quite neglect my German studies is shown by my having translated for the *Monthly Repository* Lessing's "Education of the Race." *

Though I had not the remotest intention now of studying the law, yet during this spring I luckily entered myself a member of the Middle Temple; and I at the same time exer-

his servant-boy smartly; a dialogue ensued which pleased the mob; the next day the quack, having perceived the good effect of an adjunct, hired a boy to talk with him. In this way a play might have originated.

The modern Drama, like the ancient, originated in religion. The priests exhibited the miracles and splendid scenes of religion.

Tragi-Comedy arose from the necessity of amusing and instructing at the same time.

The entire ignorance of the ancient Drama occasioned the reproduction of it on the restoration of literature.

Harlequin and the Clown are the legitimate descendants from the Vice and Devil of the ancient Comedy. In the early ages, very ludicrous images were mixed with the most serious ideas, not without a separate attention being paid to the solemn truths; the people had no sense of impiety; they enjoyed the comic scenes, and were yet edified by the instruction of the serious parts. Mr. Coleridge met with an ancient MS. at Helmstädt, in which God was represented visiting Noah's family. The descendants of Cain did not pull off their hats to the great visitor, and received boxes of the ear for their rudeness; while the progeny of Abel answered their catechism well. The Devil prompted the bad children to repeat the Lord's Prayer backwards.

The Christian polytheism withdrew the mind from attending to the whisperings of conscience; yet Christianity in its worst state was not separated from humanity (except where zeal for Dogmata interfered). Mahometanism is an anomalous corruption of Christianity.

In the production of the English Drama, the popular and the learned writers by their opposite tendencies contributed to rectify each other. The learned would have reduced Tragedy to oratorical declamation, while the vulgar wanted a direct appeal to their feelings. The many feel what is beautiful, but they also deem a great deal to be beautiful which is not in fact so: they cannot distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine. The vulgar love the Bible and also Hervey's "Meditations."

The essence of poetry *universality*. The character of Hamlet, &c. affects all men; addresses to personal feeling; the sympathy arising from a reference to individual sensibility spurious. [N B. This applies to Kotzebue.]

* *Monthly Repository*, Vol. I., 1806, pp. 412, 467.

cised myself in business speaking by attending at the Surrey Institution.

During some weeks my mind was kept in a state of agitation in my editorial capacity. The Spanish revolution had broken out, and as soon as it was likely to acquire so much consistency as to become a national concern, the *Times*, of course, must have its correspondent in Spain ; and it was said, who so fit to write from the shores of the Bay of Biscay, as he who had successfully written from the banks of the Elbe ? I did not feel at liberty to reject the proposal of Mr. Walter that I should go, but I accepted the offer reluctantly. I had not the qualifications to be desired, but then I had experience. I had some advantage also in the friendship of Amyot, who gave me letters which were eventually of service ; and I was zealous in the cause of Spanish independence.

I left London by the Falmouth mail on the night of July 19th, reached Falmouth on the 21st, and on the 23d embarked in a lugger belonging to government, — the *Black Joke*, Captain Alt. The voyage was very rough, and as I afterwards learnt, even dangerous. We were for some time on a lee shore, and obliged to sail with more than half the vessel under water ; a slight change in the wind would have overset us ; but of all this I was happily ignorant.

I landed at Corunna on the evening of Sunday, July 31st, and was at once busily employed. I found the town in a state of great disorder ; but the excitement was a joyous one, the news having just arrived of the surrender of a French army in the south under Marshal Dupont. This little town, lying in an out-of-the-way corner of Spain, was at this period of importance, because, being the nearest to England, it became the point of communication between the Spanish and English governments. The state of enthusiastic feeling in Galicia, as well as in every other province of Spain where the French were not, rendered the English objects of universal interest. I took with me several letters of introduction, both to merchants and to men in office, but they were hardly necessary. As soon as I could make myself intelligible in bad Spanish, and even before, with those who understood a little French, I was acceptable everywhere, and I at once felt that I should be in no want of society. I put myself in immediate connection with the editor of the miserable little daily newspaper, and from him I obtained Madrid papers and pamphlets. There were also a number of Englishmen in the place, — some engaged in

commerce, others attracted by curiosity. And there was already in the harbor the *Defiance*, a 74-gun ship, Captain Hotham, with whom and his officers I soon formed an interesting acquaintance. Of the town itself I shall merely say this : it lies at the extremity of one horn of a bay, and is very picturesque in its position. The rocks which run along the tongue of land are exceedingly beautiful; on that tongue, between the city and the sea, are numerous low windmills, which, as I first saw them in the dusk of evening, made me think that Don Quixote needed not to have been so very mad to mistake them for giants. As I looked on the narrow streets of the town, and the low and small houses with shoots throwing the rain-water into the middle of the street, the thought more than once occurred to me, that probably in the times of good Queen Bess the streets of London presented a somewhat similar appearance. The windows are also doors, and every house has its balcony, on which, when it is in the shade, the occupants spend much time. The intrigues of which the Spanish plays and romances are full are facilitated by the architecture, — it being equally easy to get access by the windows and escape from the roof. The beggars are charmingly picturesque, and have in their rags a virtuosity worthy a nation whose most characteristic literature consists of beggar-romances.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

In the evening about seven all is life and activity. The streets are crowded, especially those towards the bay, and it is at this time that if everybody had a wishing-cap all the world would fly to Spain for two or three hours. The beauty of the evenings is indescribable. There is a voluptuous feeling in the atmosphere, which diffuses joy, so that a man need not think to be happy. There is a physical felicity, which renders it superfluous to seek any other. And when we add the languor produced by the heat in the middle of the day (which, however, I have not felt so much as I expected), we can account for the indolence of the Spanish character.

My business was to collect news and forward it by every vessel that left the port,* and I spent the time between the

* My letters to the *Times* are dated "Shores of the Bay of Biscay" and "Corunna." The first appeared on August 9, 1808; the last on January 26, 1809.

An extract from Mr. Robinson's first communication, dated August 2, will

reception and transmission of intelligence in translating the public documents and in writing comments. I was anxious to conceal the nature of my occupation, but I found it necessary from time to time to take some friends into my confidence.

Among the earliest and latest of my Corunna acquaintance were the officers of the *Defiance*. I became especially intimate with Lieutenants Stiles and Banks, and Midshipman Drake. They seemed to have more than a brother's love for each other. This perhaps is the natural consequence where, as in this instance, each felt that in the hour of danger he might owe his life to his companions. I at length imagined I could be happy on shipboard. These young men and I rendered each other mutual service. My lodgings were frequently their home, and they assisted me in the transmission of letters. I introduced them to partners at balls, and gained credit with the ladies for so doing.

There were several houses at which I used to visit; occasionally I was invited to a formal Tertulia. At these Tertulias the ladies sit with their backs against the wall on an elevated floor, such as we see in old halls. The gentlemen sit before them, each cavalier on a very small straw-bottomed chair before his *dama*, and often with his guitar, on which he klimpers, and by aid of which, if report say truly, he can make love without being detected. The company being seated, a large silver plate is given to each guest, and first a cup of rich and most delicious chocolate is taken, — then, to correct it, a pint tumbler of cold water. Preserved fruits and

show the high spirits and the favorable prospects which animated the Spanish people at the time of his arrival. "When we consider, as is officially stated, that *not a Frenchman exists in all Andalusia, save in bonds;* that in Portugal, Junot remains in a state of siege; that all the South of Spain is free; and that in the North the late victories of the patriots in Arragon have broken the communication between the French forces in Biscay and Catalonia, we need not fear the speedy emancipation of the capital, and the compression of the French force within the provinces adjoining Bayonne. When this arrives it will be seen whether the long-suffering of the powers of the North, as well as of the whole French people, may not find an end, and whether thus at length a period may not be put to that tyranny which seemed so firmly established."

The next communication (August 4) announced the surrender of Dupont's army; and the third (on August 8) the flight of Joseph Napoleon from Madrid.

On September 26, Mr. Robinson writes: "The glorious and astonishing exertions of the Spanish Patriots, of which it is more correct to say that the Spaniards became soldiers in performing them, than that they performed them because they were soldiers, ended in the capture or destruction of the greater part of the numerous forces which had penetrated the interior of the country, while the few that could effect their escape were driven to the Northern provinces."

other sweetmeats follow in abundance, and these in their turn are corrected by a second pint of water. Nothing can exceed the dulness of these parties, but I found them useful as lessons in Spanish. It was not till October that I had admission to the tables of the Spanish gentry. I dined usually at the Fontana d'Oro, the chief hotel, where the dinners were the worst I was ever condemned to sit down to, — the meat bad, and rendered intolerable by garlic. The only excellent meat was the Spanish ham, cured with sugar; and the only dish for an epicure was the *olla podrida*, a medley to be compared with, though differing from, a Yorkshire pie.

Among my earliest English acquaintance was a Captain Kennedy, who filled the office of Minister to the Galician Junta. We became well acquainted, and were of use to each other. He sang charmingly, and was a very handsome man; his mother was the famous Mrs. Kennedy, the actress.

On the 13th of October the first of a series of events took place, which mark one of the most memorable periods of my life. On that day there arrived a detachment of English troops under the command of Sir David Baird. Luckily for myself, I had a few days before become acquainted with General Brodrick, and he had introduced me to Admiral de Courcy, who was stationed in the *Tonnant*, a ship of the line. Captain Hancock and I had received an invitation to dine with the Admiral this day. In the morning, when I was over my books, I was startled by the report of cannon, and, running to the ramparts, beheld more than 150 vessels, transports, sailing in a double row before a gentle breeze. It was a striking spectacle, and I felt proud of it. But I remarked that the sight was rather mortifying than gratifying to the pride of some of the Spanish gentry, who were looking on, and who might feel humiliated that their country needed such aid.* We had dined, when, on a sudden, the Admiral rose and cried out, "Gentlemen! open your quarters"; on our doing which an officer placed himself between each two of us. Among the arrivals were Sir David Baird, General Crawford, &c. We had half an hour's formal chat and drank success to the expedition.

* Mr. Robinson says in his letter of the 22d of October: "In one respect I was almost pleased to remark the indifference of our reception, — they do not want us, thought I, *tant mieux!* and God grant they may not find themselves mistaken! There is great confidence on the part of the people; they have no idea, apparently, that it is possible for them to be beaten; their rage is unbounded when the name of Buonaparte is mentioned; but their hatred of the French is mixed with contempt."

After remaining a few days in Corunna the troops proceeded to the interior, to join the army under Sir John Moore. The expedition, I have understood, was ill planned; the result belongs to the history of the war.

On the 20th there was an arrival which, more than that of the English, ought to have gratified the Spaniards. I witnessed a procession from the coast to the Town Hall, of which the two leading figures were the Spanish General Romana and the English Minister, Mr. Frere. Few incidents in the great war against Napoleon can be referred to as rivalling in romantic interest the escape of the Spanish soldiers under General Romana from the North of Germany; but, on beholding the hero, my enthusiasm subsided. Romana looked, in my eyes, like a Spanish barber. I was therefore less surprised and vexed than others were when, in the course of events, he showed himself to be an ordinary character, having no just sense of what the times and the situation required from the Spanish nation. On the other hand, I received a favorable impression from the person and address of Mr. Frere. And when, in a few months, the public voice in England was raised against him as the injudicious counsellor who imperilled the English army by advising their advance on Madrid, my own feeling was that he was unjustly treated.

On November 3d there was an arrival from England, which was to me a source of some amusement. Early in the morning a servant from my friend Madame Mosquera * came in great haste to request that I would go to her immediately. I found her full of bustle and anxiety. "There is just arrived," said she, "an English *grandeza*, — a lord and lady of high rank. They will dine on board their ship, and come here in the evening. All the arrangements are made: I am to attend them in a carriage on shore, and the Duke of Veraguas is to accompany me; and there must be a second gentleman, and we hope you will go with us. They are to take a *refresco* here, and tomorrow they are to dine with the Countess Bianci. You are to be invited to be at the dinner; and what I want of you now is that you instruct me how I am to receive my lord and lady.' My first inquiry was who these great persons were. No other than my Lord and Lady Holland. My determination was at once taken. I told Madame that it was impossible for me to attend her on shore; I was not of noble birth, nor a fit companion for the descendant and representative of Co-

* Mr. Robinson sometimes spells this name Moschera.

lumbus. Colonel Kennedy, by birth no better than myself, was, in virtue of his diplomatic position, the first Englishman at Corunna, and must therefore be invited. (Poor Kennedy received his invitation, and when he heard that he owed to me the honor, he declared he would never forgive me, for he and the Duke and the Baroness were made to sit in the carriage between three and four hours waiting for the mistress of Holland House.) As to the reception, I said, you have only to do for them what you would do for the Spanish grandees of the first rank, — and besides the usual chocolate and sweetmeats, send up tea and bread-and-butter. That there might be no mistake I requested a loaf to be brought, and I actually cut a couple of slices as thin as wafers, directing that a plate should be filled with such. The tea equipage I was assured was excellent, — procured in London. I said there would be no impropriety in my meeting my lord and lady at the house, and therefore promised to attend. After a wearisome waiting on our part, the noble visitors and their escort arrived. Lady Holland, with her stately figure and grand demeanor; my lord, with his countenance of bonhomie and intelligence; a lad, said to be the second son of the Duke of Bedford, a Lord Something Russell, — perhaps the present Prime Minister * of England; and a gentleman whom I have heard called satirically Lady Holland's atheist, a Mr. Allen, but better known as an elegant scholar and Edinburgh reviewer, who in that character fell into a scrape by abusing some Greek that was by Pindar. The party was a small one. In a few minutes after the arrival of the guests the *refresco* was brought in. All the servants were in gala dresses, and a table being set out in the large reception-room, a portly man brought in a huge silver salver, resembling in size the charger on which in Italian pictures the head of John the Baptist is usually brought by Herod's step-daughter. This huge silver dish was piled up with great pieces of bread-and-butter an inch thick, sufficient to feed Westminster School. This was set down with great solemnity. Next came a large tea-tray of green and red tin, such as might have been picked up at Wapping. This was covered with all sorts of indescribable earthenware. The teapot, which was of tin, had probably not been in use for years, and therefore the moment Madame Mosquera took hold of it to pour out the tea, the lid fell in and filled the room with steam. She managed to pour out a cup, which she ran with to my lady,

* This was written in 1848.

who good-naturedly accepted it. This done, she ran with another cup to Lord Holland. She was full of zeal, and her little round figure perspired with joy and gladness. Mosquera saw the ridicule of the exhibition and tried to keep her back, twitching her gown and whispering audibly, "Molly, you are mad!" She, however, ran to me full of glee, "Have not I done well?" The gentlemen were glad to inquire of us, the residents, the news of the day. Lord Holland was known to be among the warmest friends of the Spanish cause; in that respect differing from the policy of his Whig friends, who by nothing so much estranged me from their party as by their endeavor to force the English government to abandon the Spanish patriots.

Before the events occurred which precipitated the departure of us all, I had made the acquaintance of one highly interesting and remarkable woman. This was Madame Lavaggi. Her husband was the Treasurer of the kingdom, that is of Galicia. He owed his place, and indeed everything, to her, — he was younger than she, and a well-looking man. She was one of the plainest women I ever saw, — I should say the very plainest. The fortune was hers, and she took the lead in all things. She had character and energy, and I felt more interest in her conversation than in that of any other person. But she was altogether uneducated. She spoke French very ill, and could hardly write, — for instance, in a short note she spelt *quand*, *cant*, — but her zeal against the French rendered her eloquent, almost poetical. She was very religious, and loyal without being insensible to the abuses of the government. Her father had been Prime Minister under Charles VI., and she was fond of relating that at one time six portfolios or seals of office were held by him. At her house I was a frequent and favored guest, and I was able to return these civilities by substantial services.

The time was approaching when these services would be wanted. Before this occurred, however, I determined on taking a holiday, and having made the acquaintance of Murphy, the architect who wrote a book on "The Gothic Architecture of Portugal," proposed that we should go together to Madrid; he agreed to this, and went to buy a carriage for our journey, but returned with the information, which was a great secret, that it was not advisable to advance, for the English army was on its retreat! This was on November 22d.*

* In his letter of November 12th, Mr. Robinson says: "My last letter, which was of the 9th, imparted to you the anxious feelings with which I was impressed

As the intelligence became daily worse in December, others were led to consider how their personal safety might be secured, and left the place. This was the means of increasing my intimacy with the Lavaggis and the English officers in authority; I became known also to some of the Spaniards in office, including members of the Junta, — that is, the Galician government, which collectively had the quality of *Majesty* in formal addresses.

I was repeatedly in the company of Arguelles, the famous statesman and orator, whose person and manners inspired me with greater respect that those of any other Spaniard.

In the midst of these troubles I was learning the language rapidly, and was able to read Spanish books; and before the close of the year I found myself able to take interest in general society. But, excepting Madame Lavaggi, there was not a woman who appeared to have any intelligence or strength of mind, though all were warm patriots. There were several agreeable women, but only one to be conversed with except on balls and operas. When I received from England the famous pamphlet of Cevallos, which first exposed to Europe the infamous treatment of the Spanish princes by Buonaparte, I carried it to a Spanish lady who spoke French; she looked at the title gravely, and returned it saying, "I never look into any book that is not given me by my confessor." The ordinary conversation of the ladies was frivolous and undignified, but innocent, and their in-

when I wrote it. You learned from it that the campaign was opened by an attack on several parts of the Spanish line by the French; and you were informed that those attacks had been successful."

"*November 25th.* — The intelligence brought by the *Lady Pellew* packet from Corunna is of an unfavorable complexion, yet such as we might perhaps have expected from the first appearance of Buonaparte upon the theatre of war. General Blake's army, after sustaining repeated attacks, is said at last to have been completely defeated, while the advanced body of the French have even reached Valladolid.

"The news from the English army on its way from Portugal is no less distressing. It is said that 3,000 of the men under Sir John Moore are sick."

"Corunna, *December 8th.* — A serious responsibility is incurred by that government, whichever it was, to which the lamentable delay is to be imputed, which followed the arrival of those troops in the harbor of Corunna. The utter want of all preparations for promoting the march of that army was seen with deep affliction by both British and Spaniards. No man pretends to fix the culpability upon any one; they can only judge of those who are privy to the negotiations which preceded the expedition. The sad effect, however, is very obvious; for but for this delay the united British army would not have been compelled to retreat before the foe, leaving him a vast reach of territory at his command."

"*December 10th.* — A tale is current which, if not true, has been invented by an Arragonese, that Buonaparte has sworn that on the 1st of January his brother shall be at Madrid, Marshal Bessieres at Lisbon, and himself at Saragossa."

delicacies were quite unconscious. Every Spanish woman is christened Mary, and to this there is some addition by which they are generally known. I was puzzled at hearing a very lively laughing girl called "Dolores," but was told she was christened Maria de los Dolores, — the Mother of Sorrows. One other was always called "Conche"; that I found to be an abridgment of Conception, — Maria de la Concepçion being her proper name.

I had till the very last leisure to amuse myself occasionally both with books and society, but as the year drew to a close the general anxiety and trouble augmented; and before it was at an end I confidently anticipated the result, though I felt bound in honor to remain at my post till the last; and from the number of my acquaintance among the English officers and diplomatists, I felt no apprehension of being abandoned.*

1809.

My notes are too few to enable me to give a precise date to some of the more interesting and notable occurrences of this year. Several of these have a bearing on the *morale* of public men, but I would not insert them here if I were not perfectly sure of the substantial correctness of what I relate.

This I must state as the general impression and result, that in the economical department of our campaign in Spain there was great waste and mismanagement, amounting to dishonesty. One day —— came to me full of glee, and said: "I have done a good day's work: I have put £ 50 in my pocket. C—— [who was one of the Commissariat] wanted to buy some [I am not sure of the commodity]. He is bound not to make the purchase himself, so he told me where I could get it and what I was to give, and I have £ 50 for my commission." On my expressing surprise, he said, "O, it is always done in all purchases."

Another occurrence, not dishonorable in this way, but still greatly to be regretted, must be imputed, I fear, to a very honorable man. Only a very few days before the actual embarkation of the troops, there arrived from England a cargo of clothing, — a gift from English philanthropists (probably a large proportion of them Quakers) to the Spanish soldiers. The Supercargo spoke to me on his arrival, and I told him he must on no account unload, — that every hour brought fugi-

* On December 23d, Mr. Robinson says: "A letter from Salamanca announced that Joseph, the Usurper, is at Madrid, and issues his mandates as if Spain were already conquered, though no one obeys him."

tives, — that the transports were collected for the troops, which were in full retreat, — and that if these articles were landed they would become, of course, the prey of the French. He said he would consult General Brodrick. I saw the Supercargo next day, and he told me that the General had said that the safest thing for him to do was to carry out his instructions literally, — land the clothes, get a receipt, and then whatever happened he was not to blame. And he acted accordingly.*

Some weeks before the actual embarkation Lavaggi applied to me for assistance in placing in security the papers and accounts belonging to Galicia, and held by him as Treasurer. He could not let it be known that he was about to run away, and therefore requested me to purchase the charter-party of one of the merchant vessels lying in the harbor. This I effected. There was a vessel laden with a sort of beans called caravanzes, the property of a well-known character, one Captain Ashe, who held the charter-party. He became afterwards notorious as author of "The Book" about the Queen of George IV., which was the subject of so many rumors, and ultimately suppressed. In the transaction with Captain Ashe I took care to have all the legal documents. When the cargo was dis-

* In a letter to the *Times*, January 6th, Mr. Robinson writes: "Within a single day everything has changed its appearance in this place; and both English and Spanish seem to be seriously alarmed, not for the fate of the country alone, or even the province, but of the town and themselves.

"On whichever side we look, we see cause for distress; the enemy advancing in the front, Portugal abandoned to the right, the Asturias defenceless to the left; and in the distance, uncertainty and obscurity."

"*January 8th.* — The peril is drawing nigh, and the apprehensions and fears of the unmilitary are therefore increased; but the danger is now unequivocally perceived, and people begin to meet it manfully. As a public expression of the sense of our situation, the theatre is this evening shut for the first time."

"There is a strong sentiment in favor of the English troops, notwithstanding their retreat. This has relieved our minds from a great embarrassment. A Spanish populace, especially the female half of it, is no despicable power; and it was apprehended by some, that in case the English were unsuccessful, the people might rise in favor of the French. Hitherto, the contrary is apparent. I have once or twice heard exclamations from the women which seem to tend to a disturbance, exclaiming against the traitors, who had sent for the English to be massacred, and then abandoned them."

"During the day there has been a number of arrivals. Our streets swarm, as a few weeks since, with English officers; but the gayety and splendor which graced their first entrance into Spain have given way to a mien and air certainly more congenial with the horrid business of war. I do not mean that they manifest any unworthy or dishonorable sentiment; on the contrary, as far as I can judge from the flying testimony of those I converse with, the army has throughout endured with patience its privations and long suffering; and, since its arduous and difficult retreat, displayed an honorable constancy and valor. They speak with little satisfaction of all that they have seen in Spain, and I fear are hardly just towards the people whom they came to protect and rescue."

charged at Plymouth, caravanzes were so high in price that all the expense of the voyage to England, which was not contemplated, was defrayed. The ship was chartered to Cadiz, to which place we were bound. I was the legal owner, and as such passed to and fro.

On January 11th a number of troops arrived, and it was announced that the French were near. During this time the Spaniards did not conceal their indignation at the retreat. It was affirmed, with what truth I had not the means of judging, that there were many passes capable of defence, and that the enemy might have been easily stopped. Why this easy task was not undertaken by General Romana was never explained to me. But I certainly heard from the retreating officers themselves that the retreat was more properly a flight, and that it was conducted very blunderingly and with precipitation. I was assured that cannon were brought away, while barrels of dollars were thrown down precipices; and I witnessed the ragged and deplorable condition of officers. One day, going over to *my* ship, there was a common sailor, as he seemed, most indecently ragged, who was going to a transport vessel near mine. I began joking with "my lad," when he turned round, and I at once perceived in the elegance of his figure and the dignity of his countenance that I was addressing one of the young aristocracy. He received my apologies very good-humoredly; told me that he had been subject to every privation, and that he had on his flight been thankful for a crust of bread and a pair of old shoes. On board a transport he had a wardrobe awaiting him.*

As the time of departure approached, the interest of Lavaggi in the ship became known, and on the 11th, one

* In the letter to the *Times* dated January 11th, Mr. Robinson says: "In the course of this day the whole English army has either entered within, or planted itself before, the walls of this town. The French army will not fail to be quick in the pursuit; and as the transports which were so anxiously expected from Vigo are still out of sight, and, according to the state of the wind, not likely soon to make their appearance, this spot will most probably become the scene of a furious and bloody contest.

"The late arrivals have, of course, made us far better acquainted than we possibly could be before with the circumstances of this laborious and dishonorable campaign, which has had all the suffering, without any of the honors of war. Without a single general engagement, — having to fight an enemy who always shunned the contest, — it is supposed that our army has lost upwards of 3,000 men, a larger number of whom perished by the usual causes, as well as labors of a retreating soldiery."

"*January 12th.* — An alarming symptom is the extreme scarcity of every kind of provisions. The shops are shut, the markets are abandoned. Perhaps the imperious wants of future importunate visitors are especially recollected. If the transports arrive, there will be abundance of every necessity: if not, famine stares us in the face."

of the Junta, Don Padre Gil, came to me in great distress, imploring me to take him on board. He would die, he said, rather than submit to the French. I let him come to me a second time, having obtained permission to take him on board. By way of trial, I asked him if he knew what it was to become an exile. "O yes; I have a brother in America and friends at Cadiz." — "But have you supplied yourself with the means of living abroad and supporting yourself on the voyage?" — "O yes; I have plenty of chocolate." The man at last actually went down upon his knees to me. This was irresistible, — I took him, but did not scruple to try his feelings; for I made him in the evening put on a sailor's jacket, and take a portmanteau on his head. I could command the sentinels to open the gates of the town, which he could not. He went on board, but next day he was fetched away by another member of the Junta, a priest named Garcia, a subtle if not an able man. A few weeks afterwards I read in the French papers a flaming address from the inhabitants of Corunna, gratefully thanking the French General for having emancipated them from their oppressors and tyrants the English, and the very first name among the list of subscribers was that of Padre Gil.

It was on the 13th that I took on board Madame Lavaggi and a handsome and amiable young officer, a native of America, named T——, a relation of the Duke of Veraguas. There were on board Lavaggi, Pyecroft, a gentleman named Pipiela, with his wife, servants, of course, and, as I afterwards learned, others of whom I had no knowledge. Madame Lavaggi I heard was very ill during the night, and next day her husband gave orders that we should return, in order that she might be taken on shore. It was not until afterwards that I discovered the real cause of our going back was that Madame had found out that their young friend T—— had smuggled on board some one who had no right to be there; she therefore determined on quitting the vessel. I accompanied her to her house, and as we approached the door a rich perfume of cedar-wood was apparent, — it proceeded from the burning of a costly cabinet which she much prized. The destruction of this and other valuable articles of furniture had not been prevented by the officers who were left in the house, and the poor lady burst into tears as she told me that these gentlemen had been most hospitably treated at her table.*

* Letter to the *Times*, January 15th. "The last two days have materially changed the appearance of things. Yesterday evening, the fleet of transports,

I slept in my old lodging, and the morning of the 16th I spent in making calls and in writing the last letter to the *Times*. The whole town was in commotion, — the English hurrying away, at least those of them who were not engaged in protecting the embarkation of the others, — the Spaniards looking on in a sort of gloomy anger, neither aiding nor opposing them. On going to dine at the hotel, I found the table-d'hôte filled with English officers. After a time, on looking round I saw that the room was nearly empty, — not a red-coat to be seen. On inquiry of the waiters, one said: "Have you not heard? The French are come: they are fighting." * Having finished my dinner, I walked out of the town. Townspeople, stragglers, were walking and loitering on the high road and in the fields. We could hear firing at a distance. Several carts came in with wounded soldiers. I noticed several French prisoners, whose countenances expressed rather rage and menaces than fear. They knew very well what would take place. I walked with some acquaintances a mile or more out of the town, and remained there till dark, —long enough to know that the enemy was driven back; for the firing evidently came from a greater distance. Having taken leave of Madame Lavaggi, whom I sincerely esteemed, and of my few acquaintances in the town, I went on board, and our vessel was judiciously stationed by the Captain out of the harbor, but immediately on the outside. There were numerous ships like ours sailing about the bay. The Captain said to me overnight: "You may be sure the French will be here in the morning; I will take care to place the vessel so that we may have no difficulty in making our escape." The morning was fine and the wind favorable, or our position might have been perilous. Early in the forenoon my attention was drawn to the sound of musketry, and by a glance it could be ascertained that the soldiers were shooting such of their fine horses as could not be taken on board. This was done, of course, to prevent their strength-

which had been dispersed in their passage from Vigo, began to enter the harbor, and the hearts of thousands were relieved by the prospect of deliverance. I beheld this evening the beautiful bay covered with our vessels, both armed and mercantile, and I should have thought the noble three-deckers, which stood on the outside of the harbor, a proud spectacle, if I could have forgotten the inglorious service they were called to perform."

* This was the celebrated battle of Corunna, at which Sir John Moore was killed. In Mr. Robinson's memoranda, written at the time, he says that the cannonading seemed to be on the hills about three miles from the town. At five o'clock he embarked, and though the vessel remained not far off till the 18th, he does not appear to have heard of the death of the English commander, or any particulars of the battle.

ening the French cavalry. One very loud explosion brought us all on deck. There was on the shore a large powder magazine, which had been often the boundary of my walk. When the cloud of smoke which had been raised was blown away, there was empty space where there had been a solid building a few moments before; but this was a less exciting noise than when, about one o'clock, we heard a cannonading from the shore at the inland extremity of the bay. It was the French army. They were firing on ships which were quietly waiting for orders. I remarked the sudden movement in the bay, — the ships before lying at anchor were instantly in motion. I myself noticed three vessels which had lost their bowsprits. The Captain told me that twelve had cut their cables. We were not anxious to quit the spot, and therefore sailed about in the vicinity all night. Two vessels were on fire, and next day I was shocked at beholding the remains of a wreck, and the glee with which our sailors tried to fish them up as we passed. Lavaggi was very desirous to go to Cadiz, but the Captain solemnly declared that the ship was not sea-worthy for that course, the wind being direct for England; he would not risk our lives by attempting it. Of course, as we could not disprove his assertion, we submitted, and proceeded straight to Falmouth, which we reached on the 23d.

On my return to London I resumed my occupation at the *Times* office. But a change had taken place there; Collier had transferred his services to the *Chronicle*. In the mean while I had less given me to do, but I did it with cheerfulness, and soon renewed my old habits and old acquaintance.

At this time, too, I was frequent in my calls on the Spanish political agents. The names of Durango, Lobo, and Abeilla appear in my pocket-book. I rendered a service to Southey by making him acquainted with the last-named, who supplied him with important documents for his history of the Spanish war.

On the 13th of July I was invited to a small party at Mrs. Buller's. There were not above half a dozen gentlemen. Mrs. Buller told me, before the arrival of Horace Twiss, that some of her friends had heard of his imitations of the great orators, and that he was to *exhibit*. The company being assembled, he was requested to make a speech in the style of Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox, as he had done at Lady Cork's. Twiss was modest, not to say bashful, — he could not do such a thing unless excited; but if Mr. Mallett or Mr. Robinson would make a speech on

any subject, he would immediately reply. Unfortunately, both Mr. Mallett and Mr. Robinson were modest too, and their modesty was inflexible. At length a table being set in the doorway between the two drawing-rooms, the orator was so placed that a profile or oblique view was had of his face in both rooms, and he began : " Mr. Speaker ! " and we had two speeches in succession, in imitation of Fox and Pitt, — I think on the subject of Irish union, or it might be Catholic emancipation. I have forgotten all but the fact that the lady who sat next to me said, " O, the advantages you gentlemen have ! — I never before knew the power of *human oratory*." Human oratory I will swear to.

On the 12th of August I received a letter from Mr. Walter, informing me that he had no longer need of my services, and on the 29th of September I formally laid down my office of Foreign Editor of the *Times*. I left Mr. Walter on very good terms ; he had a kindly feeling towards me, and his conduct had been uniformly friendly and respectful. He had never treated me as one who received his wages, and at his table no one could have guessed our relation to each other. On two occasions he wished me to undertake duties which are only confided to trustworthy friends. Let me here bear my testimony to his character. He may not have fixed his standard at the highest point, but he endeavored to conform to it.

This is the proper place for me to mention two persons connected with the *Times* while I wrote for it. The writer of the great leaders — the flash articles which made a noise — was Peter Fraser, then a Fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, afterwards Rector of Kegworth, in Leicestershire. He used to sit in Walter's parlor and write his articles after dinner. He was never made known as editor or writer, and would probably have thought it a degradation ; but he was prime adviser and friend, and continued to write long after I had ceased to do so. He was a man of general ability, and when engaged for the *Times* was a powerful writer. The only man who in a certain vehemence of declamation equalled or perhaps surpassed him, was the author of the papers signed " Vetus," — that is Sterling, the father of the younger Sterling, the free-thinking clergyman, whose remains Julius Hare has published.

There is another person belonging to this period, who is a character certainly worth writing about ; indeed I have known few to be compared with him. It was on my first acquaintance

with Walter that I used to notice in his parlor a remarkably fine old gentleman. He was tall, with a stately figure and handsome face. He did not appear to work much with the pen, but was chiefly a consulting man. When Walter was away he used to be more at the office, and to decide in the *dernier ressort*. His name was W. Combe. It was not till after I had left the office that I learned what I shall now relate. At this time and until the end of his life he was an inhabitant of the King's Bench Prison, and when he came to Printing House Square it was only by virtue of a day rule. I believe that Walter offered to release him from prison by paying his debts. This he would not permit, as he did not acknowledge the equity of the claim for which he suffered imprisonment. He preferred living on an allowance from Walter, and was, he said, perfectly happy. He used to be attended by a young man who was a sort of half-servant, half-companion. Combe had been for many years of his life a man of letters, and wrote books anonymously. Some of these acquired a great temporary popularity. One at least, utterly worthless, was for a time, by the aid of prints as worthless as the text, to be seen everywhere, — now only in old circulating libraries. This is "The Travels of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque." It is a long poem in eight-line verse; in external form something between Prior and Hudibras, but in merit with no real affinity to either. Combe wrote novels; one I recollect reading with amusement, — the "German Gil Blas." He was also the author of the famous "Letters of a Nobleman to his Son," generally ascribed to Lord Lyttelton. Amyot told me that he heard Windham speak of him. "I shall always have a kindness for old Combe," said Windham, "for he was the first man that ever praised me, and when praise was therefore worth having." That was in "Lord Lyttelton's Letters." Combe had, as I have said, the exterior of a gentleman. I understand that he was a man of fortune when young, and travelled in Europe, and even made a journey with Sterne; that he ran through his fortune, and took to literature, when "house and land were gone and spent," and when his high connections ceased to be of service. Of these connections, and of the adventures of his youth, he was very fond of talking, and I used to enjoy the anecdotes he told after dinner, until one day, when he had been very communicative, and I had sucked in all he related with greedy ear, Fraser said, laughing, to Walter: "Robinson, you see, is quite a flat; he believes all old Combe

says." — "I believe whatever a gentleman says till I have some reason to the contrary." — "Well, then," said Fraser, "you must believe nothing he says that is about himself. What he relates is often true, except that he makes himself the doer. He gives us well-known anecdotes, and only transfers the action to himself." This, of course, was a sad interruption to my pleasure. I might otherwise have enriched these reminiscences with valuable facts about Sterne, Johnson, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and other worthies of the last generation.

This infirmity of old Combe was quite notorious. Amyot related to me a curious story which he heard from Dr. Parr. The Doctor was at a large dinner-party when Combe gave a very pleasant and interesting account of his building a well-known house on Keswick Lake; he went very much into details, till at last the patience of one of the party was exhausted, and he cried out: "Why, what an impudent fellow you are! You have given a very true and capital account of the house, and I wonder how you learned it; but that house was built by my father; it was never out of the family, and is in my own possession at this moment." Combe was not in the least abashed, but answered, with the greatest *nonchalance:* "I am obliged to you for doing justice to the fidelity of my description; I have no doubt it is your property, and I hope you will live long to enjoy it."

The first occasion of my appearing in my own name as an author was about this time. Tipper, who estimated my talents as a writer by my reputation as a speaker, solicited me to become a *collaborateur*, under Cumberland, the well-known dramatist, in getting up a new Review, called the *London Review*, of which the distinguishing feature was to be that each writer should put his name to the article. I was flattered by the application, and readily consented. Four half-crown quarterly numbers were published. I dined once at Tipper's with Cumberland, and thought him a gentlemanly amiable man, but did not form a high opinion of his abilities; and I thought the less of him because he professed so much admiration of my single article as to direct it to be placed first in the number. This was a review of the great pamphlet on the "Convention of Cintra," by Wordsworth. The only valuable portion of the article was a translation of Arndt's "Geist der Zeit," which treated of the Spanish character, and predicted that the Spaniards would be the first to resist the tyranny of Buonaparte.

In November I began keeping my terms at Middle Temple Hall, but was unable to make up my mind to study the law seriously, as I ought at once to have done. One of my severest self-reproaches is that I did not, without delay, immediately become the pupil of some pleader. It needed a special inducement for that; and all I did was merely to keep a term. On November 18th I ate my first dinner, having deposited my £100 with the Treasurer. I entered the beautiful hall with an oppressive sense of shame, and wished to hide myself as if I were an intruder. I was conscious of being too old to commence the study of law with any probability of success. My feelings, however, were much relieved by seeing William Quayle in the hall. He very good-naturedly found a place for me at his mess. But this dining at mess was so unpleasant that, in keeping the twelve terms required, I doubt whether I took a single superfluous dinner, although these would only have cost 6*d.* each.

On the 23d of December Mr. Rutt, his nephew George Wedd, and myself walked to Royston. There was a remarkable gradation of age among us. We were on a visit to Mr. Nash, who was fifteen years older than Mr. Rutt, who was fifteen years older than myself, and I was in my thirty-fourth year, and fifteen years older than George Wedd. Mr. Rutt and I were proud of our feat, — a walk of thirty-eight miles! But old Mr. Wedd, the father of George, was displeased with his son. He was a country gentleman, proud of his horses, and conscious of being a good rider. I was told that he disliked me, and would not invite me to his house. I offered a wager that I would gain his good-will. After dinner we talked of books; Mr. Wedd detested books and the quoters of books; but I persisted, and praised Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and illustrated the beauty of his writing by citing that *wise and fine saying of his*, "A fine man upon a fine horse is the noblest object on earth for God to look down upon." Mr. Wedd declared that he never thought Mr. Robinson could make himself so agreeable, and I was invited to his house.

CHAPTER XIII.

1810.

I REMAINED all the spring and summer in London, with the exception of making short journeys; and spent my time at Collier's, keeping up all my old visiting acquaintance and making new. I became more intimate with Godwin, who was keeping a bookseller's shop in his wife's name. I now and then saw interesting persons at his house; indeed, I saw none but remarkable persons there. Among the most remarkable was the great Irish orator, Curran. His talk was rich in idiom and imagery, and in warmth of feeling. He was all passion, — fierce in his dislikes, and not sparing in the freedom of his language even of those with whom he was on familiar terms. One evening, walking from Godwin's house, he said of a friend, "She is a pustule of vanity." He was not so violent in his politics. The short ministry of the Whigs had had the good effect of softening the political prejudices of most of us, though not of all the old Jacobins, as is shown by a speech made by Anne Plumptre, the translator of Kotzebue, whom I met at a dinner-party at Gamaliel Lloyd's. She said: "People are talking about an invasion, — I am not afraid of an invasion; I believe the country would be all the happier if Buonaparte were to effect a landing and overturn the government. He would destroy the Church and the aristocracy, and his government would be better than the one we have."

I amused myself this spring by writing an account of the insane poet, painter, and engraver, Blake. Perthes of Hamburg had written to me asking me to send him an article for a new German magazine, entitled "Vaterländische Annalen," which he was about to set up. Dr. Malkin having in the memoirs of his son given an account of Blake's extraordinary genius, with specimens of his poems, I resolved out of these materials to compile a paper. This I did, and it was translated into German by Dr. Julius, who many years afterwards introduced himself to me as my translator. The article appears in the single number of the second volume of the "Vaterländische Annalen." For it was at this time that Buonaparte united Hamburg to the French empire, on which Perthes manfully gave up the magazine, saying,

as he had no longer a "Vaterland," there could be no "Vaterländische Annalen." But before I drew up this paper I went to see a gallery of Blake's paintings, which were exhibited by his brother, a hosier in Carnaby Market. The entrance fee was 2 *s.* 6 *d.*, catalogue included. I was deeply interested by the catalogue as well as the pictures. I took four copies, telling the brother I hoped he would let me come again. He said, "O, as often as you please."* I afterwards became acquainted with Blake, but will postpone what I have to relate of this extraordinary character.

In the June of this year I made the acquaintance of Ayrton, with whom I was intimate for many years; and soon afterwards the name of his friend Captain Burney occurs in my notes. They lived near each other, in Little James Street, Pimlico. I used to be invited to the Captain's whist parties, of which dear Lamb was the chief ornament. The Captain was himself a character, a fine, noble creature, — gentle, with a rough exterior, as became the associate of Captain Cook in his voyages round the world, and the literary historian of all these acts of circumnavigation. Here used to be Hazlitt, till he affronted the Captain by severe criticisms on the works of his sister, Madame D'Arblay. Another frequenter of these delightful whist parties was Rickman, the Speaker's secretary, and who then invited me to his house. Rickman's clerk Phillips and others used also to be present.

It was in the course of this summer that my friend Mrs. Charles Aikin invited me to meet Sergeant Rough at dinner. We became intimate at once. I ought to have made his acquaintance before, for when I was at Weimar in 1805 Miss Flaxman, then a governess in the family of Mr. Hare Naylor, gave me a letter of introduction to him. His wife, a daughter of John Wilkes, was a woman of some talents and taste, who could make herself attractive.

During a visit I made to Bury about this time, Miss Wordsworth was staying with the Clarksons; I brought her up to London, and left her at the Lambs'.

MISS WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

GRASMERE, November 6, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am very proud of a commission which my brother has given me, as it affords me an opportunity of express-

* This visit is referred to in Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," Vol. I. p. 226.

ing the pleasure with which I think of you, and of our long journey side by side in the pleasant sunshine, our splendid entrance into the great city, and our rambles together in the crowded streets. I assure you I am not ungrateful for even the least of your kind attentions, and shall be happy in return to be your guide amongst these mountains, where, if you bring a mind free from care, I can promise you a rich store of noble enjoyments. My brother and sister too will be exceedingly happy to see you; and, if you tell him stories from Spain of enthusiasm, patriotism, and destestation of the usurper, my brother will be a ready listener; and in presence of these grand works of nature you may feed each other's lofty hopes. We are waiting with the utmost anxiety for the issue of that battle which you arranged so nicely by Charles Lamb's fireside. My brother goes to seek the newspapers whenever it is possible to get a sight of one, and he is almost out of patience that the tidings are delaying so long.

. . . . . .

Pray, as you most likely see *Charles* at least from time to time, tell me how they are going on. There is nobody in the world out of our own house for whom I am more deeply interested. You will, I know, be happy that our little ones are all going on well. The little delicate Catherine, the only one for whom we had any serious alarm, gains ground daily. Yet it will be long before she can be, or have the appearance of being, a stout child. There was great joy in the house at my return, which each showed in a different way. They are sweet wild creatures, and I think you would love them all. John is thoughtful with his wildness; Dora alive, active, and quick; Thomas innocent and simple as a new-born babe. John had no feeling but of bursting joy when he saw me. Dorothy's first question was, "Where is my doll?" We had delightful weather when I first got home; but on the first morning Dorothy roused me from my sleep with, "It is time to get up, aunt, it is a *blasty* morning, — it does blast so." And the next morning, not more encouraging, she said, "It is a *hailing* morning, — it hails so hard." You must know that our house stands on a hill, exposed to all hails and blasts. . . . .

D. Wordsworth.

Charles Lamb to H. C. R.

1810.

Dear R——: My brother, whom you have met at my rooms (a plump, good-looking man of seven-and-forty), has

written a book about humanity, which I transmit to you herewith. Wilson the publisher has put it into his head that you can get it reviewed for him. I dare say it is not in the scope of your Review; but if you could put it in any likely train he would rejoice. For, alas! our boasted humanity partakes of vanity. As it is, he teases me to death with choosing to suppose that I could get it into all the Reviews at a moment's notice. I!! who have been set up as a mark for them to throw at, and would willingly consign them all to Megæra's snaky locks.

But here 's the book, and don't show it to Mrs. Collier, for I remember she makes excellent *eel* soup, and the leading points of the book are directed against that very process.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Miss Wordsworth left London just at the time of the arrival of Madame Lavaggi, the Spanish lady of whom I have already spoken. She came to England because the presence of the French rendered her own country intolerable to her. She was a high-spirited patriot and also a good Catholic, but thoroughly liberal as far as her narrow information permitted. The only occasion on which she showed any bigoted or ungenerous feeling was on my showing her at the Tower of London the axe with which Anne Boleyn was beheaded. "Ah! que j'adore cet instrument!" she exclaimed. On my remonstrating with her, she told me she had been brought up to consider Anne Boleyn as one possessed by a devil; that naughty children were frightened by the threat of being sent to her; and that she was held to be the great cause of the Reformation, as the seducer of the King, &c., &c. No wonder that Romanists should so think, when Protestants have extensively circulated that very foolish line ascribed to Gray, —

"When Gospel truth first beamed from Anna's eyes."

Madame Lavaggi received my correction of her notions in the very best spirit. She is the one Spaniard of whom I think with especial respect and kindness. We of colder temperament and more sober minds feel ourselves oppressed by the stronger feelings of more passionate characters, — at least this is the case with me. At the same time I fully recognize the dignity of passion, and am able to admire what I have not, and am not.

At the end of this year I wrote a few pages entirely devoted to Coleridge. The following is the substance of them : —

November 14th. — Saw Coleridge for the first time in private, at Charles Lamb's. A short interview, which allowed of little opportunity for the display of his peculiar powers.

He related to us that Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, had lately called on him, and assured him that he was a great admirer of Wordsworth's poetry, that the Lyrical Ballads were always on his table, and that Wordsworth had been attacked in the *Review* simply because the errors of men of genius ought to be exposed. Towards me, Coleridge added, Jeffrey was even flattering. He was like a school-boy, who, having tried his man and been thrashed, becomes contentedly a fag.

November 15th. — A very delightful evening at Charles Lamb's ; Coleridge, Morgan, Mr. Burney, &c., there. Coleridge very eloquent on German metaphysics and poetry, Wordsworth, and Spanish politics.

Of Wordsworth he spoke with great warmth of praise, but objected to some of his poems. Wishing to avoid an undue regard to the high and genteel in society, Wordsworth had unreasonably attached himself to the low, so that he himself erred at last. He should have recollected that verse being the language of passion, and passion dictating energetic expressions, it became him to make his subjects and style accord. One asks why tales so simple were not in prose. With "malice prepense" he fixes on objects of reflection, which do not naturally excite it. Coleridge censured the disproportion in the machinery of the poem on the Gypsies. Had the whole world been standing idle, more powerful arguments to expose the evil could not have been brought forward. Of Kant he spoke in terms of high admiration. In his "Himmel's System" he appeared to unite the genius of Burnet and Newton. He praised also the "Träume eines Geistersehers," and intimated that he should one day translate the work on the Sublime and Beautiful. The "Kritik der Urtheilskraft" he considered the most astonishing of Kant's works. Both Fichte and Schelling he thought would be found at last to have erred where they deviated from Kant ; but he considered Fichte a great logician, and Schelling perhaps a still greater man. In both he thought the want of gratitude towards their master a sign of the absence of the highest excellence. Schelling's system resolves itself into fanaticism, not better than that of Jacob Boehme. Coleridge

had known Tieck at Rome, but was not aware of his eminence as a poet. He conceded to Goethe universal talent, but felt a want of moral life to be the defect of his poetry. Schiller he spoke more kindly of. He quoted "Nimmer, das glaubt mir, erscheinen die Götter, nimmer allein." * (He has since translated it.) Of Jean Paul he said that his wit consisted not in pointing out analogies in themselves striking, but in finding unexpected analogies. You admire, not the things combined, but the act of combination. He applied this also to Windham. But is not this the character of all wit? That which he contrasted with it as a different kind of wit is in reality not wit, but acuteness. He made an elaborate distinction between fancy and imagination. The excess of fancy is delirium, of imagination mania. Fancy is the arbitrarily bringing together of things that lie remote, and forming them into a unity. The materials lie ready for the fancy, which acts by a sort of juxtaposition. On the other hand, the imagination under excitement generates and produces a form of its own. The "seas of milk and ships of amber" he quoted as fanciful delirium. He related, as a sort of disease of imagination, what occurred to himself. He had been watching intently the motions of a kite among the mountains of Westmoreland, when on a sudden he saw two kites in an opposite direction. This delusion lasted some time. At last he discovered that the two kites were the fluttering branches of a tree beyond a wall.

November 18th. — At Godwin's with Northcote, Coleridge, &c. Coleridge made himself very merry at the expense of Fuseli, whom he always called Fuzzle or Fuzly. He told a story of Fuseli's being on a visit at Liverpool at a time when unfortunately he had to divide the attention of the public with a Prussian soldier, who had excited a great deal of notice by his enormous powers of eating. And the annoyance was aggravated by persons persisting in considering the soldier as Fuseli's countryman. He spent his last evening at Dr. Crompton's,† when Roscoe (whose visitor Fuseli was) took an opportunity of giving a hint to the party that no one should mention the glutton. The admonition unfortunately was not heard by a lady, who, turning to the great Academician and lecturer, said: "Well, sir, your countryman has been surpassing himself!" — "Madame," growled the irritated painter, "the fellow is no

* "Never alone, believe me, do the Gods appear." This poem is entitled "Dithyrambe" in the twelve-volume edition of Schiller's works, 1838. Vol. I p. 240.

† The father of Judge Crompton.

countryman of mine." —"He is a foreigner! Have you not heard what he has been doing? He has eaten a live cat!" — "A live cat!" every one exclaimed, except Fuseli, whose rage was excited by the suggestion of a lady famous for her blunders, "Dear me, Mr. Fuseli, that would be a fine subject for your pencil." — "My pencil, madam?" — "To be sure, sir, as the horrible is your forte."— "You mean the *terrible*, madam," he replied, with an assumed composure, muttering at the same time between his teeth, "if a silly woman can mean anything."

December 20th. — Met Coleridge by accident with Charles and Mary Lamb. As I entered he was apparently speaking of Christianity. He went on to say that miracles are not an essential in the Christian system. He insisted that they were not brought forward *as* proofs; that they were acknowledged to have been performed by others as well as the true believers. Pharaoh's magicians wrought miracles, though those of Moses were more powerful. In the New Testament, the appeal is made to the knowledge which the believer has of the truths of his religion, not to the wonders wrought to make him believe. Of Jesus Christ he asserted that he was a Platonic philosopher. And when Christ spoke of his identity with the Father, he spoke in a Spinozistic or Pantheistic sense, according to which he could truly say that his transcendental sense was *one* with God, while his empirical sense retained its finite nature. On my making the remark that in a certain sense every one who utters a truth may be said to be inspired, Coleridge assented, and afterwards named Fox and others among the Quakers, Madame Guyon, St. Theresa, &c., as being also inspired.

On my suggesting, in the form of a question, that an eternal absolute truth, like those of religion, could not be *proved* by an accidental fact in history, he at once assented, and declared it to be not advisable to ground the belief in Christianity on historical evidence. He went so far as to affirm that religious belief is an act, not of the understanding, but of the will. To become a believer, one must love the doctrine, and feel in harmony with it, and not sit down coolly to inquire whether he should believe it or not.

Notwithstanding the sceptical tendency of such opinions, Coleridge added, that accepting Christianity as he did in its spirit in conformity with his own philosophy, he was content for the sake of its divine truths to receive as articles of faith, or, perhaps I ought to say, leave undisputed, the miracles of the New Testament, taken in their literal sense.

In writing this I am reminded of one of the famous sayings of Pascal, which Jacobi quotes repeatedly : "The things that belong to men must be understood in order that they may be loved ; the things that belong to God must be loved in order to be understood."

Coleridge warmly praised Spinoza, Jacobi on Spinoza, and Schiller "Ueber die Sendung Moses," &c. And he concurred with me in thinking the main fault of Spinoza to be his attempting to reduce to demonstration that which must be an object of faith. He did not agree with Charles Lamb in his admiration of those playful and delightful plays of Shakespeare, "Love's Labor's Lost" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" ; but both affirmed that not a line of "Titus Andronicus" could have been from Shakespeare's pen.

December 23d. — Coleridge dined with the Colliers, talked a vast deal, and delighted every one. Politics, Kantian philosophy, and Shakespeare successively, — and at last a playful exposure of some bad poets. His remarks on Shakespeare were singularly ingenious. Shakespeare, he said, delighted in portraying characters in which the intellectual powers are found in a pre-eminent degree, while the moral faculties are wanting, at the same time that he taught the superiority of moral greatness. Such is the contrast exhibited in Iago and Othello. Iago's most marked feature is his delight in governing by fraud and superior understanding the noble-minded and generous Moor. In Richard III. cruelty is less the prominent trait than pride, to which a sense of personal deformity gave a deadly venom. Coleridge, however, asserted his belief that Shakespeare wrote hardly anything of this play except the character of Richard : he found the piece a stock play and rewrote the parts which developed the hero's character : he certainly did not write the scenes in which Lady Anne yielded to the usurper's solicitations. He considered "Pericles" as illustrating the way in which Shakespeare handled a piece he had to refit for representation. At first he proceeded with indifference, only now and then troubling himself to put in a thought or an image, but as he advanced he interested himself in his employment, and the last two acts are almost entirely by him.

Hamlet he considered in a point of view which seems to agree very well with the representation given in "Wilhelm Meister." Hamlet is a man whose ideal and internal images are so vivid that all real objects are faint and dead to him.

This we see in his soliloquies on the nature of man and his disregard of life: hence also his vacillation, and the purely convulsive energies he displayed. He acts only by fits and snatches. He manifests a strong inclination to suicide. On my observing that it appeared strange Shakespeare did not make suicide the termination of his piece, Coleridge replied that Shakespeare wished to show how even such a character is at last obliged to be the sport of chance, — a salutary moral doctrine.

But I thought this the suggestion of the moment only, and not a happy one, to obviate a seeming objection. Hamlet remains at last the helpless, unpractical being, though every inducement to activity is given which the very appearance of the spirit of his murdered father could bring with it.

Coleridge also considered Falstaff as an instance of the predominance of intellectual power. He is content to be thought both a liar and a coward in order to obtain influence over the minds of his associates. His aggravated lies about the robbery are conscious and purposed, not inadvertent untruths. On my observing that this account seemed to justify Cooke's representation, according to which a foreigner imperfectly understanding the character would fancy Falstaff the designing knave who does actually outwit the Prince, Coleridge answered that, in his *own* estimation, Falstaff is the superior, who cannot easily be convinced that the Prince has escaped him; but that, as in other instances, Shakespeare has shown us the defeat of mere intellect by a noble feeling; the Prince being the superior moral character, who rises above his insidious companion.

On my noticing Hume's obvious preference of the French tragedians to Shakespeare, Coleridge exclaimed: "Hume comprehended as much of Shakespeare as an apothecary's phial would, placed under the falls of Niagara."

We spoke of Milton. He was, said Coleridge, a most determined aristocrat, an enemy to popular elections, and he would have been most decidedly hostile to the Jacobins of the present day. He would have thought our popular freedom excessive. He was of opinion that the government belonged to the wise, and he thought the people fools. In all his works there is but *one* exceptionable passage, — that in which he vindicates the expulsion of the members from the House of Commons by Cromwell. Coleridge on this took occasion to express his approbation of the death of Charles.

Of Milton's "Paradise Regained," he observed that however inferior its kind is to "Paradise Lost," its execution is superior.

This was all Milton meant in the preference he is said to have given to his later poem. It is a didactic poem, and formed on the model of Job.

Coleridge remarked on the lesson of tolerance taught us by the opposite opinions entertained concerning the death of Charles by such great men as Milton and Jeremy Taylor.

Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying," he affirmed, is a perfect poem, and in all its particulars, even the rhythm, may be compared with Young's "Night Thoughts." In the course of his metaphysical conversation, Coleridge remarked on Hartley's theory of association. This doctrine is as old as Aristotle, and Hartley himself, after publishing his system, when he wrote his second volume on religion, built his proofs, not on the maxims of his first volume, which he had already learnt to appreciate better, but on the principles of other schools. Coleridge quoted (I forget from whom) a description of association as the "law of our imagination." Thought, he observed, is a laborious breaking through the law of association; the natural train of fancy is violently repressed; the free yielding to its power produces dreaming or delirium. The great absurdity committed by those who would build everything on association is that they forget the things associated: these are left out of the account.

Of Locke he spoke, as usual, with great contempt, that is, in reference to his metaphysical work. He considered him as having led to the destruction of metaphysical science, by encouraging the unlearned public to think that with mere common sense they might dispense with disciplined study. He praised Stillingfleet as Locke's opponent; and he ascribed Locke's popularity to his political character, being the advocate of the new against the old dynasty, to his religious character as a Christian, though but an Arian, — for both parties, the Christians against the sceptics, and the liberally minded against the orthodox, were glad to raise his reputation; and to the nationality of the people, who considered him and Newton as the adversaries of the German Leibnitz. Voltaire, to depress Leibnitz, raised Locke.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

"Coleridge kept me on the stretch of attention and admiration from half past three till twelve o'clock. On politics,

metaphysics, and poetry, more especially on the Regency, Kant, and Shakespeare, he was astonishingly eloquent. But I cannot help remarking that, although he practises all sorts of delightful tricks, and shows admirable skill in riding his hobby, yet he may be easily unsaddled. I was surprised to find how one may obtain from him concessions which lead to gross inconsistencies. Though an incomparable declaimer and speechmaker, he has neither the readiness nor the acuteness required by a colloquial disputant; so that, with a sense of inferiority which makes me feel humble in his presence, I do not feel in the least afraid of him. Rough said yesterday, that he is sure Coleridge would never have succeeded at the bar even as a speaker."

This I wrote when I knew little of him; I used afterwards to compare him as a disputant to a serpent? — easy to kill, if you assume the offensive, but if you let him attack, his bite is mortal. Some years after this, when I saw Madame de Staël in London, I asked her what she thought of him: she replied, "He is very great in monologue, but he has no idea of dialogue." This I repeated, and it appeared in the *Quarterly Review.*

It was at the very close of the year that I made an acquaintance which afforded me unqualified satisfaction, except as all enjoyments that are transient are followed by sorrow when they are terminated. This new acquaintance was the great sculptor, John Flaxman.

Having learned from Rough that my German acquaintance, Miss Flaxman, had returned, and was living with her brother, I called on her to make my apologies for neglecting to deliver my letter to Rough. She received them, not with undignified indifference, but with great good-nature. On this occasion I was introduced to Mrs. Flaxman, a shrewd lively talkative woman, and received an invitation to spend the last night of the year with them. The whole day was interesting. I find from my pocket-book that I translated in the forenoon a portion of Goethe's "Sammler und die Seinigen," which I never ended, because I could not invent English comic words to express the abuses arising from one-sidedness in the several schools of painting. In the afternoon I sat with Mrs. Barbauld, still in all the beauty of her fine taste, correct understanding, as well as pure integrity; and, in the evening, I was one of a merry party at Flaxman's. But this evening I saw merely the

good-humored, even frolicsome, kind-hearted man. Every sportive word and action of Flaxman's was enhanced by his grotesque figure. He had an intelligent and benignant countenance, but he was short and humpbacked, so that in his laughter it often seemed as if he were mocking himself. There were the Roughs and a few others, enough to fill two very small rooms (No. 7 Buckingham Street, which Flaxman bought when he settled in London on his return from Italy, and in which he died). He introduced to me a lively, rather short, and stout girl, whom he called his "daughter Ellen." I took him literally, and said I thought he had no child. "Only in one way she is my daughter. Her other father, there, is Mr. Porden, the architect." This same Ellen Porden became ultimately the wife of Captain Franklin, the North Pole voyager.

It was also in this year that I became acquainted with Manning,* then a special pleader, now, perhaps, the most learned man at the bar, sergeant or barrister. He was the son of a well-known Arian divine at Exeter, and he has had the manliness and integrity never to be ashamed of Dissent.

I ought not to omit the circumstance that I kept four terms this year.

H. C. R. TO MISS WORDSWORTH.

56 HATTON GARDEN, December 23, 1810.

MY DEAR MADAM:—

. . . . I have postponed answering your acceptable letter till I could speak to you concerning our common friends, the Lambs.

Mary, I am glad to say, is just now very comfortable. But I hear she has been in a feeble and tottering condition. She has put herself under Dr. Tuthill, who has prescribed water. Charles, in consequence, resolved to accommodate himself to her, and since lord-mayor's day has abstained from all other liquor, as well as from smoking. We shall all rejoice, indeed, if this experiment succeeds.

Who knows but that this promising resolution may have been strengthened by the presence of Coleridge? I have spent several evenings with your friend. I say a great deal when I

* The Queen's Ancient Sergeant, who died in 1866.
In early life Manning devoted himself for a year and a half to agriculture. Afterwards he went to Germany for a year, to learn the language, in order to fit himself for mercantile pursuits. Finally he fixed on the law as a profession.

declare that he has not sunk below my expectations, for they were never raised so before by the fame of any man. He appears to be quite well, and if the admiration he excites in me be mingled with any sentiments of compassion, this latter feeling proceeds rather from what I have heard, than from what I have seen. He has more eloquence than any man I ever saw, except perhaps Curran, the Irish orator, who possesses in a very high degree the only excellence which Coleridge wants to be a perfect parlor orator, viz. short sentences. Coleridge cannot *con*verse. He addresses himself *to* his hearers. At the same time, he is a much better listener than I expected.

Your kind invitation to the Lakes is most welcome. If I do not embrace the offer, be assured it is not from want of a strong desire to do so. I wish for no journey so much, except, indeed, another voyage to Spain. My admiration, my love, and anxious care continue to be fixed on that country ; and I have no doubt that if my hopes are not so lofty as those your brother cherishes, it is only because I am myself not so lofty.

. . . . .

Coleridge spent an afternoon with us on Sunday. He was delightful. Charles Lamb was unwell, and could not join us. His change of habit, though it on the whole improves his health, yet when he is low-spirited leaves him without a remedy or relief.

. . . . .

To Mr. Wordsworth my best remembrances. We want unprofaned and unprostituted words to express the kind of feeling I entertain towards him.

Believe me, &c., &c.,

H. C. R.

P. S. — I was interested in your account of the children, and their reception of you ; but it is not only mountain children that *make* verbs. I heard an Essex child of seven say lately, in delight at a fierce torrent of rain, " How it is storming ! " The same boy had just before said, " I love to see it roaring and pouring." I have more than once remarked the elements of poetic sense in him.

CHAPTER XIV.

1811.

THIS year I began to keep a Diary. This relieves me from one difficulty, but raises another. Hitherto I have had some trouble in bringing back to my memory the most material incidents in the proper order. It was a labor of *col*lection. Now I have to *se*lect. When looking at a diary, there seems to be too little distinction between the insignificant and the important, and one is reminded of the proverb, "The wood cannot be seen for the trees." *

January 8th.— Spent part of the evening with Charles Lamb (unwell) and his sister. He had just read the "Curse of Kehama," which he said he liked better than any of Southey's long poems. The descriptions he thought beautiful, particularly the finding of Kailyal by Ereenia. He liked the opening, and part of the description of hell; but, after all, he was not made happier by reading the poem. There is too much trick in it. The three statues and the vacant space for Kehama resemble a pantomime scene; and the love is ill managed. On the whole, however, Charles Lamb thinks the poem infinitely superior to "Thalaba."

We spoke of Wordsworth and Coleridge. To my surprise, Lamb asserted the latter to be the greater man. He preferred the "Ancient Mariner" to anything Wordsworth had written. He thought the latter too apt to force his own individual feelings on the reader, instead of, like Shakespeare, entering fully into the feelings of others. This, I observed, is very much owing to the lyrical character of Wordsworth's poems. And Lamb concluded by expressing high admiration of Wordsworth, and especially of the Sonnets. He also spoke of "Hart-leap Well" as exquisite.

Some one, speaking of Shakespeare, mentioned his anachronism in which Hector speaks of Aristotle. "That 's what Johnson referred to," said Lamb, "when he wrote, —

'And panting Time toils after him in vain!'"

* Henceforward selections will be given from the Diary, with additions from the Reminiscences. These additions will be marked [*Rem.*], and the year in which they were written will be stated at the foot of the page.

January 17th. — In the evening a call at Flaxman's. Read to Mrs. Flaxman a part of Schlegel's "Critique on the Designs for Dante," which of course gratified her. She told me they were done in Italy for Mr. Hope, on very moderate terms, merely to give Flaxman employment for the evening. Fuseli, when he saw them, said, "I used to think myself the best composer, but now I own Flaxman to be the greater man." Some years ago, when I met Flaxman at Mrs. Iremonger's, I mentioned Schlegel's praise of him for his preference of Dante to Milton. It was, said Schlegel, a proof that he surpassed his countrymen in taste. Flaxman said he could not accept the compliment on the ground of preference. He thought Milton the very greatest of poets, and he could not forgive Charles James Fox for not liking him. He had three reasons for choosing Dante. First, he was unwilling to interfere with Fuseli, who had made choice of Milton for his designs. Second, Milton supplies few figures, while Dante abounds in them. And, third, he had heard that Michael Angelo had made a number of designs in the margin of a copy of Dante.

Mrs. Flaxman said, this evening, that the common cloak of the lower classes in Italy suggested the drapery for Virgil and Dante. While we were talking on this subject Flaxman came in. He spoke with great modesty of his designs; he could do better now, and wished the Germans had something better on which to exercise their critical talents.

January 19th. — With Collier, &c., at Covent Garden. "Twelfth Night," — Liston's Malvolio excellent. I never saw him to greater advantage. It is a character in all respects adapted to him. His inimitable gravity till he receives the letter, and his incomparable smiles in the cross-gartered scene, are the perfection of nature and art united.

January 29th. — I walked with Coleridge to Rickman's, where we dined. He talked on Shakespeare, particularly his Fools. These he regarded as supplying the place of the ancient chorus. The ancient drama, he observed, is distinguished from the Shakespearian in this, that it exhibits a sort of abstraction, not of character, but of idea. A certain sentiment or passion is exhibited in all its purity, unmixed with anything that could interfere with its effect. Shakespeare, on the other hand, imitates life, mingled as we find it with joy and sorrow. We meet constantly in life with persons who are, as it were, unfeeling spectators of the most passionate situations. The Fool serves to supply the place of some such uninterested person,

where all the other characters are interested. The most genuine and real of Shakespeare's Fools is in "Lear." In "Hamlet" the fool is, as it were, divided into several parts, dispersed through the play.

On our walk back Coleridge spoke warmly and eloquently on the effect of laws in the formation of moral character and feeling in a people. He differed from Bentham's censure of the laws of usury, Coleridge contending that those laws, by exciting a general contempt towards usurers, had a deterring effect on many. Genoa fell by becoming a people of money-lenders instead of merchants. In money loans one party is in sorrow; in the traffic of merchandise, both parties gain and rejoice. This led to talk on the nature of criminal law in general. Some acts, viz. murder, rape, unnatural offences, are to be punished for the sake of the effect on the public mind, that a *just sentiment* may be taught, and not merely for the sake of prevention. The acts ought in themselves to be punished. He dwelt on the influence of law in forming the public mind, and giving direction to moral feeling.

February 1st. — A visit to a most accomplished lady of the old school, Mrs. Buller.* The poems of Southey and Scott she has put into her Index Expurgatorius. She cannot bear the irregularity of their versification. Mr. Jerningham was present, and she called him to his face "the last of the old school." He is already forgotten, more completely than those will be whom his friend and contemporary treated so contemptuously.

February 18th. — At the Royal Academy. Heard Flaxman's introductory Lecture on Sculpture. It was for the most part, or entirely, historical. He endeavored to show that in all times English sculptors have excelled when not prevented by extraneous circumstances. This gave great pleasure to a British audience. In one or two instances the lecture was applauded in a way that he would be ashamed of. He spoke of some cathedral sculpture of the time of Henry VIII., and, contrasting the remains of different artists, said, "Here, too, we find that the British artists were superior to their rivals on the Continent." This was received with loud clapping. The John-Bullism displayed was truly ridiculous. Flaxman, however, pleased me in every respect in which I had a right to be pleased. He spoke like an artist who loved and honored his art, but without any personal feeling. He had all the unpre-

* See page 252.

tending simplicity of a truly great man. His unimposing figure received consequence from the animation of his countenance ; and his voice, though feeble, was so judiciously managed and so clear, and his enunciation was so distinct, that he was audible to a large number of people.

March 12th. — Tea and chess with Mrs. Barbauld. Read on my way to her house Chapters VIII. to XIV. of Southey's "Madoc." Exceedingly pleased with the touching painting in this poem. It has not the splendid glare of "Kehama," but there is a uniform glow of pure and beautiful morality and interesting description, which renders the work very pleasing. Surely none but a pedant can affect or be seduced to think slightingly of this poem. At all events, the sensibility which feels such beauties is more desirable than the acuteness which could suggest severe criticism.

March 13th. — A talk with Coleridge, who called on me. Speaking of Southey, he said S. was not able to appreciate Spanish poetry. He wanted modifying power: he was a jewel-setter, — whatever he found to his taste, he formed it into, or made it into, the ornament of a story.

March 24th. — A call on Coleridge, who expatiated beautifully on the beneficial influence of brotherly and sisterly love in the formation of character. He attributed, he said, certain peculiarities in persons whom he named to the circumstance that they had no brother.*

March 29th. — Spent the evening with W. Hazlitt. Smith, his wife and son, Hume, Coleridge, and afterwards Lamb there. Coleridge philosophized as usual. He said that all systems of philosophy might be reduced to two, the dynamical and the mechanical ; the one converting all quantity into quality, the other *vice versa*. He and Hazlitt joined in an obscure statement about abstract ideas. Hazlitt said he had learnt from painting that it is difficult to form an idea of an individual object, — that we first have only a *general idea ;* that is, a vague, broken, imperfect recollection of the individual object. This I observed was what the multitude meant by a general idea, and Hazlitt said he had no other. Coleridge spoke of the impossibility of referring the individual to the class without having a previous notion of the class. This is Kantian logic.

We talked of politics. It was amusing to observe how

* On some other occasion I recollect his saying that he envied Wordsworth for having had a sister, and that his own character had suffered from the want of a sister. — H. C. R.

Coleridge blundered against Scotchmen and Frenchmen. He represented the *Edinburgh Review* as a concentration of all the smartness of all Scotland. Edinburgh is a talking town, and whenever, in the Conversaziones, a single spark is elicited, it is instantly caught, preserved, and brought to the *Review*. He denied humor to the nation. Smith appealed in behalf of Smollett. Coleridge endeavored to make a distinction, i. e. to maintain his point, and yet allow the claim of Smith.

Before Lamb came, Coleridge had spoken with warmth of his excellent and serious conversation. Hazlitt imputed his puns to humility.

March 30th. — At C. Lamb's. Found Coleridge and Hazlitt there, and had a half-hour's chat. Coleridge spoke feelingly of Godwin and the unjust treatment he had met with. In apology for Southey's review of Godwin's "Life of Chaucer," Coleridge ingeniously observed that persons who are themselves very pure are sometimes on that account *blunt* in their moral feelings. This I believe to be a very true remark indeed. Something like this I have expressed respecting ——. She is perfectly just herself, and expects everybody to be equally so. She is consequently severe, and occasionally even harsh in her judgments.

"For right too rigid hardens into wrong."

Coleridge used strong language against those who were once the extravagant admirers of Godwin, and afterwards became his most bitter opponents. I noticed the infinite superiority of Godwin over the French writers in moral feeling and tendency. I had learned to hate Helvetius and Mirabeau, and yet retained my love for Godwin. This was agreed to as a just sentiment. Coleridge said there was more in Godwin, after all, than he was once willing to admit, though not so much as his enthusiastic admirers fancied. He had openly opposed him, but nevertheless visited him. Southey's severity he attributed to the habit of reviewing. Southey had said of Coleridge's poetry that he was a Dutch imitator of the Germans. Coleridge quoted this, not to express any displeasure at it, but to show in what way Southey could speak of him.

Went with C. Lamb to the Lyceum. "The Siege of Belgrade" afforded me considerable amusement. The comic scenes are droll, though commonplace enough, and Miss Kelly and Mathews gave due effect to them. But Braham's singing delighted me. His trills, shakes, and quavers are, like

those of all other great singers, tiresome to me; but his pure melody, the simple song clearly articulated, is equal to anything I ever heard. His song was *acted* as well as sung delightfully. Indeed I think Braham a fine actor while singing; he throws his soul into his throat, but his whole frame is awakened, and his gestures and looks are equally impassioned.

When Dignum and Mrs. Bland came on the stage together, Charles Lamb exclaimed,

"And lo, two puddings smoked upon the board!"

April 2d. — A walk to Clapton, reading, "Colonel Jack," the latter half of which is but dull and commonplace. The moment he ceases to be a thief, he loses everything interesting. Yet there runs through the work a spirit of humanity which does honor to De Foe. He powerfully pleaded for a humane treatment of the slaves of America, at a time when no man thought of abolishing slavery itself.

April 4th. — At Pope's benefit, at the Opera House. "The Earl of Warwick." Mrs. Siddons most nobly played her part as Margaret of Anjou. The character is one to which she can still render justice. She looked ill, and I thought her articulation indistinct, and her voice drawling and funereal during the first act; but as she advanced in the play, her genius triumphed over natural impediments. She was all that could be wished. The scene in which she wrought upon the mind of Warwick was perfect. And in the last act, her triumphant joy at the entrance of Warwick, whom she had stabbed, was incomparable. She laughed convulsively, and staggered off the stage as if drunk with delight; and in every limb showed the tumult of passion with an accuracy and a force equally impressive to the critic and the man of feeling.

Her advancing age is a real pain to me. As an actor, she has left with me the conviction that there never was, and never will be, her equal.

Elliston played Edward. He is a fine bustling comedian; but he bustles also in tragedy.

Braham sang delightfully "Said a Smile to a Tear." He is incomparably the most delightful male singer I ever heard.

Liston, in the "Waterman," gave a burlesque song with admirable humor. I believe he will soon be acknowledged to be our first comedian. He raises more universal laughs than any one, excepting perhaps Mathews, who is only a first-rate

mimic. Liston burlesqued Braham, and there arose a contest between the lovers of burlesque and the jealous admirers of exquisite music; but the reasonable party prevailed, and Liston's encored song was received with great applause, though the burlesque was not less apparent than before.

Incledon sang "The Storm." It was said to be fine. Mathews sang his "Mail Coach," — a most excellent thing in its way.

I have seldom had so much pleasure at the theatre.

April 28th. — Anthony Robinson related an anecdote of Horne Tooke, showing the good-humor and composure of which he was capable. Holcroft was with him at a third person's table. They had a violent quarrel. At length Holcroft said, as he rose to leave the room: "Mr. Tooke, I tell you, you are a —— scoundrel, and I always thought you so." Tooke detained him, and said: "Mr. Holcroft, some time ago you asked me to come and dine with you; do tell me what day it shall be." Holcroft stayed.

May 7th. — In the afternoon a pleasant chat with Flaxman alone. He spoke of artists and art with his unaffected modesty and kindness. I asked him why the Germans, who appreciated him, would not acknowledge the merit of our painters, even Reynolds. "My art," Flaxman answered, "led me to make use of classical fable, of which the Germans are fond. Reynolds was only a gentlemanly scholar." Sir Joshua judged ill of sculpture; on that subject he wrote not so well as Rafael Mengs, of whom Flaxman spoke slightingly, just as I recollect hearing Fernow at Jena speak.

May 9th. — Dined with Thelwall. A large party. The man whom we went to see, and, if we could, admire, was Dr. Wolcott, better known as Peter Pindar. He talked about the artists, said that West could paint neither ideal beauty nor from nature, called Opie the Michael Angelo of old age, complained of the ingratitude of certain artists who owed everything to himself, spoke contemptuously of Walter Scott, who, he said, owed his popularity to hard names. He also declaimed against rhyme in general, which he said was fit only for burlesque. Not even Butler would live. At the same time he praised exceedingly the "Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers." Congreve he considered the greatest miracle of genius, and that such a man should early abandon literature was to him unaccountable. As Peter Pindar was blind, I was requested to help him to his wine, which was in a separate pint bottle, and

was not wine at all, but brandy.* After dinner he eulogized brandy, calling it τὸ πᾶν, and said, "He who drinks it heartily must make interest to die."

He said he had made a rhyme that morning, of which Butler might not have been ashamed: —

> Say, would you long the shafts of death defy,
> Pray keep your inside wet, your outside dry.

I referred to his own writings. He said he recollected them with no pleasure. "Satire is a bad trade."

May 15th. — A very pleasant call on Charles and Mary Lamb. Read his version of the story of Prince Dorus, the long-nosed king.† Gossiped about writing. Urged him to try his hand at a metrical *Umarbeitung* (working up) of "Reynard the Fox." He believed, he said, in the excellence of the work, but he was sure such a version as I suggested would not succeed now. The sense of humor, he maintained, is utterly extinct. No satire that is not personal will succeed.‡

24th. — Devoted the day to a speech to be delivered at the Academical Society. § The question, "Which among the Arts of Oratory, History, and Poetry is most capable of being rendered serviceable to Mankind?" I spoke for somewhat more than an hour.

The three arts are alike liberal arts, since they are carried on with knowledge and freedom, and not slavishly. They constitute the great body of elegant learning, — Humanity.

Oratory is the art of persuasion as opposed to logic, — the art of reasoning. It is mischievous by withdrawing attention from the substance to the show, from the matter of discourse to its ornaments. I. Deliberative or senatorial eloquence. The evil of accustoming a people to the stimulus of eloquence. This I illustrated by the French Revolution. For some years the people were kept in a frenzy by the orators. The result was not the acquirement of any habits favorable either to knowledge or liberty. The mind was left as barren and as unsusceptible of good influence as the earth from which the salt sea has receded. In the English Senate, Burke was not

* In telling this story Mr. Robinson would humorously relate how, by pouring some into a second glass, he contrived to ascertain the fact for himself.

† This is not in his collected works, and, as well as two volumes of Poems for Children, is likely to be lost. — H. C. R.

‡ An English version of "Reineke der Fuchs" was afterwards prepared by Samuel Naylor, Jun., and dedicated to his friend H. C. R. Published by Longman, 1844.

§ As Mr. Robinson was a frequent attendant and speaker at Debating Societies, the notes of his speech on one of these occasions are given as a specimen.

listened to. Fox has left no memorial of any good he has wrought by eloquence; his Libel Bill being the only good law he ever introduced. Neither the Habeas Corpus Act, nor the Bill of Rights, nor Magna Charta, originated in eloquence. A senate of orators is a symptom of national decay. II. Judicial eloquence. I expatiated on the glorious spectacle of an English court of justice, and affirmed that its dignity would be lost if the people went into it as into a theatre, to admire the graces of the orators. But, in fact, there is little eloquence at present at the English bar. Erskine the only prominent man in our time. I contrasted the state of popular feeling in Greece and Britain. I noticed the assertion of Demosthenes, that action is the first, second, and third part of an orator, and the fact that he was taught to speak by an actor. I admitted, however, that eloquence might occasionally be useful (though its resources were at the service alike of the tyrant and the free man, the oppressor and the oppressed), but it is only a sort of convulsive effect that can be produced. The storm which drives from a populous city the pestilential vapor hanging over it may accidentally save it for once from the plague; but it is the sun, which rises day by day, and the dew, which falls night by night, that give fertility to the valleys, though the silent operation of these causes does not so forcibly strike the senses.

History, I observed, could instruct only by enabling us to anticipate future events from the past. But this it cannot do. The great events of political life are too unique to admit of a parallel. The Crusades, Reformation, &c. The emancipation of Switzerland, Holland, Portugal, Sweden, each took place on grounds of its own; and no inference could be drawn from one to another. No Irishman, for instance, wishing to deliver his country from English rule, could draw an argument from the success of any other rebellion. The great outline of historical occurrences is beyond the sphere of human agency; it belongs to the economy of Divine Providence, and is illustrated in the gradual civilization of mankind. All the rest is pure uncertainty. Horace Walpole's historical doubts. Character of the Queen of Scots. The death of Charles XII. of Sweden.

History may be thought to improve the affections. This is so far from being true, that history shows the triumph of fraud, violence, and guilt; and if there were no resource elsewhere, the mind, by mere history, would be driven to despair.

[I omitted to show how little private persons can be improved by that which treats merely of public events, and also that statesmen have been guided by sagacity in the just comprehension of the actual state of things, and that learned men have seldom had any marked influence in public affairs.]

Poetry I described as having its origin in a principle of our nature, by which we are enabled to conceive of things as better than any actually known. The mind is cheered by its own images of excellence, and is thus enabled to bear up against the evils of life. Besides, we are more instructed by poetic than historic truth ; for the one is but a series of insignificant accidents, while the other contains the essential truth of things. Homer's Achilles is a fine picture of a warrior whose breast is full of all the irascible, and yet all the affectionate, feelings. The baseness of a grovelling ambition of regal dominion is better exemplified in Shakespeare's "Richard III.," the tremendous consequence of yielding to the suggestions of evil in "Macbeth," the necessity of having the sensible and reflective qualities balanced by active energy in "Hamlet," the nature of jealousy in "Othello," than in any mere historic narratives.

What can the historian do? He can give us plausible speculations. What the orator? Stir our feelings, but for a time only. Whereas the poet enriches our imaginations with images of every virtue.

I was followed by Twiss, Dumoulin, and Temple. At the close of the discussion, the few persons who had remained held up their hands, — five for history, and one each for poetry and eloquence.

May 26th. — As Robert Hall was to preach in the Borough, I went to hear him. The discourse was certainly a very beautiful one. He began by a florid but eloquent and impressive description of John the Baptist, and deduced from his history, not with the severity of argument which a logician requires, but with a facility of illustration which oratory delights in, and which was perfectly allowable, the practical importance of discharging the duty which belongs to our actual condition.

June 6th. — Met Coleridge at the Exhibition. He drew my attention to the "vigorous impotence" of Fuseli, especially in his "Macbeth." * "The prominent witch," said Coleridge,

* No. 12 of the Royal Academy Catalogue, where it is entered "Macbeth consulting the Vision of the Armed Head." — SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth.* Act IV., Scene 1.

"is smelling a stink." He spoke of painting as one of the lost arts.

June 11th. — Called on Coleridge. He made some striking observations on the character of an excellent man. "I have long," he said, "considered him an abstraction, rather than a person to be beloved. He is incapable of loving any excepting those whom he has benefited. He has been so in the habit of being useful, that he seems to lose his interest in those to whom he can be of no further use."

June 13th. — After tea a call on C. Lamb. His brother with him. A chat on puns. Evanson, in his "Dissonance of the Gospels," thinks Luke most worthy of credence. P—— said that Evanson was a *luke*warm Christian. I related this to C. Lamb. But, to him, a mere play of words was nothing without a spice of the ridiculous. He was reading with a friend a book of Eastern travels, and the friend observed of the *Mantschu* Tartars, that they must be cannibals. This Lamb thought better. The large room in the accountant's office at the East India House is divided into boxes or compartments, in each of which sit six clerks, Charles Lamb himself in one. They are called Compounds. The meaning of the word was asked one day, and Lamb said it was "a collection of simples."

June 16th. — Dined at Sergeant Rough's, and met the once celebrated Mrs. Abington.* From her present appearance one can hardly suppose she could ever have been otherwise than plain. She herself laughed at her snub nose. But she is erect, has a large blue expressive eye, and an agreeable voice. She spoke of her retirement from the stage as occasioned by the vexations of a theatrical life. She said she should have gone mad if she had not quitted her profession. She has lost all her professional feelings, and when she goes to the theatre can laugh and cry like a child; but the trouble is too great, and she does not often go. It is so much a thing of course that a retired actor should be a *laudator temporis acti*, that I felt unwilling to draw from her any opinion of her successors. Mrs. Siddons, however, she praised, though not with the warmth of a genuine admirer. She said: "Early in life Mrs. Siddons was anxious to succeed in comedy, and played Rosalind before I retired." In speaking of the modern declamation, and the too elaborate emphasis given to insignificant words,

* Mrs. Abington first appeared at the Haymarket as Miranda, in the "Busy Body." Her last public appearance was April 12, 1799. She died in her house in Pall Mall, March, 1815.

she said, "That was brought in by them" (the Kembles). She spoke with admiration of the Covent Garden horses, and I have no doubt that her praise was meant to have the effect of satire. Of all the present actors, Murray most resembles Garrick. She spoke of Barry with great warmth. He was a nightingale. Such a voice was never heard. He confined himself to characters of great tenderness and sweetness, such as Romeo. She admitted the infinite superiority of Garrick in genius. His excellence lay in the bursts and quick transitions of passion, and in the variety and universality of his genius. Mrs. Abington would not have led me to suppose she had been on the stage by either her manner or the substance of her conversation. She speaks with the ease of a person used to good society, rather than with the assurance of one whose business it was to imitate that ease.

Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman called in the evening. An argumentative conversation, which is not Flaxman's forte. He is delightful in the great purity of his moral sense, and the consequent delicacy of his taste on all subjects of ethics: but his understanding is not cast in a logical mould; and when he has a fixed idea, there is no possibility of changing it. He said Linnæus had made a great blunder in classing the whale with man, merely because it belongs to the *mammalia*. And it was impossible to make him acknowledge, or apparently to comprehend, the difference between an artificial and a natural classification. As a proof that Hume wished to apologize for Charles II., he quoted the sentence, "Charles was a polite husband and a generous lover"; and he did not perceive that this was a mere statement of fact, and by no means implied a wish to defend or vindicate. Hume could not have imagined that politeness is the appropriate virtue of a husband, or that the profusion of a king towards his mistresses is laudable. But it is not necessary, even for the purposes of edification, to ring the changes of moral censure.

June 18th. — Accompanied Mrs. Pattisson and her son William to Lawrence the painter. On entering the room, he fixed his eyes on William with evident admiration, not noticing the mother, who *had been* handsome. On my asking him whether he could find time to paint the boy, he said in a half-whisper, "To be sure, he must be painted." The picture was to include his brother Jacob. It was arranged that the two boys should wait on Mr. Lawrence on Wednesday, the 26th inst.

I may here mention an occurrence which took place in 1809,

while I was at Witham on a visit to the Pattissons. There was a grand jubilee to celebrate the termination of the fiftieth year of the reign of George III. At morning prayers, William, aged eight, said, "Mamma, ought I not to pray for the King?" — "To be sure, if you feel the desire." On which he folded his hands, and said, "O God, grant that the King may continue to reign with justice and victory." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when Jacob, then six years and a half, said "May n't I pray too?" The mother could not refuse. "O God, be so good as to let the King live another fifty years."

June 21st. — A pleasant party at Collier's. Lamb in high spirits. One pun from him at least successful. Punsters being abused, and the old joke repeated that he who puns will pick a pocket, some one said, "Punsters themselves have no pockets." — "No," said Lamb, "they carry only a *ridicule*."

June 26th. — Went with the Pattissons to Lawrence's. He consented to paint the two boys for 160 guineas. They had their first sitting to-day. I took an opportunity of telling him an anecdote respecting himself, which did not seem to displease him, though eminent men are in many instances well pleased to forget the day of little things. His father was the master of the Bear Inn at Devizes, and he himself was for a short time at Mr. Fenner's school. Some time between 1786 and 1789 a stranger, calling at Mr. Fenner's, remarked, "They say, Mr. Fenner, that your old pupil, Tommy Lawrence, is turning out a very pretty painter."

July 9th. — Evening at Lady Broughton's. W. Maltby, in our walk home, related an anecdote which he himself had from the Bishop of Llandaff. The Bishop was standing in the House of Lords, in company with Lords Thurlow and Loughborough, when Lord Southampton accosted him: "I want your advice, my Lord; how am I to bring up my son so as to make him get forwards in the world?" — "I know of but one way," replied the Bishop; "give him parts and poverty." — "Well, then," replied Lord S., "if God has given him parts, I will manage as to the poverty."

July 11th. — Called on Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. and Miss Belsham, and Mr. and Mrs. Tooke, Sen. Tooke told a good story. Lord Bolingbroke dined one day with Bishop Burnet. There was a sumptuous entertainment, and Lord Bolingbroke asked the Bishop whether the Apostles fared so well. "O no, my

lord." — "And how do you account for the difference between the clergy of the present day and those of the primitive Church?" — "It is so," replied Burnet, "on all occasions; we always see that inventors and speculators are ruined, while others reap the gain." But surely the repartee is applied to the wrong person. Burnet would not have so compromised himself to Bolingbroke.

July 24th. — Late at C. Lamb's. Found a large party there. Southey had been with Blake, and admired both his designs and his poetic talents. At the same time he held him to be a decided madman. Blake, he said, spoke of his visions with the diffidence which is usual with such people, and did not seem to expect that he should be believed. He showed Southey a perfectly mad poem, called "Jerusalem." Oxford Street is in Jerusalem.

July 26th. — At the Lyceum Theatre with Amyot. "The Quadrupeds," otherwise the Tailors, revived under a new name. The prelude represents a poor manager in distress. He is assailed by a bailiff, and, leading him to a trap-door, forces him down. Sheridan looked on, and clapped. The burlesque scene between the master-tailor (Lovegrove) and his wife (Miss Kelly), who is alarmed by a dream, was excellent.

July 28th. — After dinner walked to Morgan's, beyond Kensington, to see Coleridge, and found Southey there. Coleridge, talking of German poetry, represented Klopstock as compounded of everything bad in Young, Harvey, and Richardson. He praised warmly an essay on Hogarth by C. Lamb, and spoke of *wrongers* of subjects as well as *writers* on them. He was in spirits, and was apparently pleased with a letter I brought him from Mrs. Clarkson.

Coleridge and Southey spoke of Thelwall, calling him merely "John." Southey said: "He is a good-hearted man; besides, we ought never to forget that he was once as near as possible being hanged, and there is some merit in that."

Enjoyed exceedingly my walk back with Southey. Speaking of forms of government, he said, there is no doubt a republic is the best form of government in itself, — as a sun-dial is in itself the most certain and perfect instrument for ascertaining the hour. And if the sun shone always, men would never have been at the trouble of making clocks. But, as it is, these instruments are in most frequent use. If mankind were illuminated by the pure sun of reason, they would dispense with complicated forms of government. He talked largely

about Spain. A Jacobin revolution must purify the country before any good can be done. Catholicism is absolutely incompatible with great improvements. In the Cortes, he says, nine tenths of the members are bigoted papists, and one tenth Jacobin atheists. Barcelona might have been purchased, had our government been on the alert. Southey spoke highly of Blanco White.

July 29th. — Read four books of "Thalaba," and one book of the "Castle of Indolence." Thomson's poem most delightful. Surely, in the *finish* of such a work, there is a charm which surpasses the effect produced by the fitful and irregular beauties of a work like Southey's.

August 3d. — Bathed for the first time in Peerless Pool, originally *perilous* pool; but it deserves neither title. In the evening at Charles Lamb's. He was serious, and therefore very interesting. I accidentally made use of the expression "poor Coleridge!" Lamb corrected me, not angrily, but as if really pained. "He is," he said, "a fine fellow, in spite of all his faults and weaknesses. Call him Coleridge; I hate *poor*, as applied to such a man. I can't bear to hear such a man pitied." He then quoted an expression to the same effect by (I think) Ben Jonson of Bacon.

*Reminiscences.** — I frequently saw Coleridge about this time, and was made privy to an incident which need no longer be kept a secret. Coleridge was then a contributor to the *Courier*, and wrote an article on the Duke of York, which was printed on Friday, the 5th of July. But the government got scent of it, and therefore, by the interference of Mr. Arbuthnot of the Treasury, after about 2,000 copies had been printed, it was suppressed. This offended Coleridge, who would gladly have transferred his services to the *Times*. I spoke about him to Walter, but Fraser was then firmly established, and no other hand was required for the highest department. I have found a paper in Coleridge's hand in reference to this affair. It states what service he was willing to render, — such as attending six hours a day, and writing so many articles per week. One paragraph only has any significance, because it shows the state of his mind: "The above, always supposing the paper to be truly independent, first, of the Administration, secondly, of Palace Yard, and that its fundamental principle is, the due proportion of political power to property, joined with the removal of all obstacles to the free circulation and transfer of

* Written in 1849.

property, and all artificial facilitations of its natural tendency to accumulate in large and growing masses."

August 8th. — At C. Lamb's. Coleridge there. A short but interesting conversation on German metaphysics. He related some curious anecdotes of his son Hartley, whom he represented as a most remarkable child. A deep thinker in his infancy, — one who tormented himself in his attempts to solve the problems which would equally torment the full-grown man, if the world and its cares and its pleasures did not abstract his attention. When about five years old, Hartley was asked a question concerning himself by some one who called him "Hartley." — "Which Hartley?" asked the boy. "Why, is there more than one Hartley?" — "Yes, there's a deal of Hartleys." — "How so?" — "There's Picture Hartley (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him), and Shadow Hartley, and there's Echo Hartley, and there's Catch-me-fast Hartley," — at the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand very eagerly, an action which shows that his mind must have been led to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery that man should be both his own subject and object, and that these should yet be one. "At the same early age," said Coleridge, "he used to be in an agony of thought about the reality of existence. Some one said to him, 'It is not now, but it is to be.' — 'But,' said he, 'if it is to be, it *is*.' Perhaps this confusion of thought lay not merely in the imperfection of language. Hartley, when a boy, had no pleasure in *things;* they made no impression on him till they had undergone a sort of process in his mind, and become thoughts or feelings." With a few abatements for fatherly affection, I have no doubt Hartley is a remarkable child. But of his subsequent progress Coleridge said little.

August 17th. — Tea at Dr. Aikin's. Found the Dr., Miss Aikin, &c., very agreeable. Indeed there has seemed to me of late less to dislike in the political and religious opinions of this circle than I thought formerly. A successful game of chess with Miss Aikin, which I proposed as a sort of ordeal to test whether I was right in recommending "Benvenuto Cellini" for its interest and beauty, or she in sending it home with disgust. Early at home. Read Scott's note on Fairies in the "Minstrelsy." A shallow and unsatisfactory essay. The subject is so interesting, that nothing can be altogether unattractive that treats of it. A work at once critical and philosophical, on the popular superstitions of mankind in different ages,

would be most curious. It would embrace a vast mass of important matter, closely connected with philosophy and religion. Scott's collection, Vol. II., contains much that is valuable and beautiful. "Tamlane" is one of the best poems. It has the levity and grace of a genuine fairy fiction, and at the same time there is about it a tone of earnestness which suits a legend of popular belief. In "Thomas the Rhymer," the enigmatic lines which speak of our national and distinctive character and glory ought to become popular: —

> "The waters worship shall his race;
> Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
> For they shall ride over ocean wide
> With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

August 23d. — A run up to Lawrence's. He has made a most delightful picture of William and Jacob Pattisson. The heads only are finished. William's is a side-face, — very beautiful, but certainly not more so than the original. Jacob is a smiling, open-faced boy, with an admirably sweet expression. William has had justice done him. More was not to be expected of any mortal colors. Jacob has had more than justice done him, but not in a way that can fairly be a matter of reproach. If the artist has idealized somewhat, and given an expression which is not on the boy's face every day, still, he has not given a grace or a charm which lies not in his moral frame. He has no more said in his picture the thing that is not, than the magnifying glass, which never invents, or gives more or other objects than there really are, but merely assists the infirm optics of the beholder. William is painted without any momentary expression, i. e. he does not appear, like Jacob, to be under an immediate inspiring influence, which occasions an arch smile not likely to be permanent even on the cheeks of Robin Goodfellow himself. *

October 15th. — Journey to London. Incledon the singer was in the coach, and I found him just the man I should have expected. Seven rings on his fingers, five seals on his watch-ribbon, and a gold snuff-box, at once betrayed the old beau. I spoke in terms of rapture of Mrs. Siddons. He replied, "Ah! Sally 's a fine creature. She has a charming place on the Edgeware Road. I dined with her last year, and she paid me one of the finest compliments I ever received. I sang 'The Storm'

* After a long interval the picture was finished, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1817, No. 44 of the Catalogue, as "Portraits of the Sons of W. Pattisson, Esq. Sir T. Lawrence, R. A." It was subsequently engraved by John Bromley, in mezzotint, under the title of "Rural Amusement."

after dinner. She cried and sobbed like a child. Taking both of my hands, she said, 'All that I and my brother ever did is nothing compared with the effect you produce!'" Incledon spoke with warmth and apparent knowledge on church music, praising Purcell especially, and mentioning Luther's simple hymns. I was forced to confess that I had no ear for music, and he, in order to try me, sang in a sort of song-whisper some melodies which I certainly enjoyed, — more, I thought, than anything I had heard from him on the stage. He related two anecdotes that had no reference to himself. Garrick had a brother living in the country, who was an idolatrous admirer of his genius. A rich neighbor, a grocer, being about to visit London, this brother insisted on his taking a letter of introduction to the actor. Not being able to make up his mind to visit the great man the first day, the grocer went to the play in the evening, and saw Garrick in Abel Drugger. On his return to the country, the brother eagerly inquired respecting the visit he had been so anxious to bring about. "Why, Mr. Garrick," said the good man, "I am sorry to hurt your feelings, but there 's your letter. I did not choose to deliver it." — "Not deliver it!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. — "I happened to see him when he did not know me, and I saw that he was such a dirty, low-lived fellow, that I did not like to have anything to do with him." Foote went to Ireland, and took off F——, the celebrated Dublin printer. F—— stood the jest for some time, but found at last that Foote's imitations became so popular, and drew such attention to himself, that he could not walk the streets without being pointed at. He bethought himself of a remedy. Collecting a number of boys, he gave them a hearty meal, and a shilling each for a place in the gallery, and promised them another meal on the morrow if they would hiss off the scoundrel who turned him into ridicule. The injured man learnt from his friends that Foote was received that night better than ever. Nevertheless, in the morning, the ragged troop of boys appeared to demand their recompense, and when the printer reproached them for their treachery, their spokesman said, "Plase yer honor, we did all we could, for the actor-man had heard of us, and did not come at all at all. And so we had nobody to hiss. But when we saw yer honor's own dear self come on, we did clap, indeed we did, and showed you all the respect and honor in our power. And so yer honor won't forget us because yer honor's enemy was afraid to come, and left yer honor to yer own dear self."

October 22d. — Called on Godwin. Curran, the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was with him. Curran told an anecdote of an Irish Parliament-man who was boasting in the House of Commons of his attachment to the trial by jury. "Mr. Speaker, with the trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with the trial by jury will I die!" Curran sat near him, and whispered audibly, "What, Jack, do you mean to be hanged?"

November 4th. — Hab.* told me that Clarkson had lately been to see the Bishop of Norwich, Bathurst. He found him very liberal indeed. He told Clarkson that one of his clergymen had written to him to complain that a Mr. Dewhurst had opened a meeting in his parish and was preaching against him. "I wrote him word," said the Bishop, "that he must preach against Mr. Dewhurst. I could not help him."

November 13th. — Fraser related a humorous story of his meeting in a stage-coach with a little fellow who was not only very smart and buckish in his dress, but also a pretender to science and philosophy. He spoke of having been at Paris, and of having read Helvetius, Voltaire, &c., and was very fluent in his declamation on the origin of ideas, self-love, and the other favorite doctrines of the new school. He said, "I have no objection to confess myself a *materialist.*" On this an old man, who had listened for a long time to the discourse, and had more than once betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction and scorn towards the philosopher, could not contain himself any longer. "D—— it, that 's too bad! You have the impudence to say you are a *materialist*, when I know you are a *dancing-master.*" The voluble orator was dumfoundered, and Fraser could not restrain the most violent laughter, which mortally offended the cutter of capers. "It is too bad," muttered the old man, who did not comprehend the cause of Fraser's merriment, — "it is too bad for a man to say he is of one trade when he is of another."

December 5th. — Accompanied Mrs. Rutt to Coleridge's lecture.† In this he surpassed himself in the art of talking in a

* H. C. R.'s brother, Habakkuk.

† This course of lectures was delivered at the room of the London Philosophical Society, Scots Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street. The first lecture was delivered on the 18th of November. Mr. Robinson attended the greater part of the course, but, through absence from London, was not present at the whole. The subject announced was: "Shakespeare and Milton, in Illustration of the Principles of Poetry, and their Application as Grounds of Criticism to the most Popular Works of later English Poets, those of the Living included." Of these lectures, fifteen in number Mr. J. P. Collier took notes

very interesting way, without speaking at all on the subject announced. According to advertisement, he was to lecture on "Romeo and Juliet," and Shakespeare's female characters. Instead of this he began with a defence of school-flogging, in preference at least to Lancaster's mode of punishing, without pretending to find the least connection between that topic and poetry. Afterwards he remarked on the character of the age of Elizabeth and James I., as compared with that of Charles I.; distinguished not very clearly between wit and fancy; referred to the different languages of Europe; attacked the fashionable notion concerning poetic diction; ridiculed the tautology of Johnson's line, "If observation, with extensive view," &c.; and warmly defended Shakespeare against the charge of impurity. While Coleridge was commenting on Lancaster's mode of punishing boys, Lamb whispered: "It is a pity he did not leave this till he got to 'Henry VI.,' for then he might say he could not help taking part against the Lancastrians." Afterwards, when Coleridge was running from topic to topic, Lamb said: "This is not much amiss. He promised a lecture on the Nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and in its place he has given us one in the *manner* of the Nurse."

Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.

December 5, 1811.

Do give me some account of Coleridge. I guess you drew up the account in the *Times* of the first lecture. I do hope he will have steadiness to go on with the lectures to the end. It would be so great a point gained, if he could but pursue one object without interruption. . . . . I remember a beautiful expression of Patty Smith's, after describing a visit at Mr. Wilberforce's. "To know him," she said, "all he is, and to see him with such lively childish spirits, one need not say, 'God bless him!'—he seems already in the fulness of every earthly gift." . . . . Of all men, there seems most need to say, "God bless poor Coleridge!" One could almost believe that an enchanter's spell was upon him, forcing him to be what he is, and yet leaving him the power of showing what he might be.

. . . . . .

in short-hand, but the notes of all excepting the first, second, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and twelfth were lost. Those notes which were preserved were published in 1856: "Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton. By the late S. T. Coleridge." By J. P. Collier, Esq.

December 9th. — Accompanied Mrs. Rough to Coleridge's seventh and incomparably best lecture. He declaimed with great eloquence about love, without wandering from his subject, "Romeo and Juliet." He was spirited, methodical, and, for the greater part, intelligible, though profound. Drew up for the *Morning Chronicle* a hasty report, which was inserted.

10th. — Miss Lamb dined with us. In the evening Charles Lamb, Manning, and Mrs. Fenwick. A pleasant evening. Lamb spoke well about Shakespeare. I had objected to Coleridge's assertion, that Shakespeare, as it were, identified himself with everything except the vicious; and I observed that if Shakespeare's *becoming* a character is to be determined by the truth and vivacity of his delineation, he had *become* some of the vicious characters as well as the virtuous. Lamb justified Coleridge's remark, by saying that Shakespeare never gives characters wholly odious and detestable. I adduced the King in "Hamlet" as altogether mean; and he allowed this to be the worst of Shakespeare's characters. He has not another like it. I cited Lady Macbeth. "I think this one of Shakespeare's worst characters," said Lamb. "It is also inconsistent with itself. Her sleep-walking does not suit so hardened a being." It occurs to me, however, that this very sleep-walking is, perhaps, the vindication of Shakespeare's portraiture of the character, as thereby the honor of human nature, if I may use the expression, is saved. The *voluntary* actions and sentiments of Lady Macbeth are all inhuman, but her *involuntary* nature rises up against her habitual feelings, which sprang out of depraved passions. Hence, though while awake she is a monster, she is a woman in her sleep. I then referred to the Bastard in "Lear," but Lamb considered his character as the result of provocation on account of his illegitimacy. Lamb mentioned Iago and Richard III. as admirable illustrations of the skill with which Shakespeare could make his worst characters interesting. I noticed King John and Lewis, as if Shakespeare meant, like a Jacobin, to show how base kings are. Lamb did not remark on this, but said, "'King John' is one of the plays I like least." He praised "Richard II."

December 11th. — In the evening with Lamb at tea. An hour's call on Parkin. I was sorry to find that he was hurt by my mode of replying to him last Friday at the Academical Society. He thought that, though I spoke of him in words very handsomely, there was yet in my manner something which implied a want of moral esteem. I believe I satisfied him of

his mistake ; but I know my easily besetting sin, of unconsciously assuming an offensive tone on such occasions, and I will, if possible, be on my guard that my manner may not give pain when what I say is substantially innocent. Parkin mentioned that, in a letter to the editor of the *Eclectic Review*, Coleridge had declared his adherence to the principles of Bull and Waterland. There are, I know, some persons who deem Coleridge hardly sincere ; I believe him to be only inconsistent. I certainly am altogether unable to reconcile his metaphysical and empirico-religious opinions.

December 12th. — Tea with Mrs. Flaxman, who accompanied me to Coleridge's lecture. He unhappily relapsed into his desultory habit, and delivered, I think, his worst lecture. He began with identifying religion with love, delivered a rhapsody on brotherly and sisterly love, which seduced him into a dissertation on incest. I at last lost all power of attending to him.

H. C. R. to Mrs. Clarkson.

56 Hatton Garden, November 29, 1811.

My dear Friend, — Of course you have already heard of the lectures on poetry which Coleridge is now delivering, and I fear have begun to think me inattentive in not sending you some account of them. Yesterday he delivered the fourth, and I could not before form anything like an opinion of the probable result. Indeed, it is hardly otherwise now with me, but were I to wait till I could form a judgment, the very subject itself might escape from observation. He has about one hundred and fifty hearers on an average. The lectures have been brilliant, that is, in passages ; but I doubt much his capacity to render them popular. Or rather, I should say, I doubt any man's power to render a system of philosophy popular which supposes so much unusual attention and rare faculties of thinking even in the hearer. The majority of what are called sensible and thinking men have, to borrow a phrase from Coleridge, "the passion of clear ideas" ; and as all poets have a very opposite passion, — that of warm feelings and delight in musing over conceptions and imaginings beyond the reach of the analytic faculty, — no wonder there is a sort of natural hostility between these classes of minds. This will ever be a bar to Coleridge's extensive popularity. Besides which, he has certain unfortunate habits, which he will not (perhaps *can*not) correct, very detrimental to his interests, — I mean the vices

of apologizing, anticipating, and repeating. We have had four lectures, and are still in the Prolegomena to the Shakespearian drama. When we are to begin Milton, I have no idea. With all these defects, there will always be a small circle who will listen with delight to his eloquent effusions (for that is the appropriate expression). I have not missed a lecture, and have each time left the room with the satisfaction which the hearkening to the display of truth in a beautiful form always gives. I have a German friend who attends also, and who is delighted to find the logic and the rhetoric of his country delivered in a foreign language. There is no doubt that Coleridge's mind is much more German than English. My friend has pointed out striking analogies between Coleridge and German authors whom Coleridge has never seen. . . . .

H. C. R. TO MRS. CLARKSON.

56 HATTON GARDEN, December 13, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

. . . . Yesterday I should have been able to send you a far more pleasant letter than I can possibly furnish you with now; for I should then have had to speak of one of the most gratifying and delightful exertions of Coleridge's mind on Monday last; and now I am both pained and provoked by as unworthy a sequel to his preceding lecture. And you know it is a law of our nature,

> "As high as we have mounted in delight,
> In our dejection do we sink as low."

You have so beautifully and exactly expressed the sentiment that every considerate and kind observer of your friend must entertain, that it is quite needless to give you any account of his lectures with a view to direct any judgment you might wish to form, or any feeling you might be disposed to encourage. You will, I am sure, anticipate the way in which he will execute his lectures. As evidences of splendid talent, original thought, and rare powers of expression and fancy, they are all his *admirers* can wish; but as a discharge of his undertaking, a fulfilment of his promise to the public, they give his *friends* great uneasiness. As you express it, "an enchanter's spell seems to be upon him," which takes from him the power of treating upon the only subject his hearers are anxious he should consider, while it leaves him infinite ability to riot and run wild on a variety of moral and religious themes. In his sixth lecture he was, by advertisement, to speak of "Romeo

and Juliet" and Shakespeare's females; unhappily, some demon whispered the name of Lancaster in his ear: and we had, in one evening, an attack on the poor Quaker, a defence of boarding-school flogging, a parallel between the ages of Elizabeth and Charles, a defence of what is untruly called unpoetic language, an account of the different languages of Europe, and a vindication of Shakespeare against the imputation of grossness!!! I suspect he did discover that offence was taken at this, for his succeeding lecture on Monday was all we could wish. He confined himself to "Romeo and Juliet" for a time, treated of the inferior characters, and delivered a most eloquent discourse on love, with a promise to point out how Shakespeare had shown the same truths in the persons of the lovers. Yesterday we were to have a continuation of the theme. Alas! Coleridge began with a parallel between religion and love, which, though one of his favorite themes, he did not manage successfully. Romeo and Juliet were forgotten. And in the next lecture we are really to hear something of these lovers. Now this will be the fourth time that his hearers have been invited expressly to hear of this play. There are to be only fifteen lectures altogether (half have been delivered), and the course is to include Shakespeare and Milton, the modern poets, &c.!!! Instead of a lecture on a definite subject, we have an immethodical rhapsody, very delightful to you and me, and only offensive from the certainty that it may and ought to offend those who come with other expectations. Yet, with all this, I cannot but be charmed with these *splendida vitia*, and my chief displeasure is occasioned by my being forced to hear the strictures of persons infinitely below Coleridge, without any power of refuting or contradicting them. Yet it is lucky he has hitherto omitted no lecture. Living with the Morgans, they force him to come with them to the lecture-room, and this is a great point gained. . . . .

December 15th. — Called on Godwin, who thinks Coleridge's lectures far below his conversation. So far from agreeing with Coleridge, that Shakespeare's plays ought only to be read and not acted, Godwin said: "No plays but Shakespeare's deserve to be represented, so admirably fitted are his for performance."

16th. — Took Miss Flaxman to Coleridge's lecture. Very desultory again at first, but when about half-way through, he bethought himself of Shakespeare; and though he forgot at

last what we had been four times in succession to hear, viz. of Romeo and Juliet as lovers, yet he treated beautifully of the "Tempest," and especially Prospero, Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban. This part most excellent.

Christmas day (at Royston). — A very agreeable *tête-à-tête* walk with Mr. Nash, Sen., round his farm. I enjoyed his society with more relish, probably, than I ever shall again. He is getting old, though, excepting in the decline of his memory, there are no traces yet of bodily infirmity. Sometimes, however, the effects of old age throw a tender grace over men of his amiable and excellent character. In his youth he was a Methodist, and he was industrious, patient, abstinent, capable of continuous labor, mental and bodily. His education was not of a superior kind, but he had the advantage of great personal beauty, as well as ability in business. He was brought up to the law, and had offers of a partnership in London; but these he declined, because he saw practices of which his conscience disapproved. Marrying early, he settled down as a country practitioner. In religious opinions he became a Unitarian, and Robert Robinson * was the object of his admiration. His single publication, in which he called himself "A Country Attorney," was one of the hundred and one answers to Burke on the French Revolution. His life was prosperous, and alike honorable to himself and, within his limited sphere, useful to others. The latter days of a good man are not a melancholy object, even when one thinks that his moral and intellectual qualities might have been more advantageously employed in a wider field. This alone renders departing excellence a subject of melancholy observation.†

December 28th. — A gossip with E. till late. He related a curious Quaker anecdote, which suggests a law question. One friend, a merchant, proposes to another, an underwriter, to insure his ship, lost or not lost, which ought soon to arrive. The underwriter hesitates, takes the policy home, and says, "I will return it to-morrow, signed or unsigned." Early in the morning the merchant receives intelligence of the loss of his vessel. He knows his religious brother, and sends a clerk (who is ignorant of the loss) to say, "Neighbor A. informs

* An eminent Dissenting Minister of Cambridge. Born 1735. Died 1790. His immediate successor was the Rev. Robert Hall.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Robert Robinson were written by George Dyer. This biography was pronounced by Wordsworth to be one of the best in the English language. See also p. 101.

† See *ante*, pp. 23, 188.

thee that if thou hast not underwritten, thou needest not do it." The underwriter draws the inference that the vessel is safe. He has not actually signed, but, pretending to look for the policy, contrives to sign it by stealth, and says to the clerk, "Tell thy master I *had* signed." E. assured me that this was a real occurrence.

December 30th. — Attended Coleridge's lecture, in which he kept to his subject. He intimated to me his intention to deliver two lectures on Milton. As he had written to me about his dilemma, having so much to do in so little time, I gently hinted in my reply at his frequent digressions, — those *splendida peccata* which his friends best apologized for by laying the emphasis on the adjective.

December 31st. — In the evening at a very pleasant party at Flaxman's. A Mrs. Wilkinson there with her son, a most interesting young man, with one of those expressive countenances which imply intellect and heart alike. Flaxman admires him much, and says he would prefer him as a son to all the young men he ever saw.

*Rem.** — Closed the year most agreeably, in the act, I believe, of repeating to Mr. Flaxman Charles Lamb's prologue to "Mr. H." The society I beheld at the dawn of the New Year consisted of people possessing as high moral and intellectual excellences combined as are to be found in this great city.

I had now made up my mind to study for the bar. This resolution was formed through an apparently insignificant occurrence. It was on the 1st of March, when my sister (who with my brother had been on a visit to London) was about to leave, that Mr. Collier received an application from York to send down a reporter for the State Trials there. He requested me to go, but I declined on the ground of the objection taken to reporters being called to the bar. Speaking of this to my sister,† she said: "For a man who has the repute of having sense, you act very like a fool. You decline reporting because that might be an obstacle to your being called to the bar, and yet you take no steps towards being called to the bar. Now, do one or the other. Either take to newspaper employment, or study the law at once, and lose no more time." There was no reply to such a remonstrance. On the Sunday following, I went to Amyot to consult with him. There was then visiting him a Norwich attorney, Mr. Adam Taylor, who strongly ad-

* Written in 1849. † Mrs. Thomas Robinson.

vised me to go the bar, adding, "There is an opening on the Norfolk circuit. I am sure you would succeed. You shall have such business as I have, and as I can obtain." It was this that more than anything determined me. My old acquaintance, Walter Wright, my new acquaintance, Sergeant Rough, and my friend Anthony Robinson,* all supported me in the resolution; but perhaps they all feel as Benvenuto Cellini felt on a similar occasion: "Have you, my lord, really bought the picture, or do you only think of buying it?" — "What has that to do with your opinion, Cellini?" — "A great deal. If you have really bought the picture, then I have only to make such remarks as will render you satisfied with your bargain; but if you are only thinking of buying it, then it is my duty to tell you my real opinion."

H. C. R. TO HIS BROTHER.

56 HATTON GARDEN, 14th March, 1811.

DEAR THOMAS, — I have at length (after hesitating only from twelve to thirteen years) made up my mind to abandon all my hobby-horsical and vain, idle, and empty literary pursuits, and devote myself to the law. It is now ten days since I have given words and form to this determination, which an accident after all has occasioned me to make. My sister, perhaps, told you of a proposal Mr. Collier made me, that I should go to York to transact a business which certainly would not agree with the professional character. But my sister did not tell you, because she was not herself aware of the fact, that it was a simple sentence which dropped from her, which made me sensible (more strongly than I had ever been before) of the extreme folly of my conduct. As we were walking down to the Inn on Saturday morning she said: "There is something very inconsistent in your behavior. You refuse a profitable job,

* Anthony Robinson (born in 1762) was originally brought up in connection with the Established Church; but, changing his opinions, was educated at Bristol for the Dissenting ministry. Robert Hall was one of his fellow-students. He did not long remain in the ministry, but entered into business as a sugar-refiner, in which he continued till his death. Though, however, he professed to be merely a tradesman, he yet retained a lively interest in social and religious questions, and was a steady and active supporter of civil and religious liberty. He published several pamphlets and articles in reviews. Among the former was an able examination of Robert Hall's celebrated "Sermon on Modern Infidelity." H. C. R. said of him: "As I scarcely ever knew Anthony Robinson's equal in colloquial eloquence, in acuteness and skill, and promptitude in debate, so I never knew his superior in candor and sincerity." Between H. C. R. and his friend there was no relationship, though they have the same surname.

because it is incompatible with the character of a barrister, and yet you cannot be made to open a law-book. Now, you ought to do one or the other. Make up your mind at least."

. . . . .

Your affectionate brother,

H. C. R.

In the spring, and just before I was induced seriously to prepare for being called to the bar, I translated "Amatonda," a fairy tale by Anton Wall.* I have already given some account of the work itself.† My translation was published by Longman, but I believe fell dead from the press. None but friends ever praised it. I have a letter of praise from Coleridge. And Lamb at least liked the translations from Jean Paul (at the end), which were, I believe, the first translations from Jean Paul into English. He said they were the finest things he ever saw from the German language. The book, so far as I know, was never reviewed, and I obtained no credit for my work. Perhaps *happily*, for it was the failure of my attempt to gain distinction by writing that made me willing to devote myself honestly to the law, and so saved me from the mortification that follows a *little* literary success, by which many men of inferior faculties, like myself, have been betrayed into an unwise adoption of literature as a profession, which after this year I never once thought of.

Coleridge to H. C. R.

I have to thank you, my dear Robinson, for the pleasure I have enjoyed in the perusal of Anton Wall's delightful tale. I read it first with my eyes only, and only to myself; but the second time aloud to two amiable women. Both times I felt myself in the embrace of the fairy Amatonda. The German critic has noticed as a defect and an oversight what I regard as one of the capital beauties of the work, and thus convinced me that for reviewers the world over, and for readers whose intellects are commensurate with theirs, an author must write *under* his best conceptions. . . . . I recollect no fairy tale with so just and fine a moral as this of Anton Wall's. Virtue itself, though joined with outward competence, cannot give that happiness which *contents* the human heart, without love;

* "Amatonda." A Tale from the German of Anton Wall. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. 1811.

† See *ante*, pp. 104. 105.

but *love* is impossible without virtue, — love, true human love, — i. e. two hearts, like two correspondent concave mirrors having a common focus, while each reflects and magnifies the other, and in the other itself is an endless reduplication by sweet thoughts and sympathies.

. . . . . .

Hassan's love for Amina is beautifully described as having had a foundation from early childhood. And this I many years ago planned as the subject-matter of a poem, viz. long and deep affections suddenly, in one moment, flash-transmuted into *love*. In short, I believe that *love* (as distinguished both from lust and that habitual attachment which may include many objects diversifying itself by *degrees* only), that that *feeling* (or whatever it may be more aptly called), that specific mode of being, which one object only can possess, and possess totally, is always the abrupt creation of a moment, though years of *dawning* may have preceded. I said *dawning*, for often as I have watched the sun rising from the thinning, diluting blue to the whitening, to the fawn-colored, the pink, the crimson, the glory, yet still the sun itself has always *started* up out of the horizon! Between the brightest hues of the dawning, and the first rim of the sun itself, there is a *chasm*, — all before were differences of degrees, passing and dissolving into each other, — but this is a difference of *kind*, — a chasm of kind in a continuity of time; and as no man who had never watched for the rise of the sun could understand what I mean, so can no man who has not been in love understand what love is, though he will be sure to imagine and believe that he does. Thus, —— is by nature incapable of being in love, though no man more tenderly attached; hence he ridicules the existence of any other passion than a compound of lust with esteem and friendship, confined to one object, first by accidents of association, and permanently by the force of habit and a sense of duty. Now this will do very well, — it will suffice to make a good husband; it may be even desirable (if the largest sum of easy and pleasurable sensations in this life be the right aim and end of human wisdom) that we should have this, and no more, — but still it is not *love*, — and there is such a passion as love, — which is no more a compound than oxygen, though like oxygen it has an almost universal affinity, and a long and finely graduated scale of elective attractions. It combines with lust, — but how? Does lust call forth or occasion love? Just as much as the reek of the marsh calls up the sun. The

sun calls up the vapor, — attenuates, lifts it, — it becomes a cloud, — and now it is the veil of the divinity ; the divinity, transpiercing it at once, hides and declares his presence. We *see*, we are conscious of *light* alone ; but it is light embodied in the earthly nature, which that light itself awoke and sublimated. What is the body but the fixture of the mind, — the stereotype impression ? Arbitrary are the symbols, — yet symbols they are. Is terror in my soul ? — my heart beats against my side. Is grief ? — *tears* pour in my eyes. In her homely way, the body tries to interpret all the movements of the soul. Shall it not, then, imitate and symbolize that divinest movement of a finite spirit, — the yearning to complete itself by union ? Is there not a sex in souls ? We have all eyes, cheeks, lips, — but in a lovely woman are not the eyes womanly, — yea, every form, in every motion of her whole frame, *womanly ?* Were there not an identity in the substance, man and woman might *join*, but they could never *unify ;* were there not throughout, in body and in soul, a corresponding and adapted difference, there might be addition, but there could be no combination. 1 and 1 = 2 ; but 1 cannot be multiplied into 1 : 1 × 1 = 1. At best, it would be an idle echo, the same thing needlessly repeated, as the idiot told the clock, — one, one, one, one, &c.

It has just come into my head that this scrawl is very much in the style of Jean Paul. I have not, however, as yet looked into the books you were so kind as to leave with me, further than to see the title-page. If you do not want them for some time, I should be glad to keep them by me, while I read the original works themselves. I pray you procure them for me week by week, and I will promise you most carefully to return them, you allowing me three days for two volumes. I am very anxious to have them, and shall fill one volume of the "Omniana" with the extracts, quoting your criticism as my introduction : only, instead of the shelves or steps, I must put the ladder of a library, or whatever name those movable steps are called which one meets with in all well-furnished libraries.

I have been extremely unwell, though rather better. George Burnet's * death told too abruptly, and, in truth, exaggerated,

* George Burnet was a very early friend of Coleridge; he joined with him, Southey, and Lovell in the scheme for emigrating to America, and there forming a colony, to be called a Pantisocracy, the main principle of which was a community of goods, and where selfishness was to be proscribed.

overset my dear, most dear, and most excellent friend and heart's sister, Mary Lamb, — and her illness has almost overset me. Troubles, God knows! have thronged upon me, — alas! alas! all my dearest friends I have of late either suffered *from*, or suffered *for*. 'T is a cruel sort of world we live in. God bless you

And yours, with affectionate esteem,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Southampton Buildings.

P. S. I began with the scrap of paper, meaning only to write half a score lines, and now I have written enough for half a dozen letters * unnecessarily, when to have written to half a dozen claimants is a moral (would it were a physical) necessity. But moral obligation is to me so very strong a stimulant, that in nine cases out of ten it acts as a narcotic. The blow that should rouse *stuns* me.

[Though Mr. Robinson was never married, some of his friends occasionally volunteered their advice to him on the subject of matrimony. A letter containing such advice belongs to this year, and may be inserted here. — ED.]

CAPEL LOFFT TO H. C. R.

October 3, 1811.

DEAR SIR, — Perhaps one man ought never to advise another, unasked; especially when that other is probably better able to advise himself. I do, however, advise you, if ever you marry, never (as a man of feeling, and who loves literature, and liberty, and science) to marry a woman of what is called a strong mind. The love of dominion and the whirlwind of instability are, I fear, inseparable from a female mind of that character. All women and all beings love power; but a woman of a mild and compliant mind seeks and maintains power by correspondent means. These are not called strong minds. No matter, if they are mild, and modest, and delicate, and sympathizing minds, such as the Julie of Rousseau, the Alcestis of Euripides, the Antigone of Sophocles, and the Eve of Milton. Hence every woman should be a lover of music, — and of feminine music; and particularly of the vocal. And in that she should cultivate the soft, the low, and the sweet. "Her voice

* The beginning of the letter is on a scrap, after filling which the writer took a sheet of foolscap.

was ever low, gentle, and sweet; an excellent thing in woman," says that great depicter of character, and particularly of women, who has so exquisitely imagined and delineated Miranda, Viola, Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, Helena.

I am,

Yours, &c.

CAPEL LOFFT.

CHAPTER XV.

1812.

H. C. R. TO MRS. CLARKSON.

56 HATTON GARDEN, 3d January, 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I received your letter last night, and will write the answer immediately, though I cannot forward it till I have seen your brother for your address. I have a better, much better, account to give of Coleridge's lectures than formerly. His last three lectures have, for the greater part, been all that his friends could wish, — his admirers expect. Your sister heard the two last, and from her you will learn much more than I could put into a letter, had I all the leisure I now want, or the memory I never had. His disquisitions on the characters of Richard III., Iago, Falstaff, were full of paradox, but very ingenious, and in the main true. His remarks on Richard II. and Hamlet very excellent. Last night he concluded his fine development of the Prince of Denmark by an eloquent statement of the moral of the play. "Action," he said, "is the great end of all; no intellect, however grand, is valuable, if it draw us from action and lead us to think and think till the time of action is passed by, and we can do nothing." Somebody said to me, "This is a satire on himself." — "No," said I, "it is an elegy." A great many of his remarks on Hamlet were capable of a like application. I should add that he means to deliver several lectures beyond the promised number. This will gain him *credit* in the City sense of the word; and for the sake of his future success in lecturing, I am very glad he is thus prudent.

You see I am looking at the subject from a very low point of view; at the same time I am able to place myself on higher ground, and then I lament equally with the Wordsworths and

yourself that such a man should be compelled to have recourse to such means ; but, after all, what is there in this lamentation more than a particular instance of the general complaint of all ages, that highmindedness should stoop to vulgarity, that the low wants of man should drag down the elevated to low pursuits, and that the noblest powers of intellect should not be accompanied with meaner but indispensable capacities ? *

. . . . .

January 8th. — Called on Mrs. B., who was in much better spirits than I expected to find her. She spoke of her father with much tenderness and love, but without violent emotion. I referred to my own mother, and the treasure her memory is to me. Thinking of her and talking of her are a great delight, and I said I knew it would be so also with Mrs. B. The joy is great of *having had* an excellent parent. This she admitted, and seemed to feel, as if I had touched the true key.

January 9th. — Evening at Coleridge's lecture on Johnson's "Preface." Though sometimes obscure, his many palpable hits must have given general satisfaction.

January 13th. — Accompanied Mrs. C. Aikin to Coleridge's lecture. A continuation of remarks on Johnson's "Preface," but feeble and unmeaning compared with the last. The latter part of the lecture very excellent. It was on "Lear," in which he vindicated the melancholy catastrophe, and on "Othello," in which he expressed the opinion that Othello is not a jealous character.

January 14th. — Heard Hazlitt's first lecture on the "History of English Philosophy." † He seems to have no conception of the difference between a lecture and a book. What he said was sensible and excellent, but he delivered himself in a low monotonous voice, with his eyes fixed on his MS., not once daring to look at his audience ; and he read so rapidly that no one could possibly give to the matter the attention it required. ‡

* Coleridge was sadly annoyed at the necessity of appealing to the kindness of friends. He repeated to me an epigram, of which I recollect only the point: "I fell asleep, and fancied I was surrounded by my friends, who made me marvellous fine promises. I awoke and found these promises as much a dream as if they had actually been made." — H. C. R.

† These lectures were delivered at the Russell Institution.

‡ Hazlitt had in vain striven to become a painter. He had obtained the patronage of Clarkson, who said he had heard Hazlitt was more able to paint like Titian than any living painter. Some one had said that his portrait of Lamb had a Titianesque air about it. And certainly this is the only painting by Hazlitt I ever saw with pleasure. He made a portrait of my brother, which he knew to be bad, and it was destroyed. — H. C. R.

January 15th. — Tea with the Lambs. An evening at cards. Hazlitt there, much depressed. He seemed disposed to give up the lectures altogether. The cause of his reading so rapidly was, that he was told to limit himself to an hour, and what he had prepared would have taken three hours if it had been read slowly.

January 16th. — At Coleridge's lecture. He reviewed Johnson's "Preface," and vindicated warmly Milton's moral and political character, but I think with less than his usual ability. He excited a hiss once by calling Johnson a *fellow*, for which he happily apologized by observing that it is in the nature of evil to beget evil, and that we are thus apt to fall into the fault we censure. He remarked on Milton's minor poems, and the nature of blank verse. The latter half of the lecture was very good.

January 17th. — Dinner at J. Buck's.* Mr. and Mrs. Buck, Coleridge, the Gores, Jameson, and Aders.† Coleridge was less profound than usual, but exceedingly agreeable. He related anecdotes of himself. Once he was arrested as a spy at Fort St. George. The Governor, as soon as he saw him, muttered, "An ill-looking fellow." At first everything that Coleridge could say for himself was ingeniously perverted and applied against him; but at length a card he accidentally had by him, from a person of quality, convinced the Governor that he was a gentleman, and procured for him an invitation to breakfast next morning. Coleridge then took an opportunity of asking the Governor what it was in his appearance that induced him to say, "An ill-looking fellow." "My dear sir," said the Governor, squeezing him by the hand, "I nearly lost my sight in the West Indies, and cannot see a yard before me." At Bristol, Coleridge delivered lectures in conjunction with Southey. A fellow who was present hissed him, and an altercation ensued. The man sneered at him for professing public principle, and asked, "Why, if you have so much public spirit, do you take money at the door?" — "For a reason," answered Coleridge, "which I am sorry in the present instance has not been quite successful, — to keep out blackguards." In reference to the schools of Lancaster and Bell, — a delicate subject in such a society, — Coleridge contented himself with urging that it is unsafe to leave religion untaught while *anything* is taught.

* See *ante*, p. 19.

† Jameson and Aders were for some time in partnership as merchants. Mr. Aders had a valuable collection of pictures, which are frequently referred to in the diary, and which were eventually sold by auction.

Reading and writing must not be supposed to be in themselves education.

At ten went to Barron Field's.* Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt there. I found they had had a discussion about Coleridge, whom Hunt had spoken of as a bad writer, while Lamb thought him the first man he ever knew. Lamb, in his droll and extravagant way, abused every one who denied the transcendent merits of Coleridge's writings.

January 20th. — A day of some importance, perhaps, in its consequences. Sergeant Rough introduced me to Mr. Littledale,† whose pupil I became by presenting him with the usual fee of 100 guineas, and by entering at once on my employment.

In the evening at Coleridge's lecture. Conclusion of Milton. Not one of the happiest of Coleridge's efforts. Rogers was there, and with him was Lord Byron. He was wrapped up, but I recognized his club foot, and, indeed, his countenance and general appearance.

January 21st. — Hazlitt's second lecture. His delivery vastly improved, and I hope he will now get on. He read at Basil Montagu's last night half his first lecture. He was to read the whole, but abruptly broke off, and could not be persuaded to read the remainder. Lamb and other friends were there.

February 21st. — In the evening at the Academical Society. Mr. Sheil spoke, who was blackballed lately after a violent and pompous speech. His present speech was sensible and temperate. Blake, his countryman, watched over him to keep him in order. He spoke as if he had been fed for three weeks on bread and water in order to be tamed.

Rem.‡ — He was blackballed again on a later occasion. What alone makes this worth mentioning is that he who was twice rejected by an insignificant society of young men is now one of the most popular and admired speakers in the House of Commons, the Right Honorable Richard Lalor Sheil.

February 26th. — A dinner-party. Coleridge, Godwin, &c., &c. The company rather too numerous. Coleridge by no means the eloquent man he usually is. It was not till ten minutes before he went away that he fell into a declaiming mood; "having," as Godwin said, "got upon the indefinites and the infinites," viz. the nature of religious conviction. He

* Afterwards a Judge in New South Wales, and subsequently at Gibraltar. Some of Lamb's most amusing letters were written to him.

† Afterwards Judge of the Queen's Bench.

‡ Written in 1849.

contended that the external evidence of Christianity would be weak but for the internal evidence arising out of the necessity of our nature, — our *want* of religion. He made use of one very happy allusion. Speaking of the mingling of subordinate evils with great good, he said, "Though the serpent does twine himself round the staff of the god of healing." *

H. C. R. to Mrs. Clarkson.

Gray's Inn,† 28th January, 1812.

You will be interested to hear how Coleridge's lectures closed: they ended with *éclat*. The room was crowded, and the lecture had several passages more than brilliant, — they were luminous, and the light gave conscious pleasure to every person who knew that he could both see the glory and the objects around it at once, while (you know) mere splendor, like the patent lamps, presents a flame that only puts out the eyes. Coleridge's explanation of the character of Satan, and his vindication of Milton against the charge of falling below his subject, where he introduces the Supreme Being, and his illustration of the difference between poetic and abstract truth, and of the *diversity in identity* between the philosopher and the poet, were equally wise and beautiful. He concluded with a few strokes of satire; but I cannot forgive him for selecting *alone* (except an attack on Pope's "Homer," qualified by insincere eulogy) Mrs. Barbauld. She is a living writer, a woman, and a person who, however discordant with himself in character and taste, has still always shown him civilities and attentions. It was surely ungenerous. . . . .

February 27th. — Coleridge's concluding lecture. A dinner at John Thelwall's. The American poet Northmore there; also the Rev. W. Frend; ‡ George Dyer, § whose gentle man-

* Godwin and Rough met at this party for the first time. The very next day Godwin called on me to say how much he liked Rough, adding: "By the by, do you think he would lend me £50 just now, as I am in want of a little money?" He had not left me an hour before Rough came with a like question. He wanted a bill discounted, and asked whether I thought Godwin would do it for him. The habit of both was so well known that some persons were afraid to invite them, lest it should lead to an application for a loan from some friend who chanced to be present. — H. C. R.

† Mr. Littledale's chambers were in Gray's Inn.

‡ The eminent mathematician, and former Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge. For a pamphlet published by him in 1793, and containing expressions of dislike to the doctrines and discipline of the Established Church, he was, after a trial of eight days by the University authorities, sentenced to *banishment* from the University. His *fellowship* he retained till his marriage.

§ See *ante*, pp. 39, 40.

ners were a contrast to the slovenliness of his dress ; Northcote the painter ; and a very interesting man named Nicholson, who has raised himself out of the lowest condition, though not out of poverty, by literary and scientific labors. What he has written (not printed) would fill three hundred moderate-sized volumes. For an introduction to Natural Philosophy he received £ 150. He has the air of a robust man, both in body and in mind.

March 10th. — Mrs. Collier and I went to Covent Garden Theatre. "Julius Cæsar." We were forced to stand all the time. Young as Cassius surpassed Kemble as Brutus. Indeed the whole performance of the latter was cold, stiff, and pedantic. In the quarrel scene only, his fine figure gave him an advantage over Young. He was once warmly applauded ; but, on the whole, Young seemed to be the favorite, and where he instigated Brutus to concur in the plot, he drew down peals of applause. The two orations from the rostrum produced no effect whatever. The architectural scenery was very grand. .

March 15th. — A pleasant walk to Hampstead. Had much conversation with Hamond. Some years ago he called on Jeremy Bentham without any introduction, merely to obtain the acquaintance of the great man. Bentham at first declined to receive him, but on seeing Hamond's card altered his mind, and an intimacy arose. Bentham himself, when a young man, was so enthusiastic an admirer of Helvetius, that he actually thought of offering himself as a servant to him. "You," said he to Hamond, in reference to his desire, "took a better way." When Hamond told me this, I did not confess that, sixteen years ago, the idea of doing a similar thing floated before my own mind ; but I was pleased to find that the same extravagancy of sentiment had affected so superior a man as Bentham.

March 16th. — Flaxman's lecture. The short characteristics of the most famous pieces of sculpture of antiquity very interesting. There was not in this, any more than in preceding lectures I have heard from him, great power of discrimination, or much of what in a lower sense is called understanding, though Flaxman's beautiful *sense* and refined taste are far superior to any understanding the mere critic can possess. The artist needs a different and higher quality, — *Kunstsinn* (feeling for art), and that Flaxman possesses in a greater degree than any other man I know. Returned to Charles Lamb, with whom

were Barron Field, Leigh Hunt, and Barnes.* The latter, with a somewhat *feist* appearance, has a good countenance, and is a man who, I dare say, will make his way in the world. He has talents and activity, and inducements to activity. He has obtained high honors at Cambridge, and is now a candidate for a fellowship. He reports for Walter. Charles Lamb was at his best, — very good-humored, but at the same time solid. I never heard him talk to greater advantage. He wrote last week in the *Examiner* some capital lines, "The Triumph of the Whale," † and this occasioned the conversation to take more of a political turn than is usual with Lamb. Leigh Hunt is an enthusiast, very well intentioned, and I believe prepared for the worst. He said, pleasantly enough: "No one can accuse me of not writing a libel. Everything is a libel, as the law is now declared, and our security lies only in their shame." He talked on the theatre, and showed on such points great superiority over the others.

March 18th. — Evening at Porden's, the Society of the Attic Chest. This is a small society, the members of which send verses, which are put into a box, and afford an evening's amusement at certain intervals. The box was actually made at Athens. Some verses, I suspect by Miss Flaxman, on music, pleased me best. The company was numerous, — the Rogets,‡ Phillips § the painter, and his wife. Old General Franklin,

* For a long time editor of the *Times*.

† H. C. R. says that in *Galignani* this poem was incorrectly ascribed to Lord Byron. A few lines will serve as a specimen of the kind of wit it contains: —

. . . . "Next declare,
Muse, who his companions are.
Every fish of generous kind
Scuds aside, or slinks behind.

. . .

For his solace and relief,
Flat-fish are his courtiers chief.
Last and lowest in his train,
Ink-fish, libellers of the main,
Their black venom, shed in spite;
Such on earth *the things that write.*

In his stomach, some do say,
No good thing can ever stay.
Had it been the fortune of it
To have swallowed that old prophet,
Three days there he 'd not have dwelled,
But in one had been expelled."

‡ Dr. Roget was the author of "Animal and Vegetable Physiology," one of the Bridgewater Treatises, published in 1834.

§ Afterwards R. A., and father of the recent R. A. of that name.

son of the celebrated Benjamin, was of the party. He is eighty-four years of age, has a courtier-like mien, and must have been a very fine man. He is now very animated and interesting, but does not at all answer to the idea one would naturally form of the son of the great Franklin.

*Rem.** — At these meetings Ellen Porden was generally the reader, and she was herself a writer of poetry. She even ventured to write an epic poem, called "Richard the Second." When she presented a copy to Flaxman, who loved her for her amiable qualities (and more than amiable, for she was a good domestic character, an excellent sister and daughter), he thanked her and said: "Why, Ellen, my love, you 've written a poem longer than Homer." She married Captain, afterwards Sir John Franklin. The marriage took place with an express consent on her part to his making a second voyage of discovery towards the North Pole, if the government should give its permission. Before he went a daughter was born; but her own health had become so bad that her life was despaired of. I was one of the few friends invited to the last dinner at his house before his departure. Flaxman was of the party, and deeply depressed in spirits. Captain F. took an opportunity in the course of the evening to say to me: "My wife will be left alone with the infant. You will do me a great favor, if you will call on her as often as your engagements permit." I promised. In a few days I went to the Quarter Sessions, and before I returned Mrs. Franklin was dead.

March 23d. — With Lawrence, who showed me a painting of Kemble as Cato, in the last scene, about to inflict on himself the *nobile letum*. It is a very strong likeness, as well as a very beautiful picture.†

March 26th. — Dined with Messrs. Longman and Co. at one of their literary parties. These parties were famous in their day. Longman himself is a quiet gentlemanly man. There were present Dr. Abraham Rees,‡ a very good-humored, agreeable companion, who would in no respect disgrace a mitre; "Russia" Tooke, as he was called; Sharon Turner,§ a chatty man, and pleasant in his talk; Abernethy, who did not say a word; and Dr. Holland,‖ the Iceland traveller. The only one

* Written in 1849.

† This picture was exhibited the same year at Somerset House, No. 57 of the Royal Academy Catalogue.

‡ His brother was a partner in Longman's house.

§ The historian.

‖ Afterwards Sir Henry Holland, the Court Physician.

who said anything worth reporting was Dr. Rees, the well-known Arian, "Encyclopædic Rees." He related that when, in 1788, Beaufoy made his famous attempt to obtain the repeal of the Corporation and Test Act, a deputation waited on the Lord Chancellor Thurlow to obtain his support. The deputies were Drs. Kippis, Palmer (of Hackney), and Rees. The Chancellor heard them very civilly, and then said: "Gentlemen, I 'm against you, by G—. I am for the Established Church, d–mme! Not that I have any more regard for the Established Church than for any other church, but because *it is* established. And if you can get your d——d religion established, I 'll be for that too!" Rees told this story with great glee.

April 12th. — A call on the Aikins. The whole family full of their praises of Charles Lamb. The Doctor termed him a brilliant writer. The union of so much eloquence with so much wit shows great powers of mind. Miss Aikin was not less warm in her praise. She asked why he did not write more. I mentioned, as one cause, the bad character given him by the reviewers. She exclaimed against the reviewers. I then spoke of the *Annual Review* (Arthur Aikin, the editor, was present), as having hurt him much by its notice of "John Woodvil."* She exclaimed, "O that Tommy; that such a fellow should criticise such a man as Lamb." I then mentioned that some persons had attributed the article to Mrs. Barbauld. I was impressed with the sincerity and liberality of the Aikins, in acknowledging a merit so unlike their own. They evinced a universality of taste which I had not supposed them to possess.

April 13th. — Met a Mr. Anderson, a north-country divine, a hard-headed, shrewd man, of blunt manners, who ought to have been chaplain to the Parliamentary army at the commencement of the civil wars in the time of Charles I. He is a *laudator temporis præsentis*, rather than *acti*. He laughed heartily at old Jameson's advertisement, that persons taking apartments in his house "might be accommodated with family prayer."

April 20th. — Called on the Godwins.† They very much admire Miss Flaxman's designs for "Robin Goodfellow"; but do not think they would sell. Parents are now so set against all stories of ghosts, that fifty copies of such designs would not be sold in a year.

* Lamb's Works, 1855, Vol. IV. p. 299.

† Godwin was at this time largely engaged in publishing books for children. He published Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," and Miss Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School."

April 21st. — Accompanied Cargill * to Covent Garden. Mrs. Siddons in Mrs. Beverley. Her voice appeared to have lost its brilliancy (like a beautiful face through a veil); in other respects, however, her acting is as good as ever. Her "O that my eyes were basilisks!" was her great moment in the play. Her smile was enchantingly beautiful; and her transitions of countenance had all the ease and freedom of youth. If she persist in not playing Mrs. Beverley again, that character will, I am confident, never be played with anything like equal attractions. And without some great attraction in the performers, such a play ought not to be represented. It is a dull sermon; the interest kept up by commonplace incidents, and persons who are absolutely no characters at all. Young did not *look* the part of Beverley well. As Amyot says, he is a bad waistcoat-and-breeches actor.

April 27th. — At Hazlitt's last lecture. Very well delivered, and full of shrewd observation. At the close, he remarked on the utility of metaphysics. He quoted and half assented to Hume's sceptical remark, that perhaps they are not worth the study, but that there are persons who can find no better mode of amusing themselves. He then related an Indian legend of a Brahmin, who was so devoted to abstract meditation, that in the pursuit of philosophy he quite forgot his moral duties, and neglected ablution. For this he was degraded from the rank of humanity, and transformed into a monkey. But, even when a monkey, he retained his original propensities, for he kept apart from other monkeys, and had no other delight than that of eating cocoanuts and studying metaphysics. "I, too," said Hazlitt, "should be very well contented to pass my life like this monkey, did I but know how to provide myself with a substitute for cocoanuts."

May 3d. — Left a card at Sir George Beaumont's for Wordsworth. On my return a call on Coleridge. He said that from Fichte and Schelling he has not gained any one great idea. To Kant his obligations are infinite, not so much from what Kant has taught him in the form of doctrine, as from the discipline gained in studying the great German philosopher. Coleridge is indignant at the low estimation in which the post-Kantianers affect to hold their master.

Rem.† — *May 5th.* — This day I saw at the exhibition a

* A native of Jamaica, and a pupil of Thelwall. He studied the law under Sergeant Rough, by H. C. R.'s advice, but afterwards became a clergyman.

† Written in 1849.

picture by Turner, the impression of which still remains. It seemed to me the most marvellous landscape I had ever seen, — Hannibal crossing the Alps in a storm. I can never forget it.*

May 6th. — R. says Johnson, the bookseller, made at least £ 10,000 by Cowper's poems. The circumstances show the hazard of bookselling speculations. Cowper's first volume of poems was published by Johnson, and fell dead from the press. Author and publisher were to incur equal loss. Cowper begged Johnson to forgive him his debt, and this was done. In return, Cowper sent Johnson his "Task," saying: "You behaved generously to me on a former occasion; if you think it safe to publish this new work, I make you a present of it." Johnson published it. It became popular. The former volume was then sold with it. When Cowper's friends proposed his translating "Homer," Johnson said: "I owe Cowper much for his last book, and will therefore assist in the publication of 'Homer' without any compensation. The work shall be published by subscription. I will take all the trouble and risk, and Cowper shall have all the profit." Johnson soon had occasion to inform the poet that a thousand pounds were at his disposal.

May 8th. — A visit from Wordsworth, who stayed with me from between twelve and one till past three. I then walked with him to Newman Street. His conversation was long and interesting. He spoke of his own poems with the just feeling of confidence which a sense of his own excellence gives him. He is now convinced that he never can derive emolument from them; but, being independent, he willingly gives up all idea of doing so. He is persuaded that if men are to become better and wiser, the poems will sooner or later make their way. But if we are to perish, and society is not to advance in civilization, "it would be," said he, "wretched selfishness to deplore the want of any personal reputation." The approbation he has met with from some superior persons compensates for the loss of popularity, though no man has completely understood him, not excepting Coleridge, who is not happy enough to enter into his feelings. "I am myself," said Wordsworth, "one of the happiest of men; and no man who does not partake of that happiness, who lives a life of constant bustle, and whose felicity depends on the opinions of others, can possibly comprehend

* The picture is now in the National Gallery, Turner Collection. It was No. 258 of the Somerset House Catalogue, and entitled "Snow-Storm: Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps. — J. M. W. Turner, R. A."

the best of my poems." I urged an excuse for those who can really enjoy the better pieces, and who yet are offended by a language they have by early instruction been taught to consider unpoetical; and Wordsworth seemed to tolerate this class, and to allow that his admirers should undergo a sort of education to his works.

May 11th. — Called at Coleridge's, where I found the Lambs. I had just heard of the assassination of Mr. Perceval, which had taken place about an hour and a half before. The news shocked Coleridge exceedingly, and he was at once ready to connect the murder with political fanaticism, Burdett's speeches, &c. Charles Lamb was apparently affected, but could not help mingling humor with his real concern at the event.*

Spent the evening at Miss Benger's.† Miss Jane Porter ‡ there. Her stately figure and graceful manners made an impression on me. Few ladies have been so gifted with personal attractions, and at the same time been so respectable as authors.

May 13th. — Wordsworth accompanied me to Charles Aikin's.§ Mrs. Barbauld, the Aikins, Miss Jane Porter, Montgomery the poet, Roscoe,|| son of the Liverpool Roscoe, &c. The most agreeable circumstance of the evening was the homage involuntarily paid to the poet. Everybody was anxious to get near him. One lady was ludicrously fidgety till she was within hearing. A political dispute rather disturbed us for a time. Wordsworth, speaking of the late assassination, and of Sir Francis Burdett's speech ten days ago, said that probably the murderer heard that speech, and that this, operating on his mind in its diseased and inflamed state, *might be* the determining motive to his act. This was taken up as a reflection on Sir Francis Burdett, and resented warmly by young Roscoe, who maintained that the speech was a constitutional one, and

* About this time there was an attack on Charles Lamb in the *Quarterly Review*, in an article on Weber's edition of "Ford's Works." Lamb was called a "poor maniac." It was this attack which occasioned and justified Lamb's sonnet, "St. Crispin to Mr. Gifford," a happy *jeu d'esprit*. That Charles Lamb had, for ever so short a time, been in confinement was not known to me till the recent disclosure in Talfourd's "Final Memorials." — H. C. R.

† Miss Benger obtained considerable literary celebrity as a writer of historical biographies. She was much esteemed in the circle of friends to which she was introduced on first coming to London. Among those friends were Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Aikin, Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Dr. Aikin, and Dr. Gregory.

‡ The authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and other popular novels.

§ Mr. Charles Aikin was then in practice as a medical man in Broad Street, City.

|| Probably William Stanley Roscoe.

asked what the starving were to do? "Not murder people," said Wordsworth, "unless they mean to eat their hearts." *

May 15th. — A call on Flaxman in the evening. He spoke of Turner's landscape with great admiration, as the best painting in the Exhibition. He praised parts of Hilton's "Christ Healing the Blind," especially the hands of the principal figures, and the contrasted expression of the one expecting the operation of the miracle, and the one on whom it has already taken place. Miss Flaxman pointed out Allingham's "Grief and Pity," and a landscape, "Sadac Seeking the Waters of Oblivion."

May 19th. — Went to Covent Garden Theatre. Mrs. Siddons played Queen Catherine to perfection, and Kemble as Wolsey, in the scene of his disgrace, was greatly applauded. I think I never saw Mrs. Siddons's pantomime in higher excellence. The dying scene was represented with such truthfulness, as almost to go beyond the bounds of beautiful imitation, viz. by shifting her pillow with the restlessness of a person in pain, and the suspended breath in moving, which usually denotes suffering. It was, however, a most delightful performance.

In an earlier part of the day heard part of Coleridge's first lecture in Willis's Rooms.† As I was present only about a quarter of an hour, I could not enter much into his subject. I perceived that he was in a digressing mood. He spoke of religion, the spirit of chivalry, the Gothic reverence for the female sex, and a classification of poetry into the ancient and the romantic.

May 23d. — Coleridge's second lecture. A beautiful dissertation on the Greek drama. His analysis of the trilogy of Æschylus, the "Agamemnon," &c. was interesting; and his account of the "Prometheus," and his remarks on the "Antigone," were more connected than when I heard him speak on the same subjects on a former occasion.

May 24th. — A very interesting day. At half past ten joined Wordsworth in Oxford Road; we then got into the fields, and walked to Hampstead. I read to him a number of Blake's poems, with some of which he was pleased. He regard-

* In a note to Mr. Robinson, dated two days after this visit Wordsworth says: "I have never been well since I met your city politicians; yet I am content to pay this price for the knowledge of so pleasing a person as Mrs. Charles Aikin, being quite an enthusiast when I find a woman whose countenance and manners are what a woman's ought to be."

† A course on Shakespeare, with introductory matter on poetry, the drama, and the stage.

ed Blake as having in him the elements of poetry much more than either Byron or Scott. We met Miss Joanna Baillie, and accompanied her home. She is small in figure, and her gait is mean and shuffling, but her manners are those of a well-bred woman. She has none of the unpleasant airs too common to literary ladies. Her conversation is sensible. She possesses apparently considerable information, is prompt without being forward, and has a fixed judgment of her own, without any disposition to force it on others. Wordsworth said of her with warmth : " If I had to present any one to a foreigner as a model of an English gentlewoman, it would be Joanna Baillie."

May 26th. — Walked to the Old Bailey to see D. I. Eaton in the pillory.* As I expected, his punishment of shame was his glory. The mob was not numerous, but decidedly friendly to him. His having published Paine's " Age of Reason " was not an intelligible offence to them. I heard such exclamations as the following : " Pillory a man for publishing a book, — shame ! " — " I wish old Sir Wicary was there, my pockets should not be empty." — " Religious liberty ! " — " Liberty of conscience ! " Some avowed their willingness to stand in the pillory for a dollar. " This a punishment ? this is no disgrace ! " As his position changed, and fresh partisans were blessed by a sight of his round, grinning face, shouts of " Bravo ! " arose from a new quarter. His trial was sold on the spot. The whole affair was an additional proof of the folly of the Ministers, who ought to have known that such an exhibition would be a triumph to the cause they meant to render infamous.

Heard Coleridge's third lecture. It was wholly on the Greek drama, though he had promised that he would to-day proceed to the modern drama. The lecture itself excellent and very German.

May 27th. — Went to Miss Benger's in the evening, where I found a large party. Had some conversation with Miss Porter. She won upon me greatly. I was introduced to a character, — Miss Wesley, a niece of the celebrated John, and daughter of Samuel Wesley. She is said to be a devout and most actively benevolent woman. Eccentric in her habits, but most estimable in all the great points of character. A very

* Daniel Isaac Eaton, the publisher of free theological works (Paine's " Age of Reason," " Ecce Homo," &c.). He underwent not less than eight prosecutions by government for his publications. For publishing the third part of the " Age of Reason " he suffered eighteen months' imprisonment. He died in 1814. (D. I. Eaton is not to be confounded with David Eaton, a bookseller, and the friend of Theophilus Lindsey.)

lively little body, with a round short person, in a constant fidget of good-nature and harmless vanity. She has written novels, which do not sell; and is reported to have said, when she was introduced to Miss Edgeworth, "We sisters of the quill ought to know each other." She said she had friends of all sects in religion, and was glad she had, as she could not possibly become uncharitable. She had been in Italy, and loved the Italians for their warmth in friendship. Some one remarked, "They are equally warm in their enmities." She replied, "Of course they are." When I said I loved the people of every country I had been in, she said, in a tone which expressed much more than the words, "How glad I am to hear you say so!"

May 29th. — Coleridge's fourth lecture. It was on the nature of comedy, — about Aristophanes, &c. The mode of treating the subject very German, and of course much too abstract for his audience, which was thin. Scarcely any ladies there. With such powers of original thought and real genius, both philosophical and poetical, as few men in any age have possessed, Coleridge wants certain minor qualities, which would greatly add to his efficiency and influence with the public. Spent the evening at Morgan's. Both Coleridge and Wordsworth there. Coleridge very metaphysical. He adheres to Kant, notwithstanding all Schelling has written, and maintains that from the latter he has gained no new ideas. All Schelling has said, Coleridge has either thought himself, or found in Jacob Boehme.* Wordsworth talked very finely on poetry. He praised Burns for his introduction to "Tam O'Shanter." Burns had given an apology for drunkenness, by bringing together all the circumstances which can serve to render excusable what is in itself disgusting; thus interesting our feelings, and making us tolerant of what would otherwise be not endurable.

Wordsworth praised also the conclusion of "Death and Dr. Hornbook." He compared this with the abrupt prevention of the expected battle between Satan and the archangel in "Paradise Lost"; but the remark did not bring its own evidence with it. I took occasion to apply to Goethe the praise given to Burns for the passage † quoted, and this led to my warm

* The German Visionary and Theosophist (1575 - 1624).

† The passage from Burns's "Vision" which H. C. R. afterwards quoted to Goethe as resembling the Zueignung (dedication) to his own works. "Each poet confesses his infirmities, — each is consoled by the muse; the holly-leaf of the Scotch poet being the 'veil of dew and sunbeams' of the German."

praise of the German. Coleridge denied merit to "Torquato Tasso," and talked of the impossibility of being a good poet without being a good man, adducing at the same time the immoral tendency of Goethe's works. To this I demurred.

May 31st. — A day of great enjoyment. Walked to Hampstead. Found Wordsworth demonstrating to Hamond some of the points of his philosophical theory. Speaking of his own poems, he said he valued them principally as being *a new power* in the literary world. Hamond's friend Miller * esteemed them for their pure morality. Wordsworth said he himself looked to the powers of mind they call forth, and the energies they presuppose and excite as the standard by which they should be tried. He expatiated also on his fears lest a social war should arise between the poor and the rich, the danger of which is aggravated by the vast extension of the manufacturing system.†

Wordsworth defended earnestly the Church Establishment. He even said he would shed his blood for it. Nor was he disconcerted by a laugh raised against him on account of his having before confessed that he knew not when he had been in a church in his own country. "All our ministers are so vile," said he. The mischief of allowing the clergy to depend on the caprice of the multitude he thought more than outweighed all the evils of an Establishment. And in this I agreed with him.

Dined with Wordsworth at Mr. Carr's.‡ Sir Humphry and Lady Davy there. She and Sir H. seem to have hardly finished their honeymoon. Miss Joanna Baillie said to Wordsworth the other day, "We have witnessed a picturesque happiness." Mrs. Walter Scott was spoken of rather disparagingly, and Miss Baillie gave her this good word: "When I visited her I thought I saw a great deal to like. She seemed to admire and look up to her husband. She was very kind to

* A clergyman with whom H. C. R. afterwards became intimate.

† This was a topic which at this time haunted alike Wordsworth and Southey. Now that thirty-six years have elapsed, not only has the danger increased, but the war has actually broken out; and as evidence that men distinctly perceive the fact, in France a word has been applied, not invented, which by implication recognizes the fact. Society is divided into *propriétaires* and *prolétaires*. And here we have an incessant controversy carried on by our political economists, as to the respective claims of labor and capital. — H. C. R., 1848.

‡ Carr was Solicitor to the Excise, — a clever man, whom I visited occasionally at Hampstead. His eldest daughter married Dr. Lushington. His youngest married Rolfe (Lord Cranworth), after the latter became one of the best of judges. — H. C. R., 1849.

her guests. Her children were well-bred, and the house was in excellent order. And she had some smart roses in her cap, and I did not like her the less for that."

June 3d. — Wordsworth told me that, before his ballads were published, Tobin implored him to leave out "We are Seven," as a poem that would damn the book. It became, however, one of the most popular. Wordsworth related this in answer to a remark that, by only leaving out certain poems at the suggestion of some one who knew the public taste, he might avoid giving offence.

June 5th. — At Covent Garden. For the first time in my life I saw Mrs. Siddons without any pleasure. It was in the part of the Lady in "Comus." She was dressed most unbecomingly, and had a low gypsy hat with feathers hanging down the side. She looked old, and I had almost said ugly. Her fine features were lost in the distance. Even her declamation did not please me. She spoke in too tragic a tone for the situation and character.

June 6th. — Lent "Peter Bell" to Charles Lamb. To my surprise, he does not like it. He complains of the slowness of the narrative, as if that were not the *art* of the poet. He says Wordsworth has great thoughts, but has left them out here. In the perplexity arising from the diverse judgments of those to whom I am accustomed to look up, I have no resource but in the determination to disregard all opinions, and trust to the simple impression made on my own mind. When Lady Mackintosh was once stating to Coleridge her disregard of the beauties of nature, which men commonly affect to admire, he said his friend Wordsworth had described her feeling, and quoted three lines from "Peter Bell": —

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

"Yes," said Lady Mackintosh, "that is precisely my case."

June 17th. — At four o'clock dined in the Hall * with De Quincey, who was very civil to me, and cordially invited me to visit his cottage in Cumberland. Like myself, he is an enthusiast for Wordsworth. His person is small, his complexion fair, and his air and manner are those of a sickly and enfeebled man. From this circumstance his sensibility, which I have no doubt is genuine, is in danger of being mistaken for

* That is Middle Temple Hall.

effeminateness. At least coarser and more robustly healthful persons may fall into this mistake.

June 29th. — This evening Mrs. Siddons took her leave of the stage.

*Rem.** —About this time, July 2, 1812, my Diary refers to the death of Mrs. Buller,† — of those who never in any way came before the public one of the most remarkable women whom I have ever known. She was a lady of family, belonging to the Bullers of Devonshire, and had lived always at Court. She said once, incidentally : "The Prince Regent has, I believe, as high a regard for me as for any one, — that is, none at all. He is incapable of friendship." On politics and on the affairs of life she spoke with singular correctness and propriety. On matters of taste she was altogether antiquated. She was the friend of Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Carter. She showed me in her bookcase some bound quarto volumes, which she assured me consisted of a translation of Plato by herself, in her own hand. She was far advanced in years, and her death did not come upon her unexpectedly. Not many days before she died I called to make inquiries, and the servant, looking in a book and finding my name there, told me I was to be admitted. I found her pale as ashes, bolstered up in an arm-chair. She received me with a smile, and allowed me to touch her hand. "What are you reading, Mr. Robinson?" she said. "The wickedest cleverest book in the English language, if you chance to know it." — "I have known the 'Fable of the Bees'‡ more than fifty years." She was right in her guess.

July 26th. — Finished Goethe's "Aus meinem Leben ; Dichtung und Wahrheit." The book has given me great delight. The detailed account of the ceremonies on electing Joseph II. has great interest. Goethe unites the grace and perfect art of the most accomplished writer, with a retention of all the child-like zeal and earnestness which he felt when the impressions were first conveyed to him. I know of no writer who can, like Goethe, blend the feeling of youth with the skill and power of age. Here a perfect masterpiece is produced by the exercise of this rare talent. The account of the election of Joseph derives a pathetic interest from the subsequent destruction of the German Empire. His own innocent boyish amour with Gretchen is related with peculiar grace. The characteristic

* Written in 1849. † For Mrs. Buller, see *ante*, p. 206.

‡ The "Fable of the Bees; or, Private Vices Public Benefits." By Bernard Mandeville, 1723. A work of great celebrity, or rather notoriety, in the last century.

sketches of the friends of his father are felt by the reader to be portraits of old acquaintances. How familiar the features of the old Hebrew master seem to me, as he encourages the free-thinking questions of his pupil about the Jews by laughing, though nothing is to be got by way of answer excepting, "'Ei! närrischer Junge?" ("Eh! foolish boy?") The florist, the admirer of Klopstock, the father and grandfather, are all delightfully portrayed. And the remark Wordsworth made on Burns is here also applicable, "The poet writes humanely." There is not a single character who is *hated*, certainly not the lying French player-boy, arrant knave though he is. Perhaps Gretchen's kinsfolk are the least agreeable of the minor characters.

August 4th. — After tea called at Morgan's. The ladies were at home alone. I took a walk with them round the squares. They stated some particulars of Coleridge's family and early life, which were new and interesting to me. His father was a clergyman at Ottery, in Devonshire. Judge Buller, when a young man, lived many years in his family. Indeed he was educated by him. On the death of Mr. Coleridge, Buller went down to offer his services to the widow. She said all her family were provided for, except the tenth, a little boy. Buller promised to provide for him, said he would send him to the Charterhouse, and put him into some profession. Coleridge went to town, and Buller placed him in the Blue-Coat School. The family, being proud, thought themselves disgraced by this. His brothers would not let him visit them in the school dress, and he would not go in any other. The Judge (whether he was judge then I cannot tell) invited him to his house to dine every Sunday. One day, however, there was company, and the blue-coat boy was sent to a second table. He was then only nine years old, but he would never go to the house again. Thus he lost his only friend in London; and having no one to care for him or show him kindness, he passed away his childhood wretchedly. But he says he was thus led to become a good scholar, for, that he might forget his misery, he had his book always in his hand.

Coleridge and Morgan came back to supper. Coleridge was in good spirits. He is about to turn again to Jean Paul.

August 12th. — Paid a visit to Flaxman in his lodgings at Blackheath, and spent the night there. On the following morning I returned with him to town and accompanied him to Burlington House to see Lord Elgin's Marbles. The new

cargo was not yet unpacked. I have neither the learning nor the taste of an artist, but it was interesting even to me to behold fragments of architectural ornaments from cities celebrated by Homer. Flaxman affirmed with confidence that some of the fragments before us were in existence before Homer's time. A stranger came in, whom I afterwards understood to be Chantrey. Flaxman said to him, laying his hand on a piece of stone, "The hand of Phidias was on that!" The stranger remarked that there was one leg which could not have been by Phidias. The stranger conjectured that some ornaments on a sarcophagus were meant to represent the lotus. Two sorts of lotus and the egg, he said, were three of the most sacred objects of antiquity, and were found carved on urns. The lotus, he thought, was the origin of the cornucopia.

At six I went by appointment to Coleridge, with whom I spent several hours alone, and most agreeably. I read to him a number of scenes out of the new "Faust." He had before read the earlier edition. He now acknowledged the genius of Goethe as he has never before acknowledged it. At the same time, the want of religion and enthusiasm in Goethe is in Coleridge's estimation an irreparable defect. The beginning of "Faust" did not please Coleridge. Nor does he think Mephistopheles a *character*. He had, however, nothing satisfactory to oppose to my remark that Mephistopheles ought to be a mere abstraction, and no character. I read to Coleridge the Zueignung, and he seemed to admire it greatly. He had been reading Stolberg lately, of whom he seems to have a sufficiently high opinion. He considers Goethe's "Mahomets Gesang" an imitation of Stolberg's "Felsenstrom"; but the "Felsenstrom" is simply a piece of animated description, without any higher import, while Goethe's poem is a profound and significant allegory, exhibiting the nature of religious enthusiasm. The prologue in heaven to "Faust" did not offend Coleridge as I thought it would, from its being a parody on Job. Coleridge said of Job, this incomparable poem has been most absurdly interpreted. Far from being the most patient of men, Job was the most impatient. And he was rewarded for his impatience. His integrity and sincerity had their recompense because he was superior to the hypocrisy of his friends. Coleridge praised "Wallenstein," but censured Schiller for a sort of ventriloquism in poetry. By the by, a happy term to express that common fault of throwing the sentiments and feelings of the writer into the bodies of other persons, the characters of the poem.

August 20th. — More talk with Coleridge about "Faust." The additions in the last edition he thinks the finest parts. He objects that the character of Faust is not *motivirt.* He would have it explained how he is thrown into a state of mind which led to the catastrophe. The last stage of the process is given. Faust is wretched. He has reached the utmost that finite powers can attain, and he yearns for infinity. Rather than be finitely good, he would be infinitely miserable. This is indeed reducing the wisdom and genius of Goethe's incomparable poem to a dull, commonplace, moral idea; but I do not give it as the thing, only the abstract form. All final results and most general abstractions are, when thus reduced, seemingly trite. Coleridge talks of writing a new Faust! He would never get out of vague conceptions, — he would lose himself in dreams! In the spirited sketch he gave of Goethe's work, I admired his power of giving interest to a prose statement.

September 6th. — A delightful walk with my friend Amyot.* He told some anecdotes of Dr. Parr, whom he knew. The Doctor was asked his opinion on some subject of politics; with an affectation of mystery and importance he replied: "I am not fond of speaking on the subject. *If I were in my place in the House of Lords, I should, &c., &c.*"

13th. — A delightful day. The pleasantest walk by far I have had this summer. The very rising from one's bed at Hamond's house is an enjoyment worth going to Hampstead overnight to partake of. The morning scene from his back room is exceedingly beautiful. We breakfasted at seven. He and his sisters accompanied me beyond The Spaniards, and down some fields opposite Kenwood. The wet grass sent them back, and I went on (rather out of my way) till I entered the Barnet road just before the west end of Finchley Common. I crossed the common obliquely, and, missing the shortest way, came to a good turnpike road at Colney Hatch. On the heath I was amused by the novel sight of gypsies. The road from Colney Hatch to Southgate very pleasing indeed. Southgate a delightful village. No distant prospect from the green, but there are fine trees admirably grouped, and neat and happy houses scattered in picturesque corners and lanes. The great houses, Duchess of Chandos's, &c., have, I suppose, a distant view. I then followed a path to Winchmore Hill, and another to Enfield: the last through

* See page 16.

some of the richest verdure I ever saw. The hills exquisitely undulating. Very fine clumps of oak-trees. Enfield town, the large white church, the serpentine New River, Mr. Mellish's house, with its woody appendages, form a singularly beautiful picture. I reached Enfield at about half past ten, and found Anthony Robinson happy with his family. As usual, I had a very pleasant day with him. Our chat interesting and uninterrupted. Before dinner we lounged round the green, and saw the Cedar of Lebanon which once belonged to Queen Elizabeth's palace, of which only a chimney now remains. A little after five I set out on my walk homeward, through Hornsey and Islington. Till I came to Hornsey Church, where I was no longer able to see, I was occupied during my walk in reading Schlegel's "Vorlesungen"; his account of Æschylus and Sophocles, and their plays, very excellent. I was especially interested in his account of the Trilogy. How glad I should be to have leisure to translate such a work as this of Schlegel's! I reached my chambers about nine. Rather fatigued, though my walk was not a long one, — only eighteen or twenty miles.

September 19th. — After an early dinner walked to Blackheath, reading a very amusing article in the *Edinburgh Review* about ants. I cannot, however, enter into the high enjoyment which some persons have in such subjects. What, after all, is there that is delightful or soul-elevating in contemplating countless myriads of animals, endowed with marvellous powers, which lead to nothing beyond the preservation of individual existence, or rather the preservation of a race? The effect is rather sad than animating; for the more wonderful their powers are, the more elaborately complex and more curiously fitted to their end, and the more they resemble those of human beings, the less apparent absurdity is there in the supposition that our powers should cease with their present manifestation. For my part, I am convinced that the truths and postulates of religion have their sole origin and confirmation in *conscience and the moral sense.*

September 21st. — Took tea at C. Aikin's. A chat about Miss Edgeworth. Mrs. Aikin willing to find in her every excellence, whilst I disputed her power of interesting in a long connected tale, and her possession of poetical imagination. In her numerous works she has certainly conceived and executed a number of forms, which, though not representatives of ideas, are excellent characters. Her sketches and her con

ceptions of ordinary life are full of good sense; but the tendency of her writings to check enthusiasm of every kind is of very problematical value.

October 3d. — Coleridge walked with me to A. Robinson's for my Spinoza, which I lent him. While standing in the room he kissed Spinoza's face in the title-page, and said: "This book is a gospel to me." * But in less than a minute

* Mr. H. C. Robinson's copy of the works of Spinoza is now in the library of Manchester New College, London, with *marginalia* from the hand of Coleridge. They are limited to the first part of the Ethica, "De Deo"; and to some letters in his correspondence, especially with Oldenburg, one of the earliest secretaries of the Royal Society in London. It appears from these marginal notes, that Coleridge heartily embraced Spinoza's fundamental position of the Divine Immanence in all things, as distinguished from the ordinary anthropomorphic conceptions of God, but was anxious to guard it from the pantheistic conclusions which might be supposed to result from it, and to clear it from the necessarian and materialistic assumptions with which he thought Spinoza himself had gratuitously encumbered it. Everywhere Coleridge distinctly asserts the Divine Intelligence and the Divine Will against the vague, negative generality in which Spinoza's overpowering sense of the incommensurability of the Divine and the Human had left them; and strenuously contends for the freedom of human actions as the indispensable basis of a true theory of morals. "It is most necessary," he says, in a note on Propos. XXVIII. (of the first part of the Ethics), "to distinguish Spinozism from Spinoza, — i. e. the necessary consequences of the immanence in God as the one only necessary Being whose essence involves existence, with the deductions, — from Spinoza's own mechanic *realistic* view of the world." "Even in the latter," he continues, "I cannot accord with Jacobi's assertion, that Spinozism as taught by Spinoza is atheism; for though he will not consent to call things essentially disparate by the same name, and therefore denies human intelligence to Deity, yet he adores his wisdom, and expressly declares the identity of Love, i. e. perfect virtue or concentric will in the human being, and that with which the Supreme loves himself, as all in all." "Never," he concludes, "has a great man been so hardly and inequitably treated by posterity as Spinoza: no allowances made for the prevalence, nay universality, of dogmatism and the mechanic system in his age: no trial, except in Germany, to adopt the glorious truths into the family of Life and Power. What if we treated Bacon with the same harshness!"

One other note on the same subject (appended to Epist. XXXVI.) is so characteristic, and in so beautiful a spirit, that it ought to be transcribed: —

"The truth is, Spinoza, in common with all the metaphysicians before him (Böhme perhaps excepted), began at the wrong end, commencing with God as an object. Had he, though still dogmatizing *objectively*, begun with the *natura naturans* in its simplest terms, he must have proceeded on 'per intelligentiam' to the subjective, and having reached the other pole = idealism, or the 'I,' he would have reprogressed to the equatorial point, or the identity of subject and object, and would thus have arrived finally not only at the clear idea of God, as absolute Being, the ground of all existents (for so far he did reach, and to charge him with atheism is a gross calumny), but likewise at the faith in the living God, who hath the ground of his own existence in himself. That this would have been the result, had he lived a few years longer, I think his Epist. LXXII. authorizes us to believe; and of so pure a soul, so righteous a spirit as Spinoza, I dare not doubt that this *potential* fact is received by the Eternal as actual.

In the epistle here referred to, Spinoza expresses his intention, should his life be spared, of defining more clearly his ideas concerning "the eternal and infinite Essence in relation to extension," which he thought Des Cartes had wrongly taken as the definition of Matter. J. J. T.

he added: "His philosophy is nevertheless false. Spinoza's system has been demonstrated to be false, but only by that philosophy which has demonstrated the falsehood of all other philosophies. Did philosophy commence with an *it is*, instead of an *I am*, Spinoza would be altogether true." And without allowing a breathing-time, Coleridge parenthetically asserted: "I, however, believe in all the doctrines of Christianity, even the Trinity." A. Robinson afterwards observed, "Coleridge has a comprehensive faith and love." Contrary to my expectation, however, he was pleased with these outbursts, rather than offended by them. They impressed him with the poet's sincerity. Coleridge informs me that his tragedy is accepted at Drury Lane. Whitbread * admires it exceedingly, and Arnold, the manager, is confident of its success. Coleridge says he is now about to compose lectures, which are to be the produce of all his talent and power, on education. Each lecture is to be delivered in a state in which it may be sent to the press.

October 10th. — Dined at the Hall. A chatty party. It is said that Lady —— invited H. Twiss to dinner, and requested him to introduce an amusing friend or two. He thought of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and invited James Smith and his brother to come in the evening of a day on which he himself was to dine with her ladyship. Smith wrote, in answer, that he was flattered by the polite invitation, but it happened unluckily that both he and his brother had a prior engagement at Bartholomew Fair, — he to eat fire, and his brother to swallow two hundred yards of ribbon.

October 22d. — Heard W. Huntington preach, the man who puts S. S. (sinner saved) after his name.† He has an admirable exterior; his voice is clear and melodious; his manner singularly easy, and even graceful. There was no violence, no bluster, yet there was no want of earnestness or strength. His language was very figurative, the images being taken from the ordinary business of life, and especially from the army and navy. He is very colloquial, and has a wonderful biblical memory; indeed, he is said to know the whole Bible by heart.

* Mr. S. Whitbread, M. P., was a proprietor of shares in Drury Lane Theatre, and through friendship for Sheridan took an active part in its affairs.

† He thus explained his adoption of these mysterious letters. "M. A. is out of my reach for want of learning, D. D. I cannot attain for want of cash, but S. S. I adopt, by which I mean sinner saved." His portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery. He commenced his own epitaph thus: "Here lies the coal-heaver, beloved of God, but abhorred of men." He died at Tunbridge Wells in 1813. His published works extend to twenty volumes.

I noticed that, though he was frequent in his citations, and always added chapter and verse, he never opened the little book he had in his hand. He is said to resemble Robert Robinson of Cambridge. There was nothing shrewd or original in the sermon to-day, but there was hardly any impropriety. I detected but a single one: Huntington said: "Take my word for it, my friends, they who act in this way will not be beloved by God, or by *anybody else.*"

December 15th. — Hamond mentioned that recently, when he was on the Grand Jury, and they visited Newgate Prison, he proposed inquiring of Cobbett whether he had anything to complain of.* Cobbett answered, "Nothing but the being here." Hamond said, the reverent bows his fellow-jurymen made to Cobbett were quite ludicrous.

December 20th, Sunday. — A large family party at the Bischoff's, of which not the least agreeable circumstance was, that there was a family religious service. There is something most interesting and amiable in family devotional exercise, when, as in this instance, there is nothing austere or ostentatious. Indeed everything almost that is done by a family, as such, is good. Religion assumes a forbidding aspect only when it is mingled with impure feelings, as party animosity, malignant intolerance, and contempt.

December 23d. — Saw "Bombastes Furioso" and "Midas." In both Liston was less funny than usual. Is it that he has grown fatter? Droll persons should be very fat or very thin. Mathews is not good as the king in "Bombastes." He is excellent chiefly as a mimic, or where rapidity of transition or volubility is required.

Rem.† — It was in the early part of this year that dear Mrs. Barbauld incurred great reproach by writing a poem entitled "1811." It is in heroic rhyme, and prophesies that on some future day a traveller from the antipodes will from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's!! This was written more in sorrow than in anger; but there was a disheartening and even gloomy tone, which even I with all my love for her could not quite excuse. It provoked a very coarse review in the *Quarterly*, which many years afterwards Murray told me he was more ashamed of than any other article in the *Review*.

* In 1810 Cobbett was tried for publishing certain observations on the flogging of some militiamen at Ely. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £1,000, or be imprisoned for two years; he chose the latter.

† Written in 1849.

[During this year a misunderstanding arose between Coleridge and Wordsworth, to which as "all 's well that ends well," it is not improper to allude. The cause of the misunderstanding was the repetition to Coleridge, with exaggerations, of what, with a kindly intent, had been said respecting him by Wordsworth to a third person. C. Lamb thought a breach would inevitably take place, but Mr. Robinson determined to do all he could to prevent such a misfortune. Accordingly he set about the work of mediation, and he certainly did his part most thoroughly. Going repeatedly from one friend to the other, he was able to offer such explanations and to give such assurances that the ground of complaint was entirely removed, and the old cordiality was restored between two friends who, as he knew, loved and honored each other sincerely. In these interviews he was struck alike with the feeling and eloquence of the one, and the integrity, purity, and delicacy shown by the other. On the 11th of May he went to Coleridge's, and found Lamb with him. The assassination of Mr. Perceval had just taken place.* The news deeply affected them, and they could hardly talk of anything else ; but the Diary has this entry : "Coleridge said to me in a half-whisper, that Wordsworth's letter had been perfectly satisfactory, and that he had answered it immediately. I flatter myself, therefore, that my pains will not have been lost, and that through the interchange of statement, which but for me would probably never have been made, a reconciliation will have taken place most desirable and salutary." † — ED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

1813.

JANUARY 23d. — In the evening at Drury Lane, to see the first performance of Coleridge's tragedy, "Remorse." ‡

* See *ante*, p. 246.

† The Diary contains many details on this subject; but it has not been thought necessary to give them a place in these selections.

‡ Coleridge had complained to me of the way in which Sheridan spoke in company of his tragedy. He told me that Sheridan had said that in the original copy there was in the famous cave scene this line: —

"Drip! drip! drip! There 's nothing here but dripping."

However, there was every disposition to do justice to it on the stage, nor were the public unfavorably disposed towards it.

I sat with Amyot, the Hamonds, Godwins, &c. My interest *for* the play was greater than *in* the play, and my anxiety for its success took from me the feeling of a mere spectator. I have no hesitation in saying that its poetical is far greater than its dramatic merit, that it owes its success rather to its faults than to its beauties, and that it will have for its less meritorious qualities applause which is really due to its excellences. Coleridge's great fault is that he indulges before the public in those metaphysical and philosophical speculations which are becoming only in solitude or with select minds. His two principal characters are philosophers of Coleridge's own school ; the one a sentimental moralist, the other a sophisticated villain, — both are dreamers. Two experiments made by Alvez on his return, the one on his mistress by relating a dream, and the other when he tries to kindle remorse in the breast of Ordonio, are too fine-spun to be intelligible. However, in spite of these faults, of the improbability of the action, of the clumsy contrivance with the picture, and the too ornate and poetic diction throughout, the tragedy was received with great and almost unmixed applause, and was announced for repetition without any opposition.

January 26th. — Heard Coleridge's concluding lecture. He was received with three rounds of applause on entering the room, and very loudly applauded during the lecture and at its close. That Coleridge should ever become a popular man would at one time have been thought a very vain hope. It depends on himself ; and if he would make a sacrifice of some peculiarities of taste (his enemies assert that he has made many on essential points of religion and politics), he has talents to command success. His political opinions will suit a large portion of the public ; and, though not yet a favorite with the million, the appreciation of his genius is spreading.

February 2d. — I went with Aders to see Coleridge, who spoke to my German friend of Goethe with more warmth than usual. He said that if he seemed to depreciate Goethe it was because he compared him with the greatest of poets. He thought Goethe had, from a sort of caprice, underrated the talent which in his youth he had so eminently displayed in his "Werter," — that of exhibiting man in a state of exalted sensibility. In after life he delighted in representing objects of pure beauty, not objects of desire and passion, — rather as statues or paintings, — therefore he called Goethe *picturesque.* Coleridge accused Schlegel of one-sidedness in his excessive admiration of Shakespeare.

February 23d. — I underwent a sort of examination from Mr. Hollist, the Treasurer of the Middle Temple. He inquired at what University I had been educated, and this caused me to state that I was a Dissenter, and had studied at Jena. This form being ended, all impediments to my being called to the bar next term are cleared away.

This day a Mr. Talfourd called with a letter from Mr. Rutt; he is going to study the law, and wants information from me concerning economical arrangements; he has been for some time Dr. Valpy's head boy, and wishes, for a few years, to occupy himself by giving instruction or otherwise, so as to be no encumbrance to his father, who has a large family. He is a very promising young man indeed, has great powers of conversation and public speaking, not without the faults of his age, but with so much apparent vigor of mind, that I am greatly mistaken if he do not become a distinguished man.

February 24th. — Attended a conference in the vestry of the Gravel Pit Meeting, Mr. Aspland presiding. The subject was "Infant Baptism." Young Talfourd spoke in a very spirited manner, but in too oratorical a tone.* We walked from Hackney together; his youthful animation and eagerness excited my envy. It fell from him accidentally, that a volume of poems, written by him when at school, had been printed, but that he was ashamed of them.

Rem.† — Talfourd combined great industry with great vivacity of intellect. He had a marvellous flow of florid language both in conversation and speech-making. His father being unable to maintain him in his profession, he had to support himself, which he did most honorably. He went into the chambers of Chitty, the great special pleader, as a pupil; but he submitted, for a consideration, to drudgery which would be thought hardly compatible with such lively faculties, and at variance with his dramatic and poetic taste. These, too, he made to a certain extent matters of business. He connected himself with magazines, and became the theatrical critic for several of them. He thereby contracted a style of flashy writing, which offended severe judges, who drew in consequence unfavorable conclusions which have not been realized. He wrote pamphlets, which were printed in the *Pamphleteer*, published by his friend Valpy. Among these was a very

* In his early life Mr. Talfourd was a Dissenter, and occasionally took part in the conferences held in the vestry at the Gravel Pit Meeting, Hackney, to discuss religious subjects.

† Written in 1847.

vehement eulogy of Wordsworth. He became intimate with Lamb, who introduced him to Wordsworth. It was in these words: "Mr. Wordsworth, I introduce to you Mr. Talfourd, *my only admirer*." That he became in after life the executor of Lamb and his biographer is well known. Among his early intimacies was that with the family of Mr. Rutt, to whose eldest daughter, Rachel, he became attached. After a time Talfourd came to me with the request that I would procure for him employment as a reporter for the *Times*, that he might be enabled to marry. This I did, and no one could fill the office more honorably, as was acknowledged by his associates on the Oxford Circuit. He made known at once at the bar mess what he was invited to do. Others had done the same thing on other circuits secretly and most dishonorably. Consent was given by the bar of his circuit; and in this way, as a writer for papers and magazines, and by his regular professional emoluments, he honorably brought up a numerous family. As his practice increased he gradually gave up writing for the critical press, and also his office of reporting. But when he renounced literature for emolument, he carried it on for fame, and became a dramatic writer. His first tragedy, "Ion," earned general applause, and in defiance of the advice of prudent or timid friends he produced two other tragedies.* He did not acquire equal reputation for these; probably a fortunate circumstance, as literary fame is no recommendation either to an Attorney or to a Minister who seeks for a laborious Solicitor-General. It was after he was known as a dramatist that Talfourd † obtained a seat in Parliament, where he distinguished himself by introducing a bill in favor of a copyright for authors, to which he was urged mainly by Wordsworth, who had become his friend. *His* bill, however, did not pass, and the work was taken out of his hands. The act ‡ which at length passed the legislature did not grant as much as Talfourd asked for. The one act which ought to be known by his name was one conferring on unhappy wives, separated from their husbands, a right to have a sight of their children.

* "Ion" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in May, 1836. The principal character, first performed by Macready, was afterwards undertaken by Miss Ellen Tree. Talfourd's second tragedy, "The Athenian Captive," in which Macready played Thoas, was produced at the Haymarket, 1838. The third and least successful was "Glencoe," first represented at the Haymarket, May 23, 1840. Macready again played the hero. — G. S.

† Talfourd was Member for Reading, where he had been a pupil at the Grammar School, under Dr. Valpy.

‡ This is always, however, spoken of as Talfourd's Act.

Talfourd soon acquired popularity at the bar, from the mere faculty of speaking, as many have done who were after all not qualified for heavy work. I might have doubted of the Sergeant's qualifications in this respect, but some years ago I heard the late Lord Chief Justice Tindal praise him highly for judgment and skill in the management of business. He said he was altogether a successful advocate. No man got more verdicts, and no man more deserved to get them. Talfourd is a generous and kind-hearted man. To men of letters and artists in distress, such as Leigh Hunt, Haydon, &c., he was always very liberal. He did not forget his early friends, and at the large parties he has hitherto delighted to give, poets, players, authors of every kind, were to be seen, together with barristers, and now and then judges.

February 26th. — Went to the Royal Academy and heard Sir John Soane deliver his third lecture on Architecture; it was not very interesting, but the conclusion was diverting. "As the grammarian has his positive, comparative, and superlative, and as we say, 'My King, my Country, and my God,' so ought the lover of fine art to say, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture!!!"

March 18th. — Went to Covent Garden. Saw "Love for Love."* Mathews, by admirable acting, gave to Foresight a significance and truth strikingly contrasted with the unmeaning insipidity of most of the other characters. Mrs. Jordan played Miss Prue, and certainly with great spirit. She looked well, but her voice has lost much of its sweetness and melody; yet she is still the most fascinating creature on the stage. She also took the part of Nell in "The Devil to Pay"; in this her acting was truly admirable. Her age and bulk do not interfere with any requisite in the character.

April 5th. — With Walter, who introduced me to Croly, his dramatic critic, who is about to go to Hamburg to discharge the duty I performed six years before. Croly is a fierce-looking Irishman, very lively in conversation, and certainly has considerable talent as a writer; his eloquence, like his person, is rather energetic than elegant, and though he has great power and concentration of thought, he wants the delicacy and dis-

* Congreve's animated comedy of "Love for Love" was produced under Betterton at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1695. The part of Ben was written for Doggett. Mrs. Abington was celebrated for her performance of Miss Prue, and the excellence of the play was especially manifest when performed by a powerful company under Mr. Macready's management at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1843 — G. S.

crimination of judgment which are the finest qualities in a critic.*

April 9th. — Accompanied Andrews † to the House of Lords, to hear Lord Wellesley's speech on East Indian affairs. I was very much disappointed, for I discerned in the speech (evidently a prepared and elaborate one) not one of the great qualities of an orator or statesman. His person is small, and his animation has in it nothing of dignity and weighty energy. He put himself into a sort of artificial passion, and was in a state of cold inflammation. He began with a parade of first principles, and made a fuss about general ideas, which were, I thought, after all very commonplace. Yet the speech had excited curiosity, and brought a great number of members of the House of Commons behind the Throne. But after listening for an hour and a half my patience was exhausted, and I came home.

April 15th. — A useful morning at the King's Bench, Guildhall. My friend John Buck ‡ was examined as a witness in a special jury insurance cause. Garrow rose to cross-examine him. "You have been many years at Lloyd's, Mr. Buck?" — "Seventeen years." Garrow sat down, but cross-examined at great length another witness. Lord Ellenborough, in his summing up, said: "You will have remarked that Mr. Attorney did not think it advisable to ask Mr. Buck a single question. Now on that gentleman's testimony everything turns, for if you think that his statement is correct —" Before he could complete the sentence the foreman said: "For the plaintiff, my Lord." — "I thought as much," said the Chief Justice.

May 8th. — In the evening went to the Temple, where I learned that I had been called to the bar. The assurance of the fact, though I had no reason to doubt it, gave me pleasure.

Rem. § — I have frequently asserted, since my retirement, that the two wisest acts of my life were my going to the bar when, according to the usual age at which men begin practice, I was already an old man, being thirty-eight, and my retiring from the bar when, according to the same ordinary usage, I was still a young man, viz. fifty-three.

* Croly's career has been a singular one. He tried his hand as a contributor to the daily press in various ways. He wrote tragedies, comedies, and novels, — at least one of each; and at last settled down as a preacher, with the rank of Doctor, but of what faculty I do not know. — H. C. R., 1847.

† Afterwards Sergeant Andrews.

‡ See *ante*, p. 19.

§ Written in 1847

H. C. R. TO T. R.

56 HATTON GARDEN, May 9, 1813.

MY DEAR THOMAS : —

. . . . Before I notice the more interesting subject of your letter, I will dismiss the history of yesterday in a few words, just to satisfy your curiosity. At four o'clock precisely I entered the Middle Temple Hall *in pontificalibus*, where the oaths of allegiance and abjuration were administered to me. I then dined, dressed as I was, at a table apart. I had five friends with me. After dinner we ascended the elevation at the end of the Hall. My friends and acquaintance gradually joined our party. We were just a score in number. I believe you are acquainted with none of them but the Colliers, Amyot, Andrews, and Quayle. The rest were professional men. After drinking about six bottles of humble port, claret was brought in, and we broke up at ten. What we had been doing in the mean while I shall be better able to tell when I have received the butler's bill. I cannot say that it was a day of much enjoyment to me. I am told, and indeed I felt, that I was quite nervous when I took the oaths. And I had moments of very serious reflection even while the bottle was circulating, and I was affecting the boon companion. One incident, however, did serve to raise my spirits. On my coming home, just before dinner, I found with your letter the copy of an Act of Parliament which Wedd Nash had left. He had nominated me Auditor in a private Inclosure Act, and the fee, he informed Mrs. Collier, would be ten guineas. The timing of this my first professional emolument does credit to Nash's friendliness and delicacy.

. . . . .

June 13th. — Went to Mrs. Barbauld's. Had a pleasant chat with her about Madame de Staël, the Edgeworths, &c. The latter are staying in London, and the daughter gains the good-will of every one ; not so the father. They dined at Sotheby's. After dinner Mr. Edgeworth was sitting next Mrs. Siddons, Sam Rogers being on the other side of her. "Madam," said he, "I think I saw you perform Millamont thirty-five years ago." — "Pardon me, sir." — "O, then it was forty years ago ; I distinctly recollect it." — "You will excuse me, sir, I never played Millamont." — O, yes, ma'am, I recollect." — "I think," she said, turning to Mr. Rogers, "it is

time for me to change my place"; and she rose with her own peculiar dignity.*

June 24th. — A *Dies non*, and therefore a holiday. Called on Madame de Staël at Brunet's. She received me very civilly, and I promise myself much pleasure from her society during the year she intends remaining in England. I intimated to her that I was become a man of business, and she will be satisfied with my attending her evening parties after nine o'clock. Her son is a very genteel young man, almost handsome, but with something of a sleepy air in his eye, and the tone of his conversation a whisper which may be courtly, but gives an appearance of apathy. The daughter I scarcely saw, but she seems to be plain.

July 6th. — Went to a supper-party at Rough's, given in honor of the new Sergeant, Copley. Burrell, the Pordens, Flaxmans, Tooke, &c. there.

Rem.† — This was the first step in that career of success which distinguished the ex-chancellor, now called the *venerable* Lord Lyndhurst.

July 11th. — Called this morning on Madame de Staël at 3 George Street, Hanover Square. It is singular that, having in Germany assisted her as a student of philosophy, I should now render her service as a lawyer. Murray the bookseller was with her, and I assisted in drawing up the agreement for her forthcoming work on Germany, for which she is to receive 1,500 guineas.

July 14th. — Going into the country for the summer, I quitted the house and family of the Colliers, in which I had lived as an inmate for years with great pleasure. I am to return, though only as a visitor, in the autumn, after my first experience of law practice on the circuit and at the sessions.

July 18th. — My first dinner with the bar mess, at the Angel Inn at Bury, where I took my seat as junior on the Sessions Circuit. Our party consisted of Hunt, Hart, Storks,‡ Whitbread, and Twiss. I enjoyed the afternoon. Hunt is a gentlemanly man, Hart an excellent companion. Storks was agreeable, and Whitbread has a pleasing countenance.

Rem.§ — Hart was in every way the most remarkable man

* This anecdote is given with a difference in the Reminiscences and the Diary. In the latter, the dinner-party is said to have been at Lord Lonsdale's, and the person to whom Mrs. Siddons turned on leaving her seat, Tom Moore.

† Written in 1847.

‡ Afterwards Sergeant Storks.

§ Written in 1847.

of our circuit. He was originally a preacher among the Calvinistic Baptists, among whom he had the reputation of being at the same time so good a preacher and so bad a liver that it was said to him once, "Mr. Hart, when I hear you in the pulpit, I wish you were never out of it; when I see you out of it, I wish you were never in it." He married a lady, the heir in tail after the death of her father, Sir John Thorold, to a large estate.

At the death of Sir John, Hart left his profession. When I saw him a couple of years after, he had taken the name of Thorold; and then he told me that he never knew what were the miseries of poverty until he came into the possession of an entailed estate, — all his creditors came upon him at once, and he was involved in perpetual quarrels with his family. His wretchedness led to a complete change in his habits, and he became in his old age again a preacher. He built a chapel on his estate at his own expense, and preached voluntarily to those who partook of his enthusiasm, and could relish popular declamations of ultra-Calvinism.

August 20th. — (At Norwich.) I defended a man for the murder of his wife and her sister by poison. It was a case of circumstantial evidence. There was a moral certainty that the man had put corrosive sublimate into a tea-kettle, though no evidence so satisfactory as his Tyburn countenance. I believe the acquittal in this case was owing to this circumstance. The wife, expecting to die, said, "No one but my husband *could* have done it." As this produced an effect, I cross-examined minutely as to the proximity of other cottages, — there being children about, — the door being on the latch, &c.; and then concluded with an earnest question: "On your solemn oath, were there not twelve persons at least who *could* have done it?" — "Yes, there were." And then an assenting nod from a juryman. I went home, not triumphant. But the accident of being the successful defender of a man accused of murder brought me forward, and though my fees at two assize towns did not amount to £50, yet my spirits were raised.

*Rem.** — Sergeant Blosset (formerly Peckwell) was, taking him for all in all, the individual whose memory I respect the most of my departed associates on the circuit. He was a quiet unpretending man, with gentlemanly, even graceful manners, and though neither an orator nor a man of eminent

* Written in 1847.

learning or remarkable acuteness, yet far beyond every other man on our circuit. He had the skill to advocate a bad cause well, without advocating that which was bad in the cause,— which greater men than he were sometimes unable to do. Hence he was a universal favorite.

My immediate senior on the circuit was Henry Cooper. He was very far my superior in talent for business, — indeed in some respects he was an extraordinary man. His memory, his cleverness, were striking ; but so was his want of judgment, and it often happened that his clever and amusing hits told as much against as for his client. One day he was entertaining the whole court, when Rolfe (now the Baron, then almost the junior) * whispered to me : " How clever that is ! How I thank God I am not so clever ! "

I once saw Cooper extort a laugh from Lord Ellenborough in spite of himself. " But it is said my client got drunk. Why, everybody gets drunk." Then, changing his voice from a shrill tone to a half-whisper, and with a low bow, he added : " Always excepting your Lordships and the Bishops."

October 18th. — Dined with Madame de Staël, — a party of liberals at her house, viz. : Lady Mackintosh, Robert Adair the diplomatist, Godwin, Curran, and Murray, &c.

Our hostess spoke freely of Buonaparte. She was introduced to him when a victorious general in Italy ; even then he affected princely airs, and spoke as if it mattered not what he said, — he conferred honor by saying anything. He had a pleasure in being rude. He said to her, after her writings were known, that he did not think women ought to write books. She answered : " It is not every woman who can gain distinction by an alliance with a General Buonaparte." Buonaparte said to Madame de Condorcet, the widow of the philosopher, who was a great female politician, and really a woman of talent : " I do not like women who meddle with politics." Madame de Condorcet instantly replied : " Ah, mon Général, as long as you men take a fancy to cut off our heads now and then, we are interested in knowing why you do it."

On one occasion Buonaparte said to a party of ladies : " Faites moi des conscrits."

Our hostess asserted that every political topic could be exhausted in one hour's speech ; but, when pressed, it was evident that by exhausting a subject she understood uttering all the possible generalities and commonplaces it involves. She

* Afterwards Lord Chancellor Cranworth.

praised Erskine's speeches. Curran, who listened, held his tongue ; he said but one thing on the subject of oratory, and that was in praise of Fox, who he said was the most honest and candid of speakers, and spoke only to convince fairly. "It seemed to me," said Curran, "as if he were addressing himself to me personally." Adair praised Sheridan highly in the *past* tense, but said he injured himself by an injudicious imitation of Burke in his speech before the lords on the impeachment of Hastings. Sheridan was praised for his faculty of abstracting his mind from all other things and working up a subject.

Curran, who is in his best moments a delightful companion, told some merry stories, at which our hostess exclaimed, "Ah, que cela est charmant ! " He was, however, also melancholy, and said he never went to bed in Ireland without wishing not to rise again. He spoke of the other world and those he should wish to see there. Madame de Staël said that after she had seen those she loved (this with a sentimental sigh), she should inquire for Adam and Eve, and ask how they were born. During a light conversation about the living and the dead, Lady Mackintosh exclaimed : "After all, the truth of it seems to be that the sinners have the best of it in this world, and the saints in the next." Curran declared "Paradise Lost" to be the worst poem in the language. Milton was incapable of a delicate or tender sentiment towards woman. Curran did not render these heresies palatable by either originality or pleasantry. Godwin defended Milton with zeal, and even for his submission to Cromwell, who, he said, though a usurper, was not a tyrant, nor cruel. This was said in opposition to Madame de Staël, who was not pleased with the philosopher. She said to Lady Mackintosh, after he was gone : "I am glad I have seen this man, — it is curious to see how naturally Jacobins become the advocates of tyrants ; so it is in France now." Lady Mackintosh apologized for him in a gentle tone ; "he had been harshly treated, and almost driven out of society ; he was living in retirement." The others spoke kindly of him.

November 1st. — After a short visit to Anthony Robinson, came to chambers and slept for the first time in my own bed. I felt a little uncomfortable at the reflection of my solitude, but also some satisfaction at the thought that I was at least independent and at home. I have not yet collected around me all that even I deem comforts, but I shall find my wants

very few, I believe, if I except those arising from the desire to appear respectable, not to say wealthy, in the eyes of the world.

November 12th. — In the evening a party at Anthony Robinson's. The Lambs were there, and Charles seemed to enjoy himself. We played cards, and at the close of the evening he dryly said to Mrs. Robinson: "I have enjoyed the evening much, which I do not often do at people's houses."

November 15th. — Called on Madame de Staël, to whom I had some civil things to say about her book, which she received with less than an author's usual self-complacence; but she manifested no readiness to correct some palpable omissions and mistakes I began pointing out to her. And when I suggested that, in her account of Goethe's "Triumph" (der Empfindsamkeit), she had mistaken the plot, she said: "Perhaps I thought it better as I stated it!"

She confessed that in her selection of books to notice she was guided by A. W. Schlegel; otherwise, she added, a whole life would not have been sufficient to collect such information. This confession was not necessary for me. She says she is about to write a book on the French Revolution and on the state of England, in which she means to show that all the calamities which have arisen in France proceeded from not following the English constitution. She says she has a number of questions to put to me concerning the English law, and which she is to reduce to writing. We talked on politics. She still thinks that unless Buonaparte fall he will find means to retrieve his fortune. Perhaps she is still influenced by *French* sentiments in conceiving that Buonaparte must be victorious at last if he persist in the war. But she is nevertheless a bigoted admirer of our government, which she considers to be perfect!

Coleridge to H. C. R.

Monday Morning, December 7, 1812.

Excuse me for again repeating my request to you, to use your best means *as speedily as possible* to procure for me (if possible) the perusal of Goethe's work on Light and Color.* In a thing I have now on hand it would be of *very important service to me;* at the same time do not forget Jacobi to Fichte,†

* "Goethe's Theory of Colors. Translated from the German; with Notes by Charles Lock Eastlake, R. A., F. R. S." London, 1840.

† Jacobi's "Sendschreiben an Fichte."

and whatever other work may have bearings on the Neuere, neueste, und allerneueste Filosofie. It is my hope and purpose to devote a certain portion of my time for the next twelve months to theatrical attempts, and chiefly to the melodrama, or *comic opera* kind ; and from Goethe (from what I read of his little Singspiele in the volume which you lent me) I expect no trifling assistance, especially in the songs, airs, &c., and the happy mode of introducing them. In my frequent conversations with W. (a composer and music-seller), I could not find that he or the music-sellers in general had any knowledge of those compositions, which are so deservedly dear to the German public. As soon as I can disembarrass myself, I shall make one sturdy effort to understand music myself, so far at least of the *science* as goes to the composition of a simple air. For I seem frequently to form such in my own mind, to my inner ear. When you write to Bury, do not forget to assure Mrs. Clarkson of my never altered and unalterable esteem and affection.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

December 30th. — After dinner a rubber at Lamb's ; then went with Lamb and Burney to Rickman's. Hazlitt there. Cards, as usual, were our amusement. Lamb was in a pleasant mood. Rickman produced one of Chatterton's forgeries. In one manuscript there were seventeen different kinds of e's. "O," said Lamb, "that must have been written by one of the

Mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

December 31st. — Spent the evening at Flaxman's. A New Year's party. It consisted only of the Pordens, some of Mrs. Flaxman's family, and one or two others. We were comfortable enough without being outrageously merry. Flaxman, of all the great men I ever knew, plays the child with the most grace. He is infinitely amiable, without losing any of his respectability. It is obvious that his is the relaxation of a superior mind, without, however, any of the ostentation of condescension. We stayed late, and the New Year found us enjoying ourselves.

CHAPTER XVII.

1814.

JANUARY 2d. — Read lately the first volume of "John Buncle."* It contains but little that is readable, but that little is very pleasing. The preachments are to be skipped over, but the hearty descriptions of character are very interesting from the *love* with which they are penned. Lamb says, with his usual felicity, that the book is written *in better spirits* than any book he knows.† Amory's descriptions are in a high style; his scene-painting is of the first order; and it is the whimsical mixture of romantic scenery, millennium-hall society, and dry disputation in a quaint style, which gives this book so strange and amusing a character. For instance, John Buncle meets a lady in a sort of Rosamond's bower studying Hebrew. He is smitten with her charms, declares his love to "glorious Miss Noel," and when, on account of so slight an acquaintance, — that of an hour, — she repels him (for his love had been kindled only by a desperately learned speech of hers on the paradisiacal language), and threatens to leave him, he exclaims, "O, I should die were you to leave me; therefore, if you please, we will discourse of the miracle of Babel." And then follows a long dialogue on the confusion of tongues, in which "illustrious Miss Noel" bears a distinguished part.

March 7th. — At Drury Lane, and saw Kean for the first time. He played Richard, I believe, better than any man I ever saw; yet my expectations were pitched too high, and I had not the pleasure I expected. The expression of malignant joy is the one in which he surpasses all men I have ever seen. And his most flagrant defect is want of dignity. His face is finely expressive, though his mouth is not handsome, and he projects his lower lip ungracefully; yet it is finely suited to

* The "Life of John Buncle, Esq.; containing various Observations and Reflections made in several Parts of the World, and many extraordinary Relations." By Thomas Amory. Hollis, 1766. Two vols.

† "John (says Leigh Hunt) is a kind of innocent Henry the Eighth of private life, without the other's fat, fury, and solemnity. He is a prodigous hand at matrimony, at divinity, at a song, at a loud 'hem,' and at a turkey and chine."

In No. 10 of Leigh Hunt's *London Journal* (June 4, 1834), there is an abstract of "John Buncle."

Richard. He gratified my eye more than my ear. His action very often was that of Kemble, and this was not the worst of his performance ; but it detracts from his boasted originality. His declamation is very unpleasant, but my ear may in time be reconciled to it, as the palate is to new cheese and tea. It often reminds me of Blanchard's. His speech is not fluent, and his words and syllables are too distinctly separated. His finest scene was with Lady Anne, and his mode of lifting up her veil to watch her countenance was exquisite. The concluding scene was unequal to my expectation, though the fencing was elegant, and his sudden death-fall was shockingly real. But he should have lain still. Why does he rise, or awake rather, to repeat the spurious lines? He did not often excite a strong persuasion of the truth of his acting, and the applause he received was not very great. Mrs. Glover had infinitely more in the pathetic scene in which she, as Queen Elizabeth, parts from her children. To recur to Kean, I do not think he will retain all his popularity, but he may learn to deserve it better, though I think he will never be qualified for heroic parts. He wants a commanding figure and a powerful voice. His greatest excellences are a fine pantomimic face and remarkable agility.

March 26th. — I read Stephens's "Life of Horne Tooke." All the anecdotes respecting him, as well as his letters, are excellent. They raise a favorable impression of his integrity, and yet this stubborn integrity was blended with so impassioned a hatred, that it is difficult to apportion the praise and reproach which his admirers and enemies, with perhaps equal injustice, heap upon him.

April 10th. — Went early to the coffee-room. To-day it was fully confirmed that Buonaparte had voluntarily abdicated the thrones of France and Italy, and thus at once, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, the revolutionary government of France, after tormenting the world for nearly twenty-five years, has quietly yielded up its breath.

April 12th. — Again at the coffee-room in the morning, though now the public papers must of necessity decline in interest. There must follow the winding up of accounts, and there may arise disputes in the appropriation of territory and in the fixing of constitutions ; but no serious obstacle in the way of peace is to be apprehended. My wish is that means could be found, without violating the honor of the allies, to break the treaty so imprudently made with that arch-knave

Murat. Bernadotte ought to retain his crown, but I should be glad to see Norway succeed in emancipating herself from his dominion, so unworthily obtained. Saxony ought to revert to the house which lost it during the wars produced by the Reformation, and the Duke of Weimar deserves to succeed to his ancestors. Poland has no chance of regaining her independence, and perhaps would not be able to make use of it. Russia will descend deeper into Europe than I can contemplate without anxiety, notwithstanding the actual merits of her Emperor. Prussia I wish to see mistress of all Protestant Germany; and it would give me joy to see the rest of Germany swallowed up by Austria; but this will not be. The Empire will, I fear, be restored, and with it the foundation laid for future wars of intrigue. France will resume her influence over Europe; and this is the one evil I apprehend from the restoration of the Bourbons, — that the jealousy which ought to survive against France, as France, will sleep in the ashes of the Napoleon dynasty. Such are my wishes, hopes, fears, and expectations.

The counter-revolution in France has not gratified our vanity. It comes like a blessing of Providence or a gift of nature, and these are received with quiet gratitude. Hence the want of enthusiasm in the public mind, although the general sentiment is joy. Cobbett and Sir Richard Phillips* alone express sorrow, and the *Morning Chronicle* betrays an unpatriotic spirit. Of my own personal acquaintance, only Will Hazlitt and poor Capel Lofft are among the malecontents.

May 7th. — Took tea at Flaxman's. He spoke highly of the great variety of talents possessed by Lawrence. On occasion of the contest for the professorship of painting between Opie and Fuseli, Flaxman says, Lawrence made an extempore speech in support of Fuseli better than any speech he (Flaxman) ever heard. "But," said Flaxman, "Lawrence's powers are almost his ruin. He is ever in company. One person admires his singing, another his reading, another his conversational talents, and he is overwhelmed with engagements. I have heard Hazlitt say, "No good talker will ever labor enough to become a good painter."

May 15th. — Called on the Colliers. I am glad to feel that there is a return of cordiality which had been on the decline between me and these old friends. There is so much positive pleasure in every kindly feeling, that certainly it is not wisdom

* The author and bookseller. He was editor and proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine*, and was the compiler of many popular volumes.

to criticise whether it is justified. Friendship, more assuredly than virtue, is its own reward. Lamb and his sister were there, and expressed great kindness towards me, which gave me much pleasure. They are, indeed, among the very best of persons. Their moral qualities are as distinguished as their intellectual.

May 19th. — I accompanied Anthony and Mrs. Robinson to Drury Lane to see Kean play Othello. The long trial of waiting before the door having been endured, the gratification was very great. Of all the characters in which I have yet seen Kean, Othello is the one for which by nature he is the least qualified; yet it is the one in which he has most delighted me. Kean has little grace or beauty in mere oratorical declamation, but in the bursts of passion he surpasses any male actor I ever saw. His delivery of the speech in which he says, "Othello's occupation 's gone," was as pathetic as a lover's farewell to his mistress. I could hardly keep from crying; it was pure feeling. In the same scene the expression of rage is inimitable.

May 26th. — Dined with Mr. George Young.* A large party. Present were Dr. Spurzheim, now the lion of the day, as the apostle of craniology, — ten years ago he was the famulus of the discoverer Gall; Mason Good, poet, lecturer, and surgeon; Drs. Gooch and Parke; my friend Hamond; Charles Young, the rival of Kean at Covent Garden, and another brother of our host; Ayton, an attorney; and Westall, the R. A. Spurzheim appeared to advantage as the opponent of Mason Good, who was wordy, and I thought opposed close intellectual reasoning by a profusion of technicalities. Spurzheim preached from the skulls of several of us, and was tolerably successful in his guesses, though not with me, for he gave me theosophy, and tried to make a philosopher of me. To Hamond he gave the organs of circumspection and the love of children. To Charles Young that of representation, but he probably knew he was an actor.

May 27th. — The forenoon at the Old Bailey Sessions. Walked back with Stephen.† He related that Romilly thinks Lord Eldon one of the profoundest and most learned lawyers who ever lived; yet he considers his infirmity as a practical doubter so fatal, that he infinitely prefers Erskine as a Chan-

* An eminent surgeon, of whom more hereafter.

† The emancipationist. He was brother-in-law to Wilberforce, and the father of the late Sir James Stephen, the Professor of History.

cellor. Though his mind and legal habits are of so different a class, his good sense and power of prompt decision enable him to administer justice usefully.

June 18th. — This was a high festival in the City, the corporation giving a superb entertainment to the Prince Regent and his visitors, the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, &c. Took a hasty dinner at Collier's, and then witnessed the procession from Fleet Street. It was not a gratifying spectacle, for there was no continuity in the scene ; but some of the distinct objects were interesting. The Royal carriages were splendid, but my ignorance of the individuals who filled them prevented my having much pleasure. My friend Mrs. W. Pattisson brought her boys to see the sight, and she did wisely, for she has enriched their memories with recollections which time will exalt to great value. It will in their old age be a subject of great pleasure that at the ages of eleven and ten they beheld the persons of the greatest sovereigns of the time, and witnessed the festivities consequent on the peace which *fixed* (may it prove so !) the independence and repose of Europe.

June 21st. — Again in the King's Bench. The sentence of the pillory was passed against Lord Cochrane and others for a fraud to raise the price of stock by spreading false news. The severity of the sentence has turned public opinion in favor of his Lordship, and they who first commiserated him began afterwards to think him innocent. His appearance to-day was certainly pitiable. When the sentence was passed he stood without color in his face, his eye staring and without expression ; and when he left the court it was with difficulty, as if he were stupefied.*

June 29th. — Called on Lamb in the evening. Found him as delighted as a child with a garret he had appropriated and adorned with all the copper-plate engravings he could collect, having rifled every book he possesses for the purpose. It was pleasant to observe his innocent delight. Schiller says all great men have a childlikeness in their nature.

* Lord Dundonald, in a note to an extract from Campbell's "Lives of the Chief Justices," where it is mentioned that he was sentenced to stand in the pillory, says: —

"This vindictive sentence the government did not dare carry out. My high-minded colleague, Sir Francis Burdett, told the government that, if the sentence was carried into effect, he would stand in the pillory beside me, when they must look to the consequences. What these might have been, in the then excited state of the public mind, as regarded my treatment, the reader may guess." — *The Autobiography of a Seaman.* By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, G. C. B. Second edition. London, 1861. Vol. II. p. 322, note.

July 3d. — A day of great pleasure. Charles Lamb and I walked to Enfield by Southgate, after an early breakfast in his chambers. We were most hospitably received by Anthony Robinson and his wife. After tea, Lamb and I returned. The whole day most delightfully fine, and the scenery very agreeable. Lamb cared for the walk more than the scenery, for the enjoyment of which he seems to have no great susceptibility. His great delight, even in preference to a country walk, is a stroll in London. The shops and the busy streets, such as Thames Street, Bankside, &c., are his great favorites. He, for the same reason, has no great relish for landscape painting. But his relish for historic painting is exquisite. Lamb's peculiarities are very interesting. We had not much conversation, — he hummed tunes, I repeated Wordsworth's "Daffodils," of which I am become very fond. Lamb praised T. Warton's "Sonnet in Dugdale" as of first-rate excellence.* It is a good thought, but I find nothing exquisite in it. He praised Prior's courtly poems, — his "Down Hall," — his fine application of the names of Marlborough, so as to be offensive in the ears of Boileau.

July 4th. — Took early tea with Flaxman, to whom I read an admirable criticism by Hazlitt on West's picture of the "Rejection of Christ." A bitter and severe but most excellent performance. Flaxman was constrained to admit the high talent of the criticism, though he was unaffectedly pained by its severity; but he was himself offended by West's attempt to represent this sacred subject.

July 6th. — Dr. Tiarks † breakfasted with me, and we spent an hour and a half very pleasantly. Tiarks says that he understands Buonaparte said to the Austrian commissioner, "The King of Saxony is the honestest king in Europe. If the allies dethrone him, they will do a more tyrannical act than I ever did. I have dethroned many kings in my time, but I was a parvenu, and it was necessary for my safety. The old legitimate sovereigns should act on other principles."

July 29th. — Mr. Wakefield called on me with Jeremy Bentham's "Panopticon," and he occupied me till one o'clock.

* This Sonnet was "Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale s 'Monasticon.'"

† A Frieslander by birth, he became a candidate in theology at Göttingen, but had notice that he had been drawn as a conscript, and would be seized as such. Flying from the army, he begged his way to England, where he maintained himself first as a private librarian to Sir Joseph Banks, and afterwards, with considerable success, as a teacher of German, Greek, and mathematics. — H. C. R.

Wakefield belongs to Jeremy Bentham's select society. He is voted *nobody*, i. e. free of the house. He gives an interesting account of the philosopher's abode, where a Panopticon school is to be erected. Bentham's constant inmates are Koe, whom I have seen, and Mill, whom I dined with at Hamond's, and whom Wakefield represents as one of the greatest men of the present day. He is writing a history of India. Wakefield says that Bentham has considerable respect for Hamond's understanding.

July 31st. — Read Bentham's "Panopticon" and first Appendix. All that respected the moral economy of his plan interested me greatly, but for want of plates I could not comprehend the mechanical structure. The book is (as all Bentham's are) full of original and very valuable matter. But it would possibly have had more effect if it had contained fewer novelties in substance and in language. Men are prepared to oppose when novelty is ostentatiously announced.

August 13th. — (At Norwich.) Accompanied some friends to the theatre. The actors did not edify me. Stole out to call on Madge, at whose apartments I found the great new poem of Wordsworth, "The Excursion." I could only look into the preface and read a few extracts with Madge. It is a poem of formidable size, and I fear too mystical to be popular. It will, however, put an end to the sneers of those who consider, or affect to consider, him puerile. But it will possibly draw on him the imputation of dulness. Still, I trust it will strengthen the zeal of his few friends. My anxiety is great to read it.

August 18th. — Tiarks brought Kastner to me. Kastner is an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm impels to action, and it is accompanied by talent of very high rank and great variety. Having distinguished himself as a chemist, he became Volksredner (orator for the people); and he is now striving to interest the government in favor of freemasonry, in order to oppose priestcraft, which he thinks is reviving. He also conducted a newspaper, and assisted in raising the Prussian Landwehr. Having fought with this body in France, he came to England to solicit a grant out of the contributions for the Germans in favor of the Landwehr. Though every one thought his attempts vain, he has succeeded in obtaining £ 1,000, and hopes for much more, out of the Parliamentary grant.

H. C. R. TO MRS. PATTISSON.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, July 27, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Though my own plans were in some measure disarranged by it, I was sincerely glad to hear that you had resolved to undertake the northern journey. I trust it has proved to you a source of other pleasures than those for the sake of which you made it. The reward which Solomon received for a wise choice of the blessings of life I have very frequently seen conferred on a small scale. . . . . I should be very glad if some accident were to bring you acquainted with any of the Stansfelds. That is so highly estimable a family, that I could almost consider myself the *friend* of every member of it, meaning only to express my very peculiar esteem for them. . . . .

I have just risen from the perusal of the most admirable discourse on friendship which I believe was ever penned. It is a sort of sermon without a text by Jeremy Taylor ; so delightful that, if I had no other means of conveying it to you, I think I could almost walk to Witham from Bury with the folio volume containing it in my hand, in order to have the delight of reading it to you. Though it is arrant pedantry to fill a letter with quotations, I cannot resist the temptation of quoting two or three golden sayings.

Soame Jenyns, you may recollect, vindicates Christianity for excluding from its system those *false virtues*, patriotism, valor, and friendship ! ! ! This very insidious paradox — in effect, not intention, I mean — is as to friendship, with equal truth and beauty, thus exhibited by Jeremy Taylor : " By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable. But then I must tell you that Christianity hath new christened it, and called it charity. . . . . Christian charity is friendship to all the world. And when friendships were the noblest things in the world " (referring, I suspect, to Cicero, &c.), " charity was little like the sun drawn in at a chink, or his beams drawn into the centre of a burning-glass ; but Christian charity is friendship expanded, like the face of the sun when it mounts the eastern hills." Still, the individual appropriation of love was to be explained ; he therefore goes on : " There is enough in every man that is willing to make him become our friend,

but where men contract friendships they enclose the commons, and what nature intended should be every man's, we make proper to two or three." In these lines are contained all the ideas necessary to a development of friendship speculatively. The following sentences are gems: "He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together." "Secrecy is the chastity of friendship." "Friendship is charity in society."

If I can, I will take a *bait* at Witham on my way from Norwich to London; but I do not know that I can stay even a day with you. One circumstance may call me to town earlier than I might otherwise have thought necessary. I have received some letters from a most amiable and worthy man, a Jena acquaintance, who has made a journey to London, in order to solicit relief for a particular class of sufferers, — the Prussian Landwehr. He seems to expect great assistance from me, and it will be a painful task to me to show him that I can do nothing. He is a benevolent Quixote. He has written me an account of his life, and his sufferings and pathetic tale will interest you. He is made up of love of every kind, — to his wife and children, to his country, for which he fought, and to religion, to which he seems devotedly attached. I wrote to Aders to offer Kastner my chambers during my absence; but Aders has procured him a lodging at six shillings a week. Kastner has luckily met with my friends in town.

You will expect to hear of the success of my Sessions Circuit. It was not so productive as I expected, from the retirement of Twiss, but this was more from the want of business than from the preference of others before me. At Norwich and Bury, I had more than my reasonable share of business. At Bury, not even Alderson held a brief, or had a motion; the very little was divided between Storks and myself, I taking a third. However, my individual success is great, though the decline of professional business in general is enough to alarm a man now entering into it. Lawyers have had their day!

Your affectionate Friend,

H. C. Robinson.

*Rem.** — During my fifteen years at the bar, I relieved myself from the dulness of a London professional life by annual excursions, of all of which I kept Journals. In collecting reminiscences from them, I shall for the most part omit de-

* Written in 1850.

scriptions of places, and confine myself to the persons I saw. The present journey in France immediately followed that great event, the restoration of the French monarchy, after twenty-five years of revolution.

August 26th. — Arrived at Rouen in the evening, and heard that Mademoiselle Duchesnois was to perform. Tired and even hungry as I was, I instantly set out for the theatre, and went into the pit, which had no seats, and where the audience was very low. The play was the "Hamlet," not of Shakespeare but of Ducis, and therefore the first impression was a very mixed one. On my entrance Duchesnois, as Queen, was relating to her confidante the history of her two marriages. So much I could understand, and that was all; and this annoyed me. Then the actress herself was really ugly. But, in spite of all this, such is the power of real talent, that in a very short time I caught myself violently applauding. Of the actress's declamation I was no judge, but of course it was good, as the French are inexorable on this point. I could, however, feel the truthfulness of her expression of passion. Her tones were pathetic. Yet there must be something conventional in such things. Of the other actors I have nothing to say; nor of the play, but that it is truly French. The unities are preserved, and Hamlet is victorious. No more need be said. But what was more remarkable than the play was the display of national feeling. At Dieppe, indeed, the children had shouted after us in the street, "Allez vous en"; and in the scene in which Shakespeare has but a poor joke about the English being mad, Ducis has substituted a line of grave reproach, —

"L'Angleterre fut toujours dans les crimes féconde."

On this the fellows who were next me all turned their faces towards me and clapped lustily. I may mention that, after dinner, as I was walking, I stopped to talk with a peasant, who laid down his tool and jumped over a ditch to chat with me. He was a strong anti-revolutionist. The good king, he said, must take care to disband his army, or he would never be safe. The army are friendly to the Emperor, their opinions about him having a great deal of a *professional* character.

August 29th. — I went by the lower road to Paris in a diligence through St. Germains, &c., and arrived at Paris the next day; and an accident led me at once to a decent hotel in the

Rue Montmartre. Fortunately for me, Mr. Clarkson is here, hoping by personal intercourse with the Emperor of Russia, Duke of Wellington, &c., to obtain some stringent measures to enforce the abolition of the slave-trade. Mrs. Clarkson is with him.

September 1st. — I walked with John Thelwall and his party to the famous Château or prison of Vincennes, being introduced to the governor by the curate. We afterwards dined at a restaurant and walked back. As we reached the *barrière*, Thelwall discovered that he had lost his purse, containing about twenty napoleons. He recollected taking it out of his pocket to pay for the dinner. We all returned with him to the hotel; the house was shut. On knocking, a chamber window was opened, and we heard a female voice exclaim, "Ah! ce sont Messieurs les Anglais, pour la bourse!" The maid and her mistress came down together; the former, who had found the purse on the table, had it in her hand, with an expression of great joy at being able to restore it; and she received Thelwall's present very becomingly.

September 2d. — I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson to the library of the institution at the Quatre Nations, where I was introduced to the celebrated ex-Bishop of Blois, Grégoire, leader of the society of the *Amis des Noirs*, which made him the close ally of Clarkson.

*Rem.** — I acquired the privilege of calling on Grégoire on my future visits to Paris, and generally availed myself of it. The impression he made on me to-day was not removed by the disgrace cast on him afterwards. He seemed to me to be a kind-hearted, benevolent man, with no great strength of understanding, and somewhat of a *petit-maître* in his habits.

September 4th. — I accompanied the Thelwall party to the Louvre, and thence to the house of David, who was there the exhibitor of his own paintings. Whether it was because I knew him to have been the friend of Robespierre, and a member of the Revolutionary tribunal, or not, I cannot say, but his countenance seemed to me to express ferocity. It was deformed by a harelip.

September 7th. — The consecration of the colors of the National Guard, at which attended the King and all the authorities of Paris, was of course not to be neglected. The applause given to the King was faint. From a few there were loud cries. One voice was remarkable, and I recognized it on several days.

* Written in 1850.

September 8th. — I had the satisfaction of recognizing Talleyrand from his resemblance to the engravings of him. The expression of his countenance as he passed was, I thought, that of a voluptuary and a courtier, rather than that of a politician and man of business. He spoke to his coachman in an arrogant tone. His thin legs and sorry figure below the waist hardly justify the term *cripple;* but I looked for and perceived the club-foot, to remove all doubt as to his identity. I fancy I can judge better of Talleyrand's character from having had a glimpse of his person.

September 9th. — My brother was with me at the Théâtre Français, and I was amused by being asked twice whether he was not "le grand tragique Kemble, — celui qui joue les premières rôles à Londres." The inquirers seemed to disbelieve my denial.

September 10th and 11th. — These days were distinguished by my being in the company of one of the most remarkable men of the French Revolution, General La Fayette. By no means one of the ablest or greatest, but I believe, in intention at least, one of the best; and one who has been placed in positions both of danger and of show at critical moments beyond every other individual. Of all the revolutionary leaders, he is the one of whom I think most favorably; and my favorable impression was enhanced by what I heard from him. I was with Mr. Clarkson when La Fayette called on him, and I was greatly surprised at his appearance. I expected to see an infirm old man, on whose countenance I should trace the marks of suffering from long imprisonment and cruel treatment. I saw a hale man with a florid complexion, and no signs of age about him. In fact, he is fifty-seven years old, his reddish complexion clear, his body inclining to be stout. His tone of conversation is staid, and he has not the vivacity commonly ascribed to Frenchmen. There is apparently nothing enthusiastic about him.

The slave-trade was the subject which brought the General and Clarkson together, and it engrossed, I thought, too much of the conversation. La Fayette confirmed Clarkson's opinion, that the Emperor of Russia was perfectly sincere and even zealous in the wish which he expressed at Madame de Staël's, in opposition to the Portuguese Minister, to secure the abolition of the slave-trade. He also gave credit to Talleyrand for his sincerity in the same wish; "But certainly," said La Fayette, "he is not an *enthusiast* in anything." Among the subjects of

reproach against Buonaparte was his restoration of slavery; and La Fayette imputed to him an artifice by which he had made it appear that La Fayette had sold slaves. He had purchased an estate in order to assist the abolition, and when slavery was abolished by law, he sold the estate, and the notary put the word *slaves* into the contract. La Fayette refused to sign unless the word was erased. "But," said the notary, "if there are none, the word has no effect, and no one can tell what may happen." La Fayette inferred from this that the scheme to restore slavery was formed, which did soon take place. And though he had done all he could by law to declare these slaves free, they were made slaves at last.

I was particularly desirous of hearing from La Fayette himself some account of the relation in which he stood towards Buonaparte, and of knowing his opinion of the Emperor. In this I was gratified. He related that, after enduring a severe imprisonment of three years in an Austrian dungeon,* on which he seemed unwilling to enlarge, he was at last set at liberty because the French Directory refused to discuss the terms of the treaty at Leoben until he and his friends were released. Buonaparte was one of the commissioners in making that treaty, and he executed his orders with firmness. La Fayette went at first to Hamburg, and would not proceed at once to Paris, because a declaration was required of him which he could not make. At the time of the negotiations about him the revolution of Fructidor took place, when two of the Directory were sent to Cayenne. "Now," said La Fayette, "I was called upon to make such an acknowledgment as would give all the credit of my release to those remaining in power. This I refused." This would have given the men then in power all the *éclat* of his deliverance. But on the revolution which made Buonaparte First Consul, he went to Paris without a passport. He had scarcely arrived when he was waited upon by — I doubt whether Duroc or Caulaincourt, who said that the First Consul wished him to return to Hamburg secretly, in order that he might show his high esteem for him by calling him back in a formal manner. "I saw through the trick," said La Fayette, "and would not be a party to it. I therefore said that I had come back because I had a right, being a Frenchman who had committed no crime; that if the chief magistrate commanded me to go I would obey. I was told that the First Consul meant only to do me honor. Though

* In the fortress of Olmutz in Moravia.

I had defeated his scheme of doing an act of ostentatious display, he received me with politeness; and for a time I was deceived, but not long, and I never concealed my opinion of him. I saw him eight or ten times on business, and at a fête given by Joseph Buonaparte on the peace between France and America (for the Directory had made a war as foolish as your present war with America) we had some conversation. He assured me that his designs were all in favor of liberty, and that whatever might appear to be otherwise would be only temporary expedients. I answered that it was the *direction* (tendency) of some of his actions that I disapproved of more than of the actions themselves. On another occasion Buonaparte said to me, 'You see the French are tired of liberty.' I answered, 'They are tired of licentiousness, and what they have suffered from the abuse of liberty makes them more anxious to have real liberty, and more fit to enjoy it; and this, Citizen First Consul, the French expect from you.' Buonaparte turned away, but in a few minutes came back and talked on indifferent subjects. After this I retired into the country, and took no share in public business. Buonaparte afterwards tried to involve me in some sham plot, but my entire seclusion rendered that impossible. When Buonaparte returned from Russia he made a speech, in which he spoke of the antimonarchical principles of the first authors of the Revolution, which made them impede the measures of the government, alluding to, but not naming, me."

I have pleasure in writing down these recollections of La Fayette's words, because they are distinct, and because they disprove what has been falsely asserted by the partisans of Buonaparte, that La Fayette was reconciled to him.

Of the future, La Fayette spoke with a hope which it gratified me to hear, and he spoke respectfully of the royal family then restored. On general subjects I have a few notes worth abridging. He asserted that the manners of the French, especially the lower classes, had been improved by the Revolution; that the mob of France were less violent than an English mob; and the common people he thought more honest. This he ascribed to the Revolution.

La Fayette is a strong partisan of America, as opposed to England. He is strongly opposed to our maritime claims, and thinks we might concede these in return for the renunciation of the slave-trade by other powers.

On my relating that, at the distribution of the colors, I

heard some exclamations of "Vive l'Empereur," La Fayette said: "You are not to suppose that this proceeded from love to Buonaparte. It was only a mode of showing dissatisfaction with the present state of things, and because it would not do to cry 'A bas le roi,' or 'A bas les ministères.'"

Of Spanish America he said that Jefferson was of opinion that those states would ultimately become independent, but that this would rather retard than advance civilization.

*Rem.** — I visited the residence of Josephine at Malmaison, which has left a more distinct impression on my mind than the other regal palaces of the capital. One picture there impressed me so strongly that I have never forgotten it. Of the artistic merits I know nothing. It was a prison scene. A man in chains has drawn with chalk a figure of the Virgin and Child, which the other prisoners are worshipping; that is, they are kneeling, — all except one wretch who is in despair, the officers of justice having come to take him to the gallows.†

I read also in my Journal a name which brings to my recollection a fact omitted in the Journal itself. The name is Count St. Maurice, an elegant cavalier, an emigrant and high-toned royalist, also a warm abolitionist. One day, when I was present, Clarkson saying that he was going to see La Fayette and Grégoire, the Count, in a plaintive rather than reproachful tone, said, "My dear sir, I wish you did not see so much of those people." Clarkson replied, very gravely: "Monsieur le Comte, you forget that, now that I am at Paris, I know but two classes of persons, — the friends and the enemies of Africa. All the friends of Africa are my friends, whatever they may be besides. You and Monsieur La Fayette are the same in my eyes." St. Maurice smiled and said, "I believe you are in the right."

September 22d. — I was in the grand gallery at the Louvre when I heard some one say, "Mrs. Siddons is below." I instantly left the Raphaels and Titians, and went in search of her, and my Journal says: "I am almost ashamed to confess that the sight of her gave me a delight beyond almost any I have received in Paris." I had never seen her so near. She was

* Written in 1850.

† "Stella drawing a Picture of the Virgin and Child on his Prison Wall." Painted by Granet, at Rome, in 1810. The picture was purchased by the Empress, and was afterwards transported to Munich. It now forms part of the Leuchtenberg Collection, No. 245, and has been engraved by Muxel. Stella, on his arrival in Rome, was arrested, but soon after found innocent and liberated. So late as the end of the eighteenth century, this sketch of the Madonna was shown to travellers in Rome. — G. S.

walking with Horace Twiss's mother. I kept as near her as I could with decorum, and without appearing to be watching her; yet there was something about her that disturbed me. So glorious a head ought not to have been covered with a small chip hat. She knit her brows, too, on looking at the pictures, as if to assist a failing sight. But I recognized her fascinating smile with delight, though there was a line or two about her mouth which I thought coarse.

September 23d. — At the Jardin des Plantes with E. Hamond's friend, R——, and we spent great part of the day together. I believe it was not on this, but some other day, when R—— said, "I will call for you to-morrow," I answered, "I will thank you not to call. I would rather not see anything else with you, and I will tell you frankly why. I am come to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoyment needs the accompaniment of sympathy with others. Now, you dislike everything, and find fault with everything. You see nothing which you do not find inferior to what you have seen before. This may be all very true, but it makes me very uncomfortable. I believe, if I were forced to live with you, I should kill myself. So I shall be glad to see you in London, but no more in Paris."

*Rem.** — I several times attended French Courts of Justice, and heard both arguments before judges and trials in criminal cases before juries. I have no remark to make on the arguments, for I never understood them sufficiently; and, indeed, I very imperfectly understood the examination of witnesses; but I did understand enough to enable me to come to this conclusion, that if I were guilty, I should wish to be tried in England, — if innocent, in France. Making this remark once to Southey, he changed the expression, and said: "The English system seems to have for its object that no innocent person should be unjustly found guilty, — the French system, that no criminal should escape." Now, if it be the fact that of the accused by far the greater number are guilty, it will follow that injustice is more frequent in the English than in the French courts.

It is customary for the admirer of English law to boast of that feature of it which prohibits all attempts to make the prisoner convict himself, as if the state represented in the court had not a right to the truth, and as if a man who had violated the law were privileged through the violation. This

* Written in 1850.

surely betrays want of discrimination. It is right that no violence should be used to compel an answer, because that may as often produce falsehood as truth, — nor is any used in the French courts ; but the prisoner is interrogated as well as the prosecutor and witnesses, and the same means are used to detect falsehood in all. If he refuse to answer, he is made to understand the unfavorable inferences that will be drawn. And this interrogation taking place before the public, no great injustice can be done. On this point I entirely approve of the French practice.

In another material respect, the practice of the English and the French courts is different. In the French courts, the facts being already known by preliminary proceedings, the prisoners are heard, and then the witnesses are called. Their hearing begins with " Contez à la cour les faits," — relate the facts to the court, — and then questions follow. This is done in presence of the prisoner, who, if he interrupts, is not silenced or reproved, as he would be in England. I once heard a French prisoner exclaim, " You lie ! " An English judge would be in danger of falling into fits at such an outrage. The French President very quietly and even courteously said, " In what does the lie consist ? " And the answer being given, he went on, " But you yourself said so and so." And afterwards he said, " But if this is a lie, was that a lie too " (stating something else the witness had said) " which you did not contradict ? " In a few minutes the prisoner had involved himself in contradictions which proved his guilt. Who can blame this ? Publicity is unquestionably necessary to secure this practice from abuse, and there may be parts of the preliminary proceedings which, if I were acquainted with them, I might disapprove of. I write only of what I witnessed.

There is always an advocate (Procureur du Roi) who represents the Crown, and who gives his judgment as between the prosecutor and the accused ; and he retires with the judges.*

Rem.† — One other particular struck me at once, and I have urged on English lawyers the propriety of its adoption in our courts, — but never with effect, I fear. The prisoner does not *stand*, but has a little box to himself, with a desk and papers. A soldier, as guard, sits with him. And this box is so placed that he can communicate with his counsel. Our law says

* My impression respecting the French courts, as compared with the English, has been confirmed by later visits to them. — H. C. R.

† Written in 1850.

the accused are to be presumed to be innocent until they are proved guilty; and yet on their trial they are degraded by being forced to stand, unless they consent to urge a falsehood, as that they are ill. On application, they are always allowed to sit.

On September 28th I went to the Théâtre Français, to see the greatest of the French comedians. I abstain from writing of the French theatre, as I do of the public buildings, the galleries of paintings, &c., but I may make exceptions. One is in favor of a great theatrical name, Fleury, whom I have seen several times. He was already aged and near the end of his career, yet he appeared to me to be perfect in a certain class of comic characters. Genteel comedy and aged characters were his department. One *rôle* made a lasting impression. In the "Ecole des Bourgeois," he played a Marquis who is driven to project a *mésalliance* to recruit his finances; but a blunder of his servant defeats his plan. He delivers to the vulgar family a letter which is written to the Marquis's friend, the Duke. It begins, "Enfin, ce soir je m'encanaille." The opening of this letter, and the repetition of the words by every one of the party was excellent, especially the spelling of the word *encanaille* by the servant. In the midst of a family of *enragés*, the Marquis makes his appearance. The gay impudence with which he met their rage reminded me of a similar character by Iffland. Though I could not relish French tragedy, I thought the comedy perfection, — and I still think so. Our best comedians are gross caricaturists in comparison. The harmonious keeping and uniformly respectable acting at the Théâtre Français, even in the absence of their *stars*, are what give the French stage its superiority over the English. Yet the Français had ceased to be popular. The little Boulevard theatres were crowded, while the Français was empty. Two admirable low comedians I enjoyed this year at the Porte St. Martin, — Brunet and Pothier. But I did not this time see the two greatest French performers, Talma and Mademoiselle Mars.

September 29th. — A call on Madame de Staël. She expressed herself strongly in favor of the abolition of the slave-trade, though she was not sanguine of success. She was in Geneva when I arrived in Paris, and regretted that the Clarksons left before her return. From her house, the Château de Clichy, I walked to St. Denis, and on the way met with an adventure. I overtook a French soldier: he had a sunburnt face and a

somewhat ruffianly appearance. As I came up to him, he startled me by running up and putting his hands on my shoulders: he said in a loud voice, but with a smiling face which at once removed all fear of violence: "Ah! vous êtes Anglais: que je vous aime! si je n'avais que deux sous, vous en auriez un. Mais si vous étiez Espagnol, je vous égorgerois." And then he shook me as if to show me that he would execute his threat. Before he had explained himself I guessed the fact, and having disengaged myself from his unwelcome embrace, I had a regular conversation with him, and in vain tried to reason with him. He told me that, when in Spain, he was taken prisoner and *beaten* by the Spaniards. They would have killed him, he said, but the "*braves*" English rescued him out of their hands. This was the burden of his song. He exhibited his wounds, — they were shocking, — and he seemed to be capable of no feelings but gratitude and revenge. I said: "You call me a good man; if I had by chance been born in Spain, I should have been what I am now; I could not help it." — "Tant pis pour vous — I would kill you." — "But why? you meet with good people and bad people everywhere." — "Non, pas en Espagne." — "What, kill me, when I have done nothing to you." — "Si ce n'était pas vous, c'était votre frère; si ce n'était pas votre frère, c'était votre cousin — c'est la même chose. On ne peut pas trouver l'individu — c'est impossible." To strengthen my moral arguments, I treated him with a bottle of wine at an inn on the road.

October 4th. — A dinner at Madame de Staël's, where I had an opportunity of renewing my slight acquaintance with Benjamin Constant and William Schlegel. Constant praised highly the "Dichtung und Wahrheit," which our hostess does not like, — how should she? The *naïveté* of the confessions and sacrifice of dignity to truth were opposed to all the conventionalities to which she was accustomed. Asking Schlegel for an explanation of the title "Dichtung und Wahrheit," he said: "I suppose it is used merely as an apology, if taxed with anything." This was the poorest thing he said. Schlegel asserted that Tieck was sincere in his profession of Catholicism. Fichte, he said, was aware before his death that he had survived his fame. Schlegel spoke of Rogers as the only poet of the *old* school; the modern English poets having taken a direction like that of the Germans, though without any connection between them. In answer to my inquiries, he said that a national spirit was rising in Germany; but he talked with

reserve on politics. Of Arndt, he said that he had not a clear head, but that he had been of use by exciting a sentiment of nationality.

October 5th. — At the Louvre for the last time. There I met Miss Curran, Dawe, and Chantrey. A remark by the latter struck me, and I made a note of it. "The ancients," he said, "worked with a knowledge of the place where the statue was to be, and anticipated the light to which it would be exposed. If it were to be in the open air, they often introduced folds in the drapery, for the sake of producing a shade." He pointed out to us the bad effect of light from two windows falling on a column.

October 8th. — After a five weeks' residence, without a moment's ennui, I left Paris without a moment's regret. D—— was my companion. He was famous for his meanness and love of money, which I turned to account. We went the first day in the cabriolet of a diligence to Amiens, where we spent the night. The next day we proceeded towards the coast. I found that there was only one seat in the cabriolet on this occasion, price 32 *fr.*, 40 *fr.* being charged for the interior; on which I said to D—— : "Now, we must travel on fair terms. The best place, in fact, is the cheapest, and I don't think it fair that one man should have both advantages; therefore I propose that whoever has the cabriolet shall pay 40 *fr.*" He consented; I gave him his choice, and it was amusing to see the eagerness with which he chose the interior.

My arrangement turned out well, for I had the company of a very sensible, well-informed clergyman, Dr. Coplestone, and we ran a round of literary and political topics. We travelled all night, and breakfasted at Boulogne. It was in the morning that we all walked up a hill to relieve our limbs, when I saw the Doctor talking to a stranger; and referring to him, I said afterwards, "Your friend." — "He is no friend of mine," said Coplestone, angrily; "he is a vulgar, ignorant man; I do not know what he is; I thought he was an auctioneer at first; then I took him for a tailor: he may be anything." I heard afterwards from D—— that this stranger had been very annoying in the coach, by talking on every subject very ill. When we came to breakfast he addressed his conversation to me, and having used the word *peccadillo*, he asked me whether I had ever been in Spain, to which I made no answer. He went on: "Peccadillo is a Spanish word; it means a little sin; it is a compound of two words, — pecca, little, and dillo, sin."

I happened to catch Coplestone's eye, and, encouraging each other, we both laid down our knives and forks and roared outright.*

My first Continental trip, after my call to the bar, has afforded me great pleasure, without at all indisposing me to go on with my trial of the bar, as a profession. I left my friends in Germany, but in France I have not formed a single acquaintance which is likely to ripen into friendship. A singular fact, because I believe the character of my own mind has much more of the French than of the German in it.

October 14th. — Received a call from Tiarks, for whom I had purchased some books. Kastner, I learned, is still in London. His endeavors to obtain money for the Prussians have been successful, and he is in good spirits about his own affairs. He hopes to have an appointment on the Rhine; and he believes a University will be formed at Bonn.

October 23d. — Walked from Cambridge to Bury. During the greater part of the time I was reading Schlegel "Ueber die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier." The book on language I could not follow or relish, but the second book on Indian philosophy I found very interesting, and far more intelligible than the other philosophical writings of the author. He treats of the leading doctrines of the Indian philosophers, and represents them as forming epochs in Indian history. The notions concerning the *Emanation* from the divine mind are connected with the doctrine of the pre-existence and transmigration of the soul. These ideas were followed by the worship of nature and its power, out of which sprung the tasteful and various mythology of the Greeks. The doctrine of *two principles* is treated by Schlegel with more respect than I expected, and that which followed it, and came out of it, — *Pantheism*, — with far less. He asserts of Pantheism what I have long felt to be equally true of Schelling's *Absolute*, that it is destructive of all moral impressions, and productive merely of indifference to good and evil. This little book is an admirable hortative to

* Coplestone published a collection of letters, &c., with a Memoir of Lord Dudley, my slight acquaintance at Corunna. On the appearance of this work an epigram was circulated, ascribed to Croker: —

"Than the first martyr's, Dudley's fate
Still harder must be owned,
Stephen was only stoned to death,
Ward has been Coplestoned."

Samuel Rogers has the credit of having written

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it." — H. C. R.

the study of Oriental literature. Schlegel regards the study of Indian philosophy as a powerful stimulus to the mind, to preserve it from the fatal consequences of modern scepticism and infidelity. It also, he thinks, facilitates the comprehension of the Bible.

October 27th. — In the forenoon I went for a few minutes into the fair. It made me melancholy. The sight of Bury Fair affects me like conversation about a deceased friend. Perhaps it would be more correct to say about a friend with whom all acquaintance has ceased. I have no pleasure whatever now in a scene which formerly gave me delight, and I am half grieved, half ashamed, to find myself or things so much altered. This is foolish, for why should the man retain the attachments of the boy? But every loss of youthful taste or pleasure is a partial death.

October 31st. — In the afternoon went to Flaxman's. Found Miss Flaxman alone. From her I learnt that, about six weeks ago, Mrs. Flaxman was seized with a paralytic stroke, which had deprived her of the use of her limbs on one side for a time, but from which she had since in a great measure recovered. She is now in Paris with Miss Denman, where she is able to walk. This seizure, though she may survive it many years, will sensibly affect her during her life. I should, indeed, have thought such a blow a sentence of death, with execution respited. But Anthony Robinson informs me that he had a paralytic stroke many years ago, from which he has suffered no evil consequences since. I observed, both to Miss Flaxman this day, and to Anthony Robinson the day after, that I had a presentiment I should myself at some time be attacked with paralysis or apoplexy. They treated this idea as a whim, but I have still the feeling; for I frequently suffer from dizziness, and sometimes feel a tightness over my eyes and in my brain, which, if increased, would, I fancy, produce a paralytic affection. These apprehensions are, however, by no means painful. I am not acquainted with any mode of death which is less fearful in imagination.*

November 13th. — Dined with Mr. Porden, having invited myself thither. A Captain Stavely and Miss Flaxman were there, and afterwards Mr. Flaxman and a Mr. Gunn came. The evening was very pleasantly spent. We talked about Gothic architecture. Mr. Flaxman said he considered it but a

* This anticipation proved wholly groundless, though Mr. Robinson complained of occasional dizziness till his death.

degeneracy from the Roman. I observed that it was not enough to say that generally, it should be shown *how;* that as the architects of the Middle Ages could not but have some knowledge of the ancient Roman works, of course this knowledge must have influenced their taste, but they might still have views of their own; and certainly the later and purer Gothic did not pretend to the same objects. Flaxman did not object to this. He observed that Gothic, like other architecture, sprang out of the wants of the age, and was to be explained from the customs of the time. The narrow lancet windows were used when glass was little or not at all known, and when a cloth was put up. At this time there were no buttresses, for they were not rendered necessary. But when, glass being introduced, large windows followed, and thin walls were used, buttresses became necessary. It was casually observed this evening, that the Greeks had little acquaintance with the arch. Mr. Gunn observed that the first deviation from the Greek canon was the placing the arch *upon* instead of *between* the pillars.* The Greek architecture was adapted to wooden buildings: all the architectural ornaments consist of parts familiar to builders in wood. The arch was easier than the stone architraves, &c., for it might consist of small stones. Speaking of the Lombard columns, Mr. Flaxman said the old architects in the Middle Ages frequently cut up the ancient pillars. The circular corners to the pillars in our churches are frequently subsequent additions to the pillars to give them grace. Mr. Porden is of opinion that Gothic architecture has its origin in the East, and Mr. Flaxman seems also to favor this idea. Porden says the historic evidence is great, and the Spanish churches furnish the chain of communication. Flaxman derived the Norman zigzag from the incapacity of the workmen to produce the flower which was used by the Greeks and Romans. Speaking of ornaments, he said they were all significant among the Greeks: the pattern called the Grecian Key, for instance, was meant to represent the Labyrinth at Crete; and so of a number of decorations which we use without discernment, but which had not lost their symbolic sense among the ancients. Mr. Gunn† I found almost

* In *Grecian* architecture the arch, as a principle of construction, is not to be found. It was known in the East, and has been met with in the foundations of the Egyptian Pyramids.

† I afterwards heard that Mr. Gunn, of Norfolk, a man of taste and a traveller, was the clergyman who married the Duke of Sussex to Lady Augusta Murray. This involved him in embarrassments, and was a bar to his future promotion. — H. C. R.

an intolerant enemy to the Gothic. He spoke of "extravagant deviation from good taste," &c., yet I made him confess that the Gothic, though further from the Greek than the Saxon, was far more beautiful, because it had acquired a consistency and character of its own.

November 14th. — Spent the forenoon in court. We were all much pleased by a manly and spirited reply of Brougham to Lord Ellenborough. A man convicted of a libel against Jesus Christ offered an affidavit in mitigation, which Lord Ellenborough at first refused to receive, on the ground that if the defendant were the author of the book, there was nothing by which he could swear. When Brougham rose to remark on this, Ellenborough said: "Mr. Brougham, if you are acquainted with this person's faith, you had better suggest some other sanction; you had better confer with him." Brougham said in reply: "It is very unpleasant to be thus mixed up with my client, of whom I know nothing but that I am his retained advocate. As a lawyer and a gentleman, I protest against such insinuations." This he repeated in a tone very impressive. Lord Ellenborough was evidently mortified, and said in a faint voice that no insinuation was intended.

November 17th. — After nine I went to Charles Lamb's, whose parties are now only once a month. I played a couple of rubbers pleasantly, and afterwards chatted with Hazlitt till one o'clock. He is become an Edinburgh Reviewer through the recommendation of Lady Mackintosh, who had sent to the *Champion* office to know the author of the articles on Institutions. Hazlitt sent those and other writings to Jeffrey, and has been in a very flattering manner enrolled in the corps. This has put him in good spirits, and he now again hopes that his talents will be appreciated and become a subsistence to him.

November 21st. — In the evening I stepped over to Lamb, and sat with him from ten to eleven. He was very chatty and pleasant. Pictures and poetry were the subjects of our talk. He thinks no description in "The Excursion" so good as the history of the country parson who had been a courtier. In this I agree with him. But he dislikes "The Magdalen," which he says would be as good in prose; in which I do *not* agree with him.

November 23d. — This week I finished Wordsworth's poem. It has afforded me less intense pleasure on the whole, perhaps, than I had expected, but it will be a source of frequent gratification. The wisdom and high moral character of the work

are beyond anything of the same kind with which I am acquainted, and the spirit of the poetry flags much less frequently than might be expected. There are passages which run heavily, tales which are prolix, and reasonings which are spun out, but in general the narratives are exquisitely tender. That of the courtier parson, who retains in solitude the feelings of high society, whose vigor of mind is unconquerable, and who, even after the death of his wife, appears able for a short time to bear up against desolation and wretchedness, by the powers of his native temperament, is most delightful. Among the discussions, that on Manufactories, in the eighth book, is admirably managed, and forms, in due subordination to the incomparable fourth book, one of the chief excellences of the poem. Wordsworth has succeeded better in light and elegant painting in this poem than in any other. His Hanoverian and Jacobite are very sweet pictures.

December 1st. — Went to Drury Lane Theatre, where my pleasure was less than I had expected. Kean is not an excellent Macbeth. Nature has denied him a heroic figure and a powerful voice. A mere faculty of exhibiting the stronger malignant passions is not enough for such a character. There is no commanding dignity in Kean, and without this one does not see how he could so easily overawe the Scottish nobility. His dagger scene pleased me less than Kemble's. He saw the dagger too soon, and without any preparatory pause. Kemble was admirable in the effect he gave to this very bold conception. In his eye you could see when he lost sight of the dagger. But in the scene in which he returns from the murder, Kean looks admirably. His death is also very grand. After receiving his death-wound he staggers and gives a feeble blow. After falling he crawls on the floor to reach again his sword, and dies as he touches it. This is no less excellent than his dying in Richard, but varied from it; so that what is said of Cawdor in the play may be said of Kean, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." In no other respect did he impress me beyond an ordinary actor.

December 7th. — Met Thomas Barnes at a party at Collier's, and chatted with him till late. He related that at Cambridge, having had lessons from a boxer, he gave himself airs, and meeting with a fellow sitting on a stile in a field, who did not make way for him as he expected, and as he thought due to a gownsman, he asked what he meant, and said he had a great mind to thrash him. "The man smiled," said Barnes, "put

his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Young man, I 'm Cribb." I was delighted; gave him my hand; took him to my room, where I had a wine-party, and he was the lion." Cribb was at that time the Champion of England.

December 11th. — After reading at home from eight to ten I called on Miss Lamb, and chatted with her. She was not unwell, but she had undergone great fatigue from writing an article about needle-work, for the new *Ladies' British Magazine.* She spoke of writing as a most painful occupation, which only necessity could make her attempt. She has been learning Latin merely to assist her in acquiring a correct style. Yet, while she speaks of inability to write, what grace and talent has she not manifested in "Mrs. Leicester's School," &c.

December 18th. — Finished Milner on "Ecclesiastical Architecture in England." He opposes Whittington's opinion that Gothic architecture originated in the East, and that it attained perfection in France before it did in England. Neither question interests me greatly; what is truly curious and worthy of remark is the progress of the mind in the cultivation of art. All the arts of life are originally the produce of necessity; and it is not till the grosser wants of our nature are supplied that we have leisure to detect a beauty in what was at first only a relief. How each necessary part of a building became an architectural ornament is shown by the theoretical writers on ancient architecture. The same has not yet been done for Gothic architecture; and in this alone the study of modern art is less interesting than that of the ancient. But still it would be highly interesting to inquire how the architecture of the moderns sprang out of the art of the ancients, and how different climates, possibly, and certainly different countries, supplied various elements in the delightful works of the Middle Ages. As to the books I have read, and the different theories in each, I cannot appreciate them, because they appeal to facts with which I am unacquainted, and each disputes the existence of what the others confidently maintain. For instance, the writers are still at variance about what is surely capable of being ascertained, viz. whether there be any real specimen of the Gothic in Asia.

December 19th. — Took tea with the Flaxmans, and read to them and Miss Vardel Coleridge's "Christabel," with which they were all delighted, Flaxman more than I expected. I also read some passages out of "The Excursion." Flaxman took umbrage at some mystical expressions in the fragment in

the Preface, in which Wordsworth talks of *seeing Jehovah unalarmed.** "If my brother had written that," said Flaxman, "I should say, 'Burn it.'" But he admitted that Wordsworth could not mean anything impious in it. Indeed I was unable, and am still, to explain the passage. And Lamb's explanation is unsatisfactory, viz. that there are deeper sufferings in the mind of man than in any imagined hell. If Wordsworth means that all notions about the personality of God, as well as the locality of hell, are but attempts to individualize notions concerning Mind, he will be much more of a metaphysical philosopher *nach deutscher Art*, than I had any conception of. And yet this otherwise glorious and magnificent fragment tends thitherwards, as far as I can discern any tendency in it.

December 20th — Late in the evening Lamb called, to sit with me while he smoked his pipe. I had called on him late last night, and he seemed absurdly grateful for the visit. He wanted society, being alone. I abstained from inquiring after his sister, and trust he will appreciate the motive.

December 23d. — Saw Miss O'Neil in Isabella. She was, as Amyot well said, "a hugging actress." Sensibility shown in grief and fondness was her forte, — her only talent. She is praised for her death scenes, but they are the very opposite of Kean's, of which I have spoken. In Kean, you see the ruling passion strong in death, — that is, the passion of the individual. Miss O'Neil exhibits the sufferings that are common to all who are in pain. To imitate death closely is disgusting.

December 25th. — I called on George Brentano, and was greatly interested by his account of his family, and especially of my former friend, his brother Christian. During the last ten years Christian has been managing the estates of his family in Bohemia, where, says his brother, he has been practising a number of whimsical absurdities. Among other economical projects, he conceived the plan of driving a number of sheep into a barn and forcing them, by flogging, &c., to tread the grain, instead of using a flail. To show that animals might be made to sustain the remedies which art has discovered for human miseries, he broke the legs of some cocks and hens, in order to make them walk with wooden legs.

* "All strength — all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form —
Jehovah — with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones —
I pass them unalarmed."
(Preface to "The Excursion.")

Of politics George Brentano spoke freely. He is not so warmly anti-Buonapartist as I could have wished, but he is still patriotic. He wishes for a concentration of German power.

December 27th. — Rode to Witham on the outside of the Colchester coach, and amused myself by reading Middleton's "Letter from Rome," a very amusing as well as interesting work. His proof that a great number of the rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church are derived from the Pagan religion is very complete and satisfactory. And he urges his argument against the abuses of the Roman Church with no feelings unfavorable to Christianity. That the earliest Christians voluntarily assimilated the new faith and its rites to the ancient superstition, in order to win souls, and with that accommodating spirit which St. Paul seems to have sanctioned, cannot be doubted. It admits of a doubt how far such a practice is so entirely bad as rigid believers now assert. Certainly these peculiarities are not the most mischievous excrescences which have gradually formed themselves on the surface of the noble and sublimely simple of Jesus Christ. The worst of these adscititious appendages may be looked upon as bad poetry; but the ineradicable and intolerable vice of Romanism is the infallibility of the Church, and the consequent intolerance of its priests. It is a religion of slavery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1815.

JANUARY 3d. — My visit to Witham was made partly that I might have the pleasure of reading "The Excursion" to Mrs. W. Pattisson. The second perusal of this poem has gratified me still more than the first, and my own impressions were not removed by the various criticisms I became acquainted with. I also read to Mrs. Pattisson the *Eclectic Review.* It is a highly encomiastic article, rendering ample justice to the poetical talents of the author, but raising a doubt as to the religious character of the poem. It is insinuated that Nature is a sort of God throughout, and consistently with the Calvinistic orthodoxy of the reviewer, the lamentable error of repre-

senting a love of Nature as a sort of purifying state of mind, and the study of Nature as a sanctifying process, is emphatically pointed out.

Mrs. Pattisson further objected that, in Wordsworth, there is a want of sensibility, or rather passion; and she even maintained that one of the reasons why I admire him so much is that I never was in love. We disputed on this head, and it was at last agreed between us that Wordsworth has no power because he has no inclination to describe the passion of an unsuccessful lover, but that he is eminently happy in his description of connubial felicity. We read also the *Edinburgh* review of the poem. It is a very severe and contemptuous article. Wordsworth is treated as incurable, and the changes are rung on the old keys with great vivacity, — affectation, bad taste, mysticism, &c. He is reproached with having written more feebly than before. A ludicrous statement of the story is given, which will not impose on many, for Homer or the Bible might be so represented. But though the attack on Wordsworth will do little mischief among those who are already acquainted with *Edinburgh Review* articles, it will close up the eyes of many who might otherwise have recovered their sight.

Perhaps, after all, "The Excursion" will leave Mr. Wordsworth's admirers and contemners where they were. Each will be furnished with instances to strengthen his own persuasions. Certainly I could wish for a somewhat clearer development of the author's opinions, for the retrenchment of some of the uninteresting interlocutory matter, for the exclusion of the tale of the angry, avaricious, and unkind woman, and curtailments in some of the other narratives. But, with these deductions from the worth of the poem, I do not hesitate to place it among the noblest works of the human intellect, and to me it is one of the most delightful. What is good is of the best kind of goodness, and the passages are not few which place the author on a level with Milton. It is true Wordsworth is not an epic poet; but it is also true that what lives in the hearts of readers from the works of Milton is not the epic poem. Milton's story has merit unquestionably; but it is rather a lyric than an epic narrative. Wordsworth is purely and exclusively a lyric poet, in the extended use of that term.

January 8th. — Called on Mrs. Clarkson (at Bury), and talked with her about "The Excursion." She had received a letter from Wordsworth himself, in which he mentioned the favorable as well as unfavorable opinions he had already heard.

January 21st. — On my ride to London outside the Bury coach I read part of Goethe's Autobiography (3d vol.) with great pleasure. It is a delightful work, but must be studied, not read as a mere personal history. His account of the "Système de la Nature" and of his theological opinions is peculiarly interesting. All that respects his own life and feelings is delightfully told. It is a book to make a man wish to live, if life were a thing he had not already experienced. There is in Goethe such a zest in living. The pleasures of sense and thought, of imagination and the affections, appear to have been all possessed by him in a more exuberant degree than in any man who has ever renewed his life by writing it. He appears in his youth to have had something even of religious enthusiasm. It would be interesting to know how he lost it, but we shall hardly be gratified by a much longer continuance of this incomparable memoir.

January 23d. — Called on Amyot. He informs me that Lord Erskine is writing a life of C. J. Fox. This work will determine what is at present doubtful, — whether Erskine has any literary talent. I shall be gratified if the book does the author and subject credit; for it is lamentable to witness the premature waste of a mind so active as that of the greatest jury-orator. And it has been supposed that since his retreat from the Chancellorship he has devoted himself merely to amusement." *

January 26th. — Dined at Mr. Gurney's.† He appeared to advantage surrounded by his family. The conversation consisted chiefly of legal anecdote. Of Graham it was related, that in one case which respected some parish rights, and in which the parish of A. B. was frequently adverted to, he said in his charge: "Gentlemen, there is one circumstance very remarkable in this case, that both the plaintiff's and defendant's counsel have talked a great deal about one A. B., and that neither of them has thought proper to call him as a witness!!" It was Graham who, one day, at the Old Bailey, having omitted to pass sentence of death on a prisoner, and being told that he had forgotten it, exclaimed, very gravely, "Dear me, I beg his pardon, I am sure!" The late Justice Willes was spoken of as having had a habit of interrupting the counsel; and on such an occasion, —— said to him: "Your Lordship is even a greater man than your father. The Chief Baron used

* In 1825 Fox's collected speeches were published, with a short biographical and critical introduction by Erskine, six vols.

† Afterwards one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

to understand me after I had done, but your Lordship understands me before I begin."

January 30th. — Dined at the Hall. After dinner went to Flaxman's. He was very chatty and pleasant, and related some curious anecdotes of Sharp the engraver, who seems the ready dupe of any and every religious fanatic. I have already referred to his notion, that he was about to accompany the Jews under the guidance of Brothers to the Promised Land.* Sharp became a warm partisan of Joanna Southcott, and endeavored to make a convert of Blake; but, as Flaxman judiciously observed, such men as Blake are not fond of playing second fiddle. Blake lately told Flaxman that he had had a violent dispute with the angels on some subject, and had driven them away. Barry had delusions of another kind. He informed Flaxman that he could not go out of his house on account of the danger he incurred of assassination. And in the lecture-room of the Academy he spoke of his house being broken into and robbed, and fixing his eyes on Smirke and other head Academicians, said, "These were *not common* robbers."

February 3d. — Dined with Walter; Combe and Fraser were there. Combe related an anecdote of Sergeant Davy. The sergeant was no lawyer, but an excellent Nisi Prius advocate, having great shrewdness and promptitude. On one occasion Lord Mansfield said he should sit on Good Friday, there being a great press of business. It was said no barrister would attend, and in fact no one did; but the Chief Justice tried the causes with the attorneys alone. When the proposal was made to the bar, Sergeant Davy said to Lord Mansfield, "There has been no precedent since the time of Pontius Pilate."

I heard the other day of Jekyll the following pun. He said: "Erskine used to hesitate very much, and could not speak well after dinner. I dined with him once at the Fishmongers' Company. He made such sad work of speechifying, that I asked him whether it was in honor of the Company that he *floundered* so."

February 12th. — Called on Thelwall, whom I had not seen for a long time. Mrs. Thelwall looked ill; he, bating a little hard riding on his hobby, was not unpleasant. He is nearly at the close of his epic poem, which he talked about in 1799, when I visited him in Wales. At least there is no precipitation here. He talked of "The Excursion" as containing finer

* See *ante*, p. 35.

verses than there are in Milton, and as being in versification most admirable; but then Wordsworth borrows without acknowledgment from Thelwall himself!!

March 4th. — Dined at Collier's. After dinner took a hasty cup of tea with Anthony Robinson, Jr., and Miss Lamb, and went with them to Covent Garden Theatre to see Miss O'Neil. We sat in the first row, and thus had a near view of her. She did not appear to me a great actress, but still I was much pleased with her. She is very graceful without being very pretty. There is an interesting tenderness and gentleness, the impression of which is, however, disturbed by a voice which I still find harsh. In her unimpassioned acting she pleases from her appearance merely, but in moments of great excitement she wants power. Her sobs in the last act of "The Stranger" were very pathetic, but her general acting in the first scenes was not that of a person habitually melancholy. Young is a mere copy of Kemble throughout in "The Stranger," but certainly a very respectable copy.

After accompanying Miss Lamb to the Temple I returned to see "The Sleep-Walker." Mathews's imitations of the actors in his sleep were exceedingly droll; and his burlesque acting as laughable as anything I ever saw or heard in my life, but of course mere farce and buffoonery.

February 5th. — Dined with the Colliers. After dinner, Mrs. Collier having lent me "Waverley," I returned to my chambers, and having shut myself within a double door, I took my tea alone and read a great part of the first volume.

The writer has united to the ordinary qualities of works of prose fiction excellences of an unusual kind. The portraits of Baron Bradwardine, a pedantic Highland laird, and of Fergus, a chivalrous rebel, in whom generosity and selfishness, self-devotion and ambition, are so dexterously blended and entangled that we feel, as in real life, unable to disentangle the skein, are very finely executed. The robber, Donald Bean, the assassin, Callum Beg, the Lieutenant, and all the subordinate appendages to a Highland sovereignty, are given in such a manner as to carry with them internal evidence of their genuineness. And the book has passages of great descriptive excellence. The author's sense of the romantic and picturesque in nature is not so delicate, or his execution so powerful, as Mrs. Radcliffe's, but his paintings of men and manners are more valuable. The incidents are not so dexterously contrived, and the author has not produced a very interesting

personage in his hero, Waverley, who, as his name was probably intended to indicate, is ever hesitating between two kings and two mistresses. I know not that he meant to symbolize the two princes and the two ladies. Flora, whom Waverley at last leaves, certainly bears with her more of our reverence and admiration than Rose; but we are persuaded that the latter will make her husband happier than he could be with so sublime a personage as her romantic rival. There is more than the usual portion of good sense in this book, which may enjoy, though not immortality, at least a long life.

March 14th. — (At Royston.) The news of the day was alarming. Before I left town the intelligence reached us that Buonaparte had entered France, but it was not till to-day that I feared seriously that he might at last succeed in displacing the present government. Now (I write on the 15th) it appears that he is at Lyons, and one cannot but fear that he has the army with him. If so, the case is dreadful indeed. I fear the French are so imitative a people, that if any one marshal or considerable corps espouse his cause, all the others will follow.

On the first blow, perhaps, everything depends; for what the French have hitherto most anxiously avoided is civil war. There have not yet been in France two parties sufficiently strong to secure to their partisans the treatment of prisoners of war. The insurgents of La Vendée have always been considered as rebels, and so will be, I think it probable, the adherents of Louis or Buonaparte. If the parties were at all balanced, the interference of the Foreign Powers would at once decide the contest. But, if that interference take place too soon, will it not determine the neutral party to embrace the cause of the ex-Emperor? And yet if there be no interference, will not the army be decidedly on the side of the military chieftain?

April 8th. — Went to Bury by the coach. Finding Hart was alone inside, I joined him, and never had a more pleasant ride. Hart was very chatty and very agreeable. Of Mr. —— Hart seems when young to have thought very rightly. Mr. —— passed then for a great man among good people. Hart said: "When I was a little boy he shocked me by saying to a man who was lamenting his backslidings to him, 'Ah! sir, you must not take these things too much to heart; you must recollect you were predestined to do them?'" A use of the doctrine of Necessity which shocked a sensible child of ten years old.

April 15th. — I called at the Colliers', and finding that Miss Lamb was gone to Alsager's, from whom I had an invitation, I also went. There was a rather large party, and I stayed till near two o'clock, playing whist ill, for which I was scolded by Captain Burney, and debating with Hazlitt, in which I was also unsuccessful, as far as the talent of the disputation was involved, though Hazlitt was wrong, as well as offensive, in almost all he said. When pressed, he does not deny what is bad in the character of Buonaparte. And yet he triumphs and rejoices in the late events. Hazlitt and myself once felt alike on politics. And now our hopes and fears are directly opposed. He retains all his hatred of kings and bad governments, and believing them to be incorrigible, he, from a principle of revenge, rejoices that they are punished. I am indignant to find the man who might have been their punisher become their imitator, and even surpassing them all in guilt. Hazlitt is angry with the friends of liberty for weakening their strength by joining with the common foe against Buonaparte, by which the old governments are so much assisted, even in their attempts against the general liberty. I am not shaken by this consequence, because I think, after all, that, should the governments succeed in the worst projects imputed to them, still the evil will be infinitely less than that which would arise from Buonaparte's success. I say: "Destroy him, at any rate, and take the consequences." Hazlitt says: "Let the enemy of the old tyrannical governments triumph, and I am glad, and do not much care how the new government turns out." Not that I am indifferent to the government which the successful kings of Europe may establish, or that Hazlitt has lost all love for liberty, but that his *hatred* and my *fears* predominate and absorb all weaker impressions. This I believe to be the great difference between us.

April 16th. — In the evening, in my chambers, enjoyed looking over Wordsworth's new edition of his poems. The supplement to his preface I wish he had left unwritten. His reproaches of the bad taste of the times will be ascribed to merely personal feelings, and to disappointment. But his manly avowal of his sense of his own poetic merit I by no means censure. His preface contains subtle remarks on poetry, but they are not clear; and I wish he could incorporate all his critical ideas into a work of taste, in either the dialogue or novel form; otherwise his valuable suggestions are in danger of being lost. His classification of his poems dis-

pleases me from an obvious fault, that it is partly subjective and partly objective.

April 17th. — Spent the forenoon in the Hall, without interest. The court rose early, and I walked homewards with Burrell. He is a zealous anti-Buonapartist, and on high principles. It is a pleasure to talk with so noble-minded a man. He observed that Buonaparte, if sincere, could not possibly remain a friend to peace. Like Satan, when peace was restored, ease would lead him to recant "vows made in pain, as violent and void." It is contrary to human nature that such a mind could ever rest in tranquillity.

April 18th. — Called on Anthony Robinson. He was vehemently abusive of the allies, and angrily strenuous for peace. I had a difficulty in keeping my temper, but when he was spent he listened to me. It seems in fact that, after all, if the question were peace or war with Buonaparte, we must conclude in favor of peace; but the question is, war by us now in France, or by him two years hence in Germany, — and then surely the answer must be for war with him now. At the same time the prospect is tremendous, if we are to have war; for how are our resources to endure, which seem now nearly exhausted?

April 22d. — Mr. Quayle breakfasted with me in the expectation of meeting Tiarks, who called for a moment, but could not stay. Mr. Quayle proposed to me the writing for a new Review, but I gave an indecisive answer. He informs me that Valpy has engaged Tiarks for the Lexicon in consequence of my letter to him. Accompanied Mr. Quayle to Greek Street, and on my return found a letter from my sister announcing that my father had been attacked by apoplexy, and was lying in a state which rendered it unlikely that he would survive many hours. This intelligence could not surprise me, nor, in the state of my father's health, could it grieve me. His faculties were rapidly wasting away, his body enfeebled by disease and age, — he was nearly eighty-eight. He retained his appetite alone of all his sources of pleasure. I rejoiced to hear that his state was that of torpidity, almost of insensibility.

April 23d. — I spent the forenoon at home. Mr. Green brought me a letter announcing the expected event; my poor father died between twelve and one o'clock yesterday morning.

He has lived among men a blameless life; and, perhaps,

that he has never excited in his children the best and most delightful emotions has been his misfortune rather than his fault. O, how difficult, not to say impossible, to assign the boundaries between natural and moral evil, between the defects of character which proceed from natural imbecility, which no man considers a reproach, and those errors of the will, about which metaphysicians may dispute forever! Only this I know, that I sincerely wish I was other than I am; and that I acknowledge among those I see around me individuals whom I believe to be of a nobler and better nature than myself. The want of sensibility in myself I consider as a radical defect in my nature; but on what does sensibility depend? On constitution, or habits, or what? I cannot tell. I know only that I was not my own maker. I know also that I respect others more than I do myself; though I have hitherto been preserved from doing any act grossly violating the rights of others, and I am *yet* incapable of a deliberate act of injustice or hardheartedness. But how long may I be able to say this? How wise and admirable the prayer, "Lead me not into temptation!" I cannot understand the mysteries of religion, but this I am sensible of, that there is a consciousness of good and evil in myself, of strength and weakness, of a goodness out of me which is not in me, and of a something which *I* can neither attain nor think unattainable. And on this consciousness, common to all men, rests the doctrine of grace and prayer, which I wish to comprehend and duly to feel. I wish to be religious, as an excellence and grace of character, at the least.

April 24th. — Spent the greater part of the forenoon at home. Read Hazlitt's article on the great novelists in the *Edinburgh Review*. A very intelligent article. His discrimination between Fielding and Le Sage is particularly excellent. His characters of Cervantes, Richardson, and Smollett are also admirable; but his strictures on Sterne are less pointed; and his obtrusive abuse of the politics of the king, as occasioning the decline of novel-writing during the present reign, is very farfetched indeed. He is also severe and almost contemptuous towards Miss Burney, whose "Wanderer" was the pretence of the article.

May 7th. — On returning from a walk to Shooter's Hill, I found a card from Wordsworth, and, running to Lamb's, I found Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth there. After sitting half an hour with them, I accompanied them to their lodgings, near Cavendish Square. Mrs. Wordsworth appears to be a mild and

amiable woman, not so lively or animated as Miss Wordsworth, but, like her, devoted to the poet.

May 8th. — I dined with the Colliers, and after dinner called on the Flaxmans. Mrs. Flaxman admitted me to her room. She had about a fortnight before broken her leg, and sprained it besides, by falling down stairs. This misfortune, however, instead of occasioning a repetition of the paralytic stroke, which she had a year ago, seemed to have improved her health. She had actually recovered the use of her hand in some degree, and her friends expect that she will be benefited by the accident. Poor Flaxman, however, had a relapse of his erysipelas, and he is still so weak and nervous that he sees no one. His situation is the worse of the two.

May 9th. — Took tea with the Lambs. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth were there. We had a long chat, of which, however, I can relate but little. Wordsworth, in answer to the common reproach that his sensibility is excited by objects which produce no effect on others, admits the fact, and is proud of it. He says that he cannot be accused of being insensible to the real concerns of life. He does not waste his feelings on unworthy objects, for he is alive to the actual interests of society. I think the justification is complete. If Wordsworth expected immediate popularity, he would betray an ignorance of public taste impossible in a man of observation.

He spoke of the changes in his new poems. He has substituted *ebullient* for *fiery*, speaking of the nightingale, and *jocund* for *laughing*, applied to the daffodils; but he will probably restore the original epithets. We agreed in preferring the original reading. But on my alluding to the lines,

"Three feet long and two feet wide,"

and confessing that I dared not read them aloud in company, he said, "They ought to be liked."

Wordsworth particularly recommended to me, among his Poems of Imagination, "Yew-Trees," and a description of Night. These he says are among the best for the imaginative power displayed in them. I have since read them. They are fine, but I believe I do not understand in what their excellence consists. The poet himself, as Hazlitt has well observed, has a pride in deriving no aid from his subject. It is the mere power which he is conscious of exerting in which he delights, not the production of a work in which men rejoice on account of the sympathies and sensibilities it excites in them. Hence

he does not much esteem his "Laodamia," as it belongs to the inferior class of poems founded on the affections. In this, as in other peculiarities of Wordsworth, there is a German bent in his mind.

May 20th. — Went to Covent Garden to see "Venice Preserved." Miss O'Neil's Belvidera was our only attraction, and it proved our gratification. In spite of her untragical face, she strongly affected us by mere sweetness and grace. Her scenes of tenderness are very pleasing, and, contrary to my expectation, she produced a great effect in the last scenes of strong passion. She threw her whole feeling into her acting, and by this *abandon*, as it were, she wrought wonders, — that is, for her, — considering that nature has denied her powers for the higher characters.

May 23d. — Between five and six I was at Islington during a long shower. I waited till I despaired of better weather, and then returned to town. Just as I reached the Temple, wetted to the skin, the rain subsided, and the evening became very fine. However, I could hardly repent of my impatience, for I went to Lamb's, and took tea with Wordsworth there. Alsager,* Barron Field, Talfourd, the Colliers, &c. stepped in late. Wordsworth was very chatty on poetry. I had some business to attend to, which rendered me restless, so I left at eleven. Miss Hutchinson was of the party; she improves greatly on acquaintance. She is a lively, sensible little woman.

May 25th. — After dining with the Colliers, I accompanied Miss Lamb to the theatre, where we were joined by the Wordsworths. We had front places at Drury Lane and saw "Richard II." It is a heavy and uninteresting play; principally because the process by which Richard is deposed is hardly perceived. Kean's acting in the first three acts has in it nothing worth notice; but in the fourth and fifth acts he certainly exhibits the weak, passionate, and eloquent monarch to great advantage. In the scene in which he gives up the crown, the conflict of passion is finely kept up; and the blending of opposite emotions is so curious as to resemble incipient insanity. Several admirable artifices of the actor gave great

* Alsager had, at one time, a manufactory and a bleaching-ground near the King's Bench Prison; but he gave this up, and, being a great lover of music, recommended himself to the *Times* as an amateur reporter on musical matters. He became City Correspondent; and wrote the "State of the Money Market" for many years. He was also a shareholder in the paper till he had a serious misunderstanding with Walter.

satisfaction, — one in particular, in which he derides Bolingbroke for affecting to kneel, and intimates by a sign with his hand that Bolingbroke aims at the level of his crown.

May 28th. — I dined at Collier's with a party assembled to see Wordsworth. There were Young, Barnes, Alsager, &c. The afternoon passed off pleasantly, but the conversation was not highly interesting. Wordsworth was led to give an opinion of Lord Byron which flattered me by its resemblance to my own. He reproached the author with the contradiction in the character of the Corsair, &c. He also blamed Crabbe for his unpoetical mode of considering human nature and society.

I left the party to inquire concerning the Anthony Robinsons, and on my return found the Wordsworths gone; but I went to Lamb's, where they came, and I enjoyed their company till very late. I began to feel quite cordial with Mrs. Wordsworth. She is an amiable woman.

June 4th. — Mr. Nash, Sen., and my brother Thomas, breakfasted with me. I conducted Mr. Nash to Mr. Belsham's meeting, and came home to read "The White Doe of Rylstone," by Wordsworth. This legendary tale will be less popular than Walter Scott's, from the want of that vulgar intelligibility, and that freshness and vivacity of description, which please even those who are not of the vulgar. Still, the poem will be better liked than better pieces of Wordsworth's writing. There are a delicate sensibility and exquisite moral running through the whole; but it is not the happiest of his narrative poems.

June 5th. — Dined at Mr. Porden's. Sir James Smith of Norwich, the botanical professor, there, also Phillips* the painter, and Taylor, the editor or proprietor of the *Sun*.† I spent a pleasant afternoon. Sir James is a very well-bred man, and though his conversation was not piquant, amenity supplied an equal charm; though that word is not applicable to the correct propriety and rather dry courtesy of the Unitarian professor. Phillips was very agreeable, but the hero of

* Thomas Phillips, R. A., painted all the leading characters of the day. He was a peculiarly refined artist, but scarcely ever exceeded the sphere of portrait painting. Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Crabbe, Chantrey, Blake, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Brougham, Faraday, and Walter Scott sat to him. His lectures on Painting and contributions to Rees's *Cyclopædia* show extensive learning and originality of thought. He was born at Dudley, in Warwickshire, 1770, and died in George Street, Hanover Square, 1845.

† John Taylor, son of a celebrated oculist in Hatton Garden, born 1752. Was oculist to George III. and William IV. He published "The Records of my Life," various Poems, and "Monsieur Tonson." Died 1832.

the day was Taylor, — "everybody's Taylor," as he is sometimes designated. He has lively parts, puns, jokes, and is very good-natured. The Flaxmans were not there. Mrs. Flaxman is gone to Blackheath. Miss Porden, in a feeling manner, spoke of her apprehension that the Flaxman family is broken up as a happy and social circle. Mrs. Flaxman's health is very precarious, and her husband is dependent on her, and suffers himself through her complaint. This, I fear, is a fact; and it is a melancholy subject. These breakings-up of society are mournful at all times, and peculiarly so when they befall the very best of persons.

June 6th. — I dined with Amyot. A small party were there, consisting of Sharon Turner, the historian and antiquarian; Charles Marsh,* ex-barrister and M. P.; William Taylor of Norwich; and Penn, a clerk in one of the public offices, a descendant of William Penn. Charles Marsh stayed with us but a short time; he was sent for to the House of Commons. His manners are easy and gentlemanly; he said little, but he spoke with great vivacity. Sharon Turner is a good converser, but with a little pedantry. He spoke of Martin Burney handsomely, but oddly. He said: "I always thought he would flower, though it might be late. He is a man of great honor and integrity. He never told me a lie in his life!"

William Taylor was amusing, as usual. He gravely assured me that he believes the allies will succeed in penetrating into France; that the French will then offer the crown to the Emperor Alexander, who will accept it; and then the allies will fight against Alexander, to prevent the union of the two crowns. William Taylor enjoys nothing so much as an extravagant speculation, — the odder the better. He spoke of Wordsworth, — praised his conversation, which he likes better than his poetry, — says he is solid, dignified, eloquent, and simple. "But he looked surprised," said Taylor, "when I told him that I considered Southey the greatest poet and the greatest historian living." — "No great matter of surprise," I answered, "that Wordsworth should think himself a greater poet than Southey."

June 15th. — I allowed myself a holiday to-day. Mord Andrews breakfasted with me. Afterwards I called on Wordsworth at his lodgings. He was luckily at home, and I spent the forenoon with him, walking. We talked about Hazlitt, in consequence of a malignant attack on Wordsworth by him in

* See *ante*, p. 15.

Sunday's *Examiner*.* Wordsworth that very day called on Hunt, who in a manly way asked him whether he had seen the paper of the morning; saying, if he had, he should consider his call as a higher honor. He disclaimed the article. The attack by Hazlitt was a note, in which, after honoring Milton for being a consistent patriot, he sneered at Wordsworth as the author of "paltry sonnets upon the Royal fortitude," &c., and insinuated that he had left out the "Female Vagrant," a poem describing the miseries of war sustained by the poor.

June 17th. — I went late to Lamb's. His party were there, and a numerous and odd set they were, — for the greater part interesting and amusing people, — George Dyer, Captain and Martin Burney, Ayrton, Phillips, Hazlitt and wife, Alsager, Barron Field, Coulson, John Collier, Talfourd, White, Lloyd, and Basil Montagu. The latter I had never before been in company with; his feeling face and gentle tones are very interesting. Wordsworth says of him that he is a "philanthropized courtier." He gave me an account of his first going the Norfolk Circuit. He walked the circuit generally, and kept aloof from the bar; in this way he contrived to pay his expenses. He began at Huntingdon, where he had a half-guinea motion; and as he was then staying at his brother's house, he walked to Bury with that money in his pocket, picked up a fee there, and so went on. Mackintosh was the immediate senior of Montagu, and assisted in bringing him forward. Mackintosh had business immediately as a leader, and after a short time the two travelled together. But during some time Montagu lived on bread and cheese. He is a strenuous advocate for all reforms in the law, and believes that in time they will all take place.

June 18th. — Breakfasted at Wordsworth's. Wordsworth was not at home, but I stayed chatting with the ladies till he returned; and several persons dropping in, I was kept there till two o'clock, and was much amused.

* The attack referred to is contained in the following remarks on Milton, in the *Examiner*, for 11th June, 1815: "Whether he was a *true* patriot we shall not inquire; he was at least a *consistent* one. He did not retract his defence of the people of England; he did not say that his sonnets to Vane or Cromwell were meant ironically; he was not appointed Poet Laureate to a Court he had reviled and insulted; he accepted neither place nor pension; nor did he write paltry sonnets upon the 'Royal fortitude' of the House of Stuart, by which, however, they really lost something." To these words a foot-note is appended, referring to a sonnet to the King, "in the Last Edition of the Works of a Modern Poet."

Scott, editor of the *Champion*,* and Haydon the painter,† stayed a considerable time. Scott is a little swarthy man. He talked fluently on French politics, and informed me that he has learnt from good authority that La Fayette was applied to by the King on Buonaparte's reappearance in France; that La Fayette said he wished the King success, and would serve under him on conditions which he gave in writing; that the King refused to accede to them, and La Fayette retired to his estate. On Buonaparte's arrival he, too, sent for La Fayette, who refused to serve under him or accept a place among the peers, but said that, if elected, he would become a member of the legislative body.

Haydon has an animated countenance, but did not say much. Both he and Scott seemed to entertain a high reverence for the poet.

June 22d. — I spent the evening by appointment with Godwin. The Taylors were there. We talked politics, and not very comfortably. Godwin and I all but quarrelled; both were a little angry, and equally offensive to each other. Godwin was quite impassioned in asserting his hope that Buonaparte may be successful in the war. He declares his wish that all the allies that enter France now may perish, and affirmed that no man who did not abandon all moral principles and love of liberty could wish otherwise. I admitted that, in general, foreigners have no right to interfere in the government of a country, but, in this case, I consider the foreign armies as coming to the relief of the people against the oppressions of domestic soldiers; and in this lies the justice of the war. Richard Taylor ‡ maintained that nothing could justify the invasion of a country. I treated it as mere formalism and pedantry to ask *where* is the battle fought. In the spirit of

* John Scott, editor of the *Champion*, and afterwards of the *London Magazine*, an intimate friend of Haydon the artist. He was killed in a duel with Mr. Christie, in 1821, which arose from a misunderstanding with Mr. Lockhart. — See the "Annual Register" for 1823.

† This powerful, but seldom judicious, artist obtained considerable distinction as a young man, by his independence of spirit and by determined opposition to the weak and blind imitation of academic traditions of painting. He viewed the Elgin Marbles with rapture, and contributed much to secure a proper estimation of the works of Phidias, and the great Athenian sculptors in this country. His own performances were not equally successful His "Raising of Lazarus," the best example of his merits and defects, has been recently purchased for the National Gallery. He was born at Plymouth, 1786, and died by his own hand in Burwood Place, London, 1846. His lectures are learned and practical. His eloquence is vehement. His autobiography, edited by Tom Taylor, was published in three volumes, 1853.

‡ The printer.

the idea the invaders may be, as is now the fact, carrying on a purely defensive war. And the moral certainty that Buonaparte would have made war as soon as it became convenient, justifies the allies in beginning. Godwin considered the acting on such a surmise unjustifiable. I asserted that all the actions of life proceed on surmises. We, however, agreed in apprehending that Buonaparte may destroy the rising liberties of the French, and that the allies may attempt to force the old Bourbon despotism on the French. But Godwin thinks the latter, and I the former, to be the greater calamity. I also consider the future despotism of Buonaparte a certain consequence of his success in the campaign ; and, besides, I believe that even if the French be so far beaten as to be obliged to take back Louis on terms, yet they will still remain so formidable that the allies will not dare to impose humiliating conditions ; so that the French may at last be led to offer the Crown again on terms of their own imposing. Richard Taylor would be satisfied with this, but Godwin would on no account have the allies successful.

I am no longer very anxious for the liberties of the French. It is infinitely more important for Europe that their national spirit of foreign conquest should be crushed, than that their civil liberties should be preserved. Like the Romans, they may be the conquerors of all other nations, even while they are maintaining their own liberties. And I no longer imagine, as I once did, that it is only monarchs and governments which can be unjust and love war.

June 23d. — I went to the Surrey Institution to read the detailed account of the glorious victory at Waterloo. This is indeed most glorious ; but still I fear it will not so affect the French people as to occasion a material defalcation from Buonaparte. And if he be, after all, supported by the French, numerous and bloody must be the victories which are to overthrow him.

After nine o'clock I walked to Ayrton's. The illuminations were but dull, and there were scarcely any marks of public zeal or sympathy. I stayed at Ayrton's till half past one. Lamb, Alsager, &c. were there, but it was merely a card-party.

June 30th. — Called on Thelwall. He was in unaffected low spirits. Godwin, Lofft, and Thelwall are the only three persons I know (except Hazlitt) who grieve at the late events. Their intentions and motives are respectable, and their sorrow proceeds from mistaken theory, and an inveterate hatred of

old names. They anticipate a revival of ancient despotism in France; and they will not acknowledge the radical vices of the French people, by which the peace of Europe is more endangered than the liberties of the French are by the restoration of the Bourbons.

July 2d. — I spent the forenoon at home, except that Long * and I lounged with Wordsworth's poems in the Temple Gardens. Long had taken the sacrament at Belsham's, for which I felt additional respect towards him. Though I am not religious myself, I have great respect for a conduct which proceeds from a sense of duty, and is under the influence of religious feelings. I greatly esteem Long in all respects, both for his understanding and his moral feelings, which together comprise nearly all that is valuable in man.

July 4th. — At half past four I went to Thelwall's, to witness a singular display. Thelwall exhibited several of his young people, and also himself, in the presence of the Abbé Sicard, and several of his deaf and dumb pupils. Thelwall delivered a lecture to about sixty or seventy persons. He gave an account of his plan of curing impediments in the speech. He makes his pupils read verse — beating time. And I have no doubt that the effect is produced by the facility of repeating a movement once begun, and partly by the effect of imagination. The attention is fixed and directed by the movement and time-beating. This simple fact, or phenomenon, Thelwall has not distinctly perceived or comprehended. His boys read, or rather recited, verse very pleasantly, and without stammering, so as to produce an effect far more favorable to his system than his own explanation of it. After this two hours' display we dined, and in the evening Sicard's pupils afforded amusement in the drawing-room by the correspondence they carried on with the ladies. One of them wrote notes to Mrs. Rough, and gave a gallant turn to all he wrote, for even the deaf and dumb retain their national character. I wrote some ridiculous question in Mrs. Rough's name. She wrote to him that I was an advocate, and therefore not to be believed. He answered, "I am glad to hear it, as he can defend me if I have the misfortune to offend you."

July 7th. — I called on Amyot early, and found on going out that Paris had been again taken by the allies. But the public did not rejoice, for Paris had capitulated on honorable terms, and Buonaparte had escaped. During the day Mr.

* George Long, the barrister, and afterwards police magistrate.

Whitbread's death was more a subject of interest than the possession of Paris. The death of so watchful a member of Parliament is really a national loss. He belonged to the noblest class of mankind.

In the evening joined Amyot and his family, in the front dress-boxes of Covent Garden. Miss O'Neil's Jane Shore, I think, delighted me more than any character I have seen her play. Her expression of disgust and horror when she meets with her husband, as well as her general acting in that scene, are as fine as can be conceived, coming from so uninteresting a face. What a treasure were Mrs. Siddons now as young as Miss O'Neil!

July 29th. — (At Norwich, on circuit.) This day was devoted to amusement, and accordingly passed away heavily. I called after breakfast on Millard, and then went to Amyot, with whom I spent the remainder of the day. He introduced me to Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich. The bishop's manners are very pleasing. His attentions to me would have been flattering, could I have thought them distinguishing, but probably they proceed from a habit of courtesy. I had scarcely exchanged ten words with him when, speaking of ancient times in reference to the former splendor of the buildings attached to the Palace, he said: "Ah! Mr. Robinson, bishops had then more power than you or I wish them to have," as if he knew I was born a Nonconformist. I afterwards met him in the gardens, where a balloon was to ascend; he was arm-in-arm with a Roman Catholic, and on my going up to him he took hold of me also, and remained with us a considerable time walking about. On my uttering some jest about bishops *in partibus*, he eulogized the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland as eminently apostolic. The bishop's manners are gentle, and his air is very benignant. He is more gentlemanly than Grégoire, and more sincere than Hohenfels.

Tour in Belgium and Holland.

*Rem.** — The Battle of Waterloo having taken place in June, I was determined to make a tour in Belgium, to which I was also urged by my friend Thomas Naylor,† who was my

* Written in 1850.

† Father of Samuel Naylor, the translator of "Reineke Fuchs," and son of Samuel Naylor, of Great Newport Street, agent to Mr. Francis, in whose office Mr. Robinson was an articled clerk. H. C. R. says: "S. Naylor, Sen., took me to the first play I ever saw in London; it was 'Peeping Tom of Coventry.' I have forgotten all about it, excepting that I was troubled by the number of people on the stage, and that I saw and admired Jack Banister."

travelling companion from Sunday, August 6th, to Saturday, September 2d.

I kept a journal of this tour, and have just finished a hasty perusal of it. It contains merely an account of what occurred to myself, and the incidents were so unimpressive that the narrative has brought to my recollection very few persons and very few places. I shall, therefore, not be tempted to dwell upon the events.

Naylor and I went to Margate on the 6th, and next day, after visiting Ramsgate, embarked in a small and unpromising vessel, which brought us to Ostend early on the following morning. There were on board four young men, who, like ourselves, were bound for Waterloo. We agreed to travel together, and I, being the only one who understood any language but English, was elected governor; most of us remained together till the end of the journey. I have lost sight of them all, but I will give their names. There was a young Scotch M. D., named Stewart, whom I afterwards met in London, when he told me the history of his good fortune. It was when travelling in France, after our *rencontre*, that he by accident came to a country inn, where he found a family in great alarm. An English lady was taken in premature labor. The case was perilous. No medical man was there. He offered his services, and continued to attend her until her husband, a General, and personal friend of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wellington, arrived. The General acknowledged him to be the savior of his wife's life, and in return obtained for him a profitable place on the medical staff of the English army.

The other young men were Barnes, a surgeon, and two merchants or merchants' clerks, Watkins and Williams.

Our journey lay through Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Breda, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, the Hague, Delft, Rotterdam, and the Briel, to Helvoetsluys, and from thence to Harwich.

No small part of the tour was in barges. One in particular I enjoyed. It was the voyage from Bruges to Ghent, during which I certainly had more pleasure than I had ever before had on board a vessel, and with no alloy whatever. This canal voyage is considered one of the best in the Netherlands, and our boat, though not superbly furnished, possessed every convenience. We took our passage in the state-cabin, over which was an elegant awning. I found I could write on board with perfect ease; but from time to time I looked out of the cabin window

on a prospect pleasingly diversified by neat and comfortable houses on the banks. The barge proceeded so slowly that we could hardly perceive when it stopped. A man was walking on the side of the canal for a great part of the way, and I therefore suppose our pace was not much more than four miles an hour.

We embarked at half past ten, and at two o'clock an excellent dinner was served up, consisting of fish, flesh, and fowl, with rich pastry, and plenty of fruit. For this dinner, and the voyage of between thirty and forty miles, we paid each 5 *fr.*

The main object of the tour was to visit the field of the recent great Battle of Waterloo. It was on the 14th of August when we inspected the several points famous in the history of this battle. Not all the vestiges of the conflict were removed. There were arms of trees hanging down, shattered by cannon-balls, and not yet cut off. And there were ruined and burnt cottages in many places, and marks of bullets and balls on both houses and trees; but I saw nothing in particular to impress me, except that in an inn near the field I had a glimpse of a lady in weeds, who was come on a vain search after the body of her husband, slain there. A more uninteresting country, or one more fit for "a glorious victory," being flat and almost without trees, than that round Waterloo cannot be imagined. I saw it some years afterwards, when ugly monuments were erected there, and I can bear witness to the fact of the great resemblance which the aspect of the neighborhood of Waterloo bears to a village a mile from Cambridge, on the Bury road.

On the field and at other places the peasants brought us relics of the fight. Dr. Stewart purchased a brass cuirass for a napoleon, and pistols, &c. were sold to others. For my own part, with no great portion of sentimental feeling, I could have wished myself to pick up some memorial; but a mere purchase was not sufficient to satisfy me.

We dined at Waterloo. Our host was honest, for on my ordering a dinner at 2 *fr.* a head, he said he never made two prices, and should charge only $1\frac{1}{2}$ *fr.* In the village, which is naked and wretched, a festival was being held in honor of the patron saint; but we were told that, in consequence of the battle, and out of respect to brave men who lay there, there was to be no dancing this year.

In the circular brick church of Waterloo we saw two plain marble monuments, bearing simply the names of the officers of the 1st Foot Guards and 15th King's Hussars who had fallen

there. Even the reward of being so named is given but to one in a thousand. Sixty thousand men are said to have been killed or wounded at Waterloo. Will sixty be named hereafter?

In general I admired the towns of Belgium, but Ghent was my favorite. The fine architecture of the Catholic churches of the Netherlands gratified me, while I was disgusted with the nakedness and meanness of the Protestant churches of Holland.

Among the few objects which have left any traces in my memory, the one which impressed me most was the secluded village of Broek, near Amsterdam. My journal for the 21st of August contains the account of our visit to this village and that of Saardam. The people of Broek live in a state of proud seclusion from the rest of mankind, and, being industrious, are able to banish the appearance of poverty, at least from their cottages. We walked for about an hour through the narrow streets, which are moated on a small scale. There were a great number of inferior houses, but not a single *poor* one, — all were adorned more or less. Most of them are painted white and green, — some entirely green. In general the blinds were closed, so that we could scarcely get a peep into any of them. When we did look in we observed great neatness and simplicity, with marks of affluence at the same time. The shops had a few goods in the windows as a sort of symbol, but were as secluded as the private houses.

Scarcely an individual did we see in the streets. We met one woman with a flat piece of gold or gilt metal on the forehead, and a similar piece behind: she wore also long gold ear-rings. This, however, is not an unusual costume for the affluent peasantry elsewhere. We pulled off our hats to the Broek belle, but had no salutation in return. The general seclusion of the village, from which nothing could be seen but meadows with ditches, the silence of the streets, the perfect stillness and neatness of the objects, every dwelling resembling a summer-house rather than an ordinary residence, the cheerful and unusual colors, and the absence of all the objects which denote a hard-working race of men, gave to the whole place an air absolutely Arcadian. The only objects which disturbed this impression were several houses of a better description, with large windows, gilded shutters, carved frontispieces, and the other ornaments of a fashionable house. One in particular had a porch with Corinthian pillars, and a large garden with high, clipped trees.

One surgeon's house had an announcement that wine and strong liquors were to be had, — as if these were still, in this Dutch Arcadia, articles of medicine only. It is said that there is no public-house in Broek. We saw one, but did not go in. It did not look like the rest of the houses.

We were next driven to Saardam, where we visited the hut which alone brings many an idle traveller to the place, and in which Peter of Russia resided while he learnt the trade of ship-building, performing the work of a common shipwright. It is certainly right to perpetuate the memory of an act in which an admirable sentiment prevailed, whatever want of good sense and judgment there might be in it. The hut has nothing particular about it, except that it is worse than the other huts, it being of course a principle to keep it in its original condition. While in this singular village we saw a school in which the children were singing to the tune of "God save the King." This is become the general tune throughout Europe for the partisans of legal and restored monarchs, though originally written in honor of an elected sovereign house.

This belongs to the agreeable days of my tour. I had seen life in a new shape, — one of the varieties of human existence with which it is, or rather *may be*, useful to become acquainted. Yet I ought to add that I saw little of these North-Hollanders, and cannot tell what their manners and morals may be. There is certainly no virtue in selfish seclusion from the world. The neighborhood of such a city as Amsterdam must supply opportunities for the vices which will spring up in any soil. Yet, certainly, in the insulated and clannish spirit which prevails in these villages there is generated a benevolence, or extension of selfishness beyond the individual, which may protect the members of the clan and inhabitants of the island from the severest evils of life. So that, though perhaps these peasants are not especial objects of love or admiration, yet they may be envied by those who have witnessed, if not experienced, the heavier calamities so frequently arising in the more polished and more highly civilized circles of life elsewhere.

At Haarlem I heard the celebrated organ in the great church. I am half afraid to say in writing how much I was gratified. I have been in the habit of saying and believing that I have no ear for music, and certainly I have suffered ennui at listening to some which others thought very fine, but to this I listened with delight, and was quite sorry when it ceased.

I was amused with the gorgeous show in the Greek church at Amsterdam. I was pleased with the Hague, and with the Royal Palace called the House in the Wood. I was struck also with the Bies Bosch, the melancholy memorial of a frightful inundation near Dort, which took place in the fifteenth century.

On the church tower of Utrecht I fell in with the Masqueriers, with whom was Walton, an attorney. With him I afterwards became acquainted. I returned to England on the 2d of September.

September 22d. — At the end of a visit to my friends Mr. and Mrs. W. Pattisson, at Witham, I went to take leave of Mrs. Pattisson, Sen. She began interrogating me about my religious opinions. This she did in a way so kind and benevolent that I could not be displeased, or consider her impertinent. I was unable to answer her as I could wish. However, I did not scruple to declare to her that such orthodoxy as Mr. N——'s would deter me from Christianity. I cannot wish to have a belief which excludes from salvation such persons as my own dear mother, my uncle Crabb, and a large portion of the best people I have ever known.

October 4th. — (On a visit to my brother Habakkuk at Bagshot.) After dining *tête-à-tête* with my niece Elizabeth, and playing backgammon with her, we called on Mrs. Kitchener and took tea with her. Mrs. Cooper (the widow of the former clergyman at Bagshot), who was there, related to me some singular circumstances about the state of her husband's mind in his last illness. He was then more than eighty years of age. He imagined himself to be dead, and gave directions as for the burial of a dead man; and he remained in this persuasion for several weeks. At one time he desired a note to be sent to the Duke of Gloucester announcing his death. At another time he desired that the mourners might be well provided for, and inquired about the preparations made. In particular on one occasion when a clean shirt was being put on, he reminded the servants that, being a corpse, they must put on nothing but woollen, or they would incur a penalty. When told that, if dead, he could not talk about it, he for a moment perceived the absurdity of his notion, but soon relapsed.

October 26th. — At work in my chambers in the forenoon.

After dining at Collier's I went to Flaxman's. I had not seen him for many months, and was glad to find all the family well, Mrs. Flaxman in particular recovered. We chatted about my journey to Holland. Flaxman speaks with contempt of Dutch statuary. He rejoices in the restoration of the works of art to Italy.*

November 5th. — (At Royston on a visit to Mr. Wedd.) We dined late. W. Nash and T. Nash of Whittlesford with us. The afternoon spent agreeably. In the evening Mr. Nash came to us. He was in good spirits. The cheerful benignity of the old gentleman renders him delightful, but age is advancing rapidly on him, and his faculties are growing blind with years. He is, however, with all his infirmities, the model of a venerable old man. It is a felicity to live within the influence of such a character, who creates a society by his personal virtues.

November 11th. — Went to see the play of "Percy," by Hannah More. It is much like "Gabrielle de Vergy." The situation is highly interesting. A chaste and noble-minded woman having been forced to marry a man she hates, the rival, whom she loves, suddenly returns, ignorant of her marriage. The husband furiously jealous and cruel, &c., &c. Of course they all die as in "Gabrielle." Miss O'Neil gave great interest to the play during the first three acts. Her tenderness is exquisite, and her expression of disgust and horror, while she averts her countenance and hides it with her hands, is peculiarly masterly. This single expression she has elaborately studied. Young played the jealous husband with spirit, but Charles Kemble was a mere ranting lover as Percy. *He* ought not to have given the name to the play.

November 12th. — Continued reading Wraxall. A repartee of Burke's pleased me. David Hartley, Member for Hull, was the dullest of speakers in the House of Commons. Having spoken so long as to drive away the greater number of the members (more than three hundred having dwindled down to eighty), he moved that the Riot Act should be read at the table, on which Burke, who sat next him, exclaimed: "My

* When, in 1815, the allied sovereigns arrived in Paris, they insisted upon the restoration of the objects of art which had been pillaged from various places by the orders of Napoleon. "A memorial from all the artists of Europe at Rome claimed for the Eternal City the entire restoration of the immortal works of art which had once adorned it. The allied sovereigns acceded to the just demand; and Canova, impassioned for the arts, and the city of his choice, hastened to Paris to superintend the removal. It was most effectually done." — Alison's *Europe*, Vol. XII., 286, 9th edition.

dear friend! why, in God's name, read the Riot Act? Do not you see that the mob are dispersed already?" *

November 14th. — Dined at the Hall. After nine I called on Charles Lamb. He was much better in health and spirits than when I saw him last. Though *tête-à-tête*, he was able to pun. I was speaking of my first brief, when he asked, "Did you not exclaim, —

Thou great first cause, least understood?"

November 22d. — Accompanied Miss Nash to the theatre, and saw "Tamerlane," a very dull play. It is more stuffed with trite declamation, and that of an inferior kind, than any piece I recollect. It is a compendium of political commonplaces. And the piece is not the more valuable because the doctrines are very wholesome and satisfactory. Tamerlane is a sort of regal Sir Charles Grandison, — a perfect king, very wise and insipid. He was not unfitly represented by Pope, if the character be intended merely as a foil to that of the ferocious Bajazet. Kean performed that character throughout under the idea of his being a two-legged *beast*. He rushed on the stage at his first appearance as a wild beast may be supposed to enter a new den to which his keepers have transferred him. His tartan whiskers improved the natural excellence of his face; his projecting under-lip and admirably expressive eye gave to his countenance all desirable vigor; and his exhibition of rage and hatred was very excellent. But there was no relief as there would have been had the bursts of feeling been only occasional. In the happy representation of one passion Kean afforded me great pleasure; but this was all I enjoyed.

November 24th. — I called on Lamb, and chatted an hour with him. Talfourd stepped in, and we had a pleasant conversation. Lamb has a very exclusive taste, and spoke with equal contempt of Voltaire's Tales and "Gil Blas." He may be right in thinking the latter belongs to a low class of compositions, but he ought not to deny that it has excellence of its kind.

November 27th. — I dined at Collier's, and somewhat late went to Mrs. Joddrel's. There was an illumination to-night for the Peace, but it did not occur to me to look at a single public building, and I believe no one cared about it. A duller re-

* "Historical Memoirs of my Own Time," by Sir N. W. Wraxall. Vol. II. p. 377.

joicing could not be conceived. There was hardly a crowd in the streets.

December 5th. — Went to the Surrey Institution in the evening, and heard a lecture on the Philosophy of Art, by Landseer.* He is animated in his style, but his animation is produced by indulgence in sarcasms, and in emphatic diction. He pronounces his words in *italics;* and by coloring strongly he produces an effect easily.

December 7th. — I spent several hours at the Clerkenwell Sessions. A case came before the court ludicrous from the minuteness required in the examination. Was the pauper settled in parish A or B? The house he occupied was in both parishes, and models both of the house and the bed in which the pauper slept were laid before the court, that it might ascertain how much of his body lay in each parish. The court held the pauper to be settled where his head (being the nobler part) lay, though one of his legs at least, and great part of his body, lay out of that parish. Quod notandum est!

December 9th. — I read term reports in the forenoon, and after dining with the Colliers returned to my chambers till seven, when I went to Alsager's. There I met the Lambs, Hazlitt, Burrell, Ayrton, Coulson, Sleigh, &c. I enjoyed the evening, though I lost at cards, as I have uniformly done. Hazlitt was sober, argumentative, acute, and interesting. I did not converse with him, but enjoyed his conversation with others. Lamb was good-humored and droll, with great originality, as usual. Coulson was a new man almost to me. He is said to be a prodigy of knowledge, — a young *élève* of Jeremy Bentham, — a reporter for *The Chronicle.*

December 19th. — Spent the morning at Guildhall agreeably. After dining at the Colliers', I took a hasty cup of tea with Naylor, and was followed by him to Drury Lane Theatre. We saw Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Beggar's Bush." For the first time I saw Kean without any pleasure whatever. He has no personal dignity to supply the want of dress. No one suspects the Prince in the Merchant, and even as the Mer-

* John Landseer, an engraver of considerable talent, and father of the present Sir Edwin Landseer. He was born at Lincoln, 1769. In his later years the pen superseded the burin. He delivered a course of lectures on engraving at the Royal Institution in 1806; his best known literary works are "Sabæan Researches" and a "Descriptive Catalogue of Pictures in the National Gallery." His best engraving is from his son's well-known picture, "The Dogs of St. Bernard." He died in February, 1852.

chant he has not an air of munificence. He inspires no respect whatever; and he has no opportunity for the display of his peculiar excellence, — bursts of passion. The beggar-scenes and the loyal burgomaster of Bruges are very pleasant. "Who's Who?" a farce by Poole, has an amusing scene or two. Munden as a knavish Apothecary's shopman, and Harley as the Apothecary, are very comic. By the by, Harley is a young and promising actor.

December 23d. — I read several chapters of Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," having resolved to read attentively and seriously that and other works on a subject transcendently important, and which I am ashamed thus long to have delayed studying. I dined with the Colliers and spent some time at home, taking tea alone. I called on Long, and had a short chat with him. The lively pleasure he expressed at my informing him of the books I intended to study quite gratified me. He is a most excellent creature. I look up to him with admiration the more I see of him.

December 27th. — Spent the morning at home reading industriously law reports. I dined with Collier, and having read again in my room, I went after six o'clock to Thelwall's, and was present at an exhibition which was more amusing than I expected. "Comus" was performed by Thelwall's family and his pupils. The idea of causing Milton's divine verse to be theatrically recited by a troop of stutterers is comic enough, but Thelwall has so far succeeded in his exertions, that he can enable persons who originally had strong impediments in their speech to recite verse very agreeably. Thelwall inserted some appropriate short verses, to be delivered by the younger children as Bacchanals in an interlude, which had a pleasing effect. He teaches his boys to read with a *cantilena;* and the accent at the close of their lines is very agreeable. It is only when such words as dĕcīsĭŏn are pronounced as four syllables, that we are reminded of the master uncomfortably.

December 31st. — I spent this morning at my chambers, but Thomas breakfasted with me, and Habakkuk came afterwards.

At half past five I went with the Amyots to Mr. Hallet's, and dined there. It was a family party, and the evening passed away comfortably. I was in good spirits, and the rest of the party agreeable. The year was dismissed not festively but cheerfully.

It has been, like most of the years of my life, a year of un-

interrupted health and prosperity. Besides, it is a year in which I have been so successful in my profession, that I have a prospect of affluence if the success continues, which I dare not expect, and about which I am far less anxious than I used to be. I do not now fear poverty. I am not, nor ever was, desirous of riches, but my wants do not, perhaps, increase in proportion to my means. My brother Thomas makes it a reproach to me that I do not indulge myself more. This I do not think a duty, and shall probably not make a practice. I hope I shall not contract habits of parsimony.*

CHAPTER XIX.

1816.

JANUARY 9th. — (At Norwich.) This morning I went immediately after breakfast to a Jew dentist, C——, who put in a natural tooth in the place of one I swallowed yesterday. He assured me it came from Waterloo, and promised me it should outlast twelve artificial teeth.

January 17th. — (At Bury.) I called with sister on Mrs. Clarkson, to take leave of her. The Clarksons leave Bury today, and are about to settle on a farm (Playford) near Ipswich. No one deserves of the present race more than Clarkson to have what Socrates proudly claimed of his judges, — a lodging in the Prytaneion at the public expense. This ought to exclude painful anxiety on his account, if the farm should not succeed. They were in good spirits.

February 6th. — I attended the Common Pleas this morning, expecting that a demurrer on which we had a consultation last night would come on, but it did not. I heard, however, an argument worthy of the golden age of the English law, *scil.* the age of the civil wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, when the subtleties and refinements of the law were in high flourishing condition, — or the silver age, that of the Stuarts. An almshouse corporation, the warden and poor of Croydon, in Surrey, on the foundation of Archbishop Whitgift, brought an action for rent against their tenant. He pleaded

* These remarks were occasioned by the rise in H. C. R.'s fees from £ 219 in 1814, to £ 321 15 *s.* in the present year!

that, for a good and valuable consideration, they had sold him the land, as authorized by the statute, for redeeming land-tax. They replied that, in their conveyance, in setting out their title, they had omitted the words, "of the foundation of Archbishop Whitgift," and therefore they contended the deed was void, and that they might still recover their rent, as before. Good sense and honesty prevailed over technical sense.

February 11th. — I walked to Newington, and dined with Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Finch. Miss Hamond and Charles Aikin were there. As usual, we were very comfortable. Mrs. Barbauld can keep up a lively argumentative conversation as well as any one I know; and at her advanced age (she is turned of seventy), she is certainly the best specimen of female Presbyterian society in the country. N. B. — Anthony Robinson requested me to inquire whether she thought the doctrine of Universal Restoration scriptural. She said she thought we must bring to the interpretation of the Scriptures a very liberal notion of the beneficence of the Deity to find the doctrine there.

February 12th. — I dined with the Colliers, and in the evening went to Drury Lane with Jane Collier and Miss Lamb, to see "A New Way to pay Old Debts," a very spirited comedy by Massinger. Kean's Sir Giles Overreach is a very fine piece of acting indeed. His rage at the discovery of the fraud in the marriage of his daughter is wrought up to a wonderful height, and becomes almost too tragical. On the contrary, Munden, who also plays admirably the part of a knavish confidant, is infinitely comical, and in one or two instances he played too well, for he disturbed the impression which Kean was to raise by the equally strong effect of his own acting. Oxberry played Greedy, the hungry magistrate, pleasantly, and Harley was thought to perform Wellborn well; but he displeases me in this, that he seems to have no keeping. Sometimes he reminds one of Banister, sometimes Lewis; so that at last he is neither a character nor himself. Mrs. Glover was agreeable in playing Lady Allworth.

February 15th. — A curious argument on the law of Primogeniture. It was used by my friend Pattisson, and is a scriptural one. In the parable of the Prodigal Son, the father says to his dissatisfied elder son, "Son, all that I have is thine," which is a recognition of the right in the first-born.

February 25th. — At eight I went to Rough's, where I met Kean, — I should say to *see* him, not to hear him; for he

scarcely spoke. I should hardly have known him. He has certainly a fine eye, but his features were relaxed, as if he had undergone great fatigue. When he smiles, his look is rather constrained than natural. He is but a small man, and from the gentleness of his manners no one would anticipate the actor who excels in bursts of passion.

March 10th. — (On Circuit at Bedford.) I was a little scandalized by the observation of the clerk of a prosecutor's solicitor, in a case in which I was engaged for the prosecution, that there was little evidence against one of the defendants, — that, in fact, he had not been very active in the riots, — but he was a sarcastic fellow, and they wished to punish him by putting him to the expense of a defence without any expectation of convicting him!

April 6th. — I rode to London by the old Cambridge coach, from ten to four.

Soon after I arrived I met Miss Lamb by accident, and in consequence took tea with her and Charles. I found Coleridge and Morgan at their house. Coleridge had been ill, but he was then, as before, loquacious, and in his loquacity mystically eloquent. He is endeavoring to bring a tragedy on the stage, in which he is not likely, I fear, to succeed; and he is printing two volumes of Miscellanies, including a republication of his poems. But he is printing without a publisher! He read me some metaphysical passages, which will be laughed at by nine out of ten readers; but I am told he has written popularly, and about himself. Morgan is looking very pale, — rather unhappy than ill. He attends Coleridge with his unexampled assiduity and kindness.

April 21st. — After dining I rode to Wattisfield by the day-coach. I reached my uncle Crabb's by tea-time, and had an agreeable evening with him and Mrs. Crabb. I was pleased to revive some impressions which years have rendered interesting.

April 22d. — This was an indolent day, but far from an unpleasant one. I sat with Mr. and Mrs. Crabb a great part of the morning, and afterwards walked with Mr. Crabb, who was on horseback, through the street to Hill Green Farm. On the road family anecdotes and village narratives, suggested by the objects in view, rendered the walk agreeable to us both. Mr. Crabb is arrived at an age when it is a prime pleasure to relate the history of his early years; and I am always an interested listener on such occasions. I am never tired by personal

talk.* The half-literary conversation of half-learned people, the commonplaces of politics and religious dispute, are to me intolerable ; but the passions of men excited by their genuine and immediate personal interest always gain my sympathy, or sympathy is supplied by the observations they suggest. And in such conversations there is more truth and originality and variety than in the others, in which, particularly in religious conversations, there is a mixture of either Pharisaical imposture or imperfect self-deception. Men on such occasions talk to convince themselves, not because they have feelings they must give vent to.

April 27th. — (At Cambridge.) I walked to the coffee-room and read there the beginning of the trial of Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, for concealing Lavalette. In the examination of Sir R. Wilson, previous to the trial, he gave one answer which equals anything ever said by an accused person so examined. He was asked, "Were you applied to, to assist in concealing Lavalette?" — "I was." — "Who applied to you?" — "I was born and educated in a country in which the social virtues are considered as public virtues, and I have not trained my memory to a breach of friendship and confidence."

I dined in the Hall. Each mess of four was allowed an extra bottle of wine and a goose, in honor of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, which took place this evening.

May 4th. —I rode to Bury on the outside of the "Day" coach from six to three. . . . . Between nine and ten we were alarmed by the intelligence that a fire had broken out. I ran out, fearing it was at one of the Mr. Bucks ; but it was at a great distance. Many people were on the road, most of whom were laughing, and seemingly enjoying the fire. This was the fifth or sixth fire that had taken place within a week or two, and there could be no doubt it was an act of arson. These very alarming outrages began some time since, and the pretence was the existence of threshing-machines. The farmers in the neighborhood have surrendered them up, and exposed them broken on the high-road. Besides, the want of work by the poor, and the diminished price of labor, have roused a dangerous spirit in the common people, — when roused, the most formidable of enemies.

* It was otherwise with his friend Wordsworth: —

"I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk."

Sonnets entitled "Personal Talk." Vol. IV. p. 200.

May 28th. — Called on Godwin. He was lately with Wordsworth, and, after spending a night at his house, seems to have left him with feelings of strong political difference; and it was this alone, I believe, which kept them aloof from each other. I have learned to bear with the intolerance of others when I understand it. While Buonaparte threatened Europe with his all-embracing military despotism, I felt that all other causes of anxiety and fear were insignificant, and I was content to forget the natural tendencies of the regular governments to absolute power, of the people in those states to corruption, and of Roman Catholicism to a stupid and degrading religious bigotry. In spite of these tendencies, Europe was rising morally and intellectually, when the French Revolution, after promising to advance the world rapidly in its progress towards perfection, suddenly, by the woful turn it took, threw the age back in its expectations, almost in its wishes, till at last, from alarm and anxiety, even zealous reformers were glad to compromise the cause of liberty, and purchase national independence and political liberty at the expense of civil liberty in France, Italy, &c. Most intensely did I rejoice at the counter-Revolution. I had also rejoiced, when a boy, at the Revolution, and I am ashamed of neither sentiment. And I shall not be ashamed, though the Bourbon government should be as vile as any which France was cursed with under the ancestors of Louis XVIII., and though the promises of liberty given to the Germans by their sovereigns should all be broken, and though Italy and Spain should relapse into the deepest horrors of Papal superstition. To rejoice in *immediate* good is permitted to us. The immediate alone is within our scope of action and observation. But now that the old system is restored, with it the old cares and apprehensions revive also. And I am sorry that Wordsworth cannot change with the times. He ought, I think, now to exhort our government to economy, and to represent the dangers of a thoughtless return to all that was in existence twenty-five years ago. Of the integrity of Wordsworth I have no doubt, and of his genius I have an unbounded admiration; but I doubt the discretion and wisdom of his latest political writings.

June 12th. — Flaxman spoke about West. I related the anecdote in his Life * of his first seeing the Apollo, and comparing

* The Life and Studies of Benjamin West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy of London, prior to his Arrival in England, compiled from Materials furnished by Himself." By John Galt. London, 1816. This book was pub-

it to a Mohawk warrior. Flaxman laughed, and said it was the criticism of one almost as great a savage ; for though there might be a coarse similarity in the attitude, Apollo having shot an arrow, yet the figure of the Mohawk must have been altogether unlike that of the god. This anecdote Flaxman says he heard West relate more than twenty years ago, in a discourse delivered as President of the Academy. The anecdotes of West's first drawing before he had seen a picture Flaxman considers as fabulous.

June 14th. — Manning, after breakfasting with me, accompanied me to the Italian pictures.* The gratification was not less than before. The admirable "Ecce Homo" of Guido in particular delighted me, and also Murillo's "Marriage at Cana." Amyot joined me there. Also I met Flaxman, and with him was Martin Shee, whom I chatted with. Shee was strong in his censure of allegory, and incidentally adverted to a lady who reproached him with being unable to relish a certain poet because he wanted piety. The lady and poet, it appeared, were Lady Beaumont and Wordsworth. Both Flaxman and Shee defended the conceit in the picture of the "Holy Family in the Stable," in which the light issues from the child ; and Flaxman quoted in its justification the expression of the Scriptures, that Christ came as a light, &c.

June 23d. — I dined at Mr. Rutt's. I had intended to sleep there ; but as Mr. Rutt goes early to bed, I preferred a late walk home, from half past ten to twelve. And I enjoyed the walk, though the evening was not very fine. I met a tipsy man, whom I chatted with, and as he was a laborer of the lowest class, but seemingly of a quiet mind, I was glad to meet with so fair a specimen of mob feeling. He praised Sir Francis

lished during the painter's life. A Second Part, relating to his life and studies after his arrival in England, appeared just after his death in 1820, most of it having been printed during his last illness. The anecdote referred to will be found in the First Part, p. 105.

* At the British Institution, previously Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, in Pall Mall, and within the last few months destroyed. This Exhibition, opened in May, 1816, was the first collection which the directors had formed of Italian and Spanish paintings. The "Ecce Homo" by Guido, mentioned in the text, was probably the one (No. 33 of the Catalogue) from Stratton, belonging to Sir T. Baring. A second "Ecce Homo," No. 55, then belonging to Mr. West, and afterwards bequeathed by the poet Rogers to the National Gallery, would have been too painful in treatment to have elicited the expression used above. Murillo's "Marriage at Cana," No. 10 of the Catalogue, then belonged to Mr. G. Hibbert. It had formerly been in the Julienne, Presle, and Robit Collections. It is now at Tottenham Park, Wilts, the property of the Marquis of Ailesbury. The "Holy Family in the Stable" was the "Adoration of the Magi," either No. 22, the fine Paul Veronese, from the Crozat Collection, or 115, the Carlo Dolci, belonging respectively to the Earl of Aberdeen and to Earl Cowper.

Burdett as the people's friend and only good man in the kingdom; yet he did not seem to think flogging either sailors or soldiers a very bad thing. He had been assisting in building the new Tothill Fields Prison, and said he would rather be hanged than imprisoned there seven years. He was somewhat mysterious on this head. He said he would never sing, "Britons never shall be Slaves," for Britons are all slaves. Yet he wished for war, because there would be work for the poor. If this be the general feeling of the lower classes, the public peace can only be preserved by a vigilant police and severe laws.

July 4th. — I dined with Walter. A small party. Dr. Stoddart, Sterling, Sydenham, &c. The dinner was small but of the first quality, — turbot, turtle, and venison, fowls and ham; wines, champagne, and claret. Sydenham was once reputed to be "Vetus," but his conversation is only intelligent and anecdotic and gentlemanly; he is neither logical, nor sarcastic, nor pointedly acute. He is therefore certainly not "Vetus." He is a partisan of the Wellesleys, having been with the Duke in India. Sterling is a sensible man. They were all unfavorable to the actual ministry, and their fall within six months was very confidently announced.

July 6th. — I took tea with Mrs. Barbauld, and played chess with her till late. Miss H—— was there, and delighted at the expectation of hearing a song composed by her sung at Covent Garden. When, however, I mentioned this to her brother, in a jocular manner, he made no answer, and seemed almost offended. Sometimes I regret a want of sensibility in my nature, but when such cases of perverted intensity of feeling are brought to my observation, I rejoice at my neutral apathetic character, as better than the more sanguine and choleric temperament, which is so dangerous at the same time that it is so popular and respectable. The older I grow, the more I am satisfied, on prudential grounds, with the constitution of my sensitive nature. I am persuaded that there are very few persons who suffer so little pain of all kinds as I do; and if the absence of vice be the beginning of virtue, so the absence of suffering is the beginning of enjoyment. I must confess, however, that I think my own nature an object of felicitation rather than applause.

July 13th. — An unsettled morning. My print of Leonardo da Vinci's "Vierge aux Rochers" was brought home framed. I took it to Miss Lamb as a present. She was much pleased with it, and so was Lamb, and I lost much of the morning in chat-

ting with Miss Lamb. I dined at the Colliers'. After dinner I went to Lamb's and took tea with him. White of the India House was there. We played three rubbers of whist. Lamb was in great good-humor, delighted like a child with his present; but I am to change the frame for him, as all his other frames are black. How Lamb confirms the remark of the child-likeness of genius!

Sunday, 14th. — I walked to Becher, and he accompanied me to Gilman's, an apothecary at Highgate, with whom Coleridge is now staying. And he seems to have profited already by the abstinence from opium, &c., for I never saw him look so well. He talked very sensibly, but less eloquently and vehemently than usual. He asked me to lend him some books, &c., and related a history of the great injustice done him in the reports circulated about his losing books. And certainly I ought not to join in the reproach, for he gave me to-day Kant's works, three vols., miscellaneous. Coleridge talked about Goethe's work on the theory of colors, and said he had some years back discovered the same theory, and would certainly have reduced it to form, and published it, had not Southey diverted his attention from such studies to poetry. On my mentioning that I had heard that an English work had been published lately, developing the same system, Coleridge answered, with great *naïveté*, that he was very free in communicating his thoughts on the subject wherever he went, and among literary people.

July 18th. — The day was showery, but not very unpleasant. I read and finished Goethe's first No. "Ueber Kunst," &c., giving an account of the works of art to be met with on the Rhine. It is principally remarkable as evincing the great poet's generous and disinterested zeal for the arts. He seems to rejoice as cordially in whatever can promote the intellectual prosperity of his country as in the success of his own great masterpieces of art. His account of the early painting discovered at Cologne, and of the discovered design of the Cathedral, is very interesting indeed. I also read "Des Epimenides Erwachen," a kind of mask. It is an allegory, and of course has no great pretensions; but there are fine moral and didactic lines in very beautiful diction.

July 23d. — (At Bury.) This day was spent in court from ten to half past five. It was occupied in the trial of several sets of rioters, the defence of whom Leach brought me. I was better pleased with myself than yesterday, and I succeeded in

getting off some individuals who would otherwise have been convicted. In the trial of fifteen Stoke rioters, who broke a threshing-machine, I made rather a long speech, but with little effect. All were convicted but two, against whom no evidence was brought. I urged that the evidence of mere presence against four others was not sufficient to convict them ; and had not the jury been very stupid, and the foreman quite incompetent, there would have been an acquittal.

On the trial of five rioters at Clare, I submitted to the conviction of four. One was acquitted.

On the trial of six rioters at Hunden, three were convicted, for they were proved to have taken an active share in destroying the threshing-machine. Alderson, who conducted all the prosecutions, consented to acquit one, and two others were acquitted because the one witness who swore to more than mere presence was contradicted by two witnesses I called, though the contradiction was not of the most pleasing kind.

We adjourned at half past five. One trial for a conspiracy took place, in which I had no concern, and it was the only contested matter in which I was not employed, — a very gratifying and promising circumstance.

July 24th. — I was in court from ten o'clock to three. The Rattlesden rioters, thirty in number, were tried. All were convicted except four, whom Alderson consented to discharge, and one who proved that he was compelled to join the rioters. Morgan, a fine, high-spirited old man of near seventy, who alone ventured among the mob, defying them without receiving any injury and by his courage gaining universal respect, deposed with such particularity to every one of the rioters, that it was in vain to make any defence. I made some general observations in behalf of the prisoners, and the Bench, having sentenced one to two years' imprisonment, and others to one year and six months' imprisonment, dismissed the greater number on their finding security for their good behavior.

August 3d. — (Bedford.) An agreeable day, being relieved from the burdensome society of the circuit. I breakfasted with Mr. Green, and about ten, Swabey and Jameson accompanied me to the village of Cardington. Here we looked over the parish church, in which is erected a beautiful monument by Bacon in memory of the elder Whitbread. Two female figures in alto and basso relief are supporting a dying figure.

The church has other monuments of less elaborate workmanship, and is throughout an interesting village church, very neat and handsome without finery.

Jameson and I then looked into the garden of Captain Waldegrave, remarkable as having been planted by the celebrated John Howard, who lived here before he undertook the voyages which rendered his life and his death memorable. An old man, Howard's gardener, aged eighty-six, showed us the grotto left in the condition in which it was when Howard lived there. The garden is chiefly interesting from the recollections which it introduces of the very excellent man who resided on the spot, and in which should be placed, as the most significant and desirable memorial, some representation of his person. The village is very pretty. Howard's family are buried in the church, and there is a small tablet to his memory: "John Howard, died at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, January 20, 1790."

July 19th. — (Ipswich.) I rose at six, and enjoyed a leisurely walk to Playford, at four miles' distance, over a very agreeable country, well cultivated and diversified by gentle hills. Playford Hall stands in a valley. It consists of one half of an ancient hall of considerable antiquity, which had originally consisted of a regular three-sided edifice, a row of columns having filled the fourth side of the square. There is a moated ditch round the building, and by stopping the issue of water, which enters by a never-failing, though small stream, the ditch may be filled at any time. The mansion is of brick, and the walls are very thick indeed. Some ancient chimneys, and some large windows with stone frames of good thickness, show the former splendor of the residence. Lord Bristol is the owner of the estate, to which belongs four or five hundred acres, and which Mr. Clarkson now has on a twenty-one years' lease. Mr. Clarkson, on my arrival, showed me about the garden; and after I had breakfasted, Mrs. Clarkson came down, and I spent a long morning very agreeably with her. We walked to the parish church, up and down the valley, round the fields, &c., and I readily sympathized with Mrs. Clarkson in the pleasure with which she expatiated on the comforts of the situation, and in the hope of their continued residence there.

*Rem.** — To this place Mr. Clarkson retired after the great work — the only work he projected, viz. the abolition of the

* Written in 1851.

slave-trade — was effected ; not anticipating that slavery itself would be abolished by our government in his day. This, however, would hardly have taken place had it not been for his exertions to accomplish the first step.

When the present extent of the evil is adverted to, as it frequently is, ungenerously, in order to lessen the merit of the abolitionists, it is always forgotten that if, on the revival of commerce after the peace of 1813, and the revival of the spirit of colonization by the European powers, the slave-trade had still been the practice of Europe, it would have increased tenfold. All Australia, New Zealand, and every part of the New World, would have been peopled by Africans, purchased or stolen by English, Dutch, and French traders.

August 29th. — At half past eight I mounted the Oxford stage, at the corner of Chancery Lane, on a tour, intended to embrace the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Next day I met with two gentlemen, with whose appearance and manner I was at once struck and pleased, and with whom I became almost immediately acquainted. The name of one is Torlonia, a young Italian (about twenty), and of the other Mr. Walter, his tutor, about twenty-eight.

September 1st. — Strolling into the old church * at Manchester, I heard a strange noise, which I should elsewhere have mistaken for the bleating of lambs. Going to the spot, a distant aisle, I found two rows of women standing in files, each with a babe in her arms. The minister went down the line, sprinkling each infant as he went. I suppose the efficiency of the sprinkling — I mean the fact that the water did touch — was evidenced by a distinct squeal from each. Words were muttered by the priest on his course, but one prayer served for all. This I thought to be a christening by wholesale ; and I could not repress the irreverent thought that, being in the metropolis of manufactures, the aid of steam or machinery might be called in. I was told that on Sunday evenings the ceremony is repeated. Necessity is the only apology for so irreverent a performance of a religious rite. How the essence of religion is sacrificed to these formalities of the Establishment !

September 2d. — (At Preston.) My companions were glad to look into the Catholic chapel, which is spacious and neat. Mr. Walter purchased here a pamphlet, which afforded me some amusement. It is a narrative extracted from Luther's

* Then, I believe, the only parochial church of the town, and now raised to the rank of a cathedral. — H. C. R.

writings, of the dialogue related by Luther himself to have been carried on between him and the Devil, who, Luther declares, was the first who pointed out to him the absurdity and evil of private mass. Of course, it is strongly pressed upon the pious reader that even Luther himself confesses that the Father of Lies was the author of the Reformation ; and a pret ty good story is made out for the Catholic.

September 5th. — (Ambleside.) This was one of the most delightful days of my journey ; but it is not easy to describe the gratification arising partly from the society of most excellent persons, and partly from beautiful scenery. Mr. Walter expressed so strong a desire to see Wordsworth, that I resolved to take him with me on a call. After breakfast we walked to Rydal, every turn presenting new beauty. The constantly changing position of the screen of hill produced a great variety of fine objects, of which the high and narrow pass into Rydal Water is the grandest. In this valley, to the right, stands a spacious house, the seat of the Flemings, and near it, in a finer situation, the house of Wordsworth. We met him in the road before the house. His salutation was most cordial. Mr. Walter's plans were very soon overthrown by the conversation of the poet in such a spot. He at once agreed to protract his stay among the lakes, and to spend the day at Grasmere. Torlonia was placed on a pony, which was a wild mountaineer, and, though it could not unhorse him, ran away with him twice. From a hillock Wordsworth pointed out several houses in Grasmere in which he had lived.*

During the day I took an opportunity of calling on De Quincey, my Temple Hall acquaintance. He has been very much an invalid, and his appearance bespoke ill health.

Our evening was spent at Wordsworth's. Mr. Tillbrook of Cambridge, formerly Thomas Clarkson's tutor,† was there. The conversation was general, but highly interesting. The evening was very fine, and we for the first time perceived all the beauties (glories they might be called) of Rydal Mount. It is so situated as to afford from the windows of both sitting-rooms a direct view of the valley, with the head of Windermere at its extremity, and from a terrace in the garden a view on to Rydal Water, and the winding of the valley in that direction. These views are of a very different character, and may be regarded as supplementing each other.

* The cottage at Townend, Allan Bank, and the Parsonage.
† Son of the abolitionist.

The house, too, is convenient and large enough for a family man. And it was a serious gratification to behold so great and so good a man as Wordsworth in the bosom of his family enjoying those comforts which are apparent to the eye. He has two sons and a daughter surviving. They appear to be amiable children. And, adding to these external blessings the *mind* of the man, he may justly be considered as one of the most enviable of mankind. The injustice of the public towards him, in regard to the appreciation of his works, he is sensible of. But he is aware that, though the great body of readers — the admirers of Lord Byron, for instance — cannot and ought not to be his admirers too, still he is not without his fame. And he has that expectation of posthumous renown which has cheered many a poet, who has had less legitimate claims to it, and whose expectations have not been disappointed.

Mr. Walter sang some Scotch airs to Mr. Tillbrook's flute, and we did not leave Rydal Mount till late. My companions declare it will be to them a memorable evening.

Just as we were going to bed De Quincey called on me. He was in much better spirits than when I saw him in the morning and expressed a wish to walk with me about the neighborhood.

September 8th. —I returned to Kendal, partly to accommodate my friends, who were pledged to omit no opportunity of hearing Sunday mass. I went to the Catholic chapel; and as I stood up while others were kneeling, I found my coat tugged at violently. This was occasioned by a combination of Roman Catholic and Italian zeal. The tug of recognition came from an Italian boy, a Piedmontese image-seller, whom we had met with before on the road, — a spirited lad, who refused a shilling Torlonia offered him, and said he had saved enough by selling images and other Italian articles to buy himself land in Savoy. I understood him to say £ 80; but that is probably a mistake. He had, however, been several years in England.

September 9th. — (Keswick.) We were gratified by receiving an invitation to take tea with the Poet Laureate. This was given to our whole party, and our dinner was, in consequence, shortened. I had a small room on a second floor, from the windows of which I had a glimpse only of the fine mountain scenery, and could see a single house only amid gardens out of the town. The mountain was Skiddaw. The house was Southey's.

The laureate lives in a large house in a nurseryman's

grounds. It enjoys a panoramic view of the mountains; and as Southey spends so much of his time within doors, this lovely and extensive view supplies the place of travelling beyond his own premises.

We spent a highly agreeable evening with Southey. Mr. Nash, Mr. Westall, Jun., several ladies, Miss Barker, Mrs. Southey, Mrs. Coleridge, and Mrs. Lovell, were of the party. The conversation was on various subjects. Southey's library is richly stored with Spanish and Portuguese books. These he showed to my Catholic friends, withholding some which he thought might give them uneasiness. Looking at his books, he said, with great feeling, that he sometimes regarded them with pain, thinking what might hereafter become of them, — a pathetic allusion to the loss of his son.

On Spanish politics he spoke freely. At the same time that he reproached Ferdinand with a want of generosity, he stated his conviction that he acted *defensively*. The liberals would have dethroned him at once, had they been permitted to carry into effect the new constitution.

I found his opinions concerning the state and prospects of this country most gloomy. He considers the government seriously endangered by the writings of Cobbett, and still more by the *Examiner*. Jacobinism he deems more an object of terror than at the commencement of the French Revolution, from the difficulties arising out of the financial embarrassments. He says that he thinks there will be a convulsion in three years!

I was more scandalized by his opinions concerning the press than by any other doctrine. He would have transportation the punishment for a seditious libel!!! I ought to add, however, that I am convinced Southey is an honest alarmist. I did not dispute any point with him.

Hartley Coleridge is one of the strangest boys I ever saw.* He has the features of a foreign Jew, with starch and affected manners. He is a boy pedant, exceedingly formal, and, I should suppose, clever.

Coleridge's daughter has a face of great sweetness.†

Derwent Coleridge I saw at Wordsworth's. He is a hearty boy, with a good-natured expression. Of literature not much was said. Literature is now Southey's trade; he is a manu-

* Hartley Coleridge is the author of "Northern Worthies," and numerous beautiful poems. His life was written by his brother Derwent.

† Afterwards Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, the editor of many of her father's works.

facturer, and his workshop is his study, — a very beautiful one certainly, but its beauty and the delightful environs, as well as his own celebrity, subject him to interruptions. His time is his wealth, and I shall therefore scrupulously abstain from steal ing any portion of it.

September 11th. — I left Torlonia and his tutor with feelings almost of friendship, certainly of respect and regard, and I look forward with pleasure to the continuance of our acquaintance.

*Rem.** — The tutor was gentlemanly in his manners, and as liberal as a sincere Roman Catholic could be. The young man was reserved and well-bred, but already an artificial character, so that I was prepared for what I afterwards experienced from him.†

September 10th. — After I had taken a cold dinner, Mr. Wordsworth came to me, and between three and four we set out for Cockermouth ; he on horseback, I on foot. We started in a heavy shower, which thoroughly wetted me. The rain continued with but little intermission during a great part of the afternoon, and therefore the fine scenery in the immediate neighborhood of Keswick was entirely lost. The road, too, was so very bad, that all my attention was requisite to keep my shoes on my feet. I have no recollection of any village or of any scenery, except some pleasing views of the lake of Bassenthwaite, and of Skiddaw, from which we seemed to recede so little, that even when we were near Cockermouth the mountain looked near to us. In the close and interesting conversation we kept up, Mr. Wordsworth was not quite attentive to the road, and we lost our way. A boy, however, who guided us through some terribly dirty lanes, put us right. By this time it was become dark, and it was late before we reached the Globe at Cockermouth.

If this were the place, and if my memory were good, I could enrich my journal by retailing Wordsworth's conversation. He is an eloquent speaker, and he talked upon his own art, and his own works, very feelingly and very profoundly ; but I cannot venture to state more than a few intelligible results, for I own that much of what he said was above my com prehension.

He stated, what I had before taken for granted, that most of his lyrical ballads were founded on some incident he had

* Written in 1851.

† See a future chapter in reference to H. C. R.'s residence in Rome.

witnessed or heard of. He mentioned the origin of several poems.

"Lucy Gray," * that tender and pathetic narrative of a child mysteriously lost on a common, was occasioned by the death of a child who fell into the lock of a canal. His object was to exhibit poetically entire *solitude*, and he represents the child as observing the day-moon, which no town or village girl would even notice.

The "Leech-Gatherer" † he did actually meet near Grasmere, except that he gave to his poetic character powers of mind which his original did not possess.

The fable of "The Oak and the Broom" ‡ proceeded from his beholding a rose in just such a situation as he described the broom to be in. Perhaps, however, all poets have had their works suggested in like manner. What I wish I could venture to state after Wordsworth is his conception of the manner in which the mere fact is converted into poetry by the power of imagination.

He represented, however, much as, unknown to him the German philosophers have done, that by the imagination the mere fact is exhibited as connected with that infinity without which there is no poetry.

He spoke of his tale of the dog, called "Fidelity." § He says he purposely made the narrative as prosaic as possible, in order that no discredit might be thrown on the truth of the incident. In the description at the beginning, and in the moral at the end, he has alone indulged in a poetic vein; and these parts, he thinks, he has peculiarly succeeded in.

He quoted some of the latter poem, and also from "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves," ‖ to show he had connected even the kitten with the great, awful, and mysterious powers of nature. But neither now, nor in reading the Preface to Wordsworth's new edition of his poems, have I been able to comprehend his ideas concerning poetic imagination. I have not been able to raise my mind to the subject, further than this, that imagination is the faculty by which the poet conceives and produces — that is, images — individual forms, in which are embodied universal ideas or abstractions. This I do comprehend, and I find the most beautiful and striking illustrations of this faculty in the works of Wordsworth himself.

* Wordsworth's "Poetical Works." Vol. I. p. 156.
† "Resolution and Independence." Vol. II. p. 124.
‡ Vol. II. p. 20.
§ Vol. IV. p. 207.
‖ Vol. II. p. 61.

The incomparable twelve lines, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways,"* ending, "The difference to me!" are finely imagined. They exhibit the powerful effect of the loss of a very obscure object upon one tenderly attached to it. The opposition between the apparent strength of the passion and the insignificance of the object is delightfully conceived, and the object itself well portrayed.

September 12th. — This was a day of rest, but of enjoyment also, though the amusement of the day was rather social than arising from the beauties of nature.

I wrote some of my journal in bed. After my breakfast I accompanied Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Hutton, and a Mr. Smith to look at some fields belonging to the late Mr. Wordsworth,† and which were to be sold by auction this evening. I may here mention a singular illustration of the maxim, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Mr. Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, "Is it true, — as I have heard reported, — that Mr. Wordsworth ever wrote verses?"

September 13th. — This morning I rose anxious to find the change of weather of which yesterday had afforded us a reasonable hope. For a time I was flattered by the expectation that summer would come at last, though out of season; but the clouds soon collected, and the day, to my great regret, though still not to the loss of my spirits or temper, proved one of the worst of my journey.

I wrote in my journal till I was called to accompany Wordsworth and Mr. Hutton. They were on horseback. The first part of our road, in which one lofty and precipitous rock is a noble object, lay to the right of the mountains in Lorton Vale, which we skirted at a distance. As we advanced the weather grew worse. We passed Lampleugh Cross, and when we came near the vale of Ennerdale, and were at the spot where the vale is specially beautiful and interesting, the mist was so thick as to obscure every object. Nothing was distinguishable. We crossed the bridge at Ennerdale, and there the road led us over Cold Fell. Cold and fell certainly were the day and the scene. It rained violently, so that it was with difficulty I could keep up my umbrella. The scene must be wild at any time. The only object I could discern was a sort of naked glen on our

* "Resolution and Independence." Vol. I. p. 215.

† Wordsworth's eldest brother, Richard, who was Solicitor to the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods and Forests.

right; a secluded spot, rendered lively, however, by a few farm-houses. As we descended the fell the weather cleared up, and I could discern an extensive line of the Irish Sea. And as we approached Calder Bridge we beheld the woods of Ponsonby, in which Calder Abbey stands, together with an interesting champaign scene of considerable extent. I ought not to omit that it was on this very Cold Fell that Mr. Wordsworth's father lost his way, and spent a whole night. He was instantly taken ill, and never rose again from the attack. He died in a few weeks.

The dreary walk had been relieved by long and interesting conversations, sometimes on subjects connected with the business arising out of the late Mr. Wordsworth's will, and sometimes on poetry.

We had, too, at the close of the walk, a very great pleasure. We turned out of the road to look at the ruins of Calder Abbey. These ruins are of small extent, but they are very elegant indeed. The remains of the centre arches of the Abbey are very perfect. The four grand arches, over which was the lanthorn of the church, are entire. There are also some pillars, those of the north side of the nave, and one or two low Norman doors, of great beauty. We inserted our names in a book left in a small apartment, where are preserved some remains of sculpture and some Roman inscriptions.

At half a mile distance is the inn at Calder Bridge, where we dined and took tea. Wordsworth was fatigued, and therefore, after an hour's chat, he took the *Quarterly Review*, and I took to my journal, which I completed at twelve o'clock.

I omitted to notice that I read yesterday Southey's article on the Poor, in the last *Quarterly Review*, a very benevolently conceived and well-written article, abounding in excellent ideas, and proving that, though he may have changed his opinions concerning governments and demagogues, he retains all his original love of mankind, and the same zeal to promote the best interests of humanity.

September 14th. — (Ravenglass.) We left our very comfortable inn, the Fleece at Calder Bridge, after breakfast. The day appeared to be decidedly bad, and I began to despair of enjoying any fine weather during my stay in the country. As I left the village, I doubly regretted going from a spot which I could through mist and rain discern to be a delicious retreat, more resembling the lovely secluded retirements I have often seen in Wales, than anything I have met with on the present

journey. We had but seven miles to walk. We were now near the sea, with mountains on our left hand. We, however, went to see the grounds of an Admiral Lutwidge, at Holm Rook; and, sending in a message to the master of the house, he came out, and dryly gave the gardener permission to accompany us over the garden. He eyed us closely, and his manner seemed that of a person who doubted whether we were entitled to the favor we asked. The grounds are pleasingly laid out. The Irt — to-day at least a rapid river — runs winding in a valley which has been planted on each side. From the heights of the grounds fine views may be seen on fine days. We went into a hot-house, and after admiring the rich clusters of grapes, were treated with a bunch of them.

Having ascertained that we could cross the estuary of the Mite River, we came to Ravenglass by the road next the sea, and found Mr. Hutton in attendance.

I was both wet and dirty, and was glad, as yesterday, to throw myself between the blankets of a bed and read the *Quarterly Review*. A stranger joined us at the dinner-table, and after dinner we took a stroll beyond the village. Near Ravenglass, the Esk, the Irt, and the Mite flow into the sea; but the village itself lies more dismally than any place I ever saw on a sea-shore; though I could hear the murmur of the sea, I could barely see it from a distance. Sand-hills are visible on each side in abundance.

The place consists of a wretched street, and it has scarcely a decent house, so that it has not a single attraction or comfort in bad weather. On a clear day, I understand, there are fine views from the adjacent hills.

The auction — of some pieces of land — did not begin till we had taken tea. This is the custom in this country. Punch is sent about while the bidding is going on, and it is usual for a man to go from one room to another, and report the bidding which is made in the rooms where the auctioneer is not. While I have been writing this page, I have continually heard the voice of this man.

I have also been once down stairs, but the passage is crowded by low people, to whom an auction must be an extraordinary and remarkable occurrence in a place so secluded and remote as this, and who, besides, contrive to get access to the punch-bowl. I have been reading the article in the *Quarterly Review* about Madame la Roche Jacquelein, by Southey. It is very interesting, like the *Edinburgh* review of the same work, — a

good epitome of the narrative. But though I am removed sufficiently from the bustle of the auction not to be disturbed by it, yet the circumstances are not favorable to my being absorbed by my book.

I slept in a double-bedded room with Wordsworth. I went early to bed and read till he came up stairs.

September 15th. — On Hardknot Wordsworth and I parted, he to return to Rydal, and I to Keswick.

*Rem.** — Making Keswick my head-quarters, I made excursions to Borrowdale, which surpasses any vale I have seen in the North, to Wastdale, to Crummock Water, and to Buttermere; during a part of the time the weather was favorable. At the last-named place, the landlady of the little inn, the successor to Mary of Buttermere, is a very sweet woman, — even genteel in person and manners. The Southeys and Wordsworths all say that she is far superior to the celebrated Mary.

September 22d. — (Keswick.) Though I felt unwilling to quit this magnificent centre of attractions, yet my calculations last night convinced me that I ought to return. Half of my time, and even more, is spent, and almost half my money. Everything combines to render this the solstice of my excursion.

Having breakfasted, I carried a book to Southey and took leave of the ladies. He insisted on accompanying me, at least to the point where the Thirlmere Road, round the western side of the lake, turns off. I enjoyed the walk. He was both frank and cordial. We spoke freely on politics. I have no doubt of the perfect purity and integrity of his mind. I think that he is an alarmist, though what he fears is a reasonable cause of alarm, viz. a *bellum servile*, stimulated by the press. Of all calamities in a civilized state, none is so horrid as a conflict between the force of the poor, combining together with foresight and deliberation, and that of the rich, the masters, the repositaries of whatever intellectual stores the country possesses. The people, Southey thinks, have just education and knowledge enough to perceive that they are not placed in such a condition as they ought to be in, without the faculty of discovering the remedy for the disease, or even its cause. In such a state, with the habit of combination formed through the agency of benefit societies, as the system of the Luddites †

* Written in 1851.

† Serious riots were caused in 1812, 1814, 1816, and subsequently, by large parties of men under this title. They broke frames and machinery in factories, besides committing other excesses.

shows, judgments are perverted, and passions roused, by such writers as Cobbett and Hunt, and the war is in secret preparing. This seems to be the idea uppermost in Southey's mind, and which has carried him very honestly further than perhaps he ought to be carried in support of government. But he is still, and warmly, a friend to national education, and to the lower classes, and as humane as ever he was. He has convinced me of the perfect exemption of his mind from all dishonorable motives, in the change which has taken place in his practical politics and philosophy.

We conversed also on literature, — on Wordsworth and his own works. He appreciates Wordsworth as he ought. Of his own works he thinks "Don Roderick" by far the best, though Wordsworth prefers, as I do, his "Kehama." Neither of us spoke of his political poems.

September 24th. — (Ambleside.) I called on Wordsworth, who offered to accompany me up Nab Scar, the lofty rocky fell immediately behind and hanging over his house. The ascent was laborious, but the view from the summit was more interesting than any I had before enjoyed from a mountain on this journey. I beheld Rydal Water from the brow of the mountain, and afterwards, under a favorable sun, though the air was far from clear, I saw Windemere, with little interruption, from the foot to the head, Esthwaite Lake, Blelham Tarn, a part of Coniston Lake, a very extensive coast with the estuary near Lancaster, &c., &c. These pleasing objects compensated for the loss of the nobler views from Helvellyn, which I might have had, had I not engaged to dine with De Quincey to-day.

Wordsworth conducted me over the fell, and left me, near De Quincey's house, a little after one. He was in bed, but rose on my arrival. I was gratified by the sight of a large collection of books, which I lounged over. De Quincey, about two, set out on a short excursion with me, which I did not so much enjoy as he seemed to expect. We crossed the sweet vale of Grasmere, and ascended the fell on the opposite corner of the valley to Easdale Tarn. The charm of this spot is the solemnity of the seclusion in which it lies. There is a semicircle of lofty and gray rocks, which are wild and rugged, but promote the repose suggested by the motionless water.

We returned to dinner at half past four, and in an hour De Quincey accompanied me on the mountain road to Rydal Mount, and left me at the gate of Wordsworth's garden-terrace.

I took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, and Miss Hutchinson, and had four hours of conversation as varied and delightful as I ever enjoyed; but the detail ought not to be introduced into a narrative like this.

Wordsworth accompanied me on the road, and I parted from him under the impressions of thankfulness for personal attentions, in addition to the high reverence I felt before for his character. I found De Quincey up, and chatted with him till past twelve.

September 25th. — This was a day of unexpected enjoyment. I lounged over books till past ten, when De Quincey came down to breakfast. It was not till past twelve we commenced our walk, which had been marked out by Wordsworth. We first passed Grasmere Church, and then, going along the opposite side of the lake, crossed by a mountain road into the vale of Great Langdale. The characteristic repose of Grasmere was fully enjoyed by me.

My return from the Lakes comprehended a visit to my friend George Stansfeld,* then settled at Bradford. With him I made an excursion to Halifax, where was then living Dr. Thompson, who, after being an esteemed Unitarian preacher, became a physician. An early death deprived the world of a very valuable member of society, and my friend Mrs. William Pattisson of a cousin, of whom she and her husband had reason to be proud.

At Leeds, I took a bed at Mr. Stansfeld's, Sen. I always feel myself benefited by being with the Stansfeld family. There is something most gratifying in the sight of domestic happiness united with moral worth.

At Norwich, where I joined the Sessions, I heard the city member, William Smith, address his constituents on a petition for parliamentary reform, which he promised to present. I admired the tact with which he gave the people to understand that little good could be expected from their doings, and yet gave no offence.

October 14th. — To-day my journey ends, — a journey of great pleasure; for I had good health, good spirits, and a will determined to be pleased. I had also the advantage of enjoying occasionally the very best society. Otherwise my tour would have been a sad one, having been undertaken in a season the worst which any man recollects, and peculiarly unfavorable to the enjoyment of picturesque scenery.

* See *ante*, p. 150.

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

[No date.]

My dear Sir, — I fear I must have appeared very ungrateful to you, and yet I do not reproach myself for my silence so much as I perhaps ought, for I am conscious how much you and your family, and everything connected with you, have dwelt on my mind since last September, and that I have not lost, and do not fear to lose, the most lively and gratifying recollection of your kindness and attentions. It is these alone that prevent my regretting the selection of such an unpropitious summer for my tour. Did I once see a bright sun in Cumberland or Westmoreland? I very much doubt it.

At last, however, the sun, as if to show how much he could do without any accompaniment whatever, made his appearance in the middle of a Lincolnshire wash, and I actually walked several days with perfect contentment, though I had no other object to amuse me. I was supported by that internal hilarity which I have more than once found an adequate cause of happiness. At some moments, I own, I thought that there was an insulting spirit in the joyous vivacity and freshness with which some flat blotches of water, without even a shore, were curled by the breeze, and made alive and gaudy by moorfowl, small birds, and insects, while floating clouds scattered their shadows over the dullest of heaths. Or was all this to admonish and comfort a humble Suffolk-man, and show him how high the meanest of countries may be raised by sunshine, and how low the most glorious may be depressed by the absence of it, or the interference of a mere vapor?

November 2d. — At ten o'clock I called on the Lambs. Burney was there, and we played a rubber, and afterwards Talfourd stepped in. We had a long chat together.

We talked of puns, wit, &c. Lamb has no respect for any wit which turns on a serious thought. He positively declared that he thought his joke about my "great first cause, least understood," a bad one. On the other hand, he said: "If you will quote any of my jokes, quote this, which is really a good one. Hume and his wife and several of their children were with me. Hume repeated the old saying, 'One fool makes many.' 'Ay, Mr. Hume,' said I, pointing to the company, 'you have a fine family.'" Neither Talfourd nor I could see the excellence of this. However, he related a piece of wit by Coleridge which

we all held to be capital. Lamb had written to Coleridge about one of their old Christ's Hospital masters, who had been a severe disciplinarian, intimating that he hoped Coleridge had forgiven all injuries. Coleridge replied that he certainly had; he hoped his soul was in heaven, and that when he went there he was borne by a host of cherubs, all face and wing, and without anything to excite his whipping propensities!

We talked of Hazlitt's late ferocious attack on Coleridge, which Lamb thought fair enough, between the parties; but he was half angry with Martin Burney for asserting that the praise was greater than the abuse. "Nobody," said Lamb, "will care about or understand the 'taking up the deep pauses of conversation between seraphs and cardinals,' but the satire will be universally felt. Such an article is like saluting a man, 'Sir, you are the greatest man I ever saw,' and then pulling him by the nose."

Sunday, 24th. — I breakfasted with Basil Montagu. Arriving before he was ready to receive me, he put into my hands a sermon by South, on Man as the Image of God, perfect before the Fall, — a most eloquent and profound display of the glories of man in an idealized condition, with all his faculties clarified, as it were, and free from the infirmities of sense. It is absurd to suppose this as the actual condition of Adam, for how could such a being err? But as a philosophical and ideal picture it is of superlative excellence. In treating of the intellect, I observed a wonderful similarity between South and Kant. I must and will read more of this very great and by me hitherto unknown writer.

I read at Montagu's Coleridge's beautiful "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," written in his Jacobinical days, and now reprinted, to his annoyance, by Hunt in the *Examiner*. Also an article on commonplace critics by Hazlitt. His definition of good company excellent, — "Those who live on their own estates and other people's ideas."

December 1st. — This was a pleasantly though idly spent day. I breakfasted with Walter and Torlonia, and then accompanied them to the Portuguese Minister's chapel, where the restoration of the Braganza family to the throne of Portugal was celebrated by a grand performance of mass. I had the advantage of knowing the words, and they assisted my dull sense in properly feeling the import of the music, which I unaffectedly enjoyed. Strutt was there, and declared it was most excellent. "I was like the unbeliever," said he, "and ready

to cry out, 'Almost thou persuadest me.'" I was myself particularly pleased with the finale of the creed, — a triumphant flourish, as if the believer, having declared his faith, went away rejoicing. The transition and the pathetic movements in the *Te Deum* are, from the contrast, very impressive.

Cargill was telling me the other day that in a letter written by Lord Byron to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in his rattling way he wrote: "Wordsworth, stupendous genius! D——d fool! These poets run about their ponds though they cannot fish. I am told there is not one who can angle. D——d fools."

December 2d. — I dined at the Colliers', and afterwards went to Drury Lane with Naylor, who had procured orders and a box for us. We saw "The Iron Chest"; a play of little merit, I think. The psychological interest is all the work of Godwin. Colman has added nothing that is excellent to "Caleb Williams." The underplot is very insipid, and is hardly connected with the main incident. But the acting of Kean was very fine indeed. He has risen again in my esteem. His impassioned disclosure of the secret to Wilford, and his suppressed feelings during the examination of Wilford before the magistrates, were most excellent; though it is to be observed that the acting of affected sensations, such as constrained passion under the mask of indifference, is an easy task. If the poet has well conceived the situation, the imagination of the spectator wonderfully helps the actor. I was at a distance, and yet enjoyed the performance.

December 21st. — Called on Coleridge, and enjoyed his conversation for an hour and a half. He looked ill, and, indeed, Mr. Gilman says he has been very ill. Coleridge has been able to work a great deal of late, and with success. The second and third Lay Sermons and his Poems, and Memoirs of his Life, &c., in two volumes, are to appear. These exertions have been too great, Mr. Gilman says.

Coleridge talked easily and well, with less than his usual declamation. He explained, at our request, his idea of fancy, styling it memory without judgment, and of course not filling that place in a chart of the mind which imagination holds, and which in his Lay Sermon he has admirably described.* Wordsworth's obscure discrimination between fancy and imagination, in his last preface, is greatly illustrated by what Coleridge has here written. He read us some extracts from his new poems,

* H. C. R. had probably in his mind "Biographia Literaria," V. I. pp. 81, 82.

&c., and spoke of his German reading. He praises Steffens and complains of the Catholicism of Schlegel and Tieck, &c.

He mentioned Hazlitt's attack upon him with greater moderation than I expected.

*Rem.** — It was the day after this conversation with Coleridge, that I broke altogether with Hazlitt, in consequence of an article in the *Examiner*,† manifestly written by him, in which he abused Wordsworth for his writings in favor of the King.

After I had cut Hazlitt, Mary Lamb said to me: "You are rich in friends. We cannot afford to cast off our friends because they are not all we wish." And I have heard Lamb say: "Hazlitt does bad actions without being a bad man."

Rem.‡ — My fees during the year had risen from £ 321 15*s.* to £ 355 19 *s.*

At the Spring Assizes we had Baron Wood, a judge who was remarkable for his popular feelings. He was praised by some of our Radicals for being always *against* the Church and King. In one case he exhibited a very strong *moral* feeling, which perhaps betrayed him to an excess. He had a very honorable dislike to prosecutions or actions on the game laws, and this led him to make use of a strong expedient to defeat two actions. A and B had gone out sporting together. The plaintiff brought two actions, and in the action against B called A to prove the sporting by B, and meant to call B to prove the case against A. This was apparent, indeed avowed. But the Baron interposed, when the witness objected to answer a question that *tended* to convict himself. A squabble arising between the counsel, the Baron said to the witness: "I do not ask you whether you ever went out sporting with the defendant, because, if I did, you would very properly refuse to answer. But I ask you this: Except at a time when you might have been sporting with the defendant, did you ever see him sport?"

"Certainly not, my lord."

"Of course you did not."

Then the Baron laughed heartily, and nonsuited the plaintiff. No motion was made to set this nonsuit aside.

It was at the Summer Circuit that Rolfe made his first appearance. He had been at the preceding Sessions. I have a

* Written in 1851.

† The *Examiner* of December 24, 1815, contains some contemptuous remarks on Wordsworth's poetry, signed W.

‡ Written in 1850.

pleasure in recollecting that I at once foresaw that he would become a distinguished man. In my Diary I wrote: "Our new junior, Mr. Rolfe, made his appearance. His manners are genteel; his conversation easy and sensible. He is a very acceptable companion, but I fear a dangerous rival." And my brother asking me who the new man was, I said: "I will venture to predict that you will live to see that young man attain a higher rank than any one you ever saw upon the circuit." It is true he is not higher than Leblanc, who was also a puisne judge, but Leblanc was never Solicitor-General; nor, probably, is Rolfe yet at the end of his career. One day, when some one remarked, "Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land," Rolfe said to me, "Were you ever employed to draw an indictment against a man for not loving his neighbor as himself?"

Rolfe is, by universal repute, if not the very best, at least one of the best judges on the Bench. He is one of the few with whom I have kept up an acquaintance.*

I was advised to attend the Old Bailey Sessions, which I did several times this year; whether beyond this time or not I cannot tell, but I know that it never produced me a fee. And I should say I am glad it did not, except that my not being employed shows that I wanted both a certain kind of talent and a certain kind of reputation. I was once invited by the Sheriffs to dine with the Lord Mayor and the Judges. It was the practice to ask by turns two or three men, both at three and five o'clock. I know not whether this is still done.†

In the autumn of this year died Mrs. Thelwall, for whom I felt a very sincere respect. She was her husband's good angel. Before she died he had become acquainted with a Miss Boyle, who came to him as a pupil to be qualified for the stage. She failed in that scheme, and ultimately became Thelwall's wife, without any imputation on her character. She is still living with her son, and is a Roman Catholic.

* Since writing the above, Baron Rolfe has verified my prediction more strikingly by being created a peer, by the title of Lord Cranworth, and appointed a Vice-Chancellor. Soon after his appointment, he called on me, and I dined with him. I related to Lady Cranworth the anecdote given above, of my conversation with my brother, with which she was evidently pleased. Lady Cranworth was the daughter of Mr. Carr, Solicitor to the Excise, whom I formerly used to visit, and ought soon to find some mention of in my journals. Lord Cranworth continues to enjoy universal respect. — H. C. R., 1851.

Lord and Lady Cranworth continued their friendship for H. C. R. until his death. Lord Cranworth was twice Lord Chancellor.

† It is.

During this year my acquaintance with Hamond continued. I now became acquainted with his cousin Miller, the clergyman, and I for the first time visited his friend Pollock, now Lord Chief Baron. Hamond went to France, having declined an offer by Sergeant Rough, who would have taken him as his private secretary to Demerara. He assigned as a reason that he should be forced to live in the daily practice of insincerity, by subscribing himself the humble servant of those towards whom he felt no humility.

CHAPTER XX.

1817.

FEBRUARY 5th. — I had to-day the pleasure of being reminded of old times, and of having old enjoyments brought back to my mind. I saw for the first time Mrs. Alsop, Mrs. Jordan's daughter, the plainest woman, I should think, who ever ventured on the stage. She, nevertheless, delighted me by the sweet tones of her voice, which frequently startled me by their resemblance to her mother's. Mrs. Alsop has the same, or nearly the same, hearty laugh as Mrs. Jordan, and similar frolicsome antics. The play was a lively Spanish comedy. How I should have enjoyed her acting, if I had not recollected her mother, I cannot tell.

February 8th. — On stepping to my chambers I was surprised by finding there, handsomely framed and glazed, prints of Domenichino's "St. John the Evangelist," * and of the "Madonna di S. Sisto," by Müller. The latter engraving delighted me beyond expression. As I considered the original painting the finest I had ever seen, twelve years ago, so I deem the print the very finest I ever saw.

February 11th. — I called late on Aders. He informed me that the fine engravings I found at my chambers on Saturday are a present from Mr. Aldebert. The Madonna diffuses a

* The original picture of the inspired Evangelist about to write, and the eagle bringing him the pen, from which Christian Frederich Müller took his engraving, was formerly at Stuttgart, in the Frommann Collection, and is now the property of Prince Narischkin, in St. Petersburg. There is an excellent repetition of this picture (formerly in the Orleans Gallery) at Castle Howard, belonging to the Earl of Carlisle.

serenity and delight beyond any work of art I am acquainted with. I hope it will be my companion through life.* What a companion for a man in prison! I read at night a very ill-written German book about Raphael by one Braun,† but which will nevertheless assist me in acquiring the knowledge about Raphael's works in general which I am anxious to possess.

March 11th. — (On Circuit at Aylesbury.) We dined with Baron Graham, and the dinner was more agreeable than any I ever had with any judge. The Baron was very courteous and chatty. He seemed to enjoy talking about old times when he attended the Circuit as counsel. It was, he said, forty years this spring since he first attended the Circuit. "At that time," he said, "there were three old Sergeants, Foster, Whitaker, and Sayer. They did business very ill, so that Leblanc and I soon got into business, almost on our first coming." Whitaker, in particular, he spoke of as a man who knew nothing of law, — merely loved his joke. Foster did know law, but could not speak. He spoke of Leblanc in terms of great praise. He had the most business-like mind of any man he ever knew. He was exceedingly attentive and laborious. He regularly analyzed every brief in the margin. He had pursued the habit through life. He talked a good deal about the late George Harding. He said he came into life under auspices so favorable, and he possessed so great talent, that with ordinary discretion and industry he might have attained the highest honors of the profession. He was an eloquent speaker and a fine scholar, but a child in legal knowledge. He would cram himself to make a set speech, and he would succeed, but in a week's time be unable to state even the principles on which the case turned. He was nephew to Lord Camden, then very popular, and his uncle expected everything from his nephew. He had therefore great business at once; but the best clients soon left him. "And," said the Baron, "we must draw a veil over his latter years."

Friday, 14th. — (At Bedford.) Only one case was interesting. It was a *Qui tam* action by Dr. Free, rector of Sutton, against Sir Montague Burgoyne, Bart., the squire of the parish, to recover £ 20 a month for Sir Montague's not going to church. This was founded on one of the ancient and forgotten statutes,

* These engravings hung on Mr. Robinson's walls till his death, and were left a legacy to a friend greatly attached to art.

† George Christian Braun. Raphael's "Leben und Wirken." Wiesbaden, 8vo. 1815.

unrepealed in fact, but rendered inoperative by the improved spirit of the age. Jameson prosecuted, and he was not sufficiently master of himself to give any effect or spirit to his case. In a hurried manner he stated the law and the facts. He proved the defendant's non-attendance at church. Blosset made for Sir Montague a good and impressive speech. Unluckily he had a good case on the facts, so that the most interesting question as to the existence of the act itself was evaded. He proved that during many of the months there was no service in the church, it being shut up, and that the defendant was ill during the rest of the time; so that on the merits he had a verdict.

*Rem.** — Baron Graham was fidgety, and asked Sergeant Blosset whether the act was not repealed by the Toleration Act. "My client," said the Sergeant, "would rather be convicted than thought to be a Dissenter." † It appeared that, to make assurance doubly sure, the Bishop's chaplain was in court, with the Bishop's written declaration that the defendant, if he had offended, was reconciled to the church. If this declaration were presented, after verdict and before judgment, no judgment could be entered up. A few years ago, Sir Edward Ryan being one of a commission to report on the penal laws in matters of religion, I mentioned this case to him, and it is noticed in the report. Parson Free was, after much litigation, and a great expense to the Bishop of London, deprived of his living for immorality. His case illustrated the fact that, while bishops have, perhaps, too much power over curates, they have certainly too little over the holders of livings.

April 5th.— (At Bury.) A Mr. P——, a Methodist preacher, called to consult with me on account of an interruption which took place while preaching at Woolpit. After this business subject had been discussed, we talked on religious matters, and I questioned Mr. P—— concerning the Arminian notion about Grace. I could not quite comprehend Pascal's letters on the doctrine of *Grace suffisante* and *Grace efficace*. Nor did Mr. P—— relieve me from the difficulties entertained on the subject. The Wesleyan Methodists, it seems, maintained that a *measure of Grace* is given to all men; but since all men do not

* Written in 1851.

† The Toleration Act, 1 William and Mary, Chap. XVIII. Sec. 16, continued the old penalties for non-attendance at Divine Service on the Lord's Day, unless for the sake of attending some place of worship to which that Act gives toleration.

avail themselves of this, I inquired why not. Mr. P—— answered they were not disposed. On my asking what gave the disposition, he replied: "God's influence." — "That, then," said I, "must be Grace." — "Certainly." — "Then it seems God gives a measure of grace to all men, and to some an additional portion, without which the common measure is of no use!" He could not parry the blow. This common measure is a subterfuge, to escape the obvious objections to the Calvinistic notion of election and reprobation, but nothing is gained by it. The difficulty is shoved off, not removed.

April 10th. — (Witham.) I spent the forenoon with Mrs. Pattisson, reading to her Pope's "Ethical Epistles," which were new to her, and which she enjoyed exceedingly. We had much to talk about besides. Sir Thomas Lawrence had given great delight to Mr. and Mrs. Pattisson, by informing them that the picture of the boys was at length gone, after a delay of six years, to the exhibition.*

May 2d. — I went in the forenoon into B. R.,† Westminster. After my return I had a call from Robert Southey, the Laureate. I had a pleasant chat and a short walk with him. He spoke gayly of his "Wat Tyler." He understood thirty-six thousand copies had been printed.‡ He was not aware how popular he was when he came to town. He did not appear to feel any shame or regret at having written the piece at so early an age as twenty. He wrote the drama in three mornings, anno 1794. We spoke of his letter to W. Smith,§ of which I thought and spoke favorably. I did not blame Southey, but commended him, for asserting the right of all men, who are wiser at forty than at twenty years of age, to act on such superiority of wisdom. "I only wish," I added, "that you had not appeared to have forgotten some political truths you had been early impressed with. Had you said: 'It is the people who want reform *as well as* the government,' instead of '*not* the government,' I should have been content." Southey answered: "I spoke of the present time only. I am still a friend to Reform."

* See *ante*, p. 220. † King's Bench.

‡ The original edition was published in 1794. The edition referred to is doubtless the one published by Sherwood, in 1817, "with a preface suitable to recent circumstances." Against this edition Southey applied for an injunction, but Lord Eldon refused to grant it, the tendency of the work being mischievous. — Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual."

§ This letter was a reply to remarks by W. Smith, in the House of Commons, on "Wat Tyler," and is intended as a vindication of the author's right to change his opinions.

May 8th. — I went into the King's Bench. There I heard the news which had set all Westminster Hall in motion. Gifford has been appointed Solicitor-General.* Gifford's father was a Presbyterian grocer at Exeter. He was himself articled to an attorney, and was never at a university. He was formerly a warm Burdettite! On the other hand, I believe he has long abandoned the conventicle, and has been quiet on political subjects, if he has not changed his opinions. He is patronized by Gibbs. Both are natives of Exeter.

My only concern is that a man hitherto universally beloved should thus early in life be in danger of making bankrupt of his conscience, which Lord Bacon says has been the fate of so many who have accepted the offices of Attorney-General and Solicitor-General.

May 17th. — Another uncomfortable forenoon. It was rendered interesting by the arraignment of Watson and three other men brought up to plead to a charge of high treason for the Spa Fields Riots.† Watson has a face much resembling Sergeant Copley's in profile. The other three men, Preston, Hooper, and Thistlethwaite, had countenances of an ordinary stamp. All of them, on being arraigned, spoke like men of firmness and with the air of public orators, — a sort of *forumizing* tone and manner. I was made melancholy by the sight of so many persons doomed probably to a violent death within a few weeks. They did not require counsel to be assigned them in court. Watson inquired whether they might speak for themselves if they had counsel. Lord Ellenborough answered: "You are not deprived of the power of addressing the court by having counsel assigned you," — rather an ambiguous answer. On entering the court, the prisoners, who had been separated for some time, shook hands with each other in an affecting manner, their hands being below the bar, and they seemed to do it as by stealth. All but Preston seemed unconcerned.

There was a comic scene also exhibited. One Hone,‡ of Fleet Street, was brought up at his own suggestion. He

* Afterwards Lord Gifford, and Master of the Rolls.

† In 1816 meetings were held in Spa Fields to petition the Prince in behalf of the distressed manufacturing classes. The first meeting was held on the 15th November: thirty thousand persons were said to be present. After the second meeting, held December 2d, what was called the Spa Fields riot took place; gunsmiths' shops were broken into to procure arms. In one of the shops, a Mr. Platt was seriously wounded. The riot was quelled by the military, but not before considerable damage had been done.

‡ The bookseller, whose trial by Lord Ellenborough will be referred to hereafter.

moved to be discharged on the ground of ill-treatment on his arrest. One ground of his motion was, that on the commitment it was said he had prayed an imparlance to next Term to plead. He put in an affidavit that he had done no such thing. Lord Ellenborough said that his refusal to plead was a constructive demand of time. He was again asked whether he would plead, and refused. He was remanded. Shepherd appeared for the first time as Attorney-General on this occasion.

May 19th. — I devoted the forenoon to the Nashes. It being the last day of Term, I felt no obligation to attend in court. I went into the British Museum. For the first time I saw there the Elgin Marbles. Mr. Nash, with his characteristic simplicity, exclaimed, "I would as soon go into a church pit!" Indeed, how few are there who ought not to say so, if men ought on such subjects to avow their want of feeling! It requires science and a habit of attention to subdue the first impression produced by the battered and mutilated condition in which most of these celebrated fragments remain. Of the workmanship I can understand nothing. The sentiment produced by the sight of such *posthumous* discoveries is, however, very gratifying.

May 26th. — After dining at the Colliers' I walked to Newington, and took tea with Mrs. Barbauld. I found that Dr. Aikin had been very seriously ill. Mrs. Barbauld herself retains her health and faculties, and is an interesting instance of a respected and happy old age. I played chess with her, and then went to Becher late.

Tuesday, 27th. — I spent the forenoon at home, and I made one or two calls. On Thelwall; for, though I could not cordially congratulate him on a marriage to a girl scarcely twenty (he being perhaps sixty), yet I thought I might, without impropriety, do an act of courtesy. I found him well, his bride but poorly. She looked more interesting as an invalid; and as her manners were retiring she pleased me better than when I saw her as Miss Boyle, — a candidate for the stage.

June 9th. — The high-treason trials of Watson and others, for the Spa Fields transactions, began to-day.

11th. — To-day Castle, the government informer, was examined seven and a half hours by Gurney.

12th. — This day I was again in court from past eight till near seven, excepting dinner-time. The principal interest to-day arose from the cross-examination of Castle by Wetherell,* from which it resulted that he had been guilty of uttering

* Afterwards Sir Charles Wetherell, Attorney-General.

forged notes, and had, as King's evidence, hanged one accomplice and transported another, though the latter pleaded guilty. He had been concerned in setting at liberty some French officers, to which business he was recommended by a person he had visited in Tothill Fields Prison, and who has since been hanged. There were other things against him. So absolutely infamous a witness I never heard of. It appeared, too, from his own statement, that he was the principal actor in this business throughout. He was the plotter and contriver of most of the overt acts, and the whole conspiracy was his. It also appeared that he was furnished with pocket-money by Mr. Stafford, the Bow Street office clerk; and Mr. Stafford also gave him money to send away his wife, who might have been a witness to confirm his testimony. This latter disgraceful fact, I have no doubt, weighed greatly with the jury.

June 13th. — This day, like the preceding, I passed in court, from a little after eight till near six; and I could get no dinner, as Wetherell was speaking for the prisoner Watson. Wetherell's speech was vehement and irregular, and very unequal, with occasional bursts of eloquence that produced a great effect. But the reasoning was very loose; he rambled sadly, and his boldness wanted discretion and propriety. He kept on his legs five hours and a half; but my attention could not follow him throughout, and the latter half-hour I was away, for an interesting engagement forced me to leave the court before six o'clock.

I dined at Mr. Green's, No. 22 Lincoln's Inn Fields.* Coleridge and Ludwig Tieck were of the party. It was an afternoon and evening of very high pleasure indeed.

Ludwig Tieck has not a prepossessing exterior. He has a shrewd clever face, but I should rather have thought him an able man of the world than a romantic poet. He was not the greatest talker to-day; indeed, the course of the conversation led others to give him information, but what he did say was sensible and judicious. Coleridge was not in his

* Joseph Henry Green, the eminent surgeon. He was the intimate friend of Coleridge. In 1818 he became associated with Sir Astley Cooper as Lecturer at St. Thomas's Hospital, and was for many years Professor and Lecturer on Anatomy at the Royal Academy of Arts, both at Somerset House and in Trafalgar Square. In 1840 and 1847 he delivered the Hunterian oration. His portrait hung over the chimney-piece in Coleridge's bedroom at Highgate, and I remember seeing it there when I went with my father to see the room after Coleridge's death. My father made an elaborate drawing of the room, which was afterwards lithographed. J. H. Green died 1863, December 13, aged 71, at Hadley, near Barnet. — G. S.

element. His German was not good, and his English was not free. He feared he should not be understood if he talked his best. His eloquence was, therefore, constrained.

Tieck's journey to England is undertaken with a view to the study of our old English dramatists, contemporaries of Shakespeare.* He incidentally gave opinions of our elder poets more favorable than I expected. He estimates them highly, as it seems.

June 14th. — After a fortnight's delay, I shall be able to say but little of these days, though they were in part highly interesting. To-day I spent almost entirely in court. It was the most interesting day of Watson's trial. I heard Copley's and Gifford's speeches. Copley spoke with great effect, but with very little eloquence. He spoke for about two and a half hours, and sat down with universal approbation. He said nothing that was not to the purpose. There were no idle or superfluous passages in his speech. He dwelt little on the law, and that was not very good; but his analysis of the evidence of Castle against Watson was quite masterly.

The young Solicitor-General followed him. Opinions were divided about him. I believe envy at his recent appointment contributed to the unfavorable judgments of some men. He certainly began too verbosely, and dwelt injudiciously on unimportant points, but I thought him very acute and able in the latter part of his speech. Yet both Gifford and Copley had less eloquence than Wetherell in the better parts of his speech.

June 16th. — I allowed myself some relief from the trial this morning. I attended, at the auction mart, the sale of chambers No. 5 King's Bench Walk, first floor, for a life and assignment. They sold for 1,355 guineas, and it would have cost me, to substitute my life for that of the present *cestui que vie*, more than £ 100 more; so that I declined bidding, though the chambers are so good, and mine are so bad, that I felt great reluctance at the inability to purchase.

When I went down to Westminster Hall, the jury were out

* Before this visit to England, Tieck had written "Briefen über Shakespeare" (Letters about Shakespeare), in the "Poetisches Journal," 1800, and various articles about him in the "Altenglisches Theatre," 1811 (Old-English Theatre). After the visit he published the following works: "Shakespeare's Vorschule" (Shakespeare's Predecessors), 1823–29; notices of Shakespeare, in his "Dramatische Blätter" (Dramatic Leaves), 1828; a novel called "Dichterleben" (The Life of a Poet), in which Shakespeare is introduced; a treatise on Shakespeare's sonnets, 1826; and, in company with A. W. Schlegel, the famous German translation of Shakespeare, 1825–29.

of court deliberating on their verdict. The second time I went with the Naylors. We met many people in St. Martin's Lane. Their silence led me to augur ill till a drunken fellow shouted out, "England's glory forever!" We soon ascertained the fact that an acquittal had taken place. There were crowds in the street, but quite peaceable. At Westminster Hall, I saw old Combe, Barnes, &c. Every one was pleased, apparently. I afterwards met the mob round a hackney-coach in which Watson was. I called on Walter and on Collier, and I played chess late.

June 18th. — I went to the King's Bench. The three other indicted men were brought up and acquitted, no evidence being given against them. I came away early, and then went into the Middle Temple Garden to see the Waterloo Bridge procession.* The sight was interesting. Vast crowds were visible on the bridge and near it, on the Surrey shore. Flags were hoisted over very pier, and guns discharged on the approach of the royal barges. Several of these barges, with a number of boats forming no part of the ceremony, and yet giving it interest, were on the Thames. These royal barges were rowed round a frigate's boat, on which were flags and music. The great personages present, the Prince, Duke of Wellington, &c., ascended the bridge on the Surrey side, and crossed over; but this we could not see.

I spent the evening in writing a dull review of Coleridge's second Lay Sermon for the *Critical Review*.†

COLERIDGE TO H. C. R.

June, 1817.

MY DEAR ROBINSON, — I shall never forgive you if you do not try to make some arrangement to bring Mr. L. Tieck and yourself up to Highgate very soon. The day, the dinner-hour, you may appoint yourself; but what I most wish would be, either that Mr. Tieck would come in the first stage, so as either to walk or to be driven in Mr. Gilman's gig to Caen Wood, and its delicious groves and alleys (the finest in England, a grand cathedral aisle of *giant* lime-trees, POPE's favorite composition walk when with the old Earl, a brother rogue of yours in the law line), or else to come up to dinner, sleep here, and return (if then return he must) in the afternoon four-o'clock stage the day after. I should be most happy to make him and that

* Constable chose this subject for a picture, which was engraved.
† The *Critical Review*, June, 1817, p. 581.

admirable man, Mr. Frere, acquainted, their pursuits have been so similar; and to convince Mr. Tieck that he is *the* man among us in whom Taste at its maximum has vitalized itself into productive power, — Genius, you need only show him the incomparable translation annexed to Southey's "Cid" (which, by the by, would perhaps give Mr. Tieck the most favorable impression of Southey's own power); and I would finish the work off by Mr. Frere's "Aristophanes." In *such* GOODNESS, too, as both *my* Mr. Frere (the Right Hon. J. H. Frere), and his brother George (the lawyer in Brunswick Square), live, move, and have their being in, there is *Genius*. . . . .

I have read two pages of "Lalla Rookh," or whatever it is called. Merciful Heaven! I dare read no more, that I may be able to answer at once to any questions, "I have but just looked at the work." O Robinson! if I could, or if I dared, act and feel as Moore and his set do, what havoc could I not make amongst their crockery-ware! Why, there are not three lines together without some adulteration of common English, and the ever-recurring blunder of using the possessive case, "*compassion's* tears," &c., for the preposition "of," — a blunder of which I have found no instances earlier than Dryden's slovenly verses written for the trade. The rule is, that the case *'s* is always *personal;* either it marks a person, or a personification, or the relique of some proverbial personification, as, "Who for their belly's sake," in "Lycidas." But for A to weep the tears of B puts me in mind of the exquisite passage in "Rabelais" where Pantagruel gives the page his cup, and begs him to go down into the court-yard, and curse and swear for him about half an hour or so.

God bless you!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Sunday Morning, HIGHGATE.

June 22d. — I sat at home all the forenoon, in the expectation of a call from Tieck. He did not come, so that between one and two I walked to Dalston. The day was not so oppressively hot as it was yesterday, though still the heat was very unusual. After dinner I read Lord Byron's "Manfred" to Mrs. Becher and Miss Lewis. I had occupied myself during the forenoon in writing a critique on this painful poem, which nevertheless has passages of great beauty. The ladies would have been greatly delighted with it, I dare say, if I had encouraged their admiration.

June 24th. — This was a highly interesting day, of which, however, I have not recollected enough to render this note of any interest. I accompanied Ludwig Tieck and Mr. Green in the stage to Kentish Town, whence we walked to Highgate, where we found Coleridge expecting us. Mr. Gilman joined our party, and the forenoon till four was spent very agreeably indeed. We chatted miscellaneously. Coleridge read some of his own poems, and he and Tieck philosophized. Coleridge talked most. Tieck is a good listener, and is an unobtrusive man. He cannot but know his own worth and excellence, but he has no anxiety to make himself and his own works the subject of conversation. He is by no means a zealous Roman Catholic. On the contrary, he says, "With intolerant persons of either party, I take the opposite side." I ventured to suggest the incompatibility of the Catholic religion with any great improvement. He said it was difficult to decide on questions of national character. Without the Catholic religion the people in Catholic countries would be worse. He thought the Spaniards owed their deliverance from the French to their religion. At the same time he admitted that England owes all her greatness and excellence to the Reformation ; and the existence of the Catholic system as such requires the existence of Protestantism. This is a very harmless Catholicism.

He spoke with great love of Goethe, yet censured the impious Prologue to "Faust," and wishes an English translation might be made from the earlier edition written in Goethe's youth. He does not speak kindly of Voss. Of the Schlegels he did not say much. He does not like Flaxman's Lord Mansfield, but appears to entertain a high opinion of him still. (By the by, sitting near Sam Rogers on Talma's night at the Opera House, and mentioning Flaxman, Rogers said that Canova seemed not very willing to praise Flaxman, saying his designs were "pretty inventions." "Invention," said Rogers, "is precisely what Canova wants.")

Coleridge related anecdotes of himself in Germany very pleasantly indeed.

June 26th. — This was another idle day. I called on Tieck, and chatted with him about his tour in England, and went to the Westminster Library for books to assist him in travelling. I also conversed with Baron Burgsdorf, a sensible man, who is anxious to obtain information about our English courts of justice. I dined in the Hall, and after dinner Talfourd chatted with me. I took a hasty cup of tea at the Colliers', and at

nine I went to the Opera House Concert Room, and heard Talma and Mdlle. Georges recite. I grudged a guinea for payment, but I do not regret having gone.

Talma performed a scene out of La Harpe's "Philoctète," and out of "Iphigenia in Tauris." His first appearance disappointed me. He has little gray eyes, too near each other, and, though a regular and good face, not a very striking one. His voice is good, but not peculiarly sweet. His excellence lies in the imitation of intense suffering. He filled me with horror, certainly, as Philoctète, but it was mingled with disgust. Bodily pain is no fit or legitimate subject for the drama; and too often he was merely a man suffering from a sore leg. Of his declamation I do not presume to judge. The character of Orestes affords finer opportunities of display. The terror he feels when pursued by the Furies was powerfully communicated, and his tenderness towards Pylades on parting was also exquisite. Mdlle. Georges had more to do, but she gave me far less pleasure. Her acting I thought radically bad. Instead of copying nature in the expression of passion, according to which the master feeling predominates over all the others, she merely minces the words. If in the same line the words *crainte* and *joie* occur, she apes fear and joy by outrageous pantomime; and in the suddenness of the transition forces applause from those who are glad to understand something, and gratefully applaud what has enabled them to understand. Her acting appeared to me utterly without feeling. She pleased me best in "Athalie," — the scene where she recounts the dream and first appearance of Joad. Her imprecations against Horace for slaying her lover were, I thought, violent without being sincere; and her performance of the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" was very poor. In the French play, Macbeth keeps in confinement a son of Duncan, and Lady Macbeth is contemplating his murder as well as the former murders she had committed, by which the fine moral taught by Shakespeare is quite lost. But the French author could not conceive, I dare say, why a successful murder of former days should excite any remorse or anxiety.

I chatted with Rogers the poet. He informs me that Madame de Staël is considered in great danger.

June 28th. — At six I dined with Pollock.* A genteel dinner-party. Coleridge and Mr. and Mrs. John Ray, &c. The afternoon went off exceedingly well. An anecdote was told of

* Afterwards Chief Baron.

Horne Tooke, very characteristic and probable. At school, he was asked *why* he put a word in some case or mood, and answered, "I do not know," for which he was instantly flogged. Another boy was then asked, who repeated the grammatical rule, and took his place in the class. On this Tooke cried. His master asked him what he meant, and Tooke said: "I knew the rule as well as he did, but you did not ask for the rule, but the reason. You asked *why* it is so, and I do not know that now." The master is said to have taken him aside and given him a Virgil in memory of the injustice done him, of which Virgil Tooke was very proud.

I went late to Tieck, and chatted some time about the books, &c. he had still to buy.

June 29th. — I had more conversation with Tieck this evening than before on general literary subjects. He is well read in the English dramatic literature, having read all the English plays which were accessible in Germany; and he has a decision of opinion which one wonders at in a foreigner. He has no high opinion of Coleridge's critique, but he says he has learned a great deal from Coleridge, who has glorious conceptions about Shakespeare (*herrliche Ideen*). Coleridge's conversation he very much admires, and thinks it superior to any of his writings. But he says there is much high poetry in "Christabel." He thinks well of the remarks on language in Lord Chedworth's book about Shakespeare,* and that Strutt's remarks are acute. Of Ben Jonson he thinks highly. The pieces he distinguished were "Bartholomew Fair" (perhaps his best piece), "The Devil is an Ass," "The Alchymist," "The Fox," "The Silent Woman," &c. He says his work on Shakespeare will be minute as to the language, which, he thinks, underwent changes. Of German literature he does not speak promisingly. The popular writers (such as Fouqué) he despises, and he says that unhappily there have sprung up a number of imitators of himself. He praises Solger's work † very much, and he is the only recent writer whom he mentioned. Of Goethe he spoke with less enthusiasm than I expected, but with as much as he ought, perhaps. The want of religion in Goethe is a great scandal to Tieck, I have no doubt. His later writings, Tieck thinks, are somewhat loquacious.

* "Notes upon some of the Obscure Passages in Shakespeare's Plays." By the late Right Hon. John Lord Chedworth. London, 1805. Privately printed.

† "Erwin, vier Gespräche über das Schöne und die Kunst" (Four Conversations on the Beautiful and Art). 1815. A more systematic work by him entitled "Vorlesungen über die Æsthetik" (Lectures on Æsthetics), 1829, was published after his death.

*Rem.** — This summer I made my second visit to Paris. Of places I shall write nothing, but a few personal incidents may be mentioned.

I undertook to escort my sister, who had a companion in Esther Nash. And my nephew was the fourth to fill the carriage which we hired at Calais. My brothers crossed the water with us. We slept at Dover on the 15th of August, and reached Paris on the 21st, — six days on the road. Last year I left Paris after a comfortable breakfast, and slept at Dover; my travelling companion, however, reached London the same night, and would have gone to a ball, if he had not unexpectedly found his family at home.

At Paris were then dwelling, under the care of the celebrated Madame Campan, the two Miss Hutchisons, who accompanied us repeatedly in our sight-seeings. To the youngest my nephew was then betrothed. We were at the Hôtel Valois, Rue Richelieu, from whence we issued daily to see the well-known sights of Paris. Our acquaintances were not numerous. The ladies knew Miss Benger, with whom was Miss Clarke, and were glad to be introduced to Helen Maria Williams.† Her nephews were then become young men, — at least the elder, Coquerel, now the eloquent and popular preacher, and a distinguished member of the House of Representatives. He has managed to retain his post of preacher at the Oratoire. His theology was then sufficiently pronounced, and indicated what has been since made public. There was a manifest disinclination to enter on matters of controversy, and he had the authority of his own church to justify him. He informed me of the commands issued by the ecclesiastical council of the once too orthodox church of Geneva, and addressed to the clergy, to abstain from preaching on the Trinity, Eternity of Hell, Corruption of Human Nature, and Original Sin, between which last two doctrines French theologians make a distinction.

Professor Froriep of Weimar was then at Paris. He introduced me to a remarkable man, — Count Schlaberndorf, about seventy years of age, a Prussian subject, a cynic in his habits,

* Written in 1851.

† Mr. Robinson had been introduced to Miss Williams by Mrs. Clarkson in 1814. Miss Williams wrote several works in connection with the political state of France, as a Republic and as an Empire. She also wrote a novel called "Julia," "A Tour in Switzerland," "Miscellaneous Poems," and "Poems on various Occasions." During her residence in Paris, which extended over many years, she was, by Robespierre, confined for some time in the Temple.

though stately in figure and gentlemanly in his air. He was residing in a very dirty apartment in the third floor of the Hôtel des Siciles, Rue Richelieu. His hands and face were clean, but his dress, consisting of a bedgown of shot satin of a dark color, was very dirty. He had a gray beard, with bushy hair, mild eyes, handsome nose, and lips hid by whiskers. He came to France at the beginning of the Revolution; was in prison during the Reign of Terror, and escaped. That he might not be talked about, he lived on almost nothing. On my answering his French in German, he replied with pleasure, and talked very freely. His vivacity was very agreeable, and without any introduction he burst at once upon the great social questions of the age. In my journal I wrote: "He comes nearer my idea of Socrates than any man I ever saw, except that I think Socrates would not have dressed himself otherwise than his fellow-citizens did." He spoke of his first arrival in France. "I used to say," he said, "I was a republican, and then there were no republics. The Revolution came, and then I said: 'There are republics, and no republicans.'" I asked him how he came to be arrested. He said: "On the denunciation of a political fanatic, a kind-hearted and very benevolent man. He probably reasoned thus: 'Why is this stranger and nobleman here? What has he done for which the Allies would hang him? He is therefore a suspicious character. If he is guilty, he ought to be secured; if he is a republican and innocent, he will be reconciled to a fate which the public interest requires.' That was the logic of the day. When I was arrested I had but 300 francs. It was not safe to attempt getting any supply by means of writing, so I lived on bread and boiled plums." Froriep inquired why he did not return to Germany. He said: "I should be made a centre of intrigues. I am a reformer, but an enemy to revolutions." He metaphysicized obscurely. Yet he distinguished fairly enough between patriotism and nationality. He denied the one, but allowed the other to the English aristocracy, who would sell the liberties of the people to the crown, but not the crown to a foreign power.

During my stay at Paris I renewed my acquaintance with Grégoire.* He had been unjustly expelled from the Legislative Body, on the ground that he had voted for the death of Louis XVI. In fact, he voted him guilty, but voted against the punishment of death in any case, and that he should be

* *Vide* 1814, *ante*, p. 283.

the first spared under the new law. No wonder that Louis XVIII. ordered his name to be struck out of the list of members of the Institute, and that he should be otherwise disgraced. Without being one of the *great* men of the Revolution, he was among the best of the popular party. He was certainly a pious man, as all the Jansenists were, — the Methodists of the Catholic Church, — with the inevitable inconsistencies attached to all who try to reconcile private judgment with obedience. He affirmed, as indeed many Catholics do, that the use of actual water was not indispensable to a saving baptism.

One of the most interesting circumstances of my visit to Paris was that I fell in with Hundleby,* who became one of my most intimate friends. With him and two other solicitors, Walton (a friend of Masquérier) and Andros, I made an excursion to Ermenonville, where Rousseau died, — a wild forest scene precisely suited to that unhappy but most splendid writer.

[Mr. Robinson returned from France on the 20th of September, but visited Brighton, Arundel, and the Isle of Wight after his return, and did not settle down in London till the 4th of October.]

November 6th. — I went to Godwin's. Mr. Shelley was there. I had never seen him before. His youth, and a resemblance to Southey, particularly in his voice, raised a pleasing impression, which was not altogether destroyed by his conversation, though it is vehement and arrogant and intolerant. He was very abusive towards Southey, whom he spoke of as having sold himself to the Court. And this he maintained with the usual party slang. His pension and his Laureateship, his early zeal and his recent virulence, are the proofs of gross corruption. On every topic but that of violent party feeling, the friends of Southey are under no difficulty in defending him. Shelley spoke of Wordsworth with less bitterness, but with an insinuation of his insincerity, &c.

November 9th. — I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, making a fourth with Miss Denman. I enjoyed the afternoon. Flaxman is a delightful man in the purity and simplicity of his feelings and understanding, though an uncomfortable opponent in disputation. I so much fear to offend him, that I have a difficulty in being sincere. I read extracts from Coleridge's

* He has been dead many years. His widow, a daughter of a wealthy man, named Curtis, is now the wife of Mr. Tite, the architect of the Exchange. — H. C. R., 1851. Mr. Tite is M. P. for Bath.

poems. The verses to the Duchess of Devonshire, in particular, pleased him. Certainly Coleridge has shown that he could be courteous and courtly without servility.

November 16th. — The death of the Princess Charlotte has excited more general sorrow than I ever witnessed raised by the death of a royal personage.

November 17th. — I witnessed to-day a scene which would have been a reproach to Turkey, or the Emperor of Dahomey, — a wager of battle in Westminster Hall. Thornton was brought up for trial on an appeal after acquittal for murder.* No one seemed to have any doubt of the prisoner's guilt ; but he escaped, owing to the unfitness of a profound real-property lawyer to manage a criminal trial. For this reason the public sense was not offended by recourse being had to an obsolete proceeding. The court was crowded to excess. Lord Ellenborough asked Reader whether he had anything to move, and he having moved that Thornton should be permitted to plead, he was brought to the bar. The declaration or count being read to him, he said : " Not Guilty. And this I am ready to defend with my body." And at the same time he threw a large glove or gauntlet on to the floor of the court. Though we all expected this plea, yet we all felt astonishment — at least I did — at beholding before our eyes a scene acted which we had read of as one of the disgraceful institutions of our half-civilized ancestors. No one smiled. The judges looked embarrassed. Clarke on this began a very weak speech. He was surprised, " at this time of day," at so obsolete a proceeding ; as if the appeal itself were not as much so. He pointed out the person of Ashford, the appellant, and thought the court would not award battle between men of such disproportionate strength. But being asked whether he had any authority for such a position, he had no better reply than that it was shocking, because the defendant had murdered the sister, that he should then murder the brother. For which Lord Ellenborough justly reproved him, by observing that what the law sanctioned could not be murder. Time was, however, given him to counter-plead, and Reader judiciously said in a single sentence, that he had taken on himself to advise the wager of battle, on account of the prejudices against Thornton, by which a fair trial was rendered impossible.

* An appeal of murder was a criminal prosecution at the suit of the next of kin to the person killed, independently of any prosecution by the Crown, and might take place, as in this case, after an acquittal. The word " appeal," however, has in this usage no reference to former proceedings.

*Rem.** — The appellant, in the following Term, set out all the evidence in replication, it being the ancient law that, when that leaves no doubt, the wager may be declined. Hence a very long succession of pleading, during which Thornton remained in prison. The court ought probably, according to the old law, to have ordered battle, and if the appellant refused, awarded that he should be hanged. To relieve the court and country from such monstrosities, the judgment was postponed, and an Act of Parliament passed to abolish both the wager of battle and the appeal; which some of my Radical city friends thought a wrong proceeding, by depriving the people of one of their means of protection against a bad government; for the King cannot pardon in appeal of murder, and the Ministry may contrive the murder of a friend to liberty.

Tindal and Chitty argued the case very learnedly, and much recondite and worthless black-letter and French lore were lavished for the last time. This recourse to an obsolete proceeding terminated in Thornton's acquittal.

November 19th. — This being the day of the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, all the shops were shut, and the churches everywhere filled with auditors.

November 23d. — I walked to Newington, which I reached in time to dine with Mrs. Barbauld. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aikin were there. The afternoon passed off without any dulness or drowsiness. We had matter for conversation in Mrs. Plumptre, — a subject on which I talk *con amore*, in the wager of battle, and in the Princess's death.

November 25th. — This was to me an anxious day. I had received from Naylor a brief to speak in mitigation of punishment for one Williams, at Portsea, who had sold in his shop two of the famous Parodies, one of the Litany, in which the three estates, Kings, Lords, and Commons, are addressed with some spirit and point on the sufferings of the nation, and the other of the Creed of St. Athanasius, in which the Lord Chancellor, Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Sidmouth are, with vulgar buffoonery, addressed as Old Bags, Derry-Down Triangle, and the Doctor, and the triple Ministerial character spoken of under the well-known form of words.

These parodies had been long overlooked by the late Attorney-General, and he had been reproached for his negligence by both Ministerialists and Oppositionists. At length prosecu-

* Written in 1851.

tions were begun, and the subject was talked of in Parliament. Hone and Carlile had both been prosecuted, and by their outrageous conduct had roused a strong sense of indignation against them. Unhappily this poor Portsea printer was the first brought up for judgment. Applications in his behalf had been made to the Attorney-General, who did not conduct the case with any apparent bitterness. In his opening speech on the Litany, he with considerable feeling, though in a commonplace way, eulogized the Litany, but he admitted to a certain extent the circumstances of mitigation in defendant's affidavit, viz. that he had destroyed all the copies he could, after he had heard of the prosecution.

I then addressed the court, saying that the Attorney-General's speech was calculated to depress a man more accustomed to address the court than I was; but that I thought it appeared, even from the Attorney-General's own words, that there were no circumstances of aggravation arising out of the manner in which the crime was committed. I then dwelt, and I believe impressively, on the hardship of the case for the defendant, who, though the least guilty, was the first brought up for punishment, and deprecated the infliction of an exemplary punishment on him. This was the best part of my speech. I then repeated and enforced the ordinary topics of mitigation.

The Attorney-General then brought on the Creed information, and was rather more bitter than at first, and he was followed by Topping.

I replied, and spoke not so well as at first, and was led by an interruption from Bayley, to observe on the Athanasian Creed, that many believed in the doctrine who did not approve of the commentary. At least my remarks on the Creed were sanctioned by the judgment, which sentenced the defendant, for the Litany, to eight months' imprisonment in Winchester Jail, and a fine of £ 100, and for the Creed to four months' imprisonment.

I stayed in court the rest of the afternoon, and at half past four dined with Gurney. No one but Godfrey Sykes, the pleader, was there. He is an open-hearted, frank fellow in his manner, and I felt kindly towards him on account of the warm praise which he gave to my friend Manning, and of the enthusiasm with which he spoke of Gifford.

December 3d. — Hamond called and chatted on law with me. I walked home with him. He lent me the last *Examiner*. In

the account of my law case, there is a piece of malice. They have put in italics, "Mr. Robinson was ready to agree with his Lordship to the fullest extent"; and certainly this is the part of my speech which I most regret, for I ought to have observed to the court, that the libel is not charged with being against the doctrines of Christianity. I lost the opportunity of saying much to the purpose, when Bayley observed that the libel was inconsistent with the doctrines of Christianity.

December 4th. — I breakfasted early, and soon after nine walked to Dr. Wordsworth's, at Lambeth. I crossed for the first time Waterloo Bridge. The view of Somerset House is very fine indeed, and the bridge itself is highly beautiful; but the day was so bad that I could see neither of the other bridges, and of course scarcely any objects.

I found Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth and the Doctor at breakfast, and I spent a couple of hours with them very agreeably. We talked about poetry. Wordsworth has brought MSS. with him, and is inclined to print one or two poems, as it is the fashion to publish small volumes now. He means then to add them to the "Thanksgiving Ode," &c., and form a third volume. He read to me some very beautiful passages.

December 6th. — I dined with the Colliers, and in the evening Hundleby called on me, and we went together to Covent Garden. I have not been so well pleased for a long time. In "Guy Mannering" there were four interesting performances. First, Braham's singing, the most delicious I ever heard, though I fear his voice is not so perfect as it was; but in this piece I was particularly delighted, as he sang in a style of unstudied simplicity. Second, Liston's Dominie Sampson, an absolutely perfect exhibition. His terror when accosted by Meg Merrilies was the most amusing and correctly natural representation I ever witnessed. Emery's representation of Dandie Dinmont also most excellent; and, though not equal to the other attractions of the piece, Mrs. Egerton gave great effect to Meg Merrilies. But the piece itself is worth nothing.

December 18th. — I spent the greater part of the morning at the King's Bench sittings, Guildhall. Hone's first trial took place to-day. It was for publishing a parody on the Church Catechism, attacking the government. Abbott * sat for Lord Ellenborough. Hone defended himself by a very long and rambling speech of many hours, in which he uttered a thou

* Afterwards Lord Tenterden, Lord Chief Justice of King's Bench.

sand absurdities, but with a courage and promptitude which completely effected his purpose. Abbott was by no means a match for him, and in vain attempted to check his severe reproaches against Lord Ellenborough for not letting him sit down in the King's Bench, when he was too ill to stand without great pain. Hone also inveighed against the system of special juries, and rattled over a wide field of abuses before he began his defence, which consisted in showing how many similar parodies had been written in all ages. He quoted from Martin Luther, from a Dean of Canterbury, and a profusion of writers, ancient and modern, dwelling principally on Mr. Reeves and Mr. Canning.*

Hone had not knowledge enough to give his argument a technical shape. It was otherwise a very good argument. He might have urged, in a way that no judge could object to, that *new* crimes cannot be created without Act of Parliament, and that he ought not to be charged by the present Attorney-General with a crime, in doing what no other Attorney-General had considered to be a crime. Least of all would a jury convict *him* of a crime, who was a known adversary of the government, when others, of an opposite political character, had not been prosecuted. This last point he did indeed urge correctly and powerfully enough.

I left him speaking to go to dinner at Collier's. The trial was not over till late in the evening, when he was acquitted.

I spent the evening at Drury Lane, and saw Kean as Luke in "Riches." † It was an admirable performance. His servile air as the oppressed dependant was almost a caricature. But the energy of his acting when he appeared as the upstart tyrant of the family of his brother was very fine indeed. Though he looked ill in health, and had a very bad voice throughout, still his performance was a high treat. I could not sit out a poor farce called "The Man in the Moon," and came home to a late tea in chambers.

* Hone's defence was that the practice of parodying religious works, even parts of the Holy Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer, had been adopted by men whose religious character was above suspicion. Examples were adduced from Martin Luther, Dr. John Boys, Dean of Canterbury in the reign of James I., Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord Somers, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Reeves. Of Mr. Reeves Hone said: "His name stood in the title-page of the Book of Common Prayer, in most general use, as patentee," "he was a barrister, and had been a commissioner of bankrupts." Having shown from these instances, that parodies were not necessarily disrespectful to the work parodied, and that they had been hitherto allowed, Hone declared that his ought not to be regarded as an exception, and that on this ground, and this alone, he asked for a verdict of "Not Guilty."

† Altered from Massinger's play of "The City Madam."

December 19th. — I went again to the King's Bench, Guildhall. Lord Ellenborough sat to-day. I was curious to see how he would succeed where Abbott had failed, and whether he could gain a verdict on Hone's second trial after a former acquittal. Hone was evidently less master of himself before Ellenborough than before Abbott, and perhaps would have sunk in the conflict, but for the aid he received from the former acquittal. He pursued exactly the same course as before. This charge was for publishing a parody on the Litany, and it was charged both as an anti-religious and a political libel; but the Attorney-General did not press the political count. After a couple of hours' flourishing on irrelevant matter, Hone renewed his perusal of old parodies. On this Lord Ellenborough said he should not suffer the giving them in evidence. This was said in such a way that it at first appeared he would not suffer them to be read. However, Hone said, if he could not proceed in his own way he would sit down, and Lord Ellenborough might send him to prison. He then went on as before. Several times he was stopped by the Chief Justice, but never to any purpose. Hone returned to the offensive topic, and did not quit it till he had effected his purpose, and the judge, baffled and worn out, yielded to the prisoner : —

> "An eagle, towering in the pride of place,
> Was by a moping owl hawked at and killed."

I came away to dinner and returned to the Hall to hear the conclusion of the trial. Shepherd was feeble in his reply. But Lord Ellenborough was eloquent. In a grave and solemn style becoming a judge he declared his judgment that the parody was a profane libel. The jury retired, and were away so long that I left the court, but I anticipated the result.

December 20th. — Having breakfasted early, I went again to the court at Guildhall. The government had, with inconceivable folly, persisted in bringing Hone to a third trial after a second acquittal; and that, too, for an offence of far less magnitude, the publishing a parody on the Athanasian Creed, which the court punished Williams for by a four months' imprisonment, while the parody on the Litany, of which Hone was yesterday acquitted, was punished by eight months' imprisonment and a fine of £ 100. The consequence was to be foreseen. He was again acquitted, after having carried his boldness to insolence. He reproached Lord Ellenborough for his yesterday's charge, and assumed almost a menacing tone. He was, as before, very digressive, and

the greater part of his seven hours' speech consisted of very irrelevant matter. He did not fail to attack the bar, declaring there was not a man who dared to contradict Lord Ellenborough, for fear of losing the ear of the court, — a most indecent, because a most true, assertion. I expected he would fall foul of me, for my speech on behalf of Williams, but I escaped. He drew a pathetic picture of his poverty, and gained the good-will of the jury by showing how much he had already suffered. He declared that, if convicted, his life would be lost, and at the same time he scorned to ask any favor. He was very ill when the trial began, but he would not have it put off, &c.

Before he got into his defence I left the court, and called on Mrs. Meyer. I dined and took tea with the Colliers, and afterwards went to Amyot. I found him liberally disposed on the subject of the late trials. Though he considered the parodies political libels, he thought the Ministry justly taken in for their canting pretence of punishing irreligion and profanity, about which they did not care at all.

To recur to the singular scene of this morning, without a parallel in the history of the country, I cannot but think the victory gained over the government and Lord Ellenborough a subject of alarm, though at the same time a matter of triumph. Lord Ellenborough is justly punished for his inhumanity to Hone on a former occasion, and this illiterate man has avenged all our injuries. Lord Ellenborough reigned over submissive subjects like a despot. Now he feels, and even the bar may learn, that the fault is in them, and not in their stars, if they are underlings.* Lord Ellenborough has sustained the severest shock he ever endured, and I really should not wonder if it shortened his life.†

H. C. R. TO T. R.

December, 1817.

I am quite ashamed of myself. After the notice so attentively sent by my sister about the turkeys, I ought not to have forgotten to write yesterday; but the infirmities of old age

* Mr. Robinson says elsewhere that he never felt able to do his best before Lord Ellenborough.

† Lord Ellenborough resigned his office as Lord Chief Justice on account of ill health in the month of October, 1818, and died on December 13th, in the same year. As to the effect of Hone's trial upon Lord Ellenborough's health, there has always been a difference of opinion.

are growing fast upon me, and loss of memory is the chief.* Of course I do not wish my sister to trouble herself to-morrow, but as soon as she can, I will thank her to send as usual to the Colliers and to Charles Lamb. But the latter, you are to know, is removed to lodgings, and I will thank you to let his turkey be directed minutely to Mr. Lamb, at Mr. Owen's, Nos. 20 and 21 Great Russell Street, Drury Lane.

You have, of course, been greatly interested by the late unparalleled trials. I attended every day, though not during the whole days, and listened with very *mixed* emotions. . . . .

Lord Ellenborough is, after all, one of the greatest men of our age. And though his impatience is a sad vice in a judge, he yet becomes the seat of justice nobly; and in the display of powerful qualities adds to our sense of the dignity of which man is capable. And that a man of an heroic nature should be reduced to very silence, like an imbecile child, is indeed a sad spectacle. And the Attorney-General too, — a mild, gentlemanly, honorable nature. But he suffered little in comparison with the chief, and he conducted himself with great propriety. Hone said, very happily: "It is a pity Mr. Attorney was not instructed to give up this third prosecution. I am sure he would have done it with great pleasure. Had the Ministry given him a hint, — a mere hint, — I am sure he would have taken it."

December 21st. — I breakfasted with Ed. Littledale, and met Burrell and Bright (also at the bar) there. We talked, of course, about the late trials, and Burrell was warm, even to anger, at hearing me express my pleasure at the result. He went so far as to declare I was a mischievous character; but this was said with so much honest feeling, that it did not make me in the least angry, and I succeeded in bringing him to moderation at last. He feels, as Southey does, the danger arising from the popular feeling against the government; and he considers the indisposition of the London juries to convict in cases of libel as a great evil. Bright, who came after the heat of the battle was over, took the liberal side, and Ed. Littledale inclined to Burrell. The beauty of Littledale's chambers,† and his capital library, excited my envy.

December 27th. — I called on Lamb, and met Wordsworth with him; I afterwards returned to Lamb's. Dined at Monk-

* In 1864, Mr. Robinson notes on this: "What did I mean by old age forty-seven years ago?"

† These looked into Gray's Inn Gardens.

house's.* The party was small, — Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Hutchison, Coleridge and his son Hartley, and Mr. Tillbrook. After dinner Charles Lamb joined the party.

I was glad to hear Coleridge take the right side on Hone's trial. He eloquently expatiated on the necessity of saving Hone, in order to save English law, and he derided the legal definition of a libel, — whatever tends to produce certain consequences, without any regard to the intention of the publisher.†

Among the light conversation at dinner, Tillbrook related that Southey had received a letter from a person requesting him to make an acrostic on the name of a young lady in Essex. The writer was paying his addresses to this young lady, but had a rival who beat him in writing verses. Southey did not send the verses, and distributed the money in buying blankets for some poor women of Keswick.

December 30th. — I dined with the Colliers, and spent the evening at Lamb's. I found a large party collected round the two poets, but Coleridge had the larger number. There was, however, scarcely any conversation beyond a whisper. Coleridge was philosophizing in his rambling way to Monkhouse, who listened attentively, — to Manning, who sometimes smiled, as if he thought Coleridge had no right to metaphysicize on chemistry without any knowledge of the subject, — to Martin Burney, who was eager to interpose, — and Alsager, who was content to be a listener; while Wordsworth was for a great part of the time engaged *tête-à-tête* with Talfourd. I could catch scarcely anything of the conversation. I chatted with the ladies. Miss Lamb had gone through the fatigue of a dinner-party very well, and Charles was in good spirits.

December 31st. — The last day of the year was one of the darkest days I remember in any year. A thick fog came over London between eight and nine, and remained all the day. Late at night it cleared up.

The increase of my fees from £ 355 19 *s.* to £ 415 5 *s.* 6 *d.* is too paltry to be worth notice. Yet my journal shows that I had not relaxed in that attention which the Germans call Sitzfleiss, — *sitting industry*, — which is compatible with sluggishness of mind.

* Mr. Monkhouse was a London merchant and a connection of Mrs. Wordsworth. He married a daughter of Mr. Horrocks, who for a long time represented Preston in Parliament.

† Compare with this Coleridge's letter to Lord Liverpool, written in July this year. Yonge's "Life of Lord Liverpool," Vol. II. p. 300.

*Rem.** — During this year, my intimacy with Walter not declining, and his anxieties increasing, he authorized me to inquire of Southey whether he would undertake the editorship on liberal terms. Southey declined the offer, without inquiring what the emolument might be; and yet the *Times* was then supporting the principles which Southey himself advocated.†

SOUTHEY TO H. C. R.

March 13, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter may be answered without deliberation. No emolument, however great, would induce me to give up a country life and those pursuits in literature to which the studies of so many years have been directed. Indeed, I should consider that portion of my time which is given up to temporary politics grievously misspent, if the interests at stake were less important. We are in danger of an insurrection of the Yahoos: it is the fault of government that such a caste should exist in the midst of civilized society; but till the breed can be mended it must be curbed, and that too with a strong hand.

I shall be in town during the last week in April, on my way to Switzerland and the Rhine. You wrong our country by taking its general character from a season which was equally ungenial over the whole continent.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

1818.

JANUARY 6th. — I dined at the Colliers', and at seven Walton and Andros came to me. We spent several hours very agreeably in looking over between thirty and forty new engravings, chiefly sacred subjects. I find the appetite for these things grows by what it feeds on. I enjoyed many of them, and rejoiced at the prospect of seeing a print of Guido's

* Written in 1851.
† The fact is stated in the "Life of Southey," Vol. IV. p. 261.

"Hours"* over my chimney-piece. Walton is a man of taste, and feels the beauty of such things.

January 12th. — I read in a volume of Voltaire's Miscellanies to-day his life of Molière, — amusing enough: and his "critique of Hamlet," a very instructive as well as entertaining performance; for it shows how a work of unequalled genius and excellence may be laughably exposed. I forgive Frenchmen for their disesteem of Shakespeare. And Voltaire has taken no unfair liberties with our idol. He has brought together all the *disconvenances*, according to the laws of the French drama, as well as the national peculiarities. To a Frenchman, "Hamlet" must appear absurd and ridiculous to an extreme. And this by fair means, the Frenchman not perceiving how much the absurdity, in fact, lies in his own narrow views and feelings.

January 16th. — (At Cambridge.) After nine Mr. Chase accompanied me to Randall's, where I stayed till half past eleven. We debated on the principles of the Ascetics. I contended that the Deity must be thought to take pleasure in the improvement of civilization, in which is to be included the fine arts; but I was set down by the text about "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," which are said not to proceed from the Father. Thus, I fear, every pleasing or bright conception of the Supreme Being and of the system of the universe may be met by a text!

January 27th. — I went to the Surrey Institution, where I heard Hazlitt lecture on Shakespeare and Milton. He delighted me much by the talent he displayed; but his bitterness of spirit broke out in a passage in which he reproached modern poets for their vanity and incapacity of admiring and loving anything but themselves. He was applauded at this part of his lecture, but I know not whether he was generally understood.

From hence I called at Collier's, and, taking Mrs. Collier with me, I went to a lecture by Coleridge in Fleur-de-lis Court, Fleet Street.† I was gratified unexpectedly by finding a large

* The well-known engraving by Raphael Morghen to which Rogers alludes, as hanging on his wall, in his "Epistle to a Friend," —

> "O mark! again the coursers of the Sun,
> At Guido's call, their round of glory run."

† The syllabus of this course, which included fourteen lectures, is given at length in Vol. II. of Coleridge's "Lectures upon Shakespeare and other Dramatists." The subjects are very comprehensive, — Language, Literature, and Social and Moral Questions.

and respectable audience, generally of superior-looking persons, in physiognomy rather than dress. Coleridge treated of the origin of poetry and of Oriental works; but he had little animation, and an exceedingly bad cold rendered his voice scarcely audible.

February 4th. — I called on Godwin, and at his house met with a party of originals. One man struck me by his resemblance to Curran, — his name Booth. Godwin called him, on introduction, a master of the English language, and I understand him to be a learned etymologist. His conversation was singular, and even original, so that I relished the short time I stayed. A rawboned Scotchman, ———, was there also, less remarkable, but a hard-headed man. A son of a performer, R—— by name, patronized by Mr. Place,* talked very well too. All three Jacobins, and Booth and R—— debaters. I was thrown back some ten years in my feelings. The party would have suited me very well about that time, and I have not grown altogether out of taste for it. I accepted an invitation to meet the same party a week hence.

February 10th. — I dined with Walter. A small and very agreeable party. Sydenham, Commissioner of Excise, suspected to be "Vetus," a great partisan of the Wellesleys; Sterling, more likely to be the real "Vetus," — a sensible man; Dr. Baird, a gentlemanly physician, and Fraser. The conversation was beginning to be very interesting, when I was obliged to leave the party to attend Coleridge's lecture on Shakespeare. Coleridge was apparently ill.

February 15th. — At two, I took a ride with Preston in his gig, into the Regent's Park, which I had never seen before. When the trees are grown this will be really an ornament to the capital; and not a mere ornament, but a healthful appendage. The Highgate and Hampstead Hill is a beautiful object, and within the Park, the artificial water, the circular belt or coppice, the bridges, the few scattered villas, &c., are objects of taste. I really think this enclosure, with the new street † leading to it from Carlton House, will give a sort of glory to the Regent's government, which will be more felt by remote posterity than the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, glorious as these are.

* Mr. Place was a tailor at Charing Cross, — a great Westminster Radical, an accomplished metaphysician, a frequent writer on political affairs, a man of inflexible integrity and firmness, and a friend and *protége* of Jeremy Bentham.

† Regent Street.

February 17th. — I stayed at home a great part of the forenoon. Wirgmann, the Kantianer, called on me. His disinterested proselyte-making zeal for the critical philosophy, though I no longer share his love for that philosophy, is a curious and amusing phenomenon. He worships his idol with pure affection, without sacrificing his domestic duties. He attends to his goldsmith's shop as well as to the works of Kant, and is a careful and kind educator of his children, though he inflicts the categories on them.

I took tea at home, and, Hamond calling, I accompanied him to Hazlitt's lecture. He spoke of the writers in the reign of Queen Anne, and was bitter, sprightly, and full of political and personal allusions. In treating of Prior, he quoted his unseemly verses against Blackmore to a congregation of saints. He drew an ingenious but not very intelligible parallel between Swift, Rabelais, and Voltaire, and even eulogized the modern infidel. So indiscreet and reckless is the man!

February 20th. — I dined at Collier's, and went to Coleridge. It was agreed that I should invite Mrs. Pattisson to go with me to the lecture, and I also took Mira May and Rachel Rutt. We found the lecture-room fuller than I had ever seen it, and were forced to take back seats; but it was a pleasure to Mrs. Pattisson to sit behind Sir James Mackintosh. He was with Sergeant Bosanquet and some fashionable lady. The party were, however, in a satirical mood, as it seemed, throughout the lecture. Indeed, Coleridge was not in one of his happiest moods to-night. His subject was Cervantes, but he was more than usually prosy, and his tone peculiarly drawling. His digressions on the nature of insanity were carried too far, and his remarks on the book but old, and by him often repeated.

February 23d. — Heard a lecture by Flaxman at the Royal Academy. He was not quite well, and did not deliver it with so much animation and effect as I have known him on former occasions throw into his lectures.

February 24th. — I dined and took tea at Collier's, and then heard part of a lecture by Hazlitt at the Surrey Institution. He was so contemptuous towards Wordsworth, speaking of his letter about Burns, that I lost my temper. He imputed to Wordsworth the desire of representing himself as a superior man.

February 27th. — I took tea with Gurney, and invited Mrs. Gurney to accompany me to Coleridge's lecture. It was on

Dante and Milton, — one of his very best. He digressed less than usual, and really gave information and ideas about the poets he professed to criticise. I returned to Gurney's and heard Mr. Gurney read Mrs. Fry's examination before the committee of the House of Commons about Newgate, — a very curious examination, and very promising as to the future improvements in prison discipline.

March 19th. — I had six crown briefs at Thetford. One was flattering to me, though it was an unwelcome one to hold. It was on behalf of Johnson, whose trial for the murder of Mr. Baker, of Wells, lasted the whole of the day. I received, a day or two before, a letter from Dekker, the chaplain to the Norwich Jail, saying that some gentlemen (the Gurneys principally) had subscribed, to furnish the prisoner with the means of defence. The evidence against him was merely circumstantial, and he had told so consistent a tale, stating where he had been, that many believed him innocent. He, Dekker, had witnessed my "admirable and successful defence of Massey, for the murder of his wife," (such were his words), and had recommended me for the present case.

April 18th. — (At C. Lamb's.) There was a large party, — the greater part of those who are usually there, but also Leigh Hunt and his wife. He has improved in manliness and healthfulness since I saw him last, some years ago. There was a glee about him which evinced high spirits, if not perfect health, and I envied his vivacity. He imitated Hazlitt capitally; Wordsworth not so well. Talfourd was there. He does not appreciate Wordsworth's fine lines on "Scorners." Hunt did not sympathize with Talfourd, but opposed him playfully, and that I liked him for.

April 23d. — I had a note from Hundleby, proposing to go with me to hear Mathews's Imitations, at eight. He came to me accordingly, and I accompanied him into the pit of the Lyceum.

The entertainment consisted of a narrative (for the greater part) of a journey in a mail-coach, which gave occasion to songs, imitations, &c. The most pleasant representation was of a Frenchman. His broken English was very happy. And Mathews had caught the mind as well as the words of Monsieur. His imitation of French tragedians was also very happy. Talma was admirably exhibited.

A digression on lawyers was flat. I did not feel the ridicule, and I could not recognize either judge or barrister.

Mathews was not without humor in his representation of a French valet, attending his invalid master in bed ; and his occasional bursts as master, and as the invisible cook and butler, were pleasant. He took a child, i. e. a doll, out of a box, and held a droll dialogue.

The best dramatic exhibition was a narrative as an old Scotchwoman. He put on a hood and tippet, screwed his mouth into a womanly shape, and, as if by magic, became another creature. It was really a treat. He concluded by reciting part of Hamlet's speech to the players, as Kemble, Kean, Cooke, Young, Banister, Fawcett, and Munden, with great success.

April 24th. — I went to Westminster Hall as usual, but had a very unusual pleasure. I heard one of the very best forensic speeches ever delivered by Sir Samuel Romilly. He had to oppose, certainly, very moderate speeches from Gifford and Piggott, and a better one from Horne. It was in support of an application by Mrs. M. A. Taylor, that the Countess of Antrim should abstain from influencing her daughter, Lady Frances Vane Tempest, in favor of Lord Stewart, who had applied for a reference to the Master to fix the marriage settlements, which application Romilly resisted. His speech was eloquent without vehemence or seeming passion, and of Ulyssean subtlety. He had to address the Chancellor against the Regent's friend, the Ambassador at Vienna, and Lord Castlereagh's brother, and he continued to suggest, with as little offence as possible, whatever could serve his purpose as to the fortune, age, morals, &c. of his Lordship. He exposed with much humor and sarcasm the precipitation with which the marriage was urged, after a few weeks' acquaintance, two or three interviews, and a consent obtained at the first solicitation.

April 30th. — I called on Lamb and accompanied him to Mr. Monkhouse, St. Anne Street East. Haydon and Allston,* painters, were there, and two other gentlemen whose names I

* Washington Allston, distinguished as an historical painter of a very high class, was born in South Carolina, 1779. In England, 1803, he enjoyed the friendship of B. West and Fuseli. At Rome, he was known by the resident German artists as "*The American Titian.*" He there formed a lasting friendship with Coleridge and Washington Irving. He said of Coleridge, "To no other man whom I have ever known do I owe so much *intellectually.*" Allston's portrait of Coleridge, painted at Bristol in 1814 for Joshua Wade, is now in the National Portrait Gallery. His two best-known pictures in this country are "Jacob's Dream," at Petworth, painted in 1817, and "Uriel in the Sun," at Trentham. He married a sister of the celebrated Dr. Channing. He died at Cambridge Port, near Boston, in America, 1843.

did not collect. The conversation was very lively and agreeable. Allston has a mild manner, a soft voice, and a sentimental air with him, — not at all Yankeeish; but his conversation does not indicate the talent displayed in his paintings. There is a warmth and vigor about Haydon, indicating youthful confidence, often the concomitant of talents and genius, which he is said to possess. His conversation is certainly interesting. Monkhouse himself is a gentlemanly sensible man. Lamb, without talking much, talked his best. I enjoyed the evening.

May 4th. — At six I dined with Masquérier,* and met a singular party. The principal guest was the once famous Major Scott Waring,† he who, when censured by the Speaker, on Burke's saying that he hoped it would not occasion feelings too painful, started up and said he need not fear that: he had already forgotten it.

The Major now exhibits rather the remains of a military courtier and gentleman of the old school than of a statesman, the political adversary of Burke. But good breeding is very marked in him.

Coleridge to H. C. R.

May 3, 1818.

My dear Sir, — Ecce iterum Crispinus! Another mendicant letter from S. T. C.! But no, it is from the poor little children

* John James Masquérier, a portrait-painter by profession. Without aspiring to academical rank, he attained an independence by his professional life of twenty-eight years. He was descended on both the father's and the mother's side from French Protestant refugees. Being sent to school in Paris, he witnessed some of the most thrilling scenes of the Revolution. Being again at Paris in 1800, he obtained permission to make a likeness of the First Consul without his being aware of what was going on. With this and other sketches he returned to England, and composed a picture of "Napoleon reviewing the Consular Guards in the Court of the Tuileries." It was the first genuine likeness of the famous man; and being exhibited in Piccadilly in 1801, produced to the young artist a profit of a thousand pounds. Beattie, in his Life of Thomas Campbell (Vol. I. p. 429), quotes a description of Masquérier by the poet as "a pleasant little fellow with French vivacity." In 1812 he married a Scotch lady, the widow of Scott, the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen. This lady was by birth a Forbes, and related to the Frasers and Erskines. After Mr. Masquérier retired from his profession, he went to live at Brighton, where he was the respected associate of Copley Fielding, Horace Smith, and other artists and literary men. H. C. R. was his frequent guest, and on several occasions travelled with him. Mr. Masquérier died March 13, 1855, in his 77th year.

Abridged from an obituary notice by H. C. R. in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1855.

† The friend and zealous supporter of Warren Hastings in his trial. — H. C. R. *Vide* Macaulay's "Essays," Vol. III. pp. 436, 442, &c.

employed in the Cotton Factories, who would fain have you in the list of their friends and helpers; and entreat you to let *me* know for and in behalf of them, whether there is not some law prohibiting, or limiting, or regulating the employment either of children or adults, or of both, in the White Lead Manufactory. In the minutes of evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the state of children in the Cotton Factories, in 1816, the question is put to Mr. Astley Cooper, who replies, "I believe there is such a law." Now, can you help us to a more positive answer? Can you furnish us with any other instances in which the Legislature has directly, or by immediate consequence, interfered with what is ironically called "Free Labor"? (i. e. DARED to prohibit soul-murder and infanticide on the part of the rich, and self-slaughter on that of the poor!) or any dictum of our grave law authorities from Fortescue to Bacon, and from Bacon to Kenyon and Eldon: for from the borough in Hell I wish to have no representative, though on second thoughts I should have no objection to a good word in God's cause, though it should have slipped from the Devil's mouth. In short, my dear sir, the only objection likely to produce any hesitation in the House of Lords respecting Sir Robert Peel's Bill, which has just passed the House of Commons, will come from that Scottish ("der Teufel *scotch* man all for snakes!") plebeian earl, Lord L——, the dangerous precedent of legislative interference with free labor, of course implying that this bill will provide the first precedent. Though Heaven knows that I am seriously hurting myself by devoting my days daily in this my best harvest-tide as a lecture-monger, and that I am most *disinterestedly* interested in the fate of the measure, yet interested I am. Good Mr. Clarkson could scarcely be more so! I should have bid farewell to all ease of conscience if I had returned an excuse to the request made for my humble assistance. But a little legal information from you would do more than twenty S. T. C.s, if there exists any law in point in that pithy little manual yclept the Statutes of Great Britain. I send herewith two of the circulars that I have written as the most to the point in respect of what I now solicit from you.* Be so good (if you have time to write at all, and see aught that can be of service) as to direct to me, care of Nathaniel Gould, Esq., Spring Garden Coffee-House. I need not add, that in the

* This Bill was by the *father* of the late Sir Robert Peel. (See an interesting reference in Yonge's "Life of Lord Liverpool," Vol. II. p. 367.) The Ten Hours Bill, restricting the hours of labor in factories for children and persons of tender years to ten hours, passed in 1844.

present case, Bis dat qui cito dat. For procrastination is a monopoly (in which you have no partnership) of your sincere, and with respectful esteem, affectionate friend,

S. T. Coleridge.

May 7th. — I lounged at the Surrey Institution till it was time to go to Covent Garden Theatre, where I went by appointment with Thomas Stansfeld. We heard "The Slave," and saw "The Sorrows of Werther." "The Slave" is a sentimental musical drama, which exhibits Macready to great advantage. He is an heroic, supergenerous, and noble African, who exercises every sort of virtue and self-denial, with no regard to propriety, but considerable stage effect. Miss Stephens's singing is as unlike an African as her fair complexion. She is very sweet in this character. Braham's voice was husky, and he hardly got as much applause as Sinclair. Liston as a booby cockney, come to see an old maiden aunt; Emery as his Yorkshire friend, who is to help him out of difficulties, are decently funny.

"The Sorrows of Werther" is a pleasant burlesque, and Liston infinitely comic. I cannot account for the caprice which made this piece so unpopular, in spite of Liston's capital acting. The great objection is that the satire is not felt. Werther's sentimentality is ridiculous enough, but who cares in England for foreign literature? Had we a party here who were bent on supporting, and another resolved to ruin, the German poet, there would be an interest. Besides, I am not sure that the sapient public knew what was meant for burlesque. Is it certain that the author knew?

May 11th. — I lounged away this day entirely. I went first to the Exhibition. There I saw a number of gaudy portraits, — and a few pictures, which at the end of a week I recollect with pleasure. A splendid landscape by Turner, "The Dort Packet Boat," has a richness of coloring unusual in water scenes, and perhaps not quite true to nature; but this picture delights me, notwithstanding. On the contrary, Turner's "Field of Waterloo" is a strange incomprehensible jumble. Lawrence's "Duke of Wellington" is a fine painting.

I called on Miss Lamb, and so passed away the forenoon. I dined with the Colliers and took tea with the Flaxmans. Mr. Flaxman has more than sixty engravings by Piranesi, not better than mine, and only seventeen the same, though part of the same series. Fraser says the collection amounts to 120.

May 24th. — This was an agreeable day. I rose early, and walked to Norwood. The weather as fit for walking as possible, and the book I lounged with very interesting. From half past six to nine on the road. It was near ten before Hamond came down. I did not suffer him to be called. I found him in pleasantly situated small apartments, where he contrives to pass away his time with no other society than a little child, whom he teaches its letters, and a mouse, that feeds out of his hands. I was the first friend who called on him there. He writes for his amusement on whatever subject chances to engage his attention, but with no purpose, I fear, literary or mercantile. Yet he says he suffers no ennui.

May 31st. — I wrote an opinion in the forenoon, on which I spoke with Manning. I walked then to Clapton, reading Lord Byron, but finding the Kents from home, I went to Mrs. Barbauld's, with whom I dined. Several people were there, and young Mr. Roscoe called. Mrs. Barbauld speaks contemptuously of Lord Byron's new poem,* as being without poetry, and in horrible versification. It may be so.

June 9th. — I took tea with the Miss Nashes, and accompanied them to Covent Garden, where we were very much amused by "She Stoops to Conquer." Liston's Tony Lumpkin is a delightful performance. The joyous folly, the booby imbecility, of Tony are given with exquisite humor and truth. And I was charmed by the beauty of Miss Brunton, though her acting is not very excellent. Charles Kemble overacted the sheepishness of the bashful rake, and underacted the rakishness, — in both particulars wanting a just perception of the character. And Fawcett but poorly performed old Hardcastle. But the scenes are so comic that, in spite of moderate acting, I was gratified throughout.

June 18th. — During the general election, nothing has hitherto much gratified me but the prospect of Sir Samuel Romilly's triumphant election for Westminster, and the contempt into which Hunt seems to have fallen, even with the mob he courts. His absence from the poll, the folly of his committee in joining with Kinnaird, — and even the secession of the few who have split their votes for Cartwright and Hunt, will, I expect, in concurrence with the decided hostility of the Court, and the semi-opposition of the Whigs, fix Captain Maxwell as second to Romilly.

July 3d. — I dined at the Colliers', and then walked to the

* "Beppo," published in May, 1818.

hustings. The crowd was great. Burdett and Romilly are again higher on the poll than Captain Maxwell. I consider the election as decided.

July 4th. — I spent the forenoon at Guildhall, and took a cold dinner at the Colliers' early, being desirous to see something of the election at Covent Garden. I was too late, however, to get near the hustings, and suffered more annoyance from the crowd than sympathy with or observation of their feelings could compensate. The crowd was very great, and extended through the adjacent streets. There was not much tumult. The mob could not quite relish Sir Samuel Romilly being placed at the head of the poll, though, their hero being elected, they could not complain. All the Burdettites, therefore, acceded to the triumph of to-day, though, a few deep-blue ribbons were mingled with the light blue and buff of the Whigs. Sir Samuel sat in a barouche with W. Smith, &c. Streamers, flags, and a sort of palanquin were prepared, to give this riding the air of a chairing. He looked rather pale, and as he passed through the Strand, and it appeared as if the mob would take off the horses, he manifested anxiety and apprehension.*

Rem.† — Thirteen years had elapsed since I left Jena. I had kept up a correspondence, though not a close one, with two of my friends, and though I had ceased to devote myself to German literature, I felt a desire to renew my German acquaintance. I wished also to become better acquainted with the Rhine scenery, and with portions of the Netherlands yet unknown. I shall not dwell on places, but confine my reminiscences to persons.

At Frankfort I saw my old friends, at least those of them who were not from home. I found that my Jena fellow-student, Frederick Schlosser, had been frightened into Romanism by ill health and low spirits. These led, first to the fear of hell, and then to the Romish Church as an asylum. His brother was converted at Rome, and then made a proselyte of him. They were wrought on, too, by Werner, Frederick Schlegel, and the romantic school of poets and artists. Of Goethe, Schlosser said: "What a tragical old age his is! He is left alone. He opposes himself to the religious spirit that prevails among the young; therefore justice is not done him. But he

* A few weeks after this, in a fit of despair on the death of his wife, he destroyed himself, — an event which excited universal sorrow. — H. C. R.

† Written in 1851.

is still our greatest man." He ought, perhaps, to have said also, "He is opposed to the democratic tendencies of the age."

On August 23d I parted from Naylor, and accompanied a Mr. Passavant in his carriage to Weimar, which, after travelling all night, we reached the second evening, passing through Eisenach, Erfurth, &c.

At Jena I found my friend Knebel * in a garden-house. I was not expected, but was soon recognized, and met with a reception which justified the long and fatiguing journey. My old friend was the same as ever, — a little feebler, of course; but in character and habits the same affectionate, generous, high-minded, animated old man I knew years ago. With the same quick sensibility to everything good and beautiful, the same comical irritability without anger, and the same rough, passionate tone, which could not for a moment conceal the tenderness of his disposition. Mrs. Von Knebel I found the same hospitable and friendly person, — attentive to her husband's guests, and most anxious to make me comfortable. There was a new member of the family, — a boy, Bernard, — a sweet child, delicately framed, who died young. The first affectionate greetings were scarcely over, and we were in the very act of projecting how I could be brought to see Charles, the Major's eldest son, who is a lieutenant in the Prussian service, when he suddenly entered the room. The parents were overjoyed at seeing him, and I was glad too. Thirteen years ago he was a boy, now he had become a fine young man, with as fierce an appearance as a uniform, whiskers, and mustache can give; but, in spite of these, a gentle creature, and full of affection towards his parents.

My visit to the Knebels was interrupted by an excursion of two days to Weimar, of which *dignitatis causa* I must give an account. While at Knebel's, the Crown Prince of Weimar called on him, and was courteous to me, so that it was incumbent on me to call on him and accept an invitation to dine at Court, which I did twice. On the first occasion, I was recognized by the chamberlain, Count Einsiedel, who introduced me to the Grand Duchess. Einsiedel was an elegant courtier-poet, author of some comedies from Terence, acted in masks after the Roman fashion. Prince Paul, the second son of the King of Bavaria, was also a visitor. There might have been thirty at table, including Goethe's son. On our return to the drawing-room, I was introduced to the Crown Princess, and

* See *ante*, pp. 126 - 128.

had rather a long conversation with her. She was somewhat deaf, and I took pains to be understood by her in German and English. I mentioned the familiarities of the English lower classes towards her brother, the Emperor Alexander, and expressed a fear lest such things should deter her from a visit to England. She said the Emperor was perfectly satisfied, and that, as to herself, she wished to see England: "*Es gehört zu den frommen Wünschen*" (It belongs to the pious wishes). We talked of languages. I said I hoped to see the dominion of the French language destroyed, as that of their arms had been. She smiled and said, "*Das wäre viel*" (That would be much).

I was called out of the circle by the Grand Duchess, and chatted a considerable time with her. I referred to the well-known interview between herself and Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, of which I said England was well informed (not adding, "through myself"*). She received my compliment

* The account alluded to was communicated by H. C. R. to the *Times*, December 26, 1807, and republished in Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics of Goethe," Vol. III. p. 203. The following extracts will give the substance and result of this interesting interview:—

"When the fortunes of the day began to be decided (and that took place early in the morning), the Prussians retreating through the town were pursued by the French, and slaughtered in the streets. Some of the inhabitants were murdered, and a general plunder began. In the evening, the conqueror approached and entered the palace of the Duke, now become his own by the *right* of conquest. It was then that the Duchess left her apartment, and seizing the moment of his entering the hall, placed herself on the top of the staircase, to greet him with the formality of a courtly reception. Napoleon started when he beheld her. 'Qui êtes vous?' he exclaimed, with his characteristic abruptness. 'Je suis la Duchesse de Weimar'—'Je vous plains,' he retorted fiercely; 'j'écraserai votre mari.' He then added, 'I shall dine in my apartment,' and rushed by her.

"On his entrance next morning he began instantly with an interrogative (his favorite figure). 'How could your husband, Madame, be so mad as to make war against me?' 'Your Majesty would have despised him if he had not,' was the dignified answer he received. 'How so?' he hastily rejoined. The Duchess slowly and deliberately rejoined: 'My husband has been in the service of the King of Prussia upwards of thirty years, and surely it was not at the moment that the King had so mighty an enemy as your Majesty to contend against that the Duke could abandon him.' A reply so admirable, which asserted so powerfully the honor of the speaker, and yet conciliated the vanity of the adversary, was irresistible. Buonaparte became at once more mild, and, without noticing the answer already received, continued his interrogatories. 'But how came the Duke to attach himself to the King of Prussia?'—'Your Majesty will, on inquiry, find that the Dukes of Saxony, the younger branches of the family, have always followed the example of the Electoral House; and your Majesty knows what motives of prudence and policy have led the Court of Dresden to attach itself to Prussia rather than Austria.' This was followed by further inquiries and further answers, so impressive, that in a few minutes Napoleon exclaimed with warmth: 'Madame, vous êtes la femme la plus respectable que j'ai jamais connue: vous avez sauvé votre mari.' Yet he could not confer favor unaccompanied with insult; for reiterat-

favorably, — said, as some one must stay in the house, she was the proper person; that, after the plundering was over, Buonaparte behaved civilly enough in his fashion.

The Grand Princess inquired whether I had heard the Russian service performed, and on my saying "No," she said she would give orders that I should be admitted the next day (Sunday). I accordingly went. The Russian language I thought very soft, and like Italian. But I was guilty of an oversight in not staying long, which the Princess noticed next day after dinner. She said she had ordered some music to be played on purpose for me. She seemed an intelligent woman, — indeed, as all her children have been, she was *crammed* with knowledge.

To terminate at once my mention of the court, I dined here a second time on Sunday, and was introduced to the Grand Duke. He talked freely and bluntly. He expressed his disapprobation of the English system of jurisprudence, which allowed lawyers to travel for months at a time. "We do not permit that." I said, "When the doctor is absent, the patient recovers." A bad joke was better than contradiction; besides, he was right.

The intimacy in which the Grand Duke had lived all his life with Goethe, and the great poet's testimony to his character, — not ordinary eulogy, — satisfy me that he must have been an extraordinary man. On the whole, this visit to Weimar did not add to my prepossessions in its favor. The absence of Goethe was a loss nothing could supply.

I went to the theatre, — no longer what it was under the management of Goethe and Schiller. Jagermann, then the favorite of the Grand Duke, was at this time become fat; her face had lost all proportion, and was destitute of expression. She performed, without effect, the part of Sappho, in Grillparzer's disagreeable tragedy of that name. Mademoiselle Beck played the slave, and the scene in which she bewailed her forlorn state, and gained the love of Phaon, was the only one that affected me. I sat part of the evening with Mesdames Wolzogen and Schiller.

ing his assurances of esteem, he added: 'Je le pardonne, mais c'est à cause de vous seulement; car, pour lui, c'est un mauvais sujet.' The Duchess to this made no reply: but, seizing the happy moment, interceded successfully for her suffering people. Napoleon gave orders that the plundering should cease.

"When the treaty which secured the nominal independence of Weimar, and declared its territory to be a part of the Rhenish League, was brought from Buonaparte to the Duke by a French general, and presented to him, he refused to take it into his own hands, saying, with more than gallantry, 'Give it to my wife; the Emperor intended it for her.'"

I went to Tiefurth, the former residence of the Dowager Duchess Amelia, where Sturm * has his establishment, and among the characters I called on was Herr von Einsiedel, the morose and cynical husband of my old acquaintance, Madame von Einsiedel.

August 29th. — I accompanied Knebel to Madame Griesbach's garden, the most delightful spot in the neighborhood of Jena. This has been bought for £ 1,000 by the Grand Duchess. Her children were there, and I was introduced to the Princesses, — mere children yet ; but it is surprising how soon they have acquired a sense of their dignity. These children are over-crammed ; they learn all the sciences and languages, and are in danger of losing all personal character and power of thought in the profusion of knowledge they possess. This is now the fashion among the princes of Germany.

I saw Griesbach's widow. The old lady knew me in a moment, and instantly began joking, — said she supposed I was come to pay a visit to E——'s † lecture-room.

My last few days at Jena were spent almost alone with Knebel. He told me of Wieland's death, which was, he said, delightful. Wieland never lost his cheerfulness or good-humor ; and, but a few hours before his death, having insisted on seeing his doctor's prescription, "I see," said he, "it is much the same with my life and the doctor's Latin, they are both at an end." He was ill but a week, and died of an indigestion.

My last day at Jena was spent not without pleasure. It was one of uninterrupted rain ; I could not, therefore, take a walk with Fries, as I had intended, so I remained the whole day within doors, chatting with my friend Knebel. We looked over books and papers. Knebel sought for MSS. of the great poets, Goethe, Wieland, and Herder for me, and talked much about his early life, his opinions, &c. As *Andenken* (for remembrance) he gave me a ring with Raphael's head on it, given him by the Duchess Amelia, and four portraits in porcelain and iron of the four great German poets. In return, I gave him Wordsworth's poems, which had occupied so much of our attention.

* Professor Sturm taught at this establishment the economical sciences, i. e. all that pertains to agriculture and the useful arts. — H. C. R.

† The Professor with whom H. C. R. had a misunderstanding. — See *ante*, p. 134.

On the 9th of September, I left my friend Knebel with sorrow, for I could not expect to see him again, and I loved him above every German. His memory is dear to me. I sauntered, not in high spirits, to Weimar, where I slept, and on the 10th set out in a diligence towards Frankfort. I spent a little time with Knebel's son at Erfurth, where he is stationed. I had to spend three nights on the road, reaching Frankfort at 4 A. M., on the 13th. A more wearisome journey I never made.

I spent my time at Frankfort almost entirely with my friends of the Aldebert connection, and the Brentano family and their friends.

September 13th. — When I met Christian Brentano he embarrassed me by kissing me, with all outward marks of friendship. After being an *économe* for some years in Bohemia, after dabbling in philosophy and mathematics, and rejecting medicine and law, he is now about to become a priest. In a few words, he said that he had been, by God's providence, brought to see that religion alone can give comfort to man. "I was," said he, "first led to this by seeing what faith can do in making men good. I was led to know my own worthlessness. Nature opened to me somewhat of her relation to God. I saw wonderful phenomena — miracles!" — "Do you mean," said I, "such miracles as the Scriptures speak of?" — "Yes," said he, "of the same kind." I had not the assurance to ask him of what kind they were, but merely said, I had often wished in my youth to see a miracle, in order to put an end to all further doubt and speculation. Brentano then talked mystically. That he is a deceiver, or playing a part, I am far from suspecting. That he has a wrong head with great powers of intellect, I have long known. But I was not prepared for such a change. In society he is, however, improved; he is now quiet, and rather solicitous to please than to shine; but his wild Italian face, with all its caricature ferocity, remains.

*Rem.** — The Brentano circle was extended by the presence of Savigny and his wife. He was already a great man, though not arrived at the rank he afterwards attained. It is a remarkable circumstance, that when I lately introduced myself to him in Berlin, — he being now an ex-Minister of Justice, fallen back on his literary pursuits, and retired from official life, which is not his especial province, — both he and I had forgotten our few interviews in this year (1818), and had thought

* Written in 1851.

that we had not seen each other since I left Germany at the beginning of the century, that is, in 1805.

My course led me to Baden-Baden. It is enough for me to say that I walked through the admirable Murg-Thal with great delight, and had for my book during the walk "Scenes out of the World of Spirits," by Henry Stilling (or Jung). The theory of the spiritual world entertained by this pious enthusiast is founded on the assumption that every witch and ghost story is to be taken as indubitably true. He has many believers in England as elsewhere. Having been reproached as a fanatic, he desires all *unbelievers* to consider his tales as mere visions, — these tales being narratives of sentences passed in heaven on great criminals, &c., by an eye-witness and auditor. In Goethe's Life is an interesting account of him.* Goethe protected him from persecution when a student at Strasburg, but became at last tired of him. Goethe corrected the first volume of his Autobiography by striking out all the trash. This I learned from Knebel. That volume, therefore, should be read by those who might find the subsequent volumes intolerable. Stilling was the *nom de guerre* of Jung.

I spent six days at Paris, where were Miss Nash, M. Andrews, &c. The only object of great interest was Mademoiselle Mars. "She a little resembles Miss Mellon † when she was young, — i. e. Miss Mellon when she stood still, neither giggling nor fidgety." I did not foresee that I was writing of a future duchess.

November 30th. — Thelwall called. His visit gave me pain. He has purchased *The Champion*, and is about to take up the profession of politician, after so many years' pause. An old age of poverty will be his portion.

December 3d. — I bought at Dove Court, St. Martin's Lane, a marble bust of Wieland by Schadow, for ten guineas. Flaxman informed me of this bust being there. He says it is an excellent head, which he would have bought himself, had he had a room to put it in. I am delighted with my purchase. It is a very strong likeness, and in a style of great simplicity. The head is covered with a cap, which is only distinguished from the skull by two lines crossing the head; the hair curls round below the cap, and the head stoops a very little, with

* *Vide* "Dichtung und Wahrheit," Books IX. and X.
† Afterwards Mrs. Coutts, and then Duchess of St. Albans.

the sight rather downwards. The forehead and temples are exquisitely wrought, and the drapery is pleasingly folded. It is unwrought at the sides, in each of which is a square opening. Having this fine object constantly before me will generate a love for sculpture.*

December 4th. — I dined with John Collier, and in the evening, after taking tea with Miss Lamb, accompanied her to Covent Garden. We saw "The Rivals," and Farren for the first time, the last theatrical tyro that has appeared. His Sir Anthony Absolute appeared to me delightful. He is a young man, I am told, yet he was so disguised by painted wrinkles, and a face and figure made up by art, that I could hardly credit the report. The consequence of a manufactured countenance and constrained unnatural attitudes is, that the actor has a hard and inflexible manner. Liston's Acres, however, gave me the greatest pleasure. It was infinitely comic and laughable, and none the worse for being even burlesque and farcical.

Rem.† — My journal mentions Farren as an admirable comic actor, only twenty-five or twenty-six years old. This must be a mistake. He is now worn out, and apparently a very old man.

December 19th. — I dined with Sergeant Blossett. No one with him but Miss Peckwell and a nephew of the Sergeant's, a Mr. Grote, a merchant, who reads German, and appears to be an intelligent, sensible man, having a curiosity for German philosophy as well as German poetry. I read a number of things by Goethe and others to the Sergeant, who has already made great advances in the language, and can relish the best poetry. Grote has borrowed books of me.

Rem.‡ — This year I became a "barrister of five years' standing," an expression that has become almost ridiculous, being the qualification required for many offices by acts of Parliament, while it is notorious that many such barristers are ill qualified for any office. I was no exception, certainly, at any time of my life, being never a learned lawyer or a skilful advocate, and yet in this my fifth year I attained some reputation; and of this year I have some anecdotes to relate of myself and others not uninteresting to those who may care for me or for the profession.

There was but an insignificant increase of fees, from £415

* There will be further reference to this bust in the year 1829. It is a magnificent work of art. A cast of it is or was to be seen at the Crystal Palace.

† Written in 1851. ‡ Written in 1851.

in 1817 to £488 during this year; but this little practice brought me into connection with superior men, and into superior courts.

For instance, I had an appeal in the Council Chambers from Gibraltar with Sir Samuel Romilly. It was a case of mercantile guaranty. I have forgotten the facts, and I refer to the case merely because it shows Sir Samuel's practice. He read from the printed statement, in the most unimpressive manner, the simple facts, adding scarcely an observation of his own. I followed at some length, not comprehending the course taken by my excellent leader, and Hundleby,* my client, was satisfied with my argument. I pleaded before Sir W. Grant, Sir William Scott, &c. Hart, afterwards Chancellor of Ireland, and Lovett were for the respondents. Then Sir Samuel Romilly replied in a most masterly manner. I never heard a more luminous and powerful argument. He went over the ground I had trod, but I scarcely knew my own arguments, so improved were they. Judgment was ultimately given in our favor. I have since understood that it was Sir Samuel's practice, when he had the reply, to open the case in this way, and not even to read the brief before he went to court, knowing that his junior and adversaries would give him time enough to become master of the facts and settle his argument.

At the Spring Assizes, at Thetford, I made a speech which gained me more credit than any I ever made, either before or after, and established my character as a speaker: luckily it required no law. I thought of it afterwards with satisfaction, and I will give an account of the case here (it will be the only one in these Reminiscences), partly because it will involve some questions of speculative morality. It was a defence in a *Qui tam* action for penalties for usury to the amount of £2,640.† My attorney was a stranger. He had offered the brief to Jameson, who declined it from a consciousness of inability to speak, and recommended me. The plaintiff's witness had requested my client to lend him money, which, it is stated by the single witness, he consented to do on the payment of £20. A mortgage also was put in; and on this the case rested. The

* Hundleby was a solicitor, the partner of Alliston, who still lives. He married the daughter of Curtis, a wealthy man. He has been dead many years, and his widow is now the wife of Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange. — H. C. R., 1851.

† A *Qui tam* action is an action brought by an informer for penalties of which a half-share is give to the informer by the statute. The suit would be by Moses, plaintiff, who sues "as well for himself" (*Qui tam*) as for our Lord the King.

defence was a simple one. It could lie only in showing that the witness could not safely be relied on; and this I did in a way that produced applause from the audience, a compliment from the judge, and a verdict in my favor. Now, what I look back upon with pleasure is, that I gained this verdict very fairly and by no misstatement. I will put down some of the salient points of my speech, of which I have a distinct recollection.

I began: "Gentlemen, I have often thought that juries, as conscientious men, anxious to do justice, must be distressed by perceiving that they are called upon to decide a case on most imperfect evidence, where, from the nature of the case, they can only guess what the truth may be, hearing only one side. This is one of those cases. There can be no doubt that my client lent a sum of money to that man, his own attorney, whom you have seen in that box; and that man has thought proper to tell you that, in order to obtain that loan, he was forced to give £ 20. Now, this was a transaction between these persons, and I cannot possibly contradict him. For, were I to read you my brief, or tell you what my client says, of course denying all this, I should be reproved by his Lordship, and incur the ridicule of my learned friends around me; because, what the party in the cause says is not evidence.* This is a hardship, but it is the law; and I refer to it now, not to censure the law, which would be indecorous, but to draw your attention to this most important consequence, that since you are compelled to hear the witness, — one party alone, — and are not at liberty to hear the other party, in a transaction between them and none other, you have the duty imposed on you closely to examine what that witness has said, and ask yourselves this question, whether such a statement as he has thought proper to make, knowing that he may swear falsely with safety (for he can never be contradicted), *must* be credited by you.

"Gentlemen, at the same time that I am not in a condition to deny what that man has said, I add, with the most entire confidence, that it is impossible for you, acting under those rules which good sense and conscience alike dictate, to do other than by your verdict declare that you cannot, in this essentially criminal case, convict the defendant on the uncorroborated testimony of that single witness."

I then pointedly stated that, though in form an action, this was in substance a criminal case, and to be tried by the rules

* This law is now altered.

observed in a criminal court; and that, unless they had a perfect conviction, they would not consign this old retired tradesman to a jail or a workhouse for the rest of his days in order to enrich Mr. Moses (the common informer, who had luckily a Jew name) and the Treasury. And I pledged myself to show that in this case were combined all imaginable reasons for distrust, so as to render it morally impossible, whatever the fact might be, to give a verdict for the *Qui tam* plaintiff.

I then successively expatiated on the several topics which the case supplied, — on the facts that the single witness was the plaintiff's own attorney, — an uncertificated bankrupt who was within the rules of the King's Bench Prison; that he came down that morning from London in the custody of a sheriff's officer, though, when asked where he came from, he at first said from home, having before said he was an attorney at Lynn. And I had laid a trap for him, and led him to say he expected no part of the penalty. This I represented to be incredible; and I urged with earnestness the danger to society if such a man were of necessity to be believed because he dared to take an oath for which he could not be called to account here. And I alluded to recent cases in which other King's Bench prisoners had been transported for perjury, and to the known cases of perjury for blood-money. As I have already said, I sat down with applause, which was renewed when the verdict for the defendant was pronounced. The man I had so exposed gave me something to do afterwards on his own account; and, more than once, attorneys, new clients, in bringing me a brief, alluded to this case. But the power of making such a speech does not require the talents most essential to the barrister, — none of which did I, in fact, possess.

In the spring Term of this year, Gurney,* the King's Counsel's clerk, brought me a bag, for which I presented him with a guinea. This custom is now obsolete, and therefore I mention it. It was formerly the etiquette of the bar that none but Sergeants and King's Counsel could carry a bag in Westminster Hall. Till some King's Counsel presented him with one, however large the junior (that is, stuff-gowned) barrister's business might be, he was forced to carry his papers in his hand. It was considered that he who carried a bag was a rising man.

At the following Bury Assizes I was concerned in a case no otherwise worth noticing than as it gave occasion to good-natured joking. I defended Ridley, the tallow-chandler, in an

* Afterwards Baron Gurney.

action against him for a nuisance in building a chimney in Still Lane. The chief witness for plaintiff was Blomfield (father of the present Bishop of London).* He had said that he was a schoolmaster, and the plaintiff and defendant and defendant's counsel had all been his pupils. When I rose to cross-examine him, C. J. Dallas leaned over, and in an audible whisper said, "Now, Mr. Robinson, you may take your revenge." Good-natured sparring took place between Blomfield and myself, and I got a verdict in a very doubtful case, — insisting that, if a nuisance, it must be a general one, and so the subject of an indictment. Afterwards, on an indictment, I contended that the remedy was by action, if it were a grievance, and in this I failed.

Before the summer Assizes I dined with C. J. Gibbs. Others of the circuit were with me. Some parts of his conversation I thought worth putting down, though not very agreeable at the time, as it was manifestly didactic, and very like that of a tutor with his pupils. He spoke with great earnestness against the "Term Reports," † which he considered as ruinous to the profession in the publication of hasty decisions, especially those at Nisi Prius, and urged the necessity of arguing every case on principle. On my remarking on the great fame acquired by men who were eminently deficient, he was malicious enough to ask for an instance. I named Erskine. He was not sorry to have an opportunity of expressing his opinion of Erskine, which could not be high. He remarked on Erskine's sudden fall in legal reputation, "Had he been well-grounded, he could not have fallen."

This same day, on my speaking of the talents required in an opening and reply, he said that the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) reproached Sir James Mansfield with the practice I have noticed in Sir Samuel Romilly, of leaving his argument for the reply, which was ascribed to laziness. Gibbs praised Bell, the Chancery practitioner, as a man who was always in the right. "He always gave the most satisfactory answer to a question in the fewest words."

In the winter of this year I heard from Gurney some interesting facts about fees, which within about eleven or twelve years had risen much above what was formerly known. Kaye,‡ the solicitor, told Gurney once that he had that day carried the

* See *ante*, p. 3.
† One of the earliest series of periodical law reports.
‡ Solicitor to the Bank of England, &c.

Attorney-General (Gibbs) 100 general retainers, that is 500 guineas. These were on the Baltic captures and insurance cases. Gibbs did not think that Erskine ever made more than 7,000 guineas, and Mingay confessed that he only once made 5,000 guineas. He observed that the great fortunes made in ancient times by lawyers must have been indirectly as the stewards of great men. Otherwise they were unaccountable.

I must here add that all this is little compared with the enormous gains of my old fellow-circuiteer, Charles Austin, who is said to have made 40,000 guineas by pleading before Parliament in one session.

This year there were great changes in the law courts. Of the judicial promotions Jekyll said, being the professional wag, that they came by titles very different, viz. : C. J. Abbott by *descent*, J. Best by *intrusion*, and Richardson by the *operation of law*. The wit of the two first is pungent ; the last, a deserved compliment. It was expected, said Jekyll, that Vaughan would come in by *prescription*. This was not so good. Sir Henry Halford,* the King's physician, was his brother.

I must not forget that, on Aldebert's death, his books were taken by a bookseller, but I was allowed to have what I liked at the bookseller's price. I laid out £ 40 in purchasing Piranesi's prints and other works of art, and had many calls from men of taste to see them.

The Colliers, with whom I used to dine, left London this year. Their place was to some extent supplied by John Payne Collier,† who took a house in Bouverie Street. It was not then foreseen that he would become a great Shakespearian critic, though he had already begun to be a writer.

* Sir Henry Halford was the son of Dr. Vaughan of Leicester, but changed his name in 1809, when he inherited a fortune from his mother's cousin, Sir Charles Halford.

† J. P. Collier wrote "History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakespeare," 1831 ; "New Facts regarding the Life of Shakespeare," 1835; "Shakespeare Library ; a Collection of the Romances, Novels, Poems, and Histories used by Shakespeare as the Foundation of his Dramas," 1843 ; and various other works.

CHAPTER XXII.

1819.

JANUARY 4th.—(At Bury.) I walked early up town and left with Mr. Clarkson his MS. account of his interview with the Emperor of Russia, at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the subject of the slave-trade. This interview must receive its explanation from future events. The Emperor talked of the Quakers and Bible Societies, of the Society against War, of which he considered himself a member, and of the slave-trade, as one might have expected a religious clergyman would have done. Mr. Clarkson is a sincere believer in the Emperor's sincerity.

THOMAS R. TO HABAKKUK R.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, January 6, 1819.

. . . . The Buck party were at my house last Friday, when we were entertained, and most highly interested, by Mr. Clarkson's account of his interview with the Emperor of Russia, at Aix-la-Chapelle. His reception by the most powerful potentate in the world was extremely gracious. The Emperor took him most cordially by both his hands, drew a chair for him and another for himself, when they sat down, in Mr. Clarkson's language, "knee to knee, and face to face." The principal subject of their conversation was, of course, the abolition of the slave-trade, in which the Emperor takes an extraordinary interest, and seems to be most earnestly anxious to use his powerful interest to induce the other powers of Europe to concur in this measure. . . . .

The Emperor, at this meeting, professed likewise the most pacific sentiments, and spoke with great energy of the evil and sin of war, admitting that it was altogether contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and said that he desired to inculcate this sentiment in the minds of the different powers, and should therefore propose frequent congresses to adjust disputes, without having recourse to the too common arbitration of the sword. You know, perhaps, that, for the purpose of eradicating the warlike spirit, *Peace Societies* have been formed both in this country and in America. (We have a small one in this

town.) The Emperor assured Mr. Clarkson that he highly approved of them, and wished to be considered as belonging to them. And no longer ago than yesterday, Mr. Clarkson received a copy of a letter, written in English by the Emperor with his own hand, and addressed to Mr. Marsden, the Chairman of the London Peace Society, in which he repeats the same sentiments in favor of the principles of the society. It is at any rate a curious phenomenon to find an advocate of such principles in such a person. There are those who doubt his sincerity, but where can be the motive to induce the *Autocrat of all the Russias* to flatter even such an individual, however excellent, as Mr. Clarkson, or Mr. Marsden, a stock-broker in London?

January 14th. — I spent the day partly in reading some very good political writings by Benjamin Constant, — the first part of his first volume. His principles appear excellent, and there is to me originality in them. His treating the monarchical power as distinct from the executive pleases me much. He considers the essence of the monarch's office to lie in the superintending everything and doing nothing. He controls the legislature by convoking and dismissing their assemblies; and he even creates and annihilates the ministers. Being thus separated from the executive body, — *that* may be attacked, and even destroyed (as is constantly done in England), without any detriment to the state.

*Rem.** — Had Louis Philippe felt this, he might have retained his throne, but he would be an autocrat, which did not suit the French people.†

January 26th. — We saw "Brutus." This play has had great success, and with reason, for it exhibits Kean advantageously; but it seems utterly without literary merit, though the subject admitted of a great deal of passionate poetry. Kean's exhibition of the Idiot in the first act was more able than pleasing; when he assumed the hero, he strutted and swelled, to give himself an air he never can assume with grace. It was not till the close of the piece, when he had to pass sentence on his own son, that he really found his way to my heart through my imagination. His expression of feeling was deep and true, and the conflict of affection and principle well carried out. An

* Written in 1851.

† Added in the margin of the MS.: "Palpable ignorance, this! At this hour a bold usurper and autocrat has succeeded because he knew how to go to work. An accident may, indeed, any day destroy his power. April 17, 1852. The date is material."

awkward effect was produced by the attempt to blend too much in one play. The act by which Brutus overturned the Tarquins was not that of a man who had a son capable of treason against his country.

February 2d. — Naylor took tea with me; and soon after, Charles and Mary Lamb came to look at my prints. And the looking them over afforded us pleasure. Lamb has great taste and feeling; his criticisms are instructive, and I find that enjoyment from works of art is heightened by sympathy. Talfourd came while we were thus engaged. He stayed with us, and afterwards joined us in a rubber, which occupied us till late. Talfourd stayed till near one, talking on personal matters.

February 18th. — I lounged for half an hour before the Covent Garden hustings, — a scene only ridiculous and disgusting. The vulgar abuse of the candidates from the vilest rabble ever beheld is not rendered endurable by either wit or good temper, or the belief of there being any integrity at the bottom. I just saw Hobhouse. His person did not please me; but Sir Richard Phillips, whom I met there, tells me I am like him, which I do not think to be the fact. Lamb * I could scarcely see, but his countenance is better. Orator Hunt was on the hustings, but he could not obtain a hearing from the mob; and this fact was the most consolatory part of the spectacle.

February 28th. — After dining at Collier's I went to Godwin, with whom I drank tea. Curran was there, and I had a very agreeable chat with him; he is come to print his father's life, written by himself; and he projects an edition of his speeches. He related an affecting anecdote of Grattan in the House of Commons. He was speaking in a style that betrayed the decline of the faculties of a once great man; he was rambling and feeble, and being assailed by coughing, he stopped, paused, and said in an altered voice, "I believe they are right, sir!" and sat down.

April 3d. — By coach to Ipswich; then on foot in the dark to Playford (four miles). Mrs. Clarkson was in high health and spirits; Tom and Mr. Clarkson also well. I met with some visitors there, who rendered the visit peculiarly agreeable. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Grahame, from Glasgow. He is a Writer to the Signet, a brother to the late James Grahame the

* The Honorable George Lamb, son of the first Lord Melbourne, and brother of William, who afterwards became Prime Minister.

poet; a most interesting man, having a fine handsome face and figure, resembling Wordsworth in his gait and general air, though not in his features, and being a first-rate talker, as far as sense and high moral feeling can render conversation delightful. We talked, during the few days of my stay, about English and Scotch law. He complained that the *Comitas gentium* was not allowed to Scotchmen; that is, a lunatic having money in the funds must be brought to England to have a commission issued here (though he is already found a lunatic in Scotland) before dividends can be paid, &c.; and bank powers of attorney must be executed according to English forms, even in Scotland. The first case is certainly a great abuse. Mr. Grahame pleased me much, and I have already nearly decided on going to Scotland this summer. In politics he is very liberal, inclining to ultra principles. He was severe against Southey and Wordsworth for their supposed apostasy. He speaks highly of the Scotch law, and considers the administration of justice there much superior to ours.

April 28th. — My ride to-day was very agreeable; the weather was mild and fine, and I had no ennui. I travelled with the Rev. Mr. Godfrey, with whom I chatted occasionally, and I read three books of the "Odyssey," and several of Burke's speeches. Burke's quarrel with Fox does not do honor to Burke. I fear he was glad of an opportunity to break with his old friend; yet he appears to have been provoked. In the fourth volume of Burke's Speeches, there is the same wonderful difference between the reports of the newspapers and the publications of Burke himself.

His own notes of his speech on the *Unitarian Petition* are full of profundity and wisdom; his attack on the *Rights of Man* as an abstract principle is justified on his own representation. How true his axiom, "Crude and unconnected truths are in practice what falsehoods are in theory!" Strange that he should have undergone so great obloquy because this wise remark has not been comprehended!

May 3d. — I dined with Walter, Fraser, and Barnes. Fraser I attacked on a trimming article in yesterday's *Times* about Catholic Emancipation. And Barnes attacked me about "Peter Bell"; but this is a storm I must yield to. Wordsworth has set himself back ten years by the publication of this work. I read also Tom Cribb's Memorial to the Congress, — an amusing volume; but I would rather read than have written it. It is really surprising that a gentleman (for so

Moore is in station and connections) should so descend as to exhibit the Prince Regent and the Emperor of Russia at a boxing-match, under the names of Porpus and Long Sandy. The boxing cant language does not amuse me, even in Moore's gravely burlesque lines.

May 23d. — I spent several hours at home, looking over reports, &c., and then walked to Clapton. I had a fine walk home over Bethnal Green. Passing Bonner's Fields, a nice boy, who was my gossiping companion, pointed out to me the site of Bishop Bonner's house, where the Bishop sat and saw the *Papists* burnt: such is the accuracy of traditional tales. He further showed me some spots in which the ground is low: here the poor burnt creatures were buried, it seems; and though the ground has been filled up hundreds of times, it always sinks in again. "I do not suppose it is true," said the boy, "but I was afraid once to walk on the spot, and so are the little boys now." The feeling that Nature sympathizes with man in horror of great crimes, and bears testimony to the commission of them, is a very frequent superstition, — perhaps the most universal.

June 4th. — My sister consulted Astley Cooper. She was delighted to find him far from unkind or harsh. He treated her with great gentleness, and very kindly warned her as much as possible to correct her irritability, — not of temper, but of nerves.

June 10th. — Clemens Brentano is turned monk!

June 14th. — Coming home, I found Hamond in town, and went with him to the Exhibition. I stayed a couple of hours, but had no great pleasure there. Scarcely a picture much pleased me. Turner has fewer attractions than he used to have, and Callcott's "Rotterdam" is gaudier than he used to be; he is aiming at a richer cast of color, but is less beautiful as he deviates from the delicate grays of Cuyp. Cooper's "Marston Moor" did not interest me, though what I have heard since of the artist does. I am told he was lately a groom to Meux, the brewer, who, detecting him in the act of making portraits of his horses, would not keep him as a groom, but got him employment as a horse-painter. He was before a rider at Astley's, it is said. He went into the Academy to learn to draw with the boys. Flaxman says he knew nothing of the mechanism of his art, — he could not draw at all, — but by dint of genius, without instruction (except, as he says, what he learned from a shilling book he bought in the Strand), he

could paint very finely. He is already, says Flaxman, a great painter, and will probably become very eminent indeed. He is about thirty-five years of age, and is already an Associate. He paints horses and low life, but his "Marston Moor" is regarded as a fine composition. His appearance does not bespeak his origin. "I introduced him to Lord Grey," said Flaxman, "and as they stood talking together, I could not discern any difference between the peer and the painter."

June 16th. — I was much occupied by a scrape John Collier had got into. A few nights ago he reported that Mr. Hume had said in the House of Commons that Canning had risen above the sufferings of others by laughing at them. Bell * being last night summoned before the House, John Collier gave himself as the author, and was in consequence committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Wynn moved that he should be committed to Newgate, but this was withdrawn in consequence of Collier's manly and becoming conduct. I was exceedingly alarmed lest this might hurt Collier with Walter, but, to my satisfaction, I found that Collier had raised himself in Walter's opinion; for, by his gentlemanly behavior, he raised the character of the reporters, and he completely relieved Walter from the imputation of having altered the article. I called on Collier in the House of Commons Prison; he was in good spirits. Mrs. Collier was there, and Walter came too, with Barnes. I chatted with Walter about the propriety of petitioning. He wished Collier to lie in custody till the end of the session, but I differed in opinion, and corrected the petition, which was ultimately adopted. After a hasty dinner in Hall, I ran down to the House. Barnes procured me a place, and I stayed in the gallery till quite late. There was no opposition to Mr. W. Smith's motion for Collier's discharge. He was reprimanded by the Speaker in strong unmeaning words. W. Smith moved for the bill to relieve the Unitarians against the Marriage Act.† The speech had the merit of raising a feeling favorable to the speaker, and it was not so intelligible as to excite opposition. Lord Castlereagh did not pretend to understand it, and Mr. Wilberforce spoke guardedly and with favor of the projected measure. The rest of the speaking this evening was

* The publisher of the *Times*.

† Mr. W. Smith's object was to obtain for Unitarians at their marriage the omission of all reference to the Trinity. He did not venture to propose the more rational and complete relief, — which was after a time obtained, — the marriage of Dissenters in their own places of worship. *Vide* May's Constitutional History, Vol. II. p. 384.

very poor indeed, — much below my expectation. I was heartily tired before eleven o'clock. I then came home, and read a little of Homer in bed.

June 23d. — I called late on Mrs. John Collier. She informs me that Walter has been doing a very handsome thing by John Collier. He gave him a bank-note for £ 50, saying he need not return the surplus after paying the fees, and hoped that it would be some compensation for the inconvenience he had suffered by his imprisonment. Now, the fees amounted to not more than £ 14 or £ 15. This is very generous certainly.

July 6th. — I dined with Collier, and had a game of chess for an hour. I then looked over papers, &c. in chambers; and between seven and eight went to Godwin's by invitation. Charles and Mary Lamb were there, also Mr. Booth, — a singular character, not unlike Curran in person; a clever man, says Godwin, and in his exterior very like the Grub Street poet of the last century. I had several rubbers of whist. Charles Lamb's good-humor and playfulness made the evening agreeable, which would otherwise have been made uncomfortable by the painful anxiety visible in Mrs. Godwin, and suspected in Godwin. I came home late.

July 7th. — I dined by invitation with Mr. Belsham. T. Stansfeld had written to me by Mr. Kenrick (a nephew of Mr. Belsham),* requesting me to give Mr. Kenrick letters of introduction to Germany. Kenrick left me the letter with an invitation from Belsham. I had an agreeable visit: a small party, — Mr. and Miss Belsham, Spurrell, Senr., Martineau, Jardine,† a Mr. Reid, and Mr. Kenrick. We kept up a conversation with very little disputation. Belsham (and I joined him) defended Church Establishments, which he thought better than leaving religion to make its way alone.‡ He said, I think *my* Church ought to be established; but as that cannot be, I would rather the Anglican Church should be maintained, with all its errors and superstitions, than that the unlearned should be left at large, each man spreading abroad his own follies and absurdities.§ Kenrick opposed him, and had on some points the best of the argument. Jardine, and indeed all the party, were

* There was no actual relationship between Mr. Kenrick and Mr. Belsham; Mr. Kenrick's father married, as his second wife, the sister of Mr. Belsham.

† The Barrister, afterwards a Police Magistrate.

‡ Written in 1851.

§ Mr. Belsham's views on this subject were published in three sermons, entitled "Christianity pleading for the Patronage of the Civil Power, but protesting against the Aid of Penal Laws." Hunter, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1820.

against Mr. Belsham and myself. We talked of animal magnetism, and told ghost stories, and ghosts seemed on the whole to be in credit.

July 8th. — Mr. Kenrick breakfasted with me. I was much pleased with him; he has been, and indeed still is, tutor at the Manchester New College, York, and is going for a trip to Germany to improve in philological studies. He is a stanch Unitarian, with a deal of zeal, but is mild in his manners, a tenacious disputant, but courteous, — a very promising young man.*

July 12th. — (At Bury.) I had an agreeable walk with Mrs. Kent over the skirts of Hardwick Heath, — rather, enclosure, — and home by the West Gate Street. Mrs. Kent was gradually brought to recollect scenes familiar to her in childhood, but I could recall few. How little do I recollect of my past life! and the idea often recurs to me that it seems difficult to reconcile responsibility with utter oblivion. Coleridge has the striking thought that possibly the punishment of a future life may consist in bringing back the consciousness of the past.

July 21st. — Mrs. Kent had left us in the morning. I therefore thought it right to dine with the magistrates; and I am glad I did so, as I had a pleasing day. We discussed the question, how far a barrister may lawfully try to persuade the Bench to a decision which he himself knows to be wrong. I endeavored to establish this distinction, that an advocate may practise sophistry, though he may not misstate a case or a fact.

July 25th. — I breakfasted with Basil Montagu, and had an hour's pleasant chat with him. He related that Dr. Scott informed him that he waited on Oliver Goldsmith, with another gentleman, to make a proposal, on the part of Lord North, that Goldsmith should write on behalf of the Ministry. They found him in chambers in the Temple. He was offered any compensation he might desire. He said he could earn from the booksellers as much as his necessities required, and he would rather live without being obliged to any one. Scott told this story as a proof of Goldsmith's ignorance of the world.

August 7th. — This was a morning of disappointment. I

* He is now the most learned of the English Unitarians, and has taken the lead in the free investigation of the Old Testament, presuming to apply to it, notwithstanding its sacred character, the rules of profane criticism. He has lately retired from presiding over the Manchester College — H. C. R., 1851. H. C. R. had especially in view Mr. Kenrick's work on Primeval History.

had intended to do my best in defending some Lavenham rioters for bull-baiting, but Burr cut the matter short by asserting that, though bull-baiting is a lawful sport, in an enclosure of private property, it could not be tolerated in the market-place of a town, over which there is a right of way. I endeavored to contend that, if the bull-baiting had lasted from time immemorial, that fact must modify the right of way. I consented that a verdict of Guilty should be entered, on an engagement that no one should be brought up for judgment, even if the riot should be renewed next 5th November.

August 10th. — On the evening of my arrival at Norwich I was even alarmed at the quantity of business there. It exceeded, in fact, anything I ever had before. I had during these assizes seventeen briefs, of which *thirteen* were in *causes.** The produce, seventy-five guineas, including retainers, exclusive of the fee of an arbitration. This raises my fees on the circuit to *one hundred and thirty-four* guineas, a sum exceeding by twenty-nine guineas the utmost I ever before received. Of these causes I shall mention three or four afterwards. I had one consultation this evening at Sergeant Blossett's, and I was engaged the rest of the time till late reading briefs.

August 29th, Rem.† — This day commenced a valuable acquaintance with Mr. Benecke, of whom I think very highly, as among the most remarkable Germans I have ever known. I had received a letter from Poel of Altona, introducing to me a Miss Reinhardt, who wished to establish herself in England as a teacher of music. She was on a visit at the Beneckes'. I called on her, and was invited to dine with them soon after, and my acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Benecke was a man of great ability in various departments; he was a chemist, and in that science he had a manufactory, by which he lived. He had been engaged as the conductor of an insurance office at Hamburg, and wrote an elaborate work on the law of insurance in German, which in Germany is the great authority on the subject. This induced him, after our acquaintance, to write a small volume on the law of insurance in English, which I saw through the press. There was absolutely nothing to correct in the language. The book did not sell, but Lord Tenterden spoke well of it as a work of principle, and allowed it to be dedicated to him. But these were merely works and pursuits of necessity. He was a philosopher, and of the most religious character: he professed orthodoxy, but

* That is, not criminal cases.

† Written in 1851.

he would not have been tolerated by our high-and-dry orthodox. He had a scheme of his own, of which the foundation was — the belief in the pre-existence of every human being. His speculation was, that every one had taken part in the great rebellion in a former state, and that we were all ultimately to be restored to the Divine favor. This doctrine of final restoration was the redeeming article of his creed. He professed to believe in the divinity of Christ, and when I put the question to him, he said, that he considered that doctrine as the most essential truth of religion; that God alone without Christ would be nothing to us; Christ is the *copula* by means of whom man is brought to God. Otherwise, the idea of God would be what the Epicureans deem it, — a mere idle and empty notion. I believe Benecke was first led to think well of me by hearing me observe, what I said without any notion of his opinions, that an immortality *à parte post* supposed a like immortality *à parte ante;* and that I could not conceive of the creation in time of an imperishable immortal being.

September 13th. — I rode to London. During the ride I was strikingly reminded of the great improvement of the country within thirty or forty years. An old man, on the box, pointed out to me a spot near a bridge on the road, where about forty years ago the stage was turned over and seven people drowned; and he assured me that, when he was a boy, the road beyond Hounslow was literally lined with gibbets, on which were, in irons, the carcasses of malefactors blackening in the sun. I found London all full of people, collected to receive Hunt * in triumph, and accompany him to the Crown and Anchor to a dinner, — a mere rabble, certainly, but it is a great and alarming evil that the rabble should be the leaders in anything. I hear that when, in the evening, Hunt came, the crowds were immense, and flags were waved over him with "*Liberty or Death*" inscribed.

September 22d. — I called on Talfourd for a short time. I dined with Collier and then hastened to Flaxman's. I had a very pleasant chat with him and Miss Denman.† He related an interesting anecdote of Canova. He had breakfasted with Canova at, I believe, Mr. Hope's, and then examined with him the marbles and antiques. Among them was a beautiful bust

* "Orator" Hunt, the Radical, afterwards M. P. for Preston.

† Miss Denman was Mrs. Flaxman's sister, and Flaxman's adopted daughter by whom the Flaxman Gallery at University College was founded.

of Antoninus Pius. Flaxman pointed it out to Canova, on which Canova, without answering him, muttered to himself, with gestulations of impatience: "I told him so, — I told him so, — but he would never take counsel." This was repeated several times in a fit of absence. At length Flaxman tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Whom did you tell so?" Of course, the conversation was in Italian. Receiving no reply, Flaxman pressed the question. "Why, Buonaparte," said he. "I observed to him repeatedly, that the busts of Antoninus Pius were to be seen everywhere; they were to be found in every part of Italy in great abundance, he had made himself so beloved. But he would take no advice." — "And did you expect him to take any?" said Flaxman. Canova could not say that he did, but stated that the courtiers of Buonaparte were often astonished at the freedoms he took.

*Rem.** — Flaxman always spoke of Canova as a man of great moral qualities, of which I believe he thought more highly than of his character as an artist.

October 2d. — Colonel D'Arcy was at Masquérier's this evening, — a very agreeable man, who has been some years in Persia. He explained to us the meaning of the signets so often mentioned in the Bible and Oriental writings. In Persia every man has three seals: a large one, with which he testifies his messages to an inferior; a small one, sent to a superior; and a middle-sized, for an equal. Every man has about him an Indian-ink preparation, and, instead of signing his name, he sends an impression of his seal, as a proof that the messenger comes from him. Colonel D'Arcy speaks Persian fluently. He says it is a simple and easy language, as spoken, but the written language is blended with the Arabic, and is make complex and difficult.

October 12th. — I took an early breakfast, and a little after nine was in the King's Bench, Guildhall. There was a vast crowd already assembled to hear the trial of Carlile for blasphemy, which had attracted my curiosity also. The prosecution was for republishing Paine's "Age of Reason." The Attorney-General opened the case in an ordinary way. His pathos did not seem to flow from him, and his remarks were neither striking nor original. Carlile is a pale-faced, flat-nosed man, not unlike Schelling, but having no intellectual resemblance; though he has shown astonishing powers of voice, and a faculty of enduring fatigue that is far more wonderful than

* Written in 1851.

enviable. He does not appear in any respect a man of mind or originality. His exordium was an hour long, and was a mere rhapsodical defence. His chief argument was derived from the late Trinity Bill,* which, said he, authorizes any one to attack the Trinity; and there being no statute law to declare what may *not* be attacked, anything may. He attacked the Attorney-General † as an ex-Unitarian, and was both pert and insolent in the matter, though not in the manner. He then set about reading the "Age of Reason" through, and therefore I left him.

October 13th. — I lounged for half an hour into Guildhall. I found Carlile on his legs; he had been speaking without interruption from half past nine, and I heard him at half past six, with no apparent diminution of force; but he merely read from paper, and what he said seemed very little to the purpose. He attempted a parallel between his case and Luther's, and asserted the right to preach Deism. I see no reason why he should not go on for a month in the same style.

October 14th. — I would have walked with H—— to hear some part of Carlile's trial, but it was just over. The man had been speaking for near three days, and this will be regarded by many people, I have no doubt, as a proof of great talent. He was, however, convicted, to my great satisfaction.

October 24th. — (At Bury.) I heard Mr. Fenner preach in the forenoon to about twenty persons. How our sensations influence our thoughts? The meeting-house striking my eye, and the voice of my old preceptor striking my ear, I was made serious, and almost melancholy.

November 10th. — I went early to Sergeant Frere's chambers, 3 King's Bench Walk, and agreed for a fourteen years' lease of them from next midsummer, at seventy-five guineas per annum. These chambers consist of one tolerably sized room; a second, which by pulling down a partition may be made into a very comfortable room; and a third small room, which may be used by a clerk; three fireplaces. Between the two larger rooms is a small room, large enough to place a bed in, and convenient for that purpose; there is also a dark place, in which a bed has been placed for Frere's clerk and his wife, besides one or two lock-up places. The chambers, without being excellent, are yet good for their price, and I am pleased at the

* "An Act to relieve Persons who impugn the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity from certain Penalties." This was commonly called Mr. William Smith's Act.

† Gifford. See *ante*, p. 358.

idea of occupying them. They are quite light, and look into a garden, and the staircase is handsome, compared with my present one.

December 7th. — I dined at the Colliers', and then took tea with Flaxman *tête-à-tête*. He makes religion most amiable and respectable at the same time. A childlike faith is delightful in a man of distinguished genius. He spoke of his fortune, and without ostentation he said he had by God's providence prospered; but he must add (what he would say to few but me), that no man who had worked for him had been in want, when sick or dying.

*Rem.** — When Flaxman died, his effects were sworn to be worth under £4,000; and I have been in the habit of citing his comparative poverty as a disgrace to the country; for while he died worth £4,000, Chantrey died worth above £150,000. Such is the different reward for genius and useful talent!

December 9th. — The bills now passing through Parliament will be, I fear, sad monuments of the intemperance of the government and people. Reformers and Ministry alike exaggerate the alarm justly to be feared from the excesses of their adversary, and in so doing furnish a reasonable ground for a moderated apprehension. There are a few seditious spirits in the country who would raise a rebellion if they could, but they cannot; and there are some among the Ministry, perhaps, who would not scruple to give the Crown powers fatal to the liberties of the people. But neither the courts of law nor the people (who as jurymen concur in the administration of the law) would assist in a project destructive of liberty; nor would the Ministry themselves dare make a violent attempt. At the same time, the "Six Acts" are objectionable.†

* Written in 1851.

† "Papers were laid before Parliament containing evidence of the state of the country, which were immediately followed by the introduction of further measures of repression, — then designated, and since familiarly known as, the 'Six Acts.' The first deprived defendants, in cases of misdemeanor, of the right of traversing: to which Lord Holland induced the Chancellor to add a clause, obliging the Attorney-General to bring defendants to trial within twelve months. By a second it was proposed to enable the court, on the conviction of a publisher of a seditious libel, to order the seizure of all copies of the libel in his possession; and to punish him, on a second conviction, with fine, imprisonment, banishment, or transportation. By a third, the newspaper stamp duty was imposed upon pamphlets and other papers containing news, or observations on public affairs; and recognizances were required from the publishers of newspapers and pamphlets for the payment of any penalty. By a fourth, no meeting of more than fifty persons was permitted to be held without six days' notice being given by seven householders to a resident justice of the peace;

December 15th. — I spent this forenoon, like too many of the preceding, loungingly. I called on Walter after being at the Book Auction. He informed me of what I never knew before, that the *Times* was prosecuted once for a libel of my writing; but the prosecution was dropped. He did not inform me of the circumstance at the time, thinking, probably, the intelligence would pain me. I do not know whether I am to consider this an honor or not, as I am ignorant whether the libel was an observation on, or the misstatement of, a fact.

December 18th. — I dined at Collier's, and then went to Covent Garden. I had rather more pleasure than usual. The "Comedy of Errors" is better to see than read: besides, a number of good songs by Miss Stephens * and others are introduced. The two Dromios, Liston and Farren, though not sufficiently alike (nor did they strive to be so, for neither would adopt the other's peculiarities), afforded amusement, and the incidents, barring the improbability, pass off pleasantly enough. Some fine scenery is introduced, though out of character and costume. The scene is in Ephesus, and yet one of the paintings is the Piazza of Venice, &c.

December 25th. — Christmas day. I spent this festival not in feasting, but very agreeably, for, like a child, I was delighted in contemplating my new toy. I was the whole forenoon occupied, after writing some of the preceding Mems., in collecting books, &c., in my old, and in arranging them in my new, chambers. The putting in order is a delightful occupation, and is at least analogous to a virtue. Virtue is the love of moral order; and taste, and cleanliness, and method are all connected with the satisfaction we have in seeing and putting things where they ought to be.

and all but freeholders or inhabitants of the county, parish, or township were prohibited from attending, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The justice could change the proposed time and place of meeting: but no meeting was permitted to adjourn itself. Every meeting tending to incite the people to hatred and contempt of the King's person or the government and constitution of the realm was declared an unlawful assembly; and extraordinary powers were given to justices for the dispersion of such meetings and the capture of persons addressing them. If any person should be killed or injured in the dispersion of an unlawful meeting, the justice was indemnified. Attending a meeting with arms, or with flags, banners, or other ensigns or emblems, was an offence punishable with two years' imprisonment. Lecture and debating rooms were to be licensed, and open to inspection. By a fifth, the training of persons in the use of arms was prohibited; and by a sixth, the magistrates in the disturbed counties were empowered to search for and seize arms." — May's *Constitutional History*, Vol. II. pp. 199, 200.

* Afterwards Countess of Essex.

December 26th. — I read the trial of Sir Thomas More. It is quite astonishing that the understanding and the courage of men could be so debased as they appear to have been in the reign of Henry VIII. I doubt whether the legislation of any other country has an instance of an enormity so gross and absurd as that of rendering it a capital offence to refuse answering a question : yet for this offence the Lord Chancellor was put to death, — a man of incorruptible integrity, a martyr. Yet he was himself a persecutor, having superintended the infliction of torture.

I am at length settled in my new chambers, and though my books are not yet put in order, I have a comfortable fire, and a far more pleasing scene from my window and within my room than I had in my former apartments.

December 28th. — The satisfaction I have in changing my residence is accompanied by the serious reflection that I cannot reasonably expect so much enjoyment, and such uninterrupted ease, as I enjoyed in Essex Court. During my six years' residence there I have not once been kept awake at night by pain of mind or body, nor have I ever sat down to a meal without an appetite. My income is now much larger than it was when I entered those chambers, and my health is apparently as firm. I have lost no one source of felicity. I have made accessions to my stock of agreeable companions, if not friends. I have risen in respectability, by having succeeded to a certain extent in my profession, though perhaps not so greatly as some of my friends expected. But then I have grown six years older, and human life is so short that this is a large portion. This reflection, I say, is a serious one, but it does not sadden me.

*Rem.** — Let me add merely this, — that I believe I could have written the same in 1829.† We shall see, if I go so far in these Reminiscences. This year I took no journey.

* Written in 1851.

† The first year after H. C. R.'s retirement from the bar.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON ELTON HAMOND [WITH NOTE].

1820.

JANUARY 1st. — No New Year ever opened to me with an event so tragical as that which occurred this morning. Nor indeed has my journal contained any incident so melancholy.

I had scarcely begun my breakfast, when two men, plain in dress but respectable in appearance, called on me, and one of them said, in a very solemn tone, "Pray, sir, do you know a Mr. Elton Hamond?" — "Yes, very well." — "Was he a particular friend of yours?" My answer was, "He has destroyed himself."

*Rem.** — I have heretofore omitted to write of Hamond, postponing till this awful catastrophe all I have to say of him. He was born in 1786, and was the eldest of two sons of a tea-dealer who lived in the city. He had also sisters. His father died in 1807, leaving him sole executor; and being the eldest, — at least of the sons, — and a man of imposing and ingratiating manners, he was looked up to by his family. I became acquainted with him through the Aikins, — I cannot say precisely *when*, but soon after my return from Germany. His elder sister lived many years with Mrs. Barbauld. When I first visited him he lived in Milk Street, where his father had carried on the business. Some time afterwards Hamond told me that in order to set an example to the world of how a business should be carried on, and that he might not be interfered with in his plans, he turned off the clerks and every servant in the establishment, including the porter, and I rather think the cook. There could be but one result. The business soon had to be given up. His perfect integrity no one doubted. Indeed, his character may be regarded as almost faultless, with the exception of those extravagances which may not unreasonably be set down to the account of insanity. When he was satisfied that he was right, he had such an overweening sense of his own judgment, that he expected every one to submit to his decision; and when this did not take

* Written in 1851.

place, he was apt to consider the disobedience as criminal. On this account he broke off acquaintance with his family and nearly all his friends.

I have only to relate some illustrations, which will be found curious, of this unhappy state of mind. When he was about eleven years old, he said to his sister, "Sister Harriet, who is the greatest man that ever lived?" She said, "Jesus Christ." He replied, "No bad answer, — but I shall be greater than Jesus Christ." His after-misery lay in this, that while he had a conviction that he was to have been, and ought to have been, the greatest of men, he was conscious that in fact he was not. And the reason assigned by him for putting an end to his life was, that he could not condescend to live without fulfilling his proper vocation.

His malady lay in a diseased endeavor to obey the injunction, "Nosce teipsum." He was forever writing about himself. Hundreds of quarto pages do I possess, all full of himself and of his judgment respecting his friends. And he felt it to be his duty to make his unfavorable opinion known to the friends themselves, in a way which, save for the knowledge of his infirmity, would have been very offensive.*

In the anxious pursuit of self-improvement, he sought the acquaintance of eminent men, among whom were Jeremy Bentham and his brother, General Bentham, James Mill, the historian of India, and Sir Stamford Raffles, governor of Java. On Sir Stamford he made a demand of the most ridiculous kind, maintaining that as Sir Stamford owed everything to his father, he, Sir Stamford was morally bound to give Hamond one half of what he acquired in his office as governor. Sir Stamford gave him an order on his banker for £1,000, which Hamond disdained to take. He went to Scotland and made the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart. The eminent philosopher and professor wisely advised him to think nothing

* As an instance of the sort of authority he assumed over his friends, I may mention that, when the reduction of the 5 per cent stock to 4½ was in contemplation, I had entertained an opinion in favor of the reduction, on which we had some discussion. In a few days he wrote me a letter, saying that he deemed my opinion so mischievous, that, if I gave any publicity to it, he should be obliged to renounce my further acquaintance. I replied that I honored the firmness with which on all occasions he did what he deemed right, regardless of all consequences to himself, but that he must allow me to follow his example, and act on *my own* sense of right, — not his; and that, in consequence, I had that morning sent a letter to the *Times* in support of my opinion. Whether the letter appeared I do not know; but, at all events, what I wrote to Hamond had its just weight. He took no offence at my resistance. Nor was he offended at the course I took on account of my suspicion of his intention to destroy himself.

about himself, which poor Elton most characteristically misinterpreted. He wrote in his diary: "I do think nothing of myself, — I know that I am nothing." That this was his sincere opinion is shown in a letter, in which, recommending his own papers to Southey's careful perusal, with a view to publication, he says: "You will see in them the writings of a man who was in fact nothing, but who was near becoming the greatest that ever lived." This was the mad thought that haunted him. After he left Milk Street, he took a house at Hampstead, where his younger sister lived with him.

At the time of my first acquaintance, or growing intimacy with Hamond, Frederick Pollock, now the Lord Chief Baron, was his friend. There was no jealousy in Hamond's nature, and he loved Pollock the more as he rose in reputation. He wrote in his journal: "How my heart burned when I read of the high degree taken by Pollock at Cambridge!" *

In 1818 I visited him at Norwood, where I found him lodging in a cottage, and with no other occupation than the dangerous one of meditation on himself. He journalized his food, his sleep, his dreams. His society consisted of little children, whom he was fond of talking to. From a suspicion that had forced itself on my mind, I gave him notice that if he destroyed himself, I should consider myself released from my undertaking to act as his trustee. I think it probable that this caused him to live longer than he would otherwise have done. It also occasioned his application to Southey to take charge of his papers. One of Southey's letters to him was printed in the poet's life; unfortunately, I cannot find the other.† To Anthony Robinson, to whom I had introduced him, Hamond said that he was on the point of making a discovery, which would put an end to physical and moral evil in the world.

In justice to his memory, and that no one who reads this may misapprehend his character, I ought not to omit adding, that his overweening sense of his own powers had not the effect which might have been expected on his demeanor to the world at large. He was habitually humble and shy, towards inferiors especially. He quarrelled once with a friend (Pollock)‡ for not

* He was Senior Wrangler.

† The other has been found among H. C. R.'s papers; and both are contained in the Note to this chapter.

‡ The name has been given by Sir Frederick Pollock himself, who has kindly looked through this chapter in proof, and stated some details. The woman's burden was a large tray to be carried from Blackfriars' Bridge to the Obelisk.

being willing to join him in carrying a heavy box through the streets of London for a poor woman. His generous offer of an annuity to W. Taylor,* when he was reduced in circumstances, has been made known in the Life of Taylor. Reference has already been made (p. 354) to his refusal of a private secretaryship to a colonial chief justice, on the ground of the obligation involved to tell a lie and write a lie every day, subscribing himself the humble servant of people he did not serve, and towards whom he felt no humility. Various eligible offers were made to him, but rejected for reasons which made it too probable that he could be brought to consent to nothing. The impractical notions he had of veracity are shown in an inscription written by him for his father's tombstone. He objected to the date 18—, because, unless it was added, *of the Christian era*, no one could know in which era his father had lived. His grossest absurdities, however, had often a basis of truth, which it was not difficult to detect. I conclude, for the present, with a sentiment that leaves an impression of kindness mingled with pity: "Had I two thousand a year, I would give one half for birds and flowers."

On the 4th of January the coroner's inquest was held; Pollock and I attended. We did not, however, offer ourselves as witnesses, not being so ready as others were to declare our conviction that Elton Hamond was insane. To those who *think*, this is always a difficult question, and that because the question of sane or insane must always be considered with a special reference to the relation in which the character, as well as the act, is viewed.

The neighbors very sincerely declared their belief in Hamond's insanity, and related anecdotes of absurdities that would not have weighed with wise men. We did not fear the result, and were surprised when the coroner came to us and said: "The jury say they have no doubt this poor gentleman was insane, but they have heard there was a letter addressed to them, and

"It was on a Sunday, I think, just after morning church. I offered to join in paying one or two porters to help the woman, but what he insisted on was that we should *ourselves* do it." Sir Frederick adds: "Hamond had in the highest degree *one* mark of insanity, viz. an utter disregard of the opinion of all the rest of the world on any point on which he had made up his own mind. He was once on the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey, and presented *as from himself alone* (all the rest of the jury dissenting) the manner in which the witnesses were sworn. I was present, and became from that moment satisfied that he was insane." "Hamond's case is worth recording; it was not a commonplace malady."

* Of Norwich. *Vide* "Memoir of William Taylor of Norwich," Vol. II. p. 357.

they insist on seeing it." On this I went into the room, and told the jury that I had removed the letter, in order that they should not see it. This at first seemed to offend them, but I further said that I had done this without having read the letter. It had been sealed and given to relations, who would certainly destroy it rather than allow it to be made public. I informed them of the fact that a sister of Mr. Hamond had died in an asylum, and mentioned that his insanity manifested itself in a morbid hostility towards some of his relations. I reminded them of the probability that any letter of the kind, if read in public, would be soon in the papers; and I put it to them, as a serious question, what their feelings would be if in a few days they heard of another act of suicide. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before there was a cry from several of the jury, "We do not wish to see it." And ultimately the verdict of insanity was recorded. The coroner supported me in my refusal to produce the letter.

Gooch directed a cast of Hamond's face to be taken. It was one of the handsomest faces I ever saw in a cast. Afterwards it was given to me, and I gave it to Hamond's sister, Harriet. The same man who took this mask, an Italian, Gravelli, took a mask of a living friend, who complained of it as unsatisfactory. It was, in truth, not prepossessing. The Italian pettishly said, "You should be dead! — you should be dead!"

Southey to H. C. R.

My dear Sir, — I shall not easily get your letter out of my thought. Some years ago I dined with E. H. at Gooch's, and perfectly remember his quiet melancholy and meditative manner. The two letters which he addressed to me respecting his papers were very ably written, and excited in me a strong interest. Of course, I had no suspicion who the writer could be; but if I had endeavored to trace him (which probably would have been done had I been in town), Gooch is the person whom I should have thought most likely to have helped me in the inquiry.

The school which you indicate is an unhappy one. I remember seeing a purblind man at Yarmouth two-and-twenty years ago, who seemed to carry with him a contagion of such opinions wherever he went. Perhaps you may have known him. The morbific matter was continually oozing out of him, and where it passes off in this way, or can be exploded in paradoxes and freaks of intellect, as by William Taylor, the destructive effect

upon the heart is lessened or postponed. But when it meets with strong feeling, and an introspective introactive mind, the Aqua Toffana is not more deadly.

Respecting the papers, I can only say, at present, that I will do nothing with them that can be injurious either to the dead or the living. When I receive any application upon the subject, I shall desire them to be deposited at my brother's, to await my arrival in town, where I expect to be early in March, and to continue about two months, some ten days excepted; and it is better that they should be in London, where I can consult with you. You will see by the letter to me (which I will take with me to town) what his wishes were. Consistently with these wishes, with his honor, and with the feelings of his friends, I hope it may be possible to record this melancholy case for wholesome instruction. He says to me: "You may perhaps find an interest in making a fair statement of opinions which you condemn, when quite at liberty, as you would be in this case, to controvert them in the same page. I desire no gilt frame for my picture, and if by the side of it you like to draw another, and call mine a Satyr and your own Hyperion, you are welcome. A *true* light is all that I require, — a *strong* light all that I wish."

Having no suspicion of his intentions, I supposed him to be in the last stage of some incurable disease, and addressed him as one upon the brink of the grave. If one of the pencil readings which you have transcribed were written since February last, it would show that my last letter had made some impression upon him, for I had assured him of my belief in ghosts, and rested upon it as one proof of a future state. There was not the slightest indication of insanity in his annunciation to me, and there was an expression of humility, under which I should never have suspected that so very different a feeling was concealed. God help us! frail creatures that we are.

As my second letter was not noticed by him, I had supposed that it was received with displeasure, and perhaps with contempt. It rather surprises me, therefore, that he should have retained the intention of committing his papers to my disposal, little desirous as I was of the charge. Nevertheless, I will execute it faithfully; and the best proof that I can give of a proper feeling upon the subject is to do nothing without consulting you.

Believe me, dear sir, yours with much esteem,

Robert Southey..

Keswick, January 20.

Southey came to me in the March of this year, when he visited London. I soon satisfied him that the MSS. had no literary value, and he willingly resigned them to me.* In May of this year I wrote: "The more I read, the more I am convinced that they contain nothing which can benefit the world. They are not valuable either as works of art or as discoveries of truth.† They are merely manifestations of an individual mind, revealing its weaknesses." Yet I must qualify this by saying that Hamond wrote with feeling, and, being in earnest, there was an attractive grace in his style. But it raised an expectation which he could not fulfil. Southey appears to have formed a high opinion of him; he was, however, not aware that, though Hamond could write a beautiful sentence, he was incapable of continuous thought. Some extracts from Hamond's letters and papers I mean to annex to these Reminiscences as *pièces justificatives*.

NOTE.

The papers now in the hands of the executors consist of,—(A), "Life. Personal Anecdotes. Indications of Character." (B), "Letters of Farewell." (C), "Miscellaneous Extracts." (D), "Extracts from Journal, &c." (E), "Extracts. Scheme of Reforming the World, &c." (F), "On Education Character, &c." (G), "Ethics." Also various letters by E. H. and others. Those by himself include the long one, finished only a few minutes before his death. Among the letters from others to him are several by Jeremy Bentham on business matters (1809–1819) and a larger number by Maria Edgeworth, on matters of personal interest, (1808–1811). As Mr. Robinson did not make the extracts he proposed, the following are given as among the most interesting:—

When I was about eight or ten I promised marriage to a wrinkled cook we had, aged about sixty-five. I was convinced of the insignificance of beauty, but really felt some considerable ease at hearing of her death about four years after, when I began to repent of my vow.

I always said that I would do anything to make another happy, and told a boy I would give him a shilling if it would make him happy; he said it would, so I gave it him. It is not to be wondered at that I had plenty of such applications, and soon emptied my purse. It is true I rather grudged the money, because the boys laughed rather more than I wished them. But it would have been inconsistent to have appeared dissatisfied. Some of them were generous enough to return the money, and I was prudent enough to take it, though I declared that if it would make them happy I should be sorry to have it back again.

---

* These MSS. are now in the hands of H. C. R.'s executors. An account of them, and some extracts, will be found in a Note to this chapter.

† The scheme for the reformation of the world seems to consist in a number of moral precepts, and has in it no originality.

At the age of eighteen I used to amuse myself with thinking on how many followers I could muster on a state emergency. I reckoned Abbot, Charles, Edward Deacon, Charles Mills, H. Jeffreys, and the Millers. I was then profuse of my presents, and indifferent to my comforts. I was shabby in my appearance, loved to mix with the lowest mob, and was sometimes impatiently desirous of wealth and influence. I remembered that Cæsar walked carelessly and part drunken along the streets, and I felt myself a future Cæsar. The decencies of life I laughed at. I was proud to recollect that I had always expected to be great since I was twelve years old.

I cannot remain in society without injuring a man by the tricks of commerce, or the force which the laws of honor sometimes require. I must quit it. I would rather undergo twice the danger from beasts and ten times the danger from rocks. It is not pain, it is not death, that I dread, — it is the hatred of a man; there is something in it so shocking that I would rather submit to any injury than incur or increase the hatred of a man by revenging it; and indeed I think this principle is pretty general, and that, as Mr. Reynolds says: "No, I don't want to fight, but it is to please Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Tomkins that I must fight."

To H. C. ROBINSON.

SILVER STREET, 20 October, 1813.

MY DEAR ROBINSON, — I leave you all my papers, with entire liberty to preserve, destroy, lend, or publish all or any of them as you please; you will, I know, take care that no one suffers unjustly or improperly by anything that I have written about him. There are passages in some of my early journals which might, I think, be injurious to my brother in a manner that he never at all merited. Any expressions injurious to ——— I have no wish that you should conceal; in general, I may say that I should like everybody of whom I have expressed any opinion to be acquainted with it. The chief philosophical value of my papers (most of them utterly worthless in every other respect) I conceive to be that they record something of a mind that was very near taking a station far above all that have hitherto appeared in the world. Rely upon this, I am quite certain of it, that nothing but my sister Harriet's confidence and sympathy,* and such things as are easily procured, was wanting to enable me to fulfil my early and frequent vow to be the greatest man that had ever lived. I never till last May saw my course clearly, and then all that I wanted to qualify me for it I was refused. I leave my skull to any craniologist that you can prevail upon to keep it. Farewell! my dear friend; you have thought more justly of me than anybody has; maintain your sentiments; once more, farewell! I embrace you with all my heart.

E. HAMOND.

June 29th, 1817. — It is provoking that the secret of rendering man perfect in wisdom, power, virtue, and happiness should die with me. I never till this moment doubted that some other person would discover it, but I now recollect that, when I have relied on others, I have always been disappointed. Perhaps none may ever discover it, and the human race has lost its only chance of eternal happiness.

Another sufficient reason for suicide is, that I was this morning out of temper with Mrs. Douglas (for no fault of hers). I did not betray myself in the

---

* She would have been willing to devote her life to him, but he required that she should implicitly adopt his opinions. — H. C. R.

least, but I reflected that to be exposed to the possibility of such an event once a year was evil enough to render life intolerable. The disgrace of using an impatient word is to me overpowering.

A most sufficient reason for dying is, that if I had to write to Sir John Lubbock or Mr. Davey, I should be obliged to begin "Dear Sir," or else be very uncomfortable about the consequences. I am obliged to compromise with vice. At present (this is another matter), I must either become less sensible to the odiousness of vice, or be entirely unfit for all the active duties of life. Religion does but imperfectly help a man out of this dilemma.

Southey to Elton Hamond.

Keswick, 5 February, 1819.

Sir, — I lose no time in replying to your extraordinary letter. If, as you say, the language of your papers would require to be recast, it is altogether impossible for me to afford time for such an undertaking. But the style of your letter leads me to distrust your opinion upon this point; and if the papers are written with equal perspicuity, any change which they might undergo from another hand would be to their injury. It appears, therefore, to me that they would only require selection and arrangement.

Now, sir, it so happens that I have works in preparation of great magnitude, and (unless I deceive myself) of proportionate importance. And there must be many persons capable of preparing your manuscripts for the press, who have time to spare, and would be happy in obtaining such an employment. There may possibly also be another reason why another person may better be applied to on this occasion. The difference between your opinions and mine might be so great, that I could not with satisfaction or propriety become the means of introducing yours to the public. This would be the case if your reasonings tended to confound the distinctions between right and wrong, or to shake the foundations of religious belief. And yet I think that if there had been a great gulf between us you would hardly have thought of making me your editor. Indeed, if there had not been something in your letter which seems to make it probable that I should feel a lively interest in the transcript of your thoughts and feelings, my answer would have been brief and decisive.

I should like to see a specimen of the papers, such as might enable me to form a judgment of them; more than this I cannot say at present. I cannot but admire the temper of your letter. You are looking wisely and calmly toward the grave; allow me to add a fervent hope that you may also be looking with confidence and joy beyond it.

Believe me, sir,
Yours with respect,
Robert Southey.

Southey to Elton Hamond.

Keswick, 2 March, 1819.

Your letter, my dear sir, affects me greatly. It represents a state of mind into which I also should have fallen had it not been for that support which you are not disposed to think necessary for the soul of man. I, too, identified my own hopes with hopes for mankind, and at the price of any self-sacrifice would have promoted the good of my fellow-creatures. I, too, have been disappointed, in being undeceived; but having learnt to temper hope with patience, and when I lift up my spirit to its Creator and Redeemer, to say, not with the lips alone but with the heart, Thy will be done, I feel that whatever afflictions I have endured have been dispensed to me in mercy, and am deeply and devoutly thankful for what I am, and what I am to be when I shall burst my shell.

O sir! religion is the one thing needful, — without it no one can be truly happy: (do you not *feel* this?) with it no one can be entirely miserable. Without it, this world would be a mystery too dreadful to be borne, our best affections and our noblest desires a mere juggle and a curse, and it were better, indeed, to be nothing than the things we are. I am no bigot. I believe that men will be judged by their actions and intentions, not their creeds. I am a Christian, and so will Turk, Jew, and Gentile be in heaven, if they have lived well according to the light which was vouchsafed them. I do not fear that there will be a great gulf between you and me in the world which we must both enter: but if I could persuade you to look on towards that world with the eyes of faith, a change would be operated in all your views and feelings, and hope and joy and love would be with you to your last breath, — universal love, — love for mankind, and for the Universal Father into whose hands you are about to render up your spirit.

That the natural world by its perfect order displays evident marks of design, I think you would readily admit; for it is so palpable, that it can only be disputed from perverseness or affectation. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the moral order of things should in like manner be coherent and harmonious? It is so, if there be a state of retribution after death. If that be granted, everything becomes intelligible, just, beautiful, and good. Would you not, from the sense of fitness and of justice, wish that it should be so? And is there not enough of wisdom and of power apparent in the creation to authorize us in inferring, that whatever upon the grand scale would be best, therefore must be? Pursue this feeling, and it will lead you to the Cross of Christ.

I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this, and that absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, they are not always false, but that the spirits of the dead have sometimes been permitted to appear. I believe this because I cannot refuse my assent to the evidence which exists of such things, and to the universal consent of all men who have not *learnt* to think otherwise. Perhaps you will not despise this as a mere superstition when I say that Kant, the profoundest thinker of modern ages, came by the severest reasoning to the same conclusion. But if these things are, there is a state after death; and if there be a state after death, it is reasonable to presume that such things should be.

You will receive this as it is meant. It is hastily and earnestly written, — in perfect sincerity, — in the fulness of my heart. Would to God that it might find the way to yours! In case of your recovery, it would reconcile you to life, and open to you sources of happiness to which you are a stranger.

But whether your lot be for life or death, — dear sir, —

God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To JOSEPH ———.

NORWOOD, 31st December, 7 o'clock, 1819.

MY DEAR JOSEPH, — I fear that my late letters have offended and perplexed you; but I am convinced you will forgive all that you have thought amiss in them, and in the author of them, when you are told that he is — don't be shocked, my dear Joseph — *no more*. I am somewhat disturbed, while I think of the pain which this may give you, as I shed tears over my poverty when I saw Pollock cry about it, although it was not, neither is the present moment, painful to me. I have enjoyed my dinner, and been saying "good by" to my poor acquaintance as I met them, and running along by moonlight to put a letter in the post-office, and shall be comfortable — not to say merry — to the last, if I don't oppress myself with farewell letters, of which I have several still to write. I have much indeed to be grateful to you for, but I dare not give way to tender feelings.

Your letters, as you know, will be offered to Southey, with all my other papers, to do the best he can and chooses with. . . . .

Good by to you!

E. H.

To H. C. R., under the Name of Roviso.

Norwood, 31 December, 1819 (8 o'clock in the evening).

Dear Roviso, — I am stupefied with writing, and yet I cannot go my long journey without taking leave of one from whom I have received so much kindness, and from whose society so much delight. My place is booked for a passage in Charon's boat to-night at twelve. Diana kindly consents to be of the party. This is handsome of her. She was not looked for on my part. Perhaps she is willing to acknowledge my obedience to her laws by a genteel compliment. Good. The gods, then, are grateful. Let me imitate their example, and thank you for the long, long list of kind actions that I know of, and many more which I don't know of, but believe without knowing.

Go on, — be as merry as you can. If you can be religious, good; but don't sink the man in the Christian. Bear in mind what you know to be the just rights of a fellow-creature, and don't play the courtier by sacrificing your fellow-subjects to the imaginary King of heaven and earth. I say imaginary, — because he is known only by the imagination. He may have a real existence. I would rather he had. I have very little hopes of my own future fate, but I have less fear. In truth, I give myself no concern about it, — why should I? why fumble all through the dictionary for a word that is not there?

But I have some more good-bys to say.

I have left a speech for the gentlemen of the inquest. Perhaps the driver of the coach may be able to tell you what is going on. On Monday my landlord, Mr. Williams, of the Secretary's Office, E. I. House, will probably be in town at a little after nine. Mind you don't get yourself into a scrape by making an over-zealous speech if you attend as my counsel. You may say throughout, "The culprit's defence is this." Bear in mind, that I had rather be thrown in a ditch than have a disingenuous defence made.

I take the liberty of troubling you with the enclosed. The request it contains is the last trouble I shall ask of you. Once more, good by!

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

Elton Hamond.

To the Coroner and the Gentlemen who will sit on my Body.

Norwood, 31st December, 1819.

Gentlemen, — To the charge of self-murder I plead not guilty. For there is no guilt in what I have done. Self-murder is a contradiction in terms. If the king who retires from his throne is guilty of high treason; if the man who takes money out of his own coffers and spends it is a thief; if he who burns his own hayrick is guilty of arson; or he who scourges himself of assault and battery, then he who throws up his own life may be guilty of murder, — if not, not.

If anything is a man's own, it is surely his life. Far, however, be it from me to say that a man may do as he pleases with his own. Of all that he has he is a steward. Kingdoms, money, harvests, are held in trust, and so, but I think less strictly, is life itself. Life is rather the stewardship than the talent. The king who resigns his crown to one less fit to rule is guilty, though not of high treason; the spendthrift is guilty, though not of theft; the wanton burner of his hayrick is guilty, though not of arson; the suicide who could have performed the duties of his station is perhaps guilty, though not of murder, not of felony. They are all guilty of neglect of duty, and all, except the suicide, of breach of trust. But I cannot perform the duties of my station. He who wastes his life in idleness is guilty of a breach of trust; he who puts an end to it resigns his trust, — a trust that was forced upon him, — a trust which I never accepted, and probably never would have accepted. Is this felony? I smile at the ridiculous supposition. How we came by the foolish law which considers suicide as felony I don't know; I find no warrant for it in Philosophy or Scripture. It is worthy of the times when heresy and apostacy were capital offences; when offences were tried by battle, ordeal, or expurgation:

when the fine for slaying a man was so many shillings, and that for slaying an ass a few more or less.

Every old institution will find its vindicators while it remains in practice. I am an enemy to all hasty reform, but so foolish a law as this should be put an end to. Does it become a jury to disregard it? For juries to disregard their oaths for the sake of justice is, as you probably know, a frequent practice. The law places them sometimes in the cruel predicament of having to choose between perjury and injustice: whether they do right to prefer perjury, as the less evil, I am not sure. I would rather be thrown naked into a hole in the road than that you should act against your consciences. But if you wish to acquit me, I cannot see that your calling my death accidental, or the effect of insanity, would be less criminal than a jury's finding a £ 10 Bank-of-England note worth thirty-nine shillings, or premeditated slaying in a duel simple manslaughter, both of which have been done. But should you think this too bold a course, is it less bold to find me guilty of being *felo de se* when I am not guilty at all, as there is no guilt in what I have done? I disdain to take advantage of my situation as culprit to mislead your understandings, but if you, in your consciences, think premeditated suicide no felony, will you, upon your oaths, convict me of felony? Let me suggest the following verdict, as combining liberal truth with justice: "Died by his own hand, but not feloniously." If I have offended God, it is for God, not you, to inquire. Especial public duties I have none. If I have deserted any engagement in society, let the parties aggrieved consign my name to obloquy. I have for nearly seven years been disentangling myself from all my engagements, that I might at last be free to retire from life. I am free to-day, and avail myself of my liberty. I cannot be a good man, and prefer death to being a bad one, — as bad as I have been and as others are.

I take my leave of you and of my country condemning you all, yet with true honest love. What man, alive to virtue, can bear the ways of the best of you? Not I, you are wrong altogether. If a new and better light appears, seek it; in the mean time, look out for it. God bless you all!

ELTON HAMOND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FEBRUARY 6th. — Mrs. Flaxman died. A woman of great merit, and an irreparable loss to her husband. He, a genius of the first rank, is a very child in the concerns of life. She was a woman of strong sense, and a woman of business too, — the very wife for an artist. Without her, he would not have been able to manage his household affairs early in life. *Now*, his sister and the youngest sister of his wife will do this for him.

February 19th. — Went to Drury Lane for the first time this season. I was better pleased than usual. Though Braham is growing old, he has lost none of his fascination in singing two or three magnificent songs in "The Siege of Belgrade." But he shared my admiration with a new actress, or rather singer, who will become, I have no doubt, a great favorite with the public, — a Madame Vestris. She is by birth English,

and her articulation is not that of a foreigner; but her looks, walk, and gesticulations are so very French, that I almost thought myself in some Parisian theatre. She has great feeling and *naïveté* in her acting, and I am told is a capital singer. I know that she delighted me.

March 4th. — Took tea at Flaxman's. I had not seen him since his loss. There was an unusual tenderness in his manner. He insisted on making me a present of several books, Dante's Penitential Psalms and [a blank in the Diary], both in Italian, and Erasmus's Dialogues, as if he thought he might be suddenly taken away, and wished me to have some memorial of him. The visit, on the whole, was a comfortable one. I then sat an hour with Miss Vardill, who related an interesting anecdote of Madame de Staël. A country girl, the daughter of a clergyman, had accidentally met with an English translation of "Delphine" and "Corinne," which so powerfully affected her in her secluded life as quite to turn her brain. And hearing that Madame de Staël was in London, she wrote to her, offering to become her attendant or amanuensis. Madame de Staël's secretary, in a formal answer, declined the proposal. But her admirer was so intent on being in her service in some way, that she came up to London, and stayed a few days with a friend, who took her to the great novelist, and, speaking in French, gave a hint of the young girl's mind. Madame de Staël, with great promptitude and kindness, administered the only remedy that was likely to be effectual. The girl almost threw herself at her feet, and earnestly begged to be received by her. The Baroness very kindly, but decidedly, remonstrated with her on the folly of her desire. "You may think," she said, "it is an enviable lot to travel over Europe, and see all that is most beautiful and distinguished in the world; but the joys of home are more solid; domestic life affords more permanent happiness than any that fame can give. You have a father, — I have none. You have a home, — I was led to travel because I was driven from mine. Be content with your lot; if you knew mine, you would not desire it." With such admonitions she dismissed the petitioner. The cure was complete. The young woman returned to her father, became more steadily industrious, and without ever speaking of her adventure with Madame de Staël, silently profited by it. She is now living a life of great respectability, and her friends consider that her cure was wrought by the only hand by which it could have been effected.

March 7th. — Dined with the Judge (Graham). Among the most eminent judges of the last generation was Mr. Justice Buller. He and Baron Graham were of the same standing at College. Graham said to-day, that though Buller was a great lawyer, he was ignorant on every subject but law. He actually believed in the obsolete theory that our earth is the centre of the universe.

April 7th. — Arrived at Bury before tea. My brother and sister were going to hear an astronomical lecture. I stayed alone and read a chapter in Gibbon on the early history of the Germans. Having previously read the first two lectures of Schlegel, I had the pleasure of comparison, and I found much in Gibbon that I had thought original in Schlegel. Their views differ slightly ; for the most part in the higher character given by Schlegel to the Germans, the correctness of which I had doubted. It seems absurd to ascribe great effects to the enthusiastic love of nature by a people otherwise so low in civilization. But probably he is justified in the opinion that the Goths were to no great degree the bringers of barbarism. He considers them the great agents in the renovation of society.

April 26th. — An invitation from Aders to join him in one of the orchestra private boxes at Drury Lane. There was novelty in the situation. The ease and comfort of being able to stand, sit, or loll, have rather the effect of indisposing the mind to that close attention to the performance which is necessary to full enjoyment. Kean delighted me much in Lear, though the critics are not satisfied with him. His representation of imbecile age was admirable. In the famous imprecation scene he produced astonishing effect by his manner of bringing out the words with the effort of a man nearly exhausted and breathless, rather *spelling* his syllables than forming them into words. "How sharp-er-than-a-serp-ent's-tooth-it-is," &c., &c. His exhibition of madness was always exquisite. Kean's defects are lost in this character, and become almost virtues. He does not need vigor or grace as Lear, but passion, — and this never fails him. The play was tolerably cast. Mrs. W. West is an interesting Cordelia, though a moderate actress. And Rae is a respectable Edgar. I alone remained of the party to see "The King and the Miller (of Mansfield)." But I heard scarcely any part, for the health of the King being drunk, a fellow cried out from the shilling gallery, "The Queen!" The allusion was caught up, and not a word was heard after-

wards. The cries for the health of the Queen were uttered from all quarters, and as this demand could not be complied with, not a syllable more of the farce was audible.

June 2d. — At nine I went to Lamb's, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. Lamb was in a good humor. He read some recent compositions, which Wordsworth cordially praised. Wordsworth seemed to enjoy Lamb's society. Not much was said about his own new volume of poems. He himself spoke of "The Brownie's Cell" * as his favorite. It appears that he had heard of a recluse living on the island when there himself, and afterwards of his being gone, no one knew whither, and that this is the fact on which the poem is founded.

June 11th. — Breakfasted with Monkhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth there. He has resolved to make some concessions to public taste in "Peter Bell." Several offensive passages will be struck out, such as, "Is it a party in a parlor," &c., which I implored him to omit before the book first appeared. Also the over-coarse expressions, "But I will bang your bones," &c. I never before saw him so ready to yield to the opinion of others. He is improved not a little by this in my mind. We talked of Haydon. Wordsworth wants to have a large sum raised to enable Haydon to continue in his profession. He wants £ 2,000 for his great picture. The gross produce of the exhibition is £ 1,200.†

June 19th. — Went to the British Gallery, where a collection of English portraits was exhibited.‡ Very interesting, both as

* Vol. III. p. 44. Edition 1857.

† Haydon exhibited his great picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. It was opened to the public March 27th. Wordsworth's face was introduced, "A Bowing Head"; also "Newton's Face of Belief," and "Voltaire's Sneer." The exhibition continued open till November, by which time £ 1,547 8 *s.* had been received in shillings at the doors, and £ 212 19 *s.* 6 *d.* paid for sixpenny catalogues. The picture is now in America. During the exhibition in London a gentleman asked if £ 1,000 would buy it, and was told, "No." — *Autobiography of Haydon*, Vol. I. p. 337.

‡ This very interesting exhibition, and the first of its kind, was opened in May of this year at the British Institution, Pall Mall. It comprised 183 portraits of the most eminent historical characters, almost entirely British, and the catalogue, with a well-considered preface, contained biographical accounts of the persons represented. In the year 1846 another portrait exhibition was held at the same institution, but not with commensurate success. The pictures then amounted to 215 in number, and the catalogue was destitute of biographical notices. A more extensive and extremely well-organized collection of national portraits formed part of the great Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857. These, exclusive of many choice portraits in other departments of the Exhibition, amounted to 386. Many of these paintings were of considerable size. These portrait gatherings have, however, been far distanced by the successive exhibitions of national portraits, under government auspices, at South Kensington, which extended over the last three years, and

works of art and as memorials of eminent persons. Certainly such a gallery is calculated to raise a passion for biography, though some of the portraits rather tend to produce historical scepticism than to confirm the impressions which have been handed down to us. I was really displeased to see the name of the hated Jeffreys put to a dignified and sweet countenance, that might have conferred new grace on some delightful character. This, however, was the most offensive violation of probability.

June 21st. — After taking tea at home I called at Monkhouse's, and spent an agreeable evening. Wordsworth was very pleasant. Indeed he is uniformly so now. And there is absolutely no pretence for what was always an exaggerated charge against him, that he could talk only of his own poetry, and loves only his own works. He is more indulgent than he used to be of the works of others, even contemporaries and rivals, and is more open to arguments in favor of changes in his own poems. Lamb was in excellent spirits. Talfourd came in late, and we stayed till past twelve. Lamb was at last rather overcome, though it produced nothing but humorous expressions of his desire to go on the Continent. I should delight to accompany him.

June 24th. — Took Miss Wordsworth to the British Gallery. A second contemplation of these historic portraits certainly adds to their effect. To-day there was an incident which somewhat gratified me. The Duke of Wellington was there, and I saw him looking at the portrait of the Duke of Marlborough. A lady was by his side. She pointed to the picture, and he smiled. Whether the compliment was to his person or to his military glory I cannot tell. Though Marlborough has the reputation of having been as distinguished in the ball-room as in the field of battle, the portrait is neither beautiful nor interesting. The Duke of Wellington's face is not flexible or subtle, but it is martial, that is, sturdy and firm. I liked him in dishabille better than in his robes at the chapel of his palace in the Rue St. Honoré.

June 27th. — Went to Lamb's, found the Wordsworths there, and having walked with them to Westminster Bridge, returned

combined in the aggregate no fewer than 2,846 pictures. The greater part of these portraits were of the highest authenticity, and the catalogues were remarkable both for the conciseness and comprehensiveness of the information which they afforded. Mr. Robinson's words in the text above have been signally verified. The portrait of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys was painted by Riley, and contributed by the Earl of Winchelsea. That of John, Duke of Marlborough, was by Kneller, and contributed by the Marquis of Stafford.

to Lamb's, and sat an hour with Macready, a very pleasing man, gentlemanly in his manners, and sensible and well informed.

July 8th. — I rode early (from Hadleigh) to Needham in a post-chaise, to be taken on by the Ipswich coach to Bury. I had an agreeable ride, and was amused by perusing Gray's letters on the Continent, published by Mason.* His familiar epistolary style is quite delightful, and his taste delicate without being fastidious. I should gladly follow him anywhere, for the sake of remarking the objects he was struck by, but I fear I shall not have it in my power this year.

July 18th. — (At Cambridge on circuit.) After a day's work at Huntingdon, I had just settled for the evening, when I was agreeably surprised by a call from Miss Lamb. I was heartily glad to see her, and, accompanying her to her brother's lodgings, I had a very pleasant rubber of whist with them and a Mrs. Smith. An acceptable relief from circuit society.

July 20th. — I had nothing to do to-day, and therefore had leisure to accompany Lamb and his sister on a walk behind the colleges. All Lamb's enjoyments are so pure and so hearty, that it is an enjoyment to see him enjoy. We walked about the exquisite chapel and the gardens of Trinity.

July 31st, August 1st. — It is now broad daylight, and I have not been to bed. I recollected Lord Bacon's recommendation of occasional deviation from regular habits, and though I feel myself very tired (after making preparations for my journey on the Continent), and even sleepy at half past four, yet I shall recover, I trust, in the course of the day.

Swiss Tour with the Wordsworths.

Rem.† — This account of my first tour in Switzerland may not improperly be compared to the often-cited performance of "Hamlet," with the character of Hamlet left out. The fact being that every place in Switzerland is known to every one, or may be, from the innumerable books that have been published, the names are sufficient, and I shall therefore content myself with relating the few personal incidents of the journey, and a very few particulars about places. What I have to say will probably disappoint the reader, who may be aware that the journey was made in the company of no less a person than

* "Works, containing his Poems and Correspondence. To which are added, Memoirs of his Life and Writings, by W. Mason, M. A." London, 1807. A new edition in 1820.

† Written in 1851.

the poet Wordsworth. [If there are fewer of Wordsworth's observations than might be expected, the clew may perhaps be in the fact stated elsewhere, that "he was *a still man when he enjoyed himself.*" — ED.]

He came to London with Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth in the month of June, partly to be present at the marriage of Mrs. Wordsworth's kinsman, Mr. Monkhouse, with Miss Horrocks, of Preston, in Lancashire, and to accompany them in a marriage tour. I was very much gratified by a proposal to be their companion on as much of the journey as my circuit would permit. It was a part of their plan to go by way of the Rhine, and it was calculated (justly, as the event showed) that I might, by hastening through France, reach them in time to see with them a large portion of the beauties of Switzerland.

Mr. Wordsworth published on his return a small volume, entitled "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent," one of the least popular of his works. Had it appeared twenty years afterwards, when his fame was established, the reception would have been very different.

I left London on the 1st of August, and reached Lyons on the 9th. On the journey I had an agreeable companion in a young Quaker, Walduck, then in the employ of the great Quaker chemist, Bell, of Oxford Street. It was his first journey out of England. He had a pleasing physiognomy, and was stanch to his principles, but discriminating. Walking together in one of the principal streets of Lyons, we met the *Host*, with an accompanying crowd. "You must pull off your hat, Walduck." — "I will die first!" he exclaimed. As I saw some low fellows scowling, and did not wish to behold an act of martyrdom, *I* pulled off his hat. Afterwards, passing by the cathedral, I said to him: "I must leave you here, for I won't go in to be insulted." He followed me with his hat off. "I thought you would die first!" — "O no; here I have no business or right to be. If the owners of this building choose to make a foolish rule that no one shall enter with his hat, they do what they have a legal right to do, and I must submit to their terms. Not so in the broad highway." The reasoning was not good, but one is not critical when the conclusion is the right one practically. Passing the night of the 10th on the road, we reached Geneva late on the 11th. On the 13th we went to Lausanne, where Walduck left me. On the 14th I went to Berne. I rose before five, and saw the greater part of the

town before breakfast. It is one of the most singular places I ever saw. It stands on a sort of peninsular elevation formed by the River Aare, and consists of two or three long streets, with a few others intersecting them. The houses are of free-stone, and are built in part on arches, under which there is a broad passage, with shops within. No place, therefore, can be cooler in summer or warmer in winter. In the middle of the streets there is a channel with a rapid stream of water.

About the town there are fountains in abundance, crowned with statues of armed men, Swiss heroes. And there are gross and whimsical representations of bears * on several of the public buildings. Two living bears are kept in a part of the fosse of the town. I walked to the Enge Terrace, from which the view of the Bernese Alps is particularly fine. The people are as picturesque as the place. The women wear black caps, fitting the head closely, with prodigious black gauze wings: Miss Wordsworth calls it the butterfly cap. In general, I experienced civility enough from the people I spoke to, but one woman, carrying a burden on her head, said sharply, on my asking the way, "Ich kann kein Welsch" (I can't speak any foreign language). And on my pressing the question, being curious to see more of her, and at last saying, "Sie ist dumm" (She is stupid), she screamed out, "Fort, fort" (Go along).

On the 15th I went to Solothurn, and an acquaintance began out of which a catastrophe sprang. In the stage between Berne and Solothurn, which takes a circuit through an unpicturesque, flat country, were two very interesting young men, who I soon learned were residing with a Protestant clergyman at Geneva, and completing their education. The elder was an American, aged twenty-one, named Goddard. He had a sickly air, but was intelligent, and not ill-read in English poetry. The other was a fine handsome lad, aged sixteen, of the name of Trotter, son of the then, or late, Secretary to the Admiralty. He was of Scotch descent. They were both genteel and well-behaved young men, with the grace communicated by living in good company. We became at once acquainted, — I being then, as now, *young* in the facility of forming acquaintance. We spent a very agreeable day and evening together, partly in a walk to a hermitage in the neighborhood, and took leave of each other at night, — I being bound for Lucerne, they for

* The arms of the town.

Zürich. But in the morning I saw, to my surprise, my young friends with their knapsacks in their hands ready to accompany me. Goddard said, with a very amiable modesty: "If you will permit us, we wish to go with you. I am an admirer of Wordsworth's poems, and I should be delighted merely to see him. Of course I expect no more." I was gratified by this proposal, and we had a second day of enjoyment, and this through a very beautiful country. My expectations were not disappointed. I had heard of the Wordsworth party from travellers with whom we met. I found my friends at the Cheval Blanc. From them I had a most cordial reception, and I was myself in high spirits. Mrs. Wordsworth wrote in her journal: "H. C. R. was drunk with pleasure, and made us drunk too." My companions also were kindly received.

I found that there was especial good luck attending my arrival. Wordsworth had met with an impudent fellow, a guide, who, because he would not submit to extortion, had gone off with the ladies' cloaks to Sarnen. Now it so happened that one of our fellow-travellers this day was the Statthalter of Sarnen. I spoke to him before we went to bed, and we arranged to go to Sarnen the next day. We rose at four o'clock, had a delightful walk to Winkel, embarked there on the lake, sailed to Alpnach, and then proceeded on foot. The judge was not betrayed into any impropriety. He had heard Mr. Wordsworth's story, and on going to the inn, he, without suffering Mr. Wordsworth to say a word, most judiciously interrogated the landlord, who was present when the bargain was made. He confirmed every part of Mr. Wordsworth's statement. On this, the Statthalter said: "I hear the man has not returned, a fact which shows that he is in the wrong. I know him to be a bad fellow. He will be home this evening, you may rely on it, and you shall have the cloaks to-morrow." Next day the man came, and was very humble.

Wordsworth and I returned to dinner, and found my young friends already in great favor with the ladies. After dinner we walked through the town, which has no other remarkable feature than the body of water flowing through it, and the several covered wooden bridges. In the angles of the roof of these bridges there are paintings on historical and allegorical subjects. One series from the Bible, another from the Swiss war against Austria, a third called the Dance of Death. The last is improperly called, for Death does not force his partner to an involuntary waltz, as in the famous designs which go by

Holbein's name, but appears in all the pictures an unwelcome visitor. There are feeling and truth in many of the conceptions, but the expression is too often ludicrous, and too often coarsely didactic.*

August 18th. — Proceeded on our journey. I purchased a knapsack, and sent my portmanteau to Geneva. All the party were, in like manner, put on short commons as to luggage, and our plan of travelling was this: in the plains and level valleys we had a char-à-banc, and we *walked* up and down the mountains. Once only we hired mules, and these the guides only used. Our luggage was so small, even for five (Mrs. Monkhouse and Miss Horrocks did not travel about with the rest of the party), that a single guide could carry the whole.

We sailed on the lake as far as Küsnacht, the two young men being still our companions; and between two and three we began to ascend the Righi, an indispensable achievement in a Swiss tour. We engaged beds at the Staffel, and went on to see the sun set, but we were not fortunate in the weather. Once or twice there were gleams of light on some of the lakes, but there was little charm of coloring. After an early and comfortable supper we enjoyed the distant lightning; but it soon became very severe, and some of the rooms of the hotel were flooded with rain. Our rest was disturbed by a noisy party, who, unable to obtain beds for themselves, resolved that no one else should enjoy his. The whole night was spent by them in an incessant din of laughing, singing, and shouting. We were called up between three and four A. M., but had a very imperfect view from this "dread summit of the Queen of Mountains," — Regina montium. The most beautiful part of the scene was that which arose from the clouds below us. They rose in succession, sometimes concealing the country, and then opening to our view dark lakes, and gleams of very brilliant green. They sometimes descended as if into an abyss beneath us. We saw a few of the snow-mountains illuminated by the first rays of the sun.

My journal simply says: "After breakfast our young gentlemen left us." I afterwards wrote: "We separated at a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our 'Lady of the

* The XXXVIII. Poem of the "Memorials" was written while the work was in the press, and at H. C. R.'s suggestion that Mr. Wordsworth should write on the bridges at Lucerne. This will appear in a letter by Miss Wordsworth in 1822.

Snow,' and our late companions went to Arth. We hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva."

I will leave the order of time, and relate now all that appertains to this sad history. The young men gave us their address, and we promised to inform them when we should be at Geneva, on our return. But on that return we found that poor Goddard had perished in the lake of Zürich, on the third day after our leave-taking on the Rigi.

I heard the story from Trotter on the 23d of September. They had put themselves in a crazy boat; and, a storm arising, the boat overset. It righted itself, but to no purpose. Trotter swam to the shore, but Goddard was not seen again. Trotter was most hospitably received by a Mr. Keller, near whose house the catastrophe took place. The body was cast ashore next day, and afterwards interred in the neighboring churchyard of Küsnacht. An inscription was placed near the spot where the body was found, and a mural monument erected in the church. At the funeral a pathetic address was delivered by the Protestant clergyman, which I read in the Zürich paper. We were all deeply impressed by the event. Wordsworth, I knew, was not fond of drawing the subjects of his poems from occurrences in themselves interesting, and therefore, though I urged him to write on this tragic incident, I little expected he would. There is, however, a beautiful elegiac poem by him on the subject.* [To the later editions there is prefixed a prose introduction. This I wrote. Mr. Wordsworth wrote to me for information, and I drew up the account in the first person.]

"And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care,—
Our path that straggled here and there;
Of trouble,—but the fluttering breeze;
Of Winter,—but a name.
If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days,—but hush,—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on Zürich's shore.
O Goddard!—what art thou?—a name,—
A sunbeam followed by a shade."

In a subsequent visit to Switzerland I called at Mr. Keller's, and saw some of the ladies of the house, who gave me full particulars. I afterwards became acquainted, in Italy, with

* Poems of the Imagination, Vol. III. p. 169, Poem XXXIII.

Goddard's nearest surviving relative, a sister, then married to a Mr. ——. The winter preceding I was at Rome, when a Mrs. Kirkland, the wife of an American gentleman, once Principal of Harvard College, asked me whether I had ever known a Mr. Goddard, her countryman. On my answering in the affirmative, she said: "I am sorry to hear it, for there has been a lady here in search of you. However, she will be here again on her return from Naples." And in a few months I did see her. It was Goddard's sister. She informed me that Wordsworth's poem had afforded her mother great comfort, and that she had come to Europe mainly to collect all information still to be had about her poor brother; that she had seen the Kellers, with whom she was pleased, and that she had taken notes of all the circumstances of her brother's fate; that she had seen Trotter, had been to Rydal Mount, and learned from Wordsworth of my being in Italy. She was a woman of taste, and of some literary pretensions.

On my return to England, I was very desirous to renew my acquaintance with Trotter, but I inquired after him in vain. After a time, when I had relaxed my inquiries, I heard of him accidentally, — that he was a stock-broker, and had married a Miss Otter, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester. I had learned this just before one of the balloting evenings at the Athenæum, — when, seeing Strutt there, and beginning my inquiries about his brother-in-law, he stopped them by saying, "You may ask himself, for there he is. He has been a member of the Athenæum these twelve years!" He called to Trotter, "Here is a gentleman who wants to speak with you." — "Do you recollect me?" — "No, I do not." — "Do you recollect poor Goddard?" — "You can be no one but Mr. Robinson." We were glad to see each other, and our acquaintance was renewed. The fine youth is now the intelligent man of business. He has written a pamphlet on the American State Stocks. Many years ago he came up from the country, travelling fifty miles to have the pleasure of breakfasting with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth at my apartments.

To go back to the 19th of August, after parting from our young companions we proceeded down the valley in which is the chapel dedicated to our Lady of the Snow, the subject of Wordsworth's nineteenth poem. The preceding eighteen have to do with objects which had been seen before I joined the party. The elegiac stanzas are placed near the end of the collection, I know not for what reason. The stanzas on the

chapel express poetically the thoughts which a prosaic mind like mine might receive from the numerous votive offerings hung on the walls. There are pictures representing accidents, — such as drowning, falling from a horse, and the Mother and the Child are in the clouds, — it being understood that the escape proceeded from her aid. Some crutches with painted inscriptions bear witness to the miracles wrought on the lame.

> "To thee, in this aërial cleft,
> As to a common centre, tend
> All sufferers that no more rely
> On mortal succor, — all who sigh
> And pine, of human hope bereft,
> Nor wish for earthly friend.
> . . . .
> Thy very name, O Lady! flings
> O'er blooming fields and gushing springs
> A tender sense of shadowy fear,
> And chastening sympathies!"

We passed the same day through Goldau, a desolate spot, once a populous village, overwhelmed by the slip from the Rossberg.

On the 20th at Schwyz, which Wordsworth calls the "heart" of Switzerland, as Berne is the "head."* Passing through Brunnen, we reached Altorf on the 21st, the spot which suggested Wordsworth's twentieth effusion.† My prose remark on the people shows the sad difference between observation and fancy. I wrote: "These patriotic recollections are delightful when genuine, but the physiognomy of the people does not speak in favor of their ancestors. The natives of the district have a feeble and melancholy character. The women are afflicted by goître. The children beg, as in other Catholic cantons. The little children, with cross-bows in their hands, sing unintelligible songs. Probably Wilhelm Tell serves, like Henri Quatre, as a name to beg by." But what says the poet? —

> "Thrice happy burghers, peasants, warriors old,
> Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
> Home-ward or school-ward, ape what ye behold;
> Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!"

> "And when that calm Spectatress from on high
> Looks down, — the bright and solitary moon,
> Who never gazes but to beautify;
> And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
> Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune

* Poem XXI. of the "Memorials."
† "Effusion in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell at Altorf."

That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls."

We next crossed the St. Gotthard. Wordsworth thinks this pass more beautiful than the more celebrated [a blank here]. We slept successively at Amsteg on the 22d, Hospenthal on the 23d, and Airolo on the 24th. On the way we were overtaken by a pedestrian, a young Swiss, who had studied at Heidelberg, and was going to Rome. He had his flute, and played the Ranz des Vaches. Wordsworth begged me to ask him to do this, which I did on condition that he wrote a sonnet on it. It is XXII. of the collection. The young man was intelligent, and expressed pleasure in our company. We were sorry when he took French leave. We were English, and I have no doubt he feared the expense of having such costly companions. He gave a sad account of the German Universities, and said that Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, had many apologists among the students.

We then proceeded on our half-walk and half-drive, and slept on the 25th at Bellinzona, the first decidedly Italian town. We walked to Locarno, where we resisted the first, and indeed almost the only, attempt at extortion by an innkeeper on our journey. Our landlord demanded twenty-five francs for a luncheon, the worth of which could scarcely be three. I tendered a ducat (twelve francs), and we carried away our luggage. We had the good fortune to find quarters in a new house, the master of which had not been spoiled by receiving English guests.

On the 27th we had a row to Luino, on the Lago Maggiore, a walk to Ponte Tresa, and then a row to Lugano, where we went to an excellent hotel, kept by a man of the name of Rossi, a respectable man.

Our apartments consisted of one handsome and spacious room, in which were Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth (this room fronted the beautiful lake); a small back room, occupied by Miss Wordsworth, with a window looking into a dirty yard, and having an internal communication with a two-bedded room, in which Monkhouse and I slept. I had a very free conversation with Rossi about the Queen, who had been some time in his house. It is worth relating here, and might have been worth making known in England, had the trial then going on had another issue. He told me, but not emphatically, that when the Queen came, she first slept in the large room, but not

liking that, she removed to the back room. "And Bergami," said Rossi, "had the room in which you and the other gentleman sleep." — "And was there," I asked, "the same communication then that there is now between the two rooms?" — "Of course," he replied. "It was in the power, certainly, of the Queen and Bergami to open the door: whether it was opened or not, no one can say." He added, "I know nothing; none of my servants know anything." The most favorable circumstance related by Rossi was, that Bergami's brother did not fear to strike off much from the bill. He added, too, that the Queen was surrounded by *cattiva gente.*

On the 28th we took an early walk up the mountain San Salvador, which produced No. XXIV. of Wordsworth's Memorial Poems.* Though the weather was by no means favorable, we enjoyed a much finer view than from the Rigi. The mountains in the neighborhood are beautiful, but the charm of the prospect lies in a glimpse of distant mountains. We saw a most elegant pyramid, literally in the sky, partly black, and partly shining like silver. It was the Simplon. Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa were seen in parts. Clouds concealed the bases, and too soon also the summits. This splendid vision lasted but a few minutes. The plains of Piedmont were hardly visible, owing to the black clouds which covered this part of the horizon. We could, however, see in the midst of a dark surface a narrow ribbon of white, which we were told was the Po. We were told the direction in which Milan lay, but could not see the cathedral.

The same day we went on to Menaggio, on the Lake Como. This, in Wordsworth's estimation, is the most beautiful of the lakes. On the 29th and 30th we slept at Cadenabbia, and "fed our eyes"

> "In paths sun-proof
> With purple of the trellis roof,
> That through the jealous leaves escapes
> From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes." †

The beds in which Monkhouse and I slept at Menaggio were intolerable, but we forgot the sufferings of the night in the enjoyment of the morning. I wrote in my journal: "This day has been spent on the lake, and so much exquisite pleasure I never had on water. The tour, or rather excursion, we have

* Wordsworth speaks of the "prospect" as "more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation (2,000 feet), commands." — *Introduction to Poem XXIV.*

† *Vide* Poem XXV. of the "Memorials."

been making, surpasses in scenery all that I have ever made; and Wordsworth asserts the same. I write now from an inn where we have been served with all the promptitude of an English hotel, and with a neatness equal to that of Holland. But the pleasure can hardly be recorded. It consists in the contemplation of scenes absolutely indescribable by words, and in sensations for which no words have been even invented. We were lucky in meeting two honest fellows of watermen, who have been attentive and not extortionate. I will not enumerate the points of view and villas we visited. We saw nothing the guide-books do not speak of."

On the 31st we slept at Como, and next day went to Milan, where we took up our abode at Reichardt's Swiss Hotel. We were, however, sent to an adjacent hotel to sleep, there being no bed unoccupied at Reichardt's. We arrived just before dinner, and were placed at the upper end of a table reserved for the English, of whom there were five or six present, besides ourselves. Here we made an acquaintance with a character of whom I have something to say.

A knot of young persons were listening to the animated conversation of a handsome young man, who was rattling away on the topics of the day with great vivacity. Praising highly the German poets Goethe, Schiller, &c., he said: "Compared with these, we have not a poet worth naming." I sat opposite him, and said: "Die gegenwärtige Gesellschaft ausgenommen" (The present company excepted). Now, whether he heard or understood me I cannot possibly say. If so, the rapidity with which he recovered himself was admirable, for he instantly went on: "When I say no one, I always except Wordsworth, who is the greatest poet England has had for generations." The effect was ludicrous. Mrs. Wordsworth gave me a nudge, and said: "He knows that 's William." And Wordsworth, being taken by surprise, said: "That 's a most ridiculous remark for you to make. My name is Wordsworth." On this the stranger threw himself into an attitude of astonishment, — well acted at all events, — and apologized for the liberty he had taken. After dinner he came to us, and said he had been some weeks at Milan, and should be proud to be our cicerone. We thought the offer too advantageous to be rejected, and he went round with us to the sights of this famous city. But though I was for a short time taken in by him, I soon had my misgivings; and coming home the first evening, Wordsworth said: "This Mr. —— is an amusing man, but there is something about him I

don't like." And I discovered him to be a mere pretender in German literature, — he knew merely the names of Goethe and Schiller. He made free with the names of our English literary notabilities, such as Shelley, Byron, Lamb, Leigh Hunt; but I remarked that of those I knew he took care to say no more. One day he went to Mrs. Wordsworth with a long face, and said he had lost his purse. But she was not caught. Some one else must have paid the piper. At Paris we met the same gentleman again, and he begged me to lend him £ 15, as he had been robbed of all his money. I was enabled to tell him that I had that very morning borrowed £ 10. He was, however, more successful in an application to Monkhouse, who said: "I would rather lose the money than ever see that fellow again." It is needless to say he "lost his money and his friend," but did not, in the words of the song, "place great store on both." As usually happens in such cases, we learnt almost immediately after the money had been advanced, that Mr. —— was a universal borrower. His history became known by degrees. He was an American by birth, and being forced to fly to England, he became secretary to a Scotchman, who left him money, that he might study the law. This money he spent or lost abroad, and it was at this stage that we fell in with him. He afterwards committed what was then a capital forgery, but made his escape. These circumstances being told in the presence of the manager of a New York theatre, he said: "Then I am at liberty to speak. I knew that fellow in America, and saw him with an iron collar on his neck, a convict for forgery. He had respectable friends, and obtained his pardon on condition that he should leave the country. Being one day in a box at Covent Garden, I saw him. Perceiving that I knew him, he came to me, and most pathetically implored me not to expose him. 'I am a reformed man,' said he; 'I have friends, and have a prospect of redeeming myself. I am at your mercy.' His appearance was not inconsistent with this account. I therefore said: 'I hope you are speaking the truth. I cannot be acquainted with you, but unless I hear of misconduct on your part in this country, I will keep your secret.'"

Some time afterwards we heard that this reckless adventurer had died on a bed of honor, — that is, was killed in a duel.

I remained a week at Milan, where I fell in with Mrs. Aldebert, and renewed my acquaintance with her excellent brother, Mr. Mylius, who is highly honored in very old age. Milan furnished Wordsworth with matter for three poems, on Leo-

nardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," "The Eclipse of the Sun" (which Monkhouse and I saw on our journey from Milan), and "The Column," a memorial of Buonaparte's defeated ambition.* I have very little to say, as I abstain from a description of the usual sights. I may, however, remark, that at the picture gallery at the Brera, three pictures made an impression on me, which was renewed on every subsequent visit, — Guercino's "Abraham and Hagar," Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin," and Albani's "Oak-Tree and Cupids."

At the Ambrosian Library we inspected the famous copy of Virgil which belonged to Petrarch. It has in the poet's own handwriting a note, stating when and where he first saw Laura. Wordsworth was deeply interested in this entry, and would certainly have requested a copy, if he had not been satisfied that he should find it in print. The *custos* told us that when Buonaparte came here first, and the book was shown him, he seized it, exclaiming, "This is mine." He had it bound, and his own *N.* marked on it. It came back when the other plunder was restored. Another curiosity was a large book by Leonardo da Vinci, full of mechanical studies. Wordsworth was much struck with the fact that a man who had produced works of so great beauty and sublimity had prepared himself by intense and laborious study of scientific and mathematical details. It was not till late that he ventured on beauty as exhibited in the human form.

Other objects of interest at Milan, which I never forgot, were the antique columns before the Church of St. Laurent; the exhibition of a grand spectacle, the siege of Troy, in the Amphitheatre, capable of holding 30,000 persons, which enabled me to imagine what Roman shows probably were; and the exquisite scenery of the Scala Theatre.

But the great attraction of this neighborhood is the celebrated picture of Leonardo da Vinci in the refectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia. After sustaining every injury from Italian monks, French soldiers, wet, and the appropriation of the building to secular purposes, this picture is now protected by the public sense of its excellence from further injury. And more remains of the original than from Goethe's dissertation I expected to see. The face of our Saviour appears to have suffered less than any other part. And the countenance has in it exquisite feeling; it is all sweetness and dignity. Wordsworth says: —

* Poems XXVI., XXVII., and XXIX. of the "Memorials."

"Though searching damps, and many an envious flaw,
Have marred this work; the calm ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the beholder." *

Some of the apostles have a somewhat caricature expression, which has been far better preserved in the several copies existing, as well as in the engraving of Raphael Morghen. There is a sort of mawkish sentimentality in the copies of St. John, which always offended me. There is less of it in the original. That and St. Andrew are the best preserved, next to the face of Christ.

On the 5th of September the Wordsworths went back to the Lake of Como, in order to gratify Miss Wordsworth, who wished to see every spot which her brother saw in his first journey, — a journey made when he was young.

On the 7th, Monkhouse and I went to Varese. As we approached the town we drew nigh the mountains. Varese is most delightfully situated. There is on a mountain, 2,000 feet high, a church with fifteen appendant chapels. To this we found peasants were flocking in great numbers, it being the eve of the birthday of the Virgin. We resolved to witness this scene of devotion, and our walk afforded me more delight than any single excursion I have yet made. For two miles the mountain is very steep. The fifteen chapels are towards the top, and beautiful, containing representations of the Passion of Christ in carved and painted wood. The figures are as large as life, and at least very expressive. Though so closely resembling wax figures, they excited no disgust. On the contrary, I was highly pleased with the talent of the artists. The dragging of the cross, and the crucifixion, are deeply affecting. The spectator looks through iron grates, the apertures of which are purposely small. My view was imperfect, on account of the number of pious worshippers. Towards the top the crowd was immense. We sometimes had to jump over the bodies of men and women. The church I could scarcely enter. Hundreds of women were lying about with their provisions in baskets. The hats of the peasantry were covered with holy gingerbread mingled with bits of glass. Bands of people came up chanting after a sort of leader. This scene of devotion would have compensated for the walk; but we had, in addition, a very fine prospect. On one side the plains of Lombardy, studded with

* Poem XXVI. of the "Memorials."

churches and villages; on another, five or six pieces of water. In another direction we saw a mass of Alpine hills and valleys, glens, rocks, and precipices. A part of the Lake of Lugano was prominently visible. To enjoy this view I had to ascend an eminence beyond the church. Our walk home, Monkhouse thought, was hardly less than six miles. We found our inn rather uncomfortable from the number of guests, and from the singing in the streets.

We rejoined the Wordsworths at Baveno on the 8th. Then we crossed the Simplon, resting successively on the 9th at Domo d'Ossola, 10th Simplon, 11th Turtman, and the 12th and 13th at the baths of Leuk. From this place we walked up the Gemmi, by far the most wonderful of all the passes of Switzerland I had ever, or have now ever crossed. The most striking part is a mountain wall 1,600 feet in perpendicular height, and having up it a zigzag path broad enough to enable a horse to ascend. The road is hardly visible from below. A parapet in the more dangerous parts renders it safe. Here my journal mentions our seeing men employed in picking up bees in a torpid state from the cold. The bees had swarmed four days before. It does not mention what I well recollect, and Wordsworth has made the subject of a sonnet, the continued barking of a dog *irritated by the echo of his own voice.* In human life this is perpetually occurring. It is said that a dog has been known to contract an illness by the continued labor of barking at his own echo. In the present instance the barking lasted while we were on the spot.

> "A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on
> Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
> Of aëry voices locked in unison, —
> Faint, — far off, — near, — deep, — solemn and sublime! —
> So from the body of one guilty deed
> A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed!" *

On the 14th we slept at Martigny, having passed through the most dismal of all the valleys in Switzerland, — the valley of the Rhône, and Sion,† the most ugly of all the towns. A barren country, and a town of large and frightful edifices. An episcopal town too. It looked poverty-struck.

I say nothing of Chamouni, where we slept two nights, the 15th and 16th; nor of the roads to it, but that the Tête Noire, by which we returned, is still more interesting than the Col de Balme, by which we went. Again at Martigny on the 17th.

* No. XXXI. of the "Memorials," "Echo upon the Gemmi."
† The painters, however, think it full of picturesque subjects.

I should not have omitted to mention that, to add to the sadness produced by the Valais, Wordsworth remarked that there the Alps themselves were in a state of decay, — crumbling to pieces. His is the line : —

"The human soul craves something that endures."

On the 18th we were at Villeneuve, and on the 19th and 20th at Lausanne. In the latter place I saw some relations of Mrs. H. Mylius, the Minnets, an agreeable family.

At Geneva I became acquainted with a Scotch M. D., a Dr. Chisholm, a very estimable man, with four very agreeable daughters. The mother an English lady in the best sense of the word. At Dr. Chisholm's house I met the celebrated historian Sismondi, who reminded me of Rogers, the poet. On the 23d I sought out Mr. Pictet, to make what could not but be a melancholy call. I met Trotter on the road. He was affected when he saw me. We walked together to the city, and he gave me those details which I have already written. We had all been sincerely afflicted at Goddard's death. He was an amiable and interesting young man ; and we could not help recollecting that it was his rencontre with me, and his desire to see Wordsworth, which occasioned his being at the Lake of Zürich when the storm took place.

In the afternoon I called on Mrs. Reeve.* She, too, had a sad tale to tell. She witnessed the departure of the party for Mont Blanc, among whom were the three guides who perished.†

September 24th. — In the morning much time lost in running about. After dinner we went to a delightful spot at Petit-Saconnex, where Geneva, the lake, Mont Blanc, were all seen illuminated by the setting sun. A very magnificent scene which we all enjoyed.

On the 25th we left Geneva. On our way to Paris we visited Montbar, the residence of Buffon, a man of sufficient fame to render one curious to see the seat of his long retirement and study. We did not see the dwelling-house within, it being out of order, and his library and its furniture are dispersed ; but we walked in the garden, and ascended a tower of considerable height as well as antiquity. This belonged to the royal family, and was purchased by the celebrated Buffon, who had changed the military castle into a modern chateau.

* The widow of Dr. Reeve, of Norwich, and mother of Mr. Henry Reeve, the translator of De Tocqueville

† In Dr. Hamel's well-known attempt to ascend Mont Blanc.

The garden is of small extent, and consists of several broad terraces with very fine trees in them. The prospect is not particularly fine. The view embraces several valleys, but the surrounding hills are all of one height, and the valleys are cold and somewhat barren. Near the tower there is a small column, which the son of Buffon raised to his father's memory. The inscription was torn off during the Revolution. I thought more of the unfortunate son than of the father, for the son left this retreat (which his father preferred to the court), to perish on the scaffold at Paris. The heroism with which he died, saying only to the people, "Je m'appelle Buffon," bespeaks an intense sense of his father's worth, and interests me more than the talents which gave the father celebrity.

We passed through the forest of Fontainebleau. The part through which we rode is in no way remarkable, — a mere collection of trees with avenues. No variety of surface. We alighted at the Ville de Lyon, where we were in all respects well satisfied with our entertainment. The chateau is a vast hunting-palace, built by a succession of French kings from Saint Louis downwards. Francis I. and Henry IV. are spoken of as having built the more prominent parts. It has no pretension to architectural beauty whatever. The apartments are curious, — some from their antiquity, with painted roofs exhibiting the taste of ancient times, — others from their splendor, with the usual decorations of satin hangings, gilt thrones, china tables, &c., &c. In a little plain room there is exhibited a table, which must be an object of great curiosity to those who are fond of associating the recollection of celebrated events with sensible objects. I have this feeling but feebly. Nevertheless I saw with interest the table on which Buonaparte signed his abdication in the year 1814. We were also shown the apartments in which the Pope was kept a prisoner for twenty months, for refusing to yield to Napoleon; from which apartments, the *concierge* assured us, he never descended. After an excellent dinner, we were shown some pleasing English gardens, laid out by Josephine.

On nearing Paris I answered the solicitations of a beggar by the gift of a most wretched pair of pantaloons. He clutched them, and ran on begging, which showed a mastery of the craft. When he could get no more from the second carriage, he sent after me kisses of amusing vivacity. Our merriment was checked by the information of the postilion that this beggar was an *ancien curé*. We came to another sight not to be

found in England, — a man and woman actually yoked together, and harrowing. The sight was doubly offensive on Sunday, the day of rest, when we witnessed it. We cannot expect to make political economists of the peasantry, but professed thinkers ought to know that were the seventh day opened universally to labor, this would but lessen the value of the poor man's capital, — his limbs.

At Fontainebleau we were awakened by the firing of cannon. The waiter burst into our room, — "Voilà un Prince!" It was the birth of the now Duc de Bordeaux, — perhaps one day the King of France.

At Paris I renewed my old acquaintance, and saw the old sights. On the 8th I left the Wordsworths, who were intending to prolong their stay. On the 9th I slept at Amiens; on the 10th was on the road; on the 11th reached Dover; and on the 12th of October slept in my own chambers.

"And so," my journal says, "I concluded my tour in excellent health and spirits, having travelled farther, and seen a greater number and a greater variety of sublime and beautiful objects, and in company better calculated to make me feel the worth of these objects, than any it has been my good fortune to enjoy." Of that journal I must now say that it is the most meagre and defective I ever wrote, — perhaps from want of time. The most interesting details, and not the least true, have been written from memory, the journal giving me only the outlines. The fidelity of what I have written from recollection might be doubted; but that would be unjust.

October 29th. — I was employed looking over law papers all the forenoon; I then walked in the rain to Clapton, reading by the way the *Indicator*.* There is a spirit of enjoyment in this little work which gives a charm to it. Leigh Hunt seems the very opposite of Hazlitt. He loves everything, he catches the sunny side of everything, and, excepting that he has a few polemical antipathies, finds everything beautiful.

November 8th. — Spent the afternoon with H. Mylius, and dined there with a large party, — English and foreign. Mr. and Mrs. Blunt, friends of Monkhouse, were there, — she a sensible, lively woman, though she ventured to ridicule the

* A weekly publication edited by Leigh Hunt. It consists of a hundred numbers, and forms two vols. London, 1819–21.

great poet. I suspect she has quarrelled with Monkhouse about him; for she says: "All Wordsworth's friends quarrel with those who do not like him." Is this so? And what does it prove?

November 9th. — In the afternoon called on Wordsworth. He arrived yesterday night in town after a perilous journey. He was detained nine days at Boulogne by bad weather, and on setting off from the port was wrecked. He gave himself up for lost, and had taken off his coat to make an attempt at swimming; but the vessel struck *within* the bar, and the water retired so fast that, when the packet fell in pieces, the passengers were left on land. They were taken ashore in carts.

November 13th. — In the evening I set out on a walk which proved an unlucky one. As I passed in the narrow part of the Strand, near Thelwall's, I entered incautiously into a crowd. I soon found myself unable to proceed, and felt that I was pressed on all sides. I had buttoned my great-coat. On a sudden I felt a hand at my fob. I instantly pressed my hands down, recollecting I had Mrs. Wordsworth's watch in my pocket. I feared making any motion with my hands, and merely pressed my waistband. Before I could make any cry, I was thrown down (how, I cannot say). I rose instantly. A fellow called out, "Sir, you struck me!" I answered, "I am sorry for it, — I 'm robbed, and that is worse." I was uncertain whether I had lost anything, but it at once occurred to me that this was a sort of protecting exclamation. I ran into the street, and then remarked, for the first time, that I had lost my best umbrella. I felt my watch, but my gold chain and seals were gone. The prime cost of what was taken was about eight guineas. On the whole, I escaped very well, considering all circumstances. Many persons have been robbed on this very spot, and several have been beaten and ill-treated in the heart of the City, — and in the daytime. Such is the state of our police! My watch-chain was taken from me, not with the violence of robbery, or the secrecy of theft, but with a sort of ease and boldness that made me for a moment not know what the fellow meant. He seemed to be decently dressed, and had on a white waistcoat.

I called at Lamb's, where the Wordsworths were. I was in good spirits telling my tale. It is not my habit to fret about what happens to me through no fault of my own. I did not reproach myself on this occasion; and as the loss was not a

serious inconvenience, it did not give me a moment's uneasiness.

I then went to a large party at Masquerier's. There were whist-tables, dancing, beautiful drawings by Lewis, made on Masquerier's late journey, and some interesting people there. I saw, but had no conversation with, Lawrence, whose medical lectures have excited much obloquy on account of the Materialism obtruded in them.*

November 18th. — The afternoon was agreeable. I dined with the Wordsworths, and Lambs, and Mr. Kenyon, at Monkhouse's. It was an agreeable company and a good dinner, though I could not help sleeping. Wordsworth and Monkhouse either followed my example, or set me one, and Lamb talked as if he were asleep. Wordsworth was in excellent mood. His improved and improving mildness and tolerance must very much conciliate all who know him.

November 20th. — I was glad to accompany the Wordsworths to the British Museum. I had to wait for them in the anteroom, and we had at last but a hurried survey of the antiquities. I did not perceive that Wordsworth much enjoyed the Elgin Marbles; but he is a still man when he does enjoy himself, and by no means ready to talk of his pleasure, except to his sister. We could hardly see the statues. The Memnon,† however, seemed to interest him very much. Took tea with the Lambs. I accompanied Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth home, and afterwards sat late with Wordsworth at Lamb's.

November 21st. — I went late to Lamb's, and stayed an hour there very pleasantly. The Wordsworths were there, and Dr. Stoddart. The Doctor was very civil. Politics were hardly touched on, for Miss Kelly ‡ stepped in, thus drawing our at-

* Lectures on Physiology, Zoölogy, and the Natural History of Man. By William Lawrence. London: John Callord. 1819. The author recalled and suppressed this edition; but the work has since been repeatedly reprinted.

† This formed no part of the Elgin Collection. It is the colossal Egyptian head of Rameses II., supposed to be identical with the Sesostris of the Greeks, and was known when first brought to the British Museum as the Memnon. This head, one of the finest examples of Egyptian art in Europe, was removed by Belzoni in 1815, and presented to the Museum by Messrs. H. Salt and Burckhardt, in 1817.

‡ Miss Kelly, born at Brighton in 1790, attained great popularity as an actress in performing characters of a domestic kind. She was twice shot at on the stage. Charles Lamb, in 1818, addressed her in the lines beginning: —

"You are not Kelly of the common strain."

One of her best performances was in the melodrama of "The Maid and the Magpie," subsequently referred to. Miss Kelly built the small theatre in Dean Street, Soho, and latterly devoted her time to preparing pupils for the stage.

tention to a far more agreeable subject. She pleased me much. She is neither young nor handsome, but very agreeable; her voice and manner those of a person who knows her own worth, but is at the same time not desirous to assume upon it. She talks like a sensible woman. Barry Cornwall, too, came in. Talfourd also there.

November 29th. — Being engaged all day in court, I saw nothing of the show of the day, — the Queen's visit to St. Paul's. A great crowd were assembled, which the *Times* represents as an effusion of public feeling, echoed by the whole nation in favor of injured innocence. The same thing was represented by the Ministerial papers as a mere rabble. I think the government journals on this occasion are nearer the truth than their adversaries; for though the popular delusion has spread widely, embracing all the lowest classes, and a large proportion of the middling orders, yet the great majority of the educated, and nearly all the impartial, keep aloof.

*Rem.** — The disgraceful end of the disgraceful process against the Queen took place while the Wordsworths were in town. Whilst the trial was going on, and the issue still uncertain, I met Coleridge, who said, "Well, Robinson, you are a Queenite, I hope?" — "Indeed I am not." — "How is that possible?" — "I am only an anti-Kingite." — "That 's just what I mean."

On the 3d of December I dined with the Beneckes, and made an acquaintance, which still continues, with Mr. and Mrs. Sieveking.† He is a merchant of great respectability, and related to my Hamburg acquaintance. A man of sense, though not a writer; he is highly religious, a believer in mesmerism, and with an inclination to all mystical doctrines. His eldest son is now a young M. D.,‡ and a very amiable young man. He was educated partly at our University College, and I can cite him as a testimony in its favor. After spending several years at Paris, Berlin, and at Edinburgh, where he took his degree, he gave his decided opinion that the medical school of our University College was the best in Europe.

December 8th. — I read a little of Keats's poems to the Aders's, — the beginning of "Hyperion," — really a piece of great promise. There are a force, wildness, and originality in

* Written in 1851.

† Resident for many years at Stamford Hill. Mr. Sieveking died at his son's residence in Manchester Square, November 29, 1868, aged 79.

‡ Now Physician in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales. He attended H. C. R. in his last illness.

the works of this young poet which, if his perilous journey to Italy does not destroy him, promise to place him at the head of the next generation of poets. Lamb places him next to Wordsworth, — not meaning any comparison, for they are dissimilar.

December 14th. — On my return from court, where I had gained a cause for H. Stansfeld, I met Esther Nash and walked with her. After dining at Collier's, I accompanied her to Drury Lane. "The English Fleet," a very stupid opera, but Braham's singing was delightful. Madame Vestris, though rather too impudent, is a charming creature, and Munden, as the drunken sailor, was absolutely perfect. Afterwards a melodrama ("The Maid and the Magpie"), in which the theft of a magpie gives occasion to a number of affecting scenes, was rendered painfully affecting by Miss Kelly's acting. The plan well laid and neatly executed.

December 15th. — I spent the forenoon at home reading law, and went late to the Aders's, where I read Keats's "Pot of Basil," a pathetic tale, delightfully told. I afterwards read the story in Boccaccio, — each in its way excellent. I am greatly mistaken if Keats do not very soon take a high place among our poets. Great feeling and a powerful imagination are shown in this little volume.

December 20th. — Another forenoon spent at home over law-books. The evening I spent at Aders's. The Flaxmans there. They seemed to enjoy the evening much. Aders produced his treasures of engraving as well as his paintings, and Flaxman could appreciate the old masters. He did not appear much to relish Thorwaldsen's designs, and some anecdotes he related made us suppose that he was indisposed to relish Thorwaldsen's works of art. Flaxman greatly admired the head of Mrs. Aders's father,* and declared it to be one of the best of Chantrey's works. We supped, and Flaxman was in his best humor. I was not aware how much he loved music. He was more than gratified, — he was deeply affected by Mrs. Aders's singing. It was apparent that he thought of his wife, but he was warm in his praises and admiration of Mrs. Aders's.

December 26th. — After dining at Collier's I went to Flaxman, — took tea and had several interesting hours' chat with him. I read some of Wordsworth's poems and Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes." I was, however, so drowsy that I read this

* John Raphael Smith, the eminent engraver, who died in London, 1811. He was appointed engraver to the Prince of Wales.

poem without comprehending it. It quite affects me to remark the early decay of my faculties. I am so lethargic that I shall soon be unable to discharge the ordinary business of life; and as to all pretensions to literary taste, this I must lay aside entirely. How wretched is that state, at least how low is it, when a man is content to renounce all claim to respect, and endeavors only to enjoy himself! Yet I am reduced to this. When my vivacity is checked by age, and I have lost my companionable qualities, I shall then have nothing left but a little good-nature to make me tolerable, even to my old acquaintances.*

December 31st. — Bischoff told me that when, some years back, T——, the common friend of himself and Monkhouse, was in difficulties, Bischoff communicated the fact to Monkhouse, who seemed strongly affected. He said nothing to Mr. Bischoff, but went instantly to T—— and offered him £10,000, if that could save him from failure. It could not, and T—— rejected the offer.

After dining with W. Collier alone, and sitting in chambers over a book, I went to Edgar Taylor's,† having refused to dine with him. He had a party, and I stayed there till the old year had passed. There were Richard and Arthur Taylor, E. Taylor's partner, Roscoe,‡ and a younger Roscoe§ (a handsome and promising young man, who is with Pattison the pleader,‖ and is to be called to the bar), and Bowring the traveller. His person is mild and amiable, and his tone of conversation agreeable. He is in correspondence with the Spanish patriots, and is an enthusiast in their cause.

So passed away the last hours of the year, — a year which I have enjoyed as I have the former years of my life, but which has given me a deeper conviction than I ever had of the insignificance of my own character.

* Written between forty-six and forty-seven years before H. C. R. died.

† Mr. Edgar Taylor was a very eminent solicitor, and an accomplished man. He translated the French metrical chronicle, by Wace, entitled "Roman de Rou." He also wrote a "History of the German Minnesingers," with translated specimens; and prepared a version of some of the admirable fairy stories of the brothers Grimm: illustrated by George Cruikshank. And it is well known that he was the "Layman" whose revised translation of the New Testament was published by Pickering in 1840, shortly after his death. This work was almost entirely prepared by him during a long and painful illness.

‡ Robert Roscoe. Like almost all William Roscoe's sons, an author and poet. He died in 1850.

§ Henry Roscoe, author of "The Lives of Eminent Lawyers," &c., &c. He died in 1836.

‖ Afterwards a Judge.

CHAPTER XXV.

1821.

JANUARY 1st. — I dined at Collier's, and then went to Covent Garden, where I saw "Virginius." Macready very much pleased me. The truth of his performance is admirable. His rich mellow tones are delightful, and did he combine the expressive face of Kean with his own voice, he would far surpass Kean, for in judgment I think him equal. The scene in which he betroths his daughter is delightfully tender, but the catastrophe is too long delayed and wants effect, and the last act is an excrescence.

January 21st. — I looked over papers, and at twelve o'clock walked out. I called on the Colliers, and then went to Mrs. Barbauld's. She was in good spirits, but she is now the confirmed old lady. Independently of her fine understanding and literary reputation, she would be interesting. Her white locks, fair and unwrinkled skin, brilliant starched linen, and rich silk gown, make her a fit object for a painter. Her conversation is lively, her remarks judicious, and always pertinent.

January 30th. — This day being a holiday, I went to Kemble's sale. I met Amyot there, and we had a pleasant lounge together. Mr. and Mrs. Masquerier and Lewis took tea with me, and stayed several hours looking over my prints, and I enjoyed their pleasure. Is it vanity, sympathy, or good-nature, or a compound of all these feelings, which makes the owner of works of art enjoy the exhibition? Besides this, he learns the just appreciation of works of art, which is a positive gain, if anything appertaining to taste may be called so.

February 10th. — The evening was devoted to Talfourd's call to the bar, which was made more amusing by the contemporaneous call of the Irish orator, Phillips.* Talfourd had a numerous dinner-party, at which I was the senior barrister. We were so much more numerous than the other parties, — there being three besides Phillips's, — that we took the head-table and the lead in the business of the evening. Soon after we were settled, with the dessert on the table, I gave Talfourd's

* Afterwards Commissioner of the Insolvent Court.

health. He, after returning thanks, gave as a toast the Irish Bar, and in allusion to Phillips's call, said that what had just taken place was a great gain to England, and a loss to Ireland. This compliment called up the orator, and he spoke in a subdued tone and with a slowness that surprised me. I left the Hall for an hour and a half to take tea with Manning. When I returned Phillips was again on his legs, and using a great deal of declamation. He spoke five times in the course of the evening. Monkhouse came to the Hall, and at about twelve we adjourned to Talfourd's chambers, where an elegant supper was set out. In bed at half past two.

March 10th. — I took tea at Flaxman's, and enjoyed the two hours I stayed there very much. Of all the religious men I ever saw, he is the most amiable. The utter absence of all polemical feeling, — the disclaiming of all speculative opinion as an essential to salvation, — the reference of faith to the affections, not the understanding, are points in which I most cordially concur with him; earnestly wishing at the same time that I was in all respects like him.

Wordsworth to H. C. R.

12th March, 1821.

My dear Friend, — You were very good in writing me so long a letter, and kind, in your own Robinsonian way. Your determination to withdraw from your profession in sufficient time for an autumnal harvest of leisure is of a piece with the rest of your consistent resolves and practices. Consistent I have said, and why not *rational?* The word would surely have been added, had not I felt that it was awkwardly loading the sentence, and so truth would have been sacrificed to a point of taste, but for this compunction. Full surely you will do well; but take time; it would be ungrateful to quit in haste a profession that has used you so civilly. Would that I could encourage the hope of passing a winter with you in Rome, about the time you mention, which is just the period I should myself select! . . . . As to poetry, I am sick of it; it overruns the country in all the shapes of the Plagues of Egypt, — frog-poets (the Croakers), mice-poets (the Nibblers), a class which Gray, in his dignified way, calls flies, the "insect youth," — a term wonderfully applicable upon this occasion. But let us desist, or we shall be accused of envying the rising generation. Mary and I passed some days at Cambridge, where,

what with the company of my dear brother,* — our stately apartments, with all the venerable portraits there, that awe one into humility, — old friends, new acquaintance, and a hundred familiar remembrances, and freshly conjured up recollections, I enjoyed myself not a little. I should like to lend you a sonnet, composed at Cambridge; but it is reserved for cogent reasons, to be imparted in due time. Farewell! happy shall we be to see you.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

April 16th. — (On a visit to the Pattissons at Witham.) I walked to Hatfield † with William. Looked into the church, — the Vicar, Bennet, was our cicerone. He spoke of Goldsmith as a man he had seen. Goldsmith had lodged at Springfield, with some farmers. He spent his forenoons in his room, writing, and breakfasted off water-gruel, without bread. In his manners he was a bear. — "A tame one," I observed, and it was assented to. He dressed shabbily, and was an odd man. No further particulars could I get, except that while Goldsmith was there, a gentleman took down some cottages, which Bennet supposes gave rise to the "Deserted Village." Bennet pointed out to us the antiquities of his church; among them a recumbent statue, which every one believed was a woman, till Flaxman came and satisfied him that it was a priest.

April 17th. — Hayter, a painter in crayons,‡ dined with us. He is taking a likeness of Mr. Pattisson, and is certainly successful as a portrait-painter. In other respects he is a *character*. He is self-educated, but is a sensible man, and blends humor with all he says. And his affection for his children, one of whom is already a promising young artist, gives a kind of dignity to his character.

June 12th. — I accompanied my brother and sister to Covent Garden. We had a crowding to get there. It was Liston's benefit. He played delightfully Sam Swipes in "Exchange no Robbery," his knavish father passing him off as the foster-son of a gentleman who had run away after intrusting

* Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

† Hatfield Peverel, two miles from Witham.

‡ Mr. Charles Hayter, author of "A Treatise on Perspective," published in 1825, and generally considered successful in taking likenesses. He was the father of the present Sir George Hayter and Mr. John Hayter, both distinguished portrait-painters, still living. Charles Hayter lodged at Witham many months during 1821. His price for such crayon drawings was ten guineas. The picture above referred to is still in possession of the family.

him with the child. The supposed father was admirably represented by Farren. And these two performers afforded me more pleasure than the theatre often gives me.

July 7th. — I was busied about many things this forenoon. I went for a short time to the King's Bench. Then looked over Hamond's papers, and went to Saunders's sale. Dined hastily in Coleman Street, and then went to Mrs. Barbauld's, where I was soon joined by Charles and Mary Lamb. This was a meeting I had brought about to gratify mutual curiosity. The Lambs are pleased with Mrs. Barbauld, and therefore it is probable that they have pleased her. Mrs. C. Aikin was there, and Miss Lawrence. Lamb was chatty, and suited his conversation to his company, except that, speaking of Gilbert Wakefield, he said he had a peevish face. When he was told Mrs. Aikin was Gilbert Wakefield's daughter, he was vexed, but got out of the scrape tolerably well. I walked with the Lambs by the turnpike, and then came home, not to go to bed, but to sit up till the Norwich coach should call for me. I had several letters to write, which with packing, drinking chocolate, &c. fully occupied my time, so that I had no ennui, though I was unable to read.

*Rem.** — One evening, when I was at the Aikins', Charles Lamb told a droll story of an India-house clerk accused of eating man's flesh, and remarked that among cannibals those who rejected the favorite dish would be called *misanthropists.*

July 23d. — Finished Johnson's "Hebrides." I feel ashamed of the delight it once afforded me. The style is so pompous, the thoughts so ordinary, with so little feeling, or imagination, or knowledge. Yet I once admired it. What assurance have I that I may not hereafter think as meanly of the books I now admire?

August 12th. — (Bury.) I went with Pryme † to see the jail, which, notwithstanding its celebrity, I had not visited. There I saw neither a filthy assemblage of wretches brought together to be instructed for future crimes rather than punished for past, nor a place of ease and comfort, inviting rather than deterring to the criminal. The garden, yards, and buildings have an air of great neatness; but this can hardly be a recommendation to the prisoners. They are separated by many subdivisions, and constantly exposed to inspection. In the day they work

* Written in 1849.

† A fellow-circuiteer of H. C. R.'s, long M. P. for Cambridge. He died Dec. 19, 1868.

at a mill, and at night all are secluded. Each has his little cell. The all-important thing is to avoid letting criminals be together in idleness. To a spectator there is nothing offensive in this prison. And certainly if its arrangements were followed universally, much misery would be prevented and good service rendered to morality.

[In the autumn of this year Mr. Robinson made a tour to Scotland of a little over a month. The chief personal recollections are all that will be given here. — ED.]

August 29th. — Visited Dryburgh Abbey. A day of interest, apart from the beauties of my walk. Mrs. Masquerier had given me a letter of introduction to the well-known Earl of Buchan, — a character. He married her aunt, who was a Forbes. Lord Buchan, who was advanced in years, had, by a life of sparing, restored in a great measure the family from its sunken state ; but, in doing this, he had to endure the reproach of penurious habits, while his two younger brothers acquired a brilliant reputation : one was Lord Erskine, the most perfect of *nisi prius* orators, and one of the poorest of English Chancellors, — the other, Henry Erskine, the elder brother, enjoyed a higher reputation among friends, but, in the inferior sphere of the Scotch courts, could not attain to an equally wide-spread celebrity. Lord Buchan had been a *dilettante* in letters. He had written a life of Thomson the poet, and of the patriotic orator, Fletcher of Saltoun, the great opponent of the Scottish union.

Before I was introduced to the Earl, I saw in the grounds ample monuments of his taste and character. He received me cordially. He being from home when I called, I left my letter, and walked in the grounds. On my return, he himself opened the door for me, and said to the servant : " Show Mr. Robinson into his bedroom. You will spend the day here."

He was manifestly proud of his alliance with the royal house of the Stuarts, but was not offended with the free manner in which I spoke of the contemptible pedant James I. of England. He exhibited many relics of the unfortunate Mary ; and (says my journal) enumerated to me many of his ancestors, " whom my imperfect recollections would have designated rather as infamous than illustrious." But no man of family ever heartily despised birth. He was a stanch Whig, but had long retired from politics. He was proud of his brother, the great English orator, but lamented his acceptance of the Chancellorship. " I wrote him a letter," said the Earl, " offering,

if he would decline the office, to settle my estate on his eldest son. Unluckily, he did not receive my letter until it was too late, or he might have accepted my offer; his mind was so confused when he announced the fact of the appointment, that he signed his letter 'Buchan.'"

The next day I left Dryburgh, furnished with a useful letter to the Scotch antiquary and bookseller, David Laing, who rendered me obliging offices at Edinburgh. I had also a letter to the famous Sir James Sinclair, the agriculturist, which I was not anxious to deliver, as in it I was foolishly characterized as a "really learned person," this being provably false. "The praises," says my journal, "usually contained in letters of the kind one may swallow, because they never mean more than that the writer likes the object of them." Lord Buchan offered me a letter to Sir Walter Scott, which I declined. I found that he had no liking for Sir Walter, and I was therefore sure that Sir Walter had no liking for him; and it is bad policy to deliver such letters. I regretted much that a letter from Wordsworth to Scott reached me too late; *that* I should have rejoiced to deliver.

My first concern at Edinburgh was to see Anthony Robinson, Jun. He showed me such of the curiosities of the place as were known to him. In his sitting-room I complained of an offensive smell, which he explained by opening a closet door, and producing some human limbs. He had bought these of the resurrection-men. He afterwards disappeared; and on his father's death, a commission was sent to Scotland to collect evidence respecting Anthony Robinson, Jun., from which it was ascertained that he had not been heard of for years. He had left his clothes, &c. at Perth, and had gone to Edinburgh to continue his studies; and it was at Edinburgh that he was last heard of. This being just before the dreadful exposure took place of the murders effected by *burking*, my speculation was that poor Anthony was one of the victims.

2*d September* (*Sunday*). — Mr. David Laing took me to hear Dr. Thomson, a very eminent Scotch preacher, who had at Edinburgh the like pre-eminence which Dr. Chalmers had at Glasgow. But he appeared to me to be a mere orator, profiting by a sonorous voice and a commanding countenance. This, however, may be an erroneous judgment.

This same day originated an acquaintance of which I will now relate the beginning and the end. Walking with Laing, he pointed out to me a young man. "That," said he, "is James

Grahame, nephew of the poet of 'The Sabbath.'" I begged Laing to introduce me. His father's acquaintance I had made at Mr. Clarkson's. This produced a very cordial reception, and after spending a day (the 3d) in a walk to Roslin and Hawthornden (of which, if I said anything on such subjects, I should have much to say), I went to an evening party at Mr. Grahame's. Laing was there, and my journal mentions a Sir W. Hamilton, the same man, I have no doubt, who has lately been involved in a controversy with our (University College) Professor De Morgan on logic. My journal speaks of him as, according to Laing, a young lawyer of brilliant talents, a profound thinker, and conversant with German philosophy and literature.

On the 9th of September an incident occurred especially amusing in connection with what took place immediately afterwards. I rose very early to see a new place, and (it was between six and seven) seeing a large building, I asked a man, who looked like a journeyman weaver, what it was. He told me a grammar-school. "But, sir," he added, "I think it would become you better on the Lord's day morning to be reading your Bible at home, than asking about public buildings." I very quickly answered: "My friend, you have given me a piece of very good advice; let me give you one, and we may both profit by our meeting. Beware of spiritual pride." The man scowled with a Scotch surliness, and, apparently, did not take my counsel with as much good-humor as I did his.

It was after this that I heard Dr. Chalmers preach. In the forenoon it was a plain discourse to plain people, in a sort of school. In the afternoon it was a splendid discourse, in the Tron Church, against the Judaical observance of the Sabbath, which he termed "an expedient for pacifying the jealousies of a God of vengeance," — reprobating the operose drudgery of such Sabbaths. He represented the whole value of Sabbath observance to lie in its being a *free* and *willing* service, — a foretaste of heaven. "If you cannot breathe in comfort here, you cannot breathe in heaven hereafter." Many years afterwards, I mentioned this to Irving, who was then the colleague of Chalmers, and already spoken of as his rival in eloquence, and he told me that the Deacons waited on the Doctor to remonstrate with him on the occasion of this sermon.

That I may conclude with Dr. Chalmers now, let me here say, that I was as much gratified with him as I was dissatisfied with Andrew Thomson; that he appeared absorbed in his

subject, utterly free from ostentation, and forgetful of himself. I admired him highly, ranking him with Robert Hall; but I heard him once too often. On my return from the Highlands, I heard him on the 30th of September, in the morning, on the sin against the Holy Ghost, which he declared to be no particular sin, but a general indisposition to the Gospel. "It can't be forgiven," he said, "because the sinner can't comply with the condition, — desire to be forgiven." But it was the evening sermon which left a painful impression on my mind. He affirmed the doctrine of original sin in its most offensive form. He declined to explain it.

The elder Mr. Grahame was one of the leading members of the Doctor's congregation. He is very much like his son, only milder, because older. He had another son, still living, and whom I saw now and then. This was Tom Grahame, an incarnation of the old Covenanter, a fierce radical and ultra-Calvinist, who has a warm-hearted, free way, which softens his otherwise bitter religious spirit.

On September 16th I had a little adventure. Being on the western side of Loch Lomond, opposite the Mill, at Inversnaid, some women kindled a fire, the smoke of which was to be a signal for a ferry-boat. No ferryman came; and a feeble old man offering himself as a boatman, I intrusted myself to him. I asked the women who he was. They said, "That 's old Andrew." According to their account, he lived a hermit's life in a lone island on the lake; the poor peasantry giving him meal and what he wanted, and he picking up pence. On my asking him whether he would take me across the lake, he said, "I wull, if you 'll gi'e me saxpence." So I consented. But before I was half over, I repented of my rashness, for I feared the oars would fall out of his hands. A breath of wind would have rendered half the voyage too much for him. There was some cunning mixed up with the fellow's seeming imbecility, for when his strength was failing he rested, and entered into talk, manifestly to amuse me. He said he could see things before they happened. He saw the Radicals before they came, &c. He had picked up a few words of Spanish and German, which he uttered ridiculously, and laughed. But when I put troublesome questions, he affected not to understand me; and was quite astonished, as well as delighted, when I gave him two sixpences instead of the one he had bargained for. The simple-minded women, who affected to look down on him, seemed, however, to stand in awe of him, and no wonder. On

my telling Wordsworth this history, he exclaimed, "That 's my 'Brownie.'" His "Brownie's Cell"* is by no means one of my favorite poems. My sight of old Andrew showed me the stuff out of which a poetical mind can weave such a web.

After visiting Stirling and Perth, I went to Crieff. On my way I met a little Scotch girl, who exhibited a favorable specimen of the national character. I asked the name of the gentleman whose house I had passed, and put it down in my pocket-book. "And do you go about putting people's names in your book?" — "Yes." — "And what 's the use of it?" Now this was not said in an impertinent tone, as if she thought I was doing a silly act, but in the real spirit of naïf inquiry.

On Saturday, the 22d of September, I went by Comrie to Loch Earn head. On Sunday, the 23d, by Killin to Kenmore. I put down names of places which I would gladly see again in my old age. This day I witnessed a scene which still rests on my eye and ear. I will abridge from my journal: "It was in the forenoon, a few miles from Kenmore, when, on the high-road, I was startled by a screaming noise, which I at first mistook for quarrelling; till, coming to a hedge, which I overlooked, I beheld a scene which the greatest of landscape-painters in the historic line might have delighted to represent. The sombre hue cast over the field reminded me of Salvator Rosa. I looked down into a meadow, at the bottom of which ran a brook; and in the background there was a dark mountain frowning over a lake somewhat rippled by wind. Against a tree on the river's bank was placed a sort of box, and in this was a preacher, declaiming in the Gaelic tongue to an audience full of admiration. On the rising hill before him were some two or three hundred listeners. Far the greater number were lying in groups, but some standing. Among those present were ladies genteelly dressed. In the harsh sounds which grated on my ear I could not distinguish a word, except a few proper names of Hebrew persons."

On September the 29th, from Lanark, I visited the Duke of Hamilton's palace, and had unusual pleasure in the paintings to be seen there. I venture to copy my remarks on the famous Rubens's "Daniel in the Lion's Den": "The variety of character in the lions is admirable. Here is indignation at the unintelligible power which restrains them; there reverence towards the being whom they dare not touch. One of them is

* See Wordsworth's "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland in 1814," Vol. III. p. 44.

consoled by the contemplation of the last skull he has been picking; one is anticipating his next meal; two are debating the subject together. But the Prophet, with a face resembling Curran's (foreshortened * so as to lose its best expression), has all the muscles of his countenance strained from extreme terror. He is without joy or hope; and though his doom is postponed, he has no faith in the miracle which is to reward his integrity. It is a painting rather to astonish than delight."

On the *1st of October* I passed a place the name of which I could not have recollected twelve hours but for the charm of verse: —

> "I wish I were where Ellen lies,
> By fair Kirkconnel Lea."

On returning to England, a stout old lady, our coach companion, rejoiced heartily that she was again in *old* England, a mean rivulet being the insignificant boundary. This feeling she persisted in retaining, though an act of disobedience to the law which annihilated England as a state, and though our supper was worse than any lately partaken of by any of us in Scotland.

October 4th. — I went to Ambleside, and for four days I was either there or at Rydal Mount. My last year's journey in Switzerland had improved my acquaintance with the Wordsworth family, and raised it to friendship. But my time was short, and I have nothing to record beyond this fact, that Mrs. Wordsworth was then in attendance upon a lady in a fever, consequent on lying in, — Mrs. Quillinan, a lady I never saw, a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges.

October 7th. — My journal mentions (what does not belong to my recollections, but to my obliviscences) an able pamphlet by Mr. De Quincey against Brougham, written during the late election, entitled, "Close Comments on a Straggling Speech," a capital title, at all events. All that De Quincey wrote, or

* Daniel's head is thrown back, and he looks upwards with an earnest expression and clasped hands, as if vehemently supplicating. The picture formerly belonged to King Charles I. It was at that time entered as follows in the Catalogue of the Royal Pictures: "A piece of Daniel in the Lion's Den with lions about him, given by the deceased Lord Dorchester to the King, being so big as the life. Done by Sir Peter Paul Rubens." Dr. Waagen very justly observes that, upon the whole, the figure of Daniel is only an accessory employed by the great master to introduce, in the most perfect form, nine figures of lions and lionesses the size of life. Rubens, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton (who presented the picture to the King), dated April 28, 1618, expressly states that it was wholly his own workmanship. The price was 600 florins. Engraved in mezzotint by W. Ward, 1789.

writes, is curious, if not valuable; commencing with his best-known "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," and ending with his scandalous but painfully interesting "Autobiography," in *Tait's Magazine.*

October 23d. — To London on the Bury coach, and enjoyed the ride. Storks, Dover, Rolfe, and Andrews were inside playing whist. I was outside reading. I read Cantos III., IV., and V. of "Don Juan." I was amused by parts. There is a gayety which is agreeable enough when it is playful and ironical, and here it is less malignant than it is in some of Byron's writings. The gross violations of decorum and morality one is used to. I felt no resentment at the lines,

> "A drowsy, frowzy poem called 'The Excursion,'
> Writ in a manner which is my aversion,"*

nor at the affected contempt throughout towards Wordsworth. There are powerful descriptions, and there is a beautiful Hymn to Greece. I began Madame de Staël's "Ten Years' Exile." She writes with eloquence of Buonaparte, and her egotism is by no means offensive.

October 26th. — Met Charles Aikin. I saw he had a hatband, and he shocked me by the intelligence of his wife's death. I saw her a few days before I set off on my journey. She then appeared to be in her usual health. The conversation between us was not remarkable; but I never saw her without pleasure, or left her without a hope I should see her again. She was a very amiable woman. She brought to the family a valuable accession of feeling. To her I owe my introduction to Mrs. Barbauld. I have been acquainted with her, though without great intimacy, twenty-four years. She was Gilbert Wakefield's eldest daughter, and not much younger than myself.

November 2d. — Finished Madame de Staël's "Ten Years' Exile." A very interesting book in itself, and to me especially interesting on account of my acquaintance with the author. Her sketches of Russian manners and society are very spirited, and her representation of her own sufferings under Buonaparte's persecutions is as eloquent as her novels. The style is animated, and her declamations against Napoleon are in her best manner.

November 7th. — Called on De Quincey to speak about the *Classical Journal.* I have recommended him to Valpy, who will be glad of his assistance. De Quincey speaks highly of

* "Don Juan," Canto III. v. 94.

the liberality of Taylor and Hessey, who gave him forty guineas for his "Opium Eater."

November 9th. — Dined at Guildhall. About five hundred persons present, perhaps six hundred. The tables were in five lines down the hall. Gas illumination. The company all well dressed at least. The ornaments of the hustings, with the cleaned statues, &c., rendered the scene an imposing one. I dined in the King's Bench, a quiet place, and fitter for a substantial meal than the great hall. I was placed next to Croly (newspaper writer and poet), and near several persons of whom I knew something, so that I did not want for society. Our dinner was good, but ill-served and scanty. As soon as we had finished a hasty dessert, I went into the great hall, where I was amused by walking about. I ascended a small gallery at the top of the hall, whence the view below was very fine; and I afterwards chatted with Firth, &c. Some dozen judges and sergeants were really ludicrous objects in their full-bottomed wigs and scarlet robes. The Dukes of York and Wellington, and several Ministers of State, gave éclat to the occasion.

November 18th. — I stepped into the Lambs' cottage at Dalston. Mary, pale and thin, just recovered from one of her attacks. They have lost their brother John, and feel their loss. They seemed softened by affliction, and to wish for society.

Poor old Captain Burney died on Saturday. The rank Captain had become a misnomer, but I cannot call him otherwise. He was made Admiral a few weeks ago. He was a fine old man.* His whist parties were a great enjoyment to me.

December 11th. — Dined with Monkhouse. Tom Clarkson went with me. The interest of the evening arose from MSS. of poems by Wordsworth, on the subject of our journey. After waiting so long without writing anything, — so at least I understood when in Cumberland, — the fit has come on him, and within a short time he has composed a number of delightful little poems; and Miss Hutchison writes to Mr. Monkhouse that he goes on writing with great activity.†

December 31st. — At Flaxman's, where I spent several hours very pleasantly. We talked of animal magnetism. Flaxman declared he believed it to be fraud and imposition, an opinion

* The circumnavigator of the world with Captain Cook, and historian of circumnavigation. A humorous old man, friend of Charles Lamb, son of Dr. Burney, and brother of Madame d'Arblay. Martin Burney was his son. — H. C. R.

† These poems have been referred to in connection with the tour which suggested them.

I was not prepared for from him. But the conversation led to some very singular observations on his part, which show a state of mind by no means unfit for the reception of the new doctrine. He spoke of his dog's habit of fixing her eye upon him when she wanted food, &c., so that he could not endure the sight, and was forced to drive her away : this he called an *animal* power ; and he intimated also a belief in demoniacal influence ; so that it was not clear to me that he did not think that animal magnetism was somewhat criminal, allowing its pretensions to be well founded, rather than supposing them to be vain. There is frequently an earnestness that becomes uncomfortable to listen to when Flaxman talks with religious feeling.

*Rem.** — My Diary mentions " John Wood, a lively genteel young man ! " Now he is a man of importance in the state, being the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. He was previously the head of the Stamp Office and Chairman of Excise. In the latter capacity he lately effected great economical reforms. He is a rare example of independence and courage, not renouncing the profession of his unpopular religious opinions.

My practice this year was as insignificant as ever, even falling off in the amount it produced ; the fees being 572½ guineas, whereas in 1820 they were 663.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1822.

JANUARY 10th. — At twelve Monkhouse called. I walked with him and had a high treat in a call at Chantrey's, having to speak with him about Wordsworth's bust. What a contrast to Flaxman ! A sturdy, florid-looking man, with a general resemblance in character to Sir Astley Cooper, both looking more like men of business and the world than artists or students. Chantrey talks with the ease of one who is familiar with good company, and with the confidence of one who is conscious of his fame. His study is rich in works of art. His busts are admirable. His compositions do not in general please

* Written in 1851.

me. He has in hand a fine monument of Ellenborough. A good likeness too.*

January 22d. — I went into court on account of a single defence, which unexpectedly came on immediately, and having succeeded in obtaining an acquittal, I was able to leave Bury by the "Day" coach. I had an agreeable ride, the weather being mild. I finished "Herodotus," a book which has greatly amused me. The impression most frequently repeated during the perusal was that of the compatibility of great moral wisdom with gross superstition. It is impossible to deny that "Herodotus" encourages by his silence, if not by more express encouragement, the belief in outrageous fictions. The frequency of miracle in all ancient history is unfavorable to the belief of that affirmed in the Jewish history. This book inspires a salutary horror of political despotism, but at the same time a dangerous contempt of men at large, and an uncomfortable suspicion of the pretensions of philosophers and patriots.

February 25th. — I went to Aders's, and found him and his wife alone. An interesting conversation. Mrs. Aders talked in a tone of religion which I was pleased with. At the same time she showed a tendency to superstition which I could only wonder at. She has repeatedly had dreams of events which subsequently occurred, and sometimes with circumstances that rendered the coincidence both significant and wonderful. One is remarkable, and worth relating. She dreamed, when in Germany, that a great illumination took place, of what kind she was not aware. Two luminous balls arose. In one she saw her sister, Mrs. Longdale, with an infant child in her arms. On the night of the illumination on account of the Coronation (years after the dream), she was called by Miss Watson into the back drawing-room, to see a ball or luminous body which had been let off at Hampstead. She went into the room, and on a sudden it flashed on her mind with painful feelings, "This was what I saw in my dream." That same evening her sister died. She had been lately brought to bed. The child lived.

* Chantrey was an excellent bust-maker, and he executed ably. He wanted poetry and imagination. The Children in Lichfield Cathedral, which might have given him reputation with posterity, were the design of Stothard. It is to Chantrey's high honor that he left a large portion of his ample fortune, after the death of his widow, for the encouragement of fine art, and made for that purpose wise arrangements. Lady Chantrey gave all his casts, &c. to Oxford University, where they constitute a gallery. Asking Rogers its value lately, he said: "As a collection of historical portraits, they are of great value; as works of art, *that*," snapping his fingers. — H. C. R.

H. C. R. to Miss Wordsworth.

2 King's Bench, 25th February, 1822.

I am indeed a very bad correspondent, but a long foolscap letter was written more than a fortnight back, when I met Mr. Monkhouse, and he told me what rendered my letter utterly inexpedient, for it was an earnest exhortation to you and Mrs. Wordsworth to urge the publication of the delightful poems, which is now done; and the expression of a wish that one of the Journals might appear also, and that would be in vain. I am heartily glad that so many imperishable records will be left of incidents which I had the honor of partially enjoying with you. The only drawback on my pleasure is, that I fear when the book is once published, Mr. Wordsworth may no longer be inclined to meditate on what he saw and felt, and therefore much may remain unsaid which would probably have appeared in the Memorials, if they had been delayed till 1823. I hope I have not seen all, and I should rejoice to find among the unseen poems some memorial of those patriotic and pious bridges at Lucerne, suggesting to so *generative* a mind as your brother's a whole cycle of religious and civic sentiments. The equally affecting *Senate-house* not made by hands, at Sarnen, where the rites of modern legislation, like those of ancient religion, are performed in the open air, and on an unadorned grass-plat!!! But the poet needs no prompter; I shall be grateful to him for what he gives, and have no right to reflect on what he withholds. I wish he may have thought proper to preface each poem by a brief memorandum in prose. Like the great poet of Germany, with whom he has so many high powers in common, he has a strange love of riddles. Goethe carries further the practice of not giving collateral information: he seems to anticipate the founding of a college for the delivery of explanatory lectures like those instituted in Tuscany for Dante.

. . . . .

My last letter, which I destroyed, was all about the poems. I have not the vanity to think that my praise can gratify, but I ought to say, since the verses to Goddard were my suggestion, that I rejoice in my good deed. It is instructive to observe how a poet sees and feels, how remote from ordinary sentiment, and yet how beautiful and true! Goethe says he had never an affliction which he did not turn into a poem. Mr. Wordsworth has shown how common occurrences are trans-

muted into poetry. Midas is the type of a true poet. Of the Stanzas, I love most — loving all — the "Eclipse of the Sun." Of the Sonnets, there is *one* remarkable as *unique;* the humor and naïveté, and the exquisitely refined sentiment of the Calais fishwomen, are a combination of excellences quite novel. I should, perhaps, have given the preference after all to the Jungfrau Sonnet, but it wants unity. I know not which to distinguish, the Simplon Stone, the Bruges, or what else? I have them not here. Each is the best as I recollect the impression it made on me. . . . .

Miss Wordsworth to H. C. R.

3d March, 1822.

My brother will, I hope, write to Charles Lamb in the course of a few days. He has long talked of doing it; but you know how the mastery of his own thoughts (when engaged in composition, as he has lately been) often prevents him from fulfilling his best intentions; and since the weakness of his eyes has returned, he has been obliged to fill up all spaces of leisure by going into the open air for refreshment and relief of his eyes. We are very thankful that the inflammation, chiefly in the lids, is now much abated. It concerns us very much to hear so indifferent an account of Lamb and his sister; the death of their brother, no doubt, has afflicted them much more than the death of any brother, with whom there had, in near neighborhood, been so little personal or family communication, would afflict any other minds. We deeply lamented their loss, and wished to write to them as soon as we heard of it; but it not being the particular duty of any one of us, and a painful task, we put it off, for which we are now sorry, and very much blame ourselves. They are too good and too confiding to take it unkindly, and that thought makes us feel it the more. . . . . With respect to the tour poems, I am afraid you will think my brother's notes not sufficiently copious; prefaces he has none, except to the poem on Goddard's death. Your suggestion of the Bridge at Lucerne set his mind to work; and if a happy mood comes on he is determined even yet, though the work is printed, to add a poem on that subject. You can have no idea with what earnest pleasure he seized the idea; yet, before he began to write at all, when he was pondering over his recollections, and asking me for hints and thoughts, I mentioned that very sub-

ject, and he then thought he could make nothing of it. You certainly have the gift of setting him on fire. When I named (before your letter was read to him) your scheme for next autumn, his countenance flushed with pleasure, and he exclaimed, "I'll go with him." Presently, however, the conversation took a sober turn, and he concluded that the journey would be impossible; "And then," said he, "if you or Mary, or both, were not with me, I should not half enjoy it; and that is impossible." . . . . We have had a long and interesting letter from Mrs. Clarkson. Notwithstanding bad times, she writes in cheerful spirits and talks of coming into the North this summer, and we really hope it will not end in talk, as Mr. Clarkson joins with her; and if he once determines, a trifle will not stop him. Pray read a paper in the *London Magazine*, by Hartley Coleridge, on the Uses of the Heathen Mythology in Poetry. It has pleased us very much. The style is wonderful for so young a man, — so little of effort and no affectation. . . . .

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

March 1st. — Came home early from Aders's to read "Cain." The author has not advanced any novelties in his speculations on the origin of evil, but he has stated one or two points with great effect. The book is calculated to spread infidelity by furnishing a ready expression to difficulties which must occur to every one, more or less, and which are passed over by those who confine themselves to scriptural representations. The second act is full of poetic energy, and there is some truth of passion in the scenes between Cain's wife and himself.

April 8th. — I had a very pleasant ride to London from Bury. The day was fine, and was spent in reading half a volume of amusing gossip, — D'Israeli on the literary character, in which the good and evil of that by me most envied character are displayed so as to repress envy without destroying respect. Yet I would, after all, gladly exchange some portion of my actual enjoyments for the intenser pleasures of a more intellectual kind, though blended with pains and sufferings from which I am free.

April 10th. — As I sat down to dinner, a young man introduced himself to me by saying, "My name is Poel." — "A son of my old friend at Altona!" I answered; and I was heartily glad to see him. Indeed the sight of him gave my mind such a turn, that I could scarcely attend to the rest of the company.

Poel was but a boy in 1807. No wonder, therefore, that I had no recollection of him. He, however, recognized me in a moment, and he says I do not appear in the slightest degree altered. I should have had a much heartier pleasure in seeing him had I not known that his mother died but a few months ago. She was a most amiable and a superior woman. The father is now advanced in years, but he retains, the son tells me, all his former zeal for liberty.*

April 13th. — Took tea with the Flaxmans, and read to them extracts from Wordsworth's new poems, "The Memorials." And I ended the evening by going to Drury Lane to see "Giovanni in London," a very amusing extravaganza. Madame Vestris is a fascinating creature, and renders the Don as entertaining as possible. And at the same time there is an air of irony and mere wanton and assumed wickedness, which renders the piece harmless enough. The parodies on well-known songs, &c. are well executed.

April 29th. — Walked to Hammersmith and back. On my way home I fell into chat with a shabby-looking fellow, a master-bricklayer, whose appearance was that of a very low person, but his conversation quite surprised me. He talked about trade with the knowledge of a practical man of business, enlightened by those principles of political economy which indeed are become common; but I did not think they had alighted on the hod and trowel. He did not talk of the books of Adam Smith, but seemed imbued with their spirit.

May 7th. — I took tea with the Flaxmans. Flaxman related with undesigned humor some circumstances of the dinner of the Royal Academy on Saturday. He was seated between Cabinet Ministers! Such a man to be placed near and to be expected to hold converse with Lord Liverpool and the Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Wellington, and Chateaubriand! A greater contrast cannot be conceived than between an artist absorbed in his art, of the simplest manners, the purest morals, incapable of intrigue or artifice, a genius in his art, of pious feelings and an unworldly spirit, and a set of statesmen and courtiers! The only part of the conversation he gave was a dispute whether *spes* makes *spei* in the genitive, which was referred to the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Flaxman spoke favorably of the conversation and manners of Lord Harrowby.

May 18th. — Took tea with the Nashes, and accompanied

* See *ante*, p. 153.

Elizabeth and Martha to Mathews's Mimetic Exhibition. I was delighted with some parts. In a performance of three hours' duration there could not fail to be flat and uninteresting scenes; e. g. his attempt at representing Curran was a complete failure. I was much pleased with a representation of John Wilkes admonishing him, Mathews, when bound apprentice; Tate Wilkinson's talking on three or four subjects at once, and an Irish party at whist. I really do believe he has seen F——, so completely has he copied his voice and his words. These were introduced in a sort of biography of himself. In a second part of the entertainment, three characters were perfect, — a servant scrubbing his miserly master's coat, a French music-master in the character of Cupid in a ballet, and (the very best) a steward from a great dinner-party relating the particulars of the dinner. He was half drunk, and, I know not how, Mathews so completely changed his face that he was not to be known again. The fat Welshman, the miser, and the lover, were less successful.

May 22d. — I read a considerable part of Ritson's "Robin Hood Ballads," recommendable for the information they communicate concerning the state of society, rather than for the poetry, which is, I think, far below the average of our old ballads.

May 23d. — Visited Stonehenge, a very singular and most remarkable monument of antiquity, exciting surprise by the display of mechanical power, which baffles research into its origin and purposes, and leaves an impression of wonder that such an astonishing work should not have preserved the name of its founders. Such a fragment of antiquity favors the speculation of Schelling, and the other German metaphysicians, concerning a bygone age of culture and the arts and sciences.

June 1st. — Hundleby sent me, just before I went to dinner, papers, in order to argue at ten on Monday morning before the Lords (the Judges being summoned) the famous case of Johnstone and Hubbard, or, in the Exchequer Chamber, Hubbard and Johnstone, in which the Exchequer Chamber reversed the decision of the King's Bench, the question being on the effect of the Registry Acts on sales of ships at sea. This case had been argued some seven or eight times in the courts below, among others, by two of the Judges (Richardson and Parke), and had been pending fourteen years (the first action, indeed, against Hubbard was in 1803). And on such a case I was to prepare

myself in a few hours, because Littledale, who had attended the Lords three times, could not prepare himself for want of time! No wonder that I took books into bed, and was in no very comfortable mood.

June 3d. — I rose before five and had the case on my mind till past nine, when Hundleby called. He took me down to Westminster in a boat. There I found Carr in attendance. A little after ten I was called on, and I began my argument before the Chancellor, Lord Redesdale, one bishop, and nearly all the Judges. I was nervous at first, but in the course of my argument I gained courage, and Manning, who attended without telling me he should do so (an act of such kindness and friendship as I shall not soon forget), having whispered a word of encouragement, I concluded with tolerable comfort and satisfaction.

In the course of my argument I said one or two bold things. Having referred to a late decision of the King's Bench, which is, in effect, a complete overruling of the case then before the Lords (Richardson *v.* Campbell, 5 B. and A. 196), I said: "My learned friend will say that the cases are different. And they are different: the Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, says so. My Lords, since the short time that I have been in the profession, nothing has excited my admiration so much as the mingled delicacy and astuteness with which the learned Judges of one court avoid overruling the decisions of other courts. (Here Richardson, Parke, and Bailey smiled, and the Chancellor winked.) It would be indecorous in me to insinuate, even if I dared to imagine, what the opinion of the Judges of the King's Bench is; but I beg your Lordships to consider whether the reasoning of Lord Chief Justice Abbott applies to that part of the case in which it differs from the case before the House, or to that in which the cases are the same." I afterwards commented on a mistake arising from confounding the words of the statute of W. and those of 34 George III., and said: "This mistake has so pervaded the profession, that the present reporters have put a false quotation into the lips of the Chief Justice," I knowing that the Chief Justice himself supplied the report.

After I had finished, Carr began his answer. But in a few minutes the Chancellor found that the special verdict was imperfectly framed, and directed a *venire de novo* (i. e. a new trial). Carr and I are to consent to amend it. Carr said to me very kindly: "on his honor, that he thought I had argued

it better than any one on my side." Manning, too, said I had done it very well, and the Chancellor, on my observing how unprepared my client was to make alterations, said: "You have done so well at a short notice, that I have no doubt you will manage the rest very well." As Hundleby, too, was satisfied, I came away enjoying myself without being at all gay, like a man escaped from peril. I was, after all, by no means satisfied with myself, and ascribed to good-nature the compliments I had received.

June 4th. — Went for half the evening to Drury Lane. The few songs in the piece (the "Castle of Andalusia") were sung by Braham, viz. "All 's Well," and "Victory," songs sung by him on all occasions and on no occasion, but they cannot be heard too often.

June 9th. — Went to the Lambs'. Talfourd joined me there. I was struck by an observation of Miss Lamb's, "How stupid those old people are!" Perhaps my nephew's companions say so of my brother and me already. Assuredly they will soon say so. Talfourd and I walked home together late.

June 17th. — I went to call on the Lambs and take leave, they setting out for France next morning. I gave Miss Lamb a letter for Miss Williams, to whom I sent a copy of "Mrs. Leicester's School." * The Lambs have a Frenchman as their companion, and Miss Lamb's nurse, in case she should be ill. Lamb was in high spirits; his sister rather nervous. Her courage in going is great.

June 29th. — Read to-day in the Vienna *Jahrbücher der Literatur* a very learned and profound article on the history of the creation in Genesis. I was ashamed of my ignorance. Schlegel defends the Mosaic narrative, but understands it in a higher sense than is usually given to the history. His ideas are very curious. He supposes man to have been created between the last and last but one of the many revolutions the earth has undergone, and adopts the conjecture, that the Deluge was occasioned by a change in the position of the equation, which turned the sea over the dry land, and caused the bed of the ocean to become dry. He also supposes chaos not to have been created by God, but to have been the effect of sin in a former race of creatures! Of all this I know nothing. Perhaps no man can usefully indulge in such speculations, but it is at least honorable to attempt them.

July 18th. — I finished "Sir Charles Grandison," a book of

* A set of Tales by Mary Lamb, with three contributed by her brother.

great excellence, and which must have improved the moral character of the age. Saving the somewhat surfeiting compliments of the good people, it has not a serious fault. The formality of the dialogue and style is soon rendered endurable by the substantial worth of what is said. In all the subordinate incidents Sir Charles is certainly a beau ideal of a Christian and a gentleman united. The story of Clementina is the glory of the work, and is equal to anything in any language.

[Mr. Robinson's tour this year was principally in the South of France. He kept a journal, as usual. A few extracts will be given, but no connected account of the journey.]

August 10th. — At 7 A. M. I embarked on board the *Lord Melville* steam-packet off the Tower Stairs, London. Our departure was probably somewhat retarded, and certainly rendered even festive, by the expected fête of the day. The King was to set out on his voyage to Scotland, and the City Companies' barges had been suddenly ordered to attend him at Gravesend. The river was therefore thronged with vessels of every description, and the gaudy and glittering barges of the Lord Mayor and some four or five of the Companies' gave a character to the scene. The appearance of unusual bustle continued until we reached Gravesend, near which the *Royal Sovereign* yacht was lying in readiness for his Majesty. The day was fine, which heightened the effect of the show. At Greenwich, the crowds on land were immense ; at Gravesend, the show was lost. Of the rest of the prospect I cannot say much. The Thames is too wide for the shore, which is low and uninteresting. The few prominent objects were not particularly gratifying to me. The most remarkable was a group of gibbets, with the fragments of skeletons hanging on them. A few churches, the Reculvers, and the town of Margate, were the great features of the picture.

August 20th. — (Paris.) Mary Lamb has begged me to give her a day or two. She comes to Paris this evening, and stays here a week. Her only male friend is a Mr. Payne, whom she praises exceedingly for his kindness and attentions to Charles. He is the author of "Brutus," and has a good face.

August 21st. — (With Mary Lamb.) When Charles went back to England he left a note for his sister's direction. After pointing out a few pictures in the Louvre, he proceeds : "Then you must walk all along the borough side of the Seine, facing the Tuileries. There is a mile and a half of print-shops and bookstalls. If the latter were but English ! Then there is a

place where the Paris people put all their dead people, and bring them flowers, and dolls, and gingerbread-nuts, and sonnets, and such trifles ; and that is all, I think, worth seeing as sights, except that the streets and shops of Paris are themselves the best sight." I had not seen this letter when I took Mary Lamb a walk that corresponds precisely with Lamb's taste, all of whose likings I can always sympathize with, but not generally with his dislikings.

August 22d. — Aders introduced me to Devou, a very Frenchman, but courteous and amiable, lively and intelligent. He accompanied us to Marshal Soult's house. But the Marshal was not at home. He would have been a more interesting object than the Spanish pictures which were his plunder in the kidnapping war. Though the paintings by Murillo and Velasquez were very interesting, I omit all mention of them. But being taken to Count Sommariva's, I there saw what has never been equalled by any other work of Canova, though this was an early production, the Mary Magdalene sitting on a cross. The truth and homely depth of feeling in the expression are very striking.

On the *2d of September* I left Grenoble, and after a hot and fatiguing journey of two nights and three days, partly through a very beautiful country, I reached Marseilles.

This journey was rendered interesting by the companions I had in the diligence. A *religieuse* from Grenoble, and two professors of theology. One of them, Professor R——, especially an ingratiating man. He praised the lately published "Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion," and offered me a copy. But I promised to get it.

*Rem.** — This I did. It was the famous work of De Lamennais, of which only two volumes were then published. A book of great eloquence, by a writer who has played a sad part in his day. From being the ultramontanist, and exposing himself to punishment in France as the libeller of the *Eglise Gallicane*, he became the assailant of the Pope, and an ultra-radical, combining an extreme sentimental French chartism with a spiritualism of his own. He has of late years been the associate of George Sand. Her "Spiridion," it is said, was written when travelling with him.

September 4th. — It was during this night, and perhaps between two and three, that we passed the town of Manosque, where a new passenger was taken in, who announced his office as

* Written in 1851.

Procureur du Roi to the people in a tone which made me fear we should meet with an assuming companion. On the contrary, he contributed to render the day very agreeable.

I talked law with him, and obtained interesting information concerning the proceedings in the French administration of justice. It appears that within his district — there are about 500 *Procureurs du Roi* in the country — he has the superintendence of all the criminal business. When a robbery or other offence is committed, the parties come to him. He receives the complaint, and sends the *gendarmerie* in search of the offender. When a murder or act of arson has been perpetrated, he repairs to the spot. In short, he is a sort of coroner and high sheriff as well as public prosecutor, and at the public expense he carries on the suit to conviction or acquittal.

On inquiry of the steps he would take on information that a person had been killed in a duel, he said, that if he found a man had killed his adversary in the defence of his person, he should consider him as innocent, and not put him on his trial. I asked, "If you find the party killed in a *fair* duel, what then?" — "Take up my papers and go home, and perhaps play a rubber at night with the man who had killed his adversary." I am confident of these words, for they made an impression on me. But I think the law is altered now.

October 4th. — We had for a short distance in the diligence an amusing young priest, — the only lively man of his cloth I have seen in France. He told anecdotes with great glee; among others the following: —

When Madame de Staël put to Talleyrand the troublesome question what he would have done had he seen her and Madame de Récamier in danger of drowning, instead of the certainly uncharacteristic and sentimental speech commonly put into his lips as the answer, viz. that he should have jumped into the water and saved Madame de Staël, and then jumped in and died with Madame de Récamier, — instead of this, Talleyrand's answer was, "Ah! Madame de Staël sait tant de choses que sans doute elle peut nager!"

October 13th. — At home. I had papers and letters to look at, though in small quantity. My nephew came and breakfasted with me. He did not bring the news, for Burch of Canterbury had informed me of his marriage with Miss Hutchison. I afterwards saw Manning; also Talfourd, who was married to Miss Rachel Rutt during the long vacation.

October 14th. — I rode to Norwich on the "Day coach,"

and was nearly all the time occupied in reading the Abbé De Lamennais' "Essai sur l'Indifférence," an eloquent and very able work against religious indifference, in which, however, he advocates the cause of Popery, without in the slightest degree accommodating himself to the spirit of the age. He treats alike Lutherans, Socinians, Deists, and Atheists. I have not yet read far enough to be aware of his proofs in favor of his own infallible Church, and probably that is assumed, not proved; but his skill is very great and masterly in exposing infidelity, and especially the inconsistencies of Rousseau.

December 9th. — Heard to-day of the death of Dr. Aikin, — a thing not to be lamented. He had for years sunk into imbecility, after a youth and middle age of extensive activity. He was in his better days a man of talents, and of the highest personal worth, — one of the salt of the earth.

December 21st. — The afternoon I spent at Aders's. A large party, — a splendid dinner, prepared by a French cook, and music in the evening. Coleridge was the star of the evening. He talked in his usual way, though with more liberality than when I saw him last some years ago. But he was somewhat less animated and brilliant and paradoxical. The music was enjoyed by Coleridge, but I could have dispensed with it for the sake of his conversation.

"For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense."

December 31st. — The New Year's eve I spent, as I have done frequently, at Flaxman's. And so I concluded a year, like so many preceding, of uninterrupted pleasure and health, with an increase of fortune and no loss of reputation. Though, as has always been the case, I am not by any means satisfied with my conduct, yet I have no matter of self-reproach as far as the world is concerned. My fees amounted to 629 guineas.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1823.

JANUARY 8th. — Went in the evening to Lamb. I have seldom spent a more agreeable few hours with him. He was serious and kind, — his wit was subordinate to his judgment, as is usual in *tête-à-tête* parties. Speaking of Coleridge, he said: "He ought not to have a wife or children; he should have a sort of diocesan care of the world, — no parish duty." Lamb reprobated the prosecution of Byron's "Vision of Judgment." Southey's poem of the same name is more worthy of punishment, for his has an arrogance beyond endurance. Lord Byron's satire is one of the most good-natured description, — no malevolence.

February 26th. — A letter from Southey. I was glad to find he had taken in good part a letter I had written to him on some points of general politics, &c., the propriety of writing which I had myself doubted.

SOUTHEY TO H. C. R.

KESWICK, 22d February, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg your pardon for not having returned the MSS. which you left here a year and a half ago, when I was unlucky enough to miss seeing you. I thought to have taken them myself to London long ere this, and put off acknowledging them till a more convenient season from time to time. But good intentions are no excuse for sins of omission. I heartily beg your pardon, — and will return them to you in person in the ensuing spring.

I shall be at Norwich in the course of my travels, — and of course see William Taylor. As for vulgar imputations, you need not be told how little I regard them. My way of life has been straightforward, and — as the inscription upon Akbar's seal says — "I never saw any one lost upon a straight road." To those who know me, my life is my justification; to those who do not, my writings would be, in their whole tenor, if they were just enough to ascertain what my opinions are before they malign me for advancing them.

What the plausible objection to my history * which you have repeated means, I cannot comprehend, — "That I have wilfully disregarded those changes in the Spanish character which might have been advantageously drawn from the spirit of the age in the more enlightened parts of Europe." I cannot guess at what is meant.

Of the old governments in the Peninsula, my opinion is expressed in terms of strong condemnation, — not in this work only, but in the "History of Brazil," wherever there was occasion to touch upon the subject. They are only not so bad as a Jacobinical tyranny, which, while it continues, destroys the only good that these governments left (that is, *order*), and terminates at last in a stronger despotism than that which it has overthrown. I distrust the French, because, whether under a Bourbon or a Buonaparte, they are French still; but if their government were upright, and their people honorable, in that case I should say that their interference with Spain was a question of expediency; and that justice and humanity, as well as policy, would require them to put an end to the commotions in that wretched country, and restore order there, if this could be effected. But I do not see how they can effect it. And when such men as Mina and Erolles are opposed to each other, I cannot but feel how desperately bad the system must be which each is endeavoring to suppress; and were it in my power, by a wish, to decide the struggle on one side or the other, so strongly do I perceive the evils on either side, that I confess I should want resolution and determination.

You express a wish that my judgment were left unshackled to its own free operation. In God's name, what is there to shackle it? I neither court preferment nor popularity; and care as little for the favor of the great as for the obloquy of the vulgar. Concerning Venice, — I have spoken as strongly as you could desire. Concerning Genoa, — instead of giving it to Sardinia, I wish it could have been *sold* to Corsica. The Germans were originally *invited* to govern Italy, because the Italians were too depraved and too divided to govern themselves. You cannot wish more sincerely than I do that the same cause did not exist to render the continuance of their dominion, — not indeed a good, but certainly, under present circumstances, the least of two evils. It is a bad government, and a clumsy one; and, indeed, the best foreign dominion can never be better than a necessary evil.

* The first volume of Southey's "History of the Peninsular War." The second volume was published in 1827, and the third in 1833.

Your last question is, what I think of the King of Prussia's utter disregard of his promises? You are far better qualified to judge of the state of his dominions than I can be. But I would ask you whether the recent experiments which have been made of establishing representative governments are likely to encourage or deter those princes who may formerly have wished to introduce them in their states? And whether the state of England, since the conclusion of the war, has been such as would recommend or disparage the English constitution, to those who may once have considered it as the fair ideal of a well-balanced government? The English Liberals and the English press are the worst enemies of liberty.

It will not be very long before my speculations upon the prospects of society will be before the world. You will then see that my best endeavors for the real interests of humanity have not been wanting. Those interests are best consulted now by the maintenance of order. Maintain order, and the spirit of the age will act surely and safely upon the governments of Europe. But if the Anarchists prevail, there is an end of all freedom; a generation like that of Sylla, or Robespierre, will be succeeded by a despotism, appearing like a golden age at first, but leading, like the Augustan age, to the thorough degradation of everything.

I have answered you, though hastily, as fully as the limits of a letter will admit, — fairly, freely, and willingly. My views are clear and consistent, and, could they be inscribed on my gravestone, I should desire no better epitaph.

Wordsworth is at Coleorton, and will be in London long before me. He is not satisfied with my account of the convention of Cintra; the rest of the book he likes well. Our difference here is, that he looks at the principle, abstractedly, and I take into view the circumstances.

When you come into this country again, give me a few days. I have a great deal both within doors and without which I should have great pleasure in showing you. Farewell! and believe me

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

March 1st. — (On circuit.) We dined with Garrow. He was very chatty. He talked about his being retained for Fox, on the celebrated scrutiny in 1784 before the House of Commons, "To which," he said, "I owe the rank I have the honor

to fill." He mentioned the circumstances under which he went first to the bar of the Commons. He was sent for on a sudden, without preparation, almost without reading his brief. He spoke for two hours; "And it was," he said, "the best speech I ever made. Kenyon was Master of the Rolls, hating all I said, but he came down to the bar and said, good-naturedly, 'Your business is done; now you 'll get on.'" Garrow talked of himself with pleasure, but without expressing any extravagant opinions about himself.

April 2d. — An interesting day. After breakfasting at Monkhouse's, I walked out with Wordsworth, his son John, and Monkhouse. We first called at Sir George Beaumont's to see his fragment of Michael Angelo, — a piece of sculpture in bas and haut relief, — a holy family. The Virgin has the child in her lap; he clings to her, alarmed by something St. John holds towards him, probably intended for a bird. The expression of the infant's face and the beauty of his limbs cannot well be surpassed. Sir George supposes that Michael Angelo was so persuaded he could not heighten the effect by completing it, that he never finished it. There is also a very fine landscape by Rubens, full of power and striking effect. It is highly praised by Sir George for its execution, the management of its lights, its gradation, &c.

Sir George is a very elegant man, and talks well on matters of art. Lady Beaumont is a gentlewoman of great sweetness and dignity. I should think among the most interesting by far of persons of quality in the country. I should have thought this, even had I not known of their great attachment to Wordsworth.

We then called on Moore, and had a very pleasant hour's chat with him. Politics were a safer topic than poetry, though on this the opinions of Wordsworth and Moore are nearly as adverse as their poetic character. Moore spoke freely and in a tone I cordially sympathized with about France and the Bourbons. He considers it quite uncertain how the French will feel at any time on any occasion, so volatile and vehement are they at the same time. Yet he thinks that, as far as they have any thought on the matter, it is in favor of the Spaniards and liberal opinions. Notwithstanding this, he says he is disposed to assent to the notion, that of all the people in Europe, the French alone are unfit for liberty. Wordsworth freely contradicted some of Moore's assertions, but assented to the last.

Of French poetry Moore did not speak highly, and he thinks

that Chenevix has overrated the living poets in his late articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. Moore's person is very small, his countenance lively rather than intellectual. I should judge him to be kind-hearted and friendly.

Wordsworth and I went afterwards to the Society of Arts, and took shelter during a heavy rain in the great room. Wordsworth's curiosity was raised and soon satisfied by Barry's pictures.

Concluded my day at Monkhouse's. The Lambs were there.

April 4th. — Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a different order. During this afternoon, Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed chiefly to Wordsworth, on points of metaphysical criticism, — Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

*Rem.** — Of this dinner an account is given in Moore's Life, which account is quoted in the *Athenæum* of April 23, 1853. Moore writes: "April 4, 1823. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party. Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes; the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him." Charles Lamb is indeed praised by a word the most unsuitable imaginable, for he was by no means a *clever* man; and dear Mary Lamb, a woman of singular good sense, who, when really herself, and free from the malady that periodically assailed her, was quiet and judicious in an eminent degree, — this admirable person is dryly noticed as "the poor woman who went mad in a dili-

* Written in 1853.

gence," &c. Moore is not to be blamed for this, — they were strangers to him. The *Athenæum* Reviewer, who quotes this passage from Moore, remarks : " The tone is not to our liking," and it is added, " We should like to see Lamb's account." This occasioned my sending to the *Athenæum* (June 25, 1853) a letter by Lamb to Bernard Barton.* " Dear Sir, — I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore : half the poetry of England constellated in Gloucester Place ! It was a delightful evening ! Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk, — had all the talk ; and let 'em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious : I have known the best of them, and can speak to it, that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as best authors. I am scribbling a muddy epistle with an aching head, for we did not quaff Hippocrene last night, marry ! It was hippocrass rather."

Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore, when he could not articulate very distinctly : " Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me ?" — suiting the action to the word, and hobnobbing. Then he went on : " Mister Moore, till now I have always felt an antipathy to you, but now that I have seen you I shall like you ever after." Some years after I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort; for many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small-talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme ; but he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb's humor.

Besides these five bards were no one but Mrs. Wordsworth, Miss Hutchison, Mary Lamb, and Mrs. Gilman. I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part.

April 5th. — Went to a large musical party at Aders's, in Euston Square. This party I had made for them. Wordsworth, Monkhouse, and the ladies, the Flaxmans, Coleridge, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, and Rogers, were *my* friends. I noticed a great diversity in the enjoyment of the music, which was first-rate. Wordsworth declared himself perfectly delighted and satisfied, but he sat alone, silent, and with his face covered,

* Lamb's Works, Vol. I. p. 204.

and was generally supposed to be asleep. Flaxman, too, confessed that he could not endure fine music for *long*. But Coleridge's enjoyment was very lively and openly expressed.

April 13th. — Dover lately lent me a very curious letter, written in 1757 by Thurlow to a Mr. Caldwell, who appears to have wanted his general advice how to annoy the parson of his parish. The letter fills several sheets, and is a laborious enumeration of statutes and canons, imposing an infinite variety of vexatious and burdensome duties on clergymen. Thurlow begins by saying: "I have confined myself to consider how a parson lies obnoxious to the criminal laws of the land, both ecclesiastical and secular, upon account of his character and office, omitting those instances in which all men are equally liable." And he terminates his review by a triumphant declaration: "I hope my Lord Leicester will think, even by this short sketch, that I did not talk idly to him, when I said that parsons were so hemmed in by canons and statutes, that they can hardly breathe, according to law, if they are strictly watched."

Scarcely any of the topics treated of have any interest, being for the most part technical; but after writing of the Statutes of Uniformity, especially 13th and 14th Ch. II. c. 64, he has this passage: "I have mentioned these severe statutes and canons, because I have known many clergymen, and those of the best character, followers of Eusebius, who have, in the very face of all these laws, refused to read the Athanasian Creed. Considering the shocking absurdity of this creed, I should think it a cruel thing to punish anybody for not reading it but those who have sworn to read it, and who have great incomes for upholding that persuasion."

> . . . . Neque enim lex est æquior ulla
> Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

May 2d. — Having discharged some visits, I had barely time to return to dress for a party at Mr. Green's, Lincoln's Inn Fields. An agreeable party. Coleridge was the only talker, and he did not talk his best; he repeated one of his own jokes, by which he offended a Methodist at the whist-table; calling for her *last trump*, and confessing that, though he always thought her an angel, he had not before known her to be an archangel.

*Rem.** — Early in May my sister came to London to obtain surgical advice. She consulted Sir Astley Cooper, Cline, and

* Written in 1851.

Abernethy. Abernethy she declared to be the most feeling and tender surgeon she had ever consulted. His behavior was characteristic, and would have been amusing, if the gravity of the occasion allowed of its being seen from a comic point of view. My sister calling on him as he was going out, said, by way of apology, she would not detain him two minutes. "What! you expect me to give you my advice in two minutes? I will do no such thing. I know nothing about you, or your mode of living. I can be of no use. Well, I am not the first you have spoken to; whom have you seen? — Cooper? — Ah! very clever with his fingers; and whom besides? — Cline? — *why* come to me then? you need not go to any one after him. He is a sound man."

May 21st. — Luckily for me, for I was quite unprepared, a tithe case in which I was engaged was put off till the full term. Being thus unexpectedly relieved, I devoted great part of the forenoon to a delightful stroll. I walked through the Green Park towards Brompton; and knowing that with the great Bath road on my right, and the Thames on my left, I could not greatly err, I went on without inquiry. I found myself at Chelsea. Saw the new Gothic church, and was pleased with the spire, though the barn-like nave, and the slender and feeble flying buttresses, confirmed the expectation that modern Gothic would be a failure. Poverty or economy is fatal in its effects on a style of architecture which is nothing if it be not rich. I turned afterwards to the right, through Walham Common, and arrived at Naylor's at three. The great man whom we were met to admire came soon after. It was the famous Scotch preacher, the associate of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, Mr. Irving. He was brought by his admirer, an acquaintance of Naylor's, a Mr. Laurie,* a worthy Scotchman, who to-day was in the background, but speaks at religious meetings, Naylor says. There was also Tho. Clarkson, not in his place to-day. Irving on the whole pleased me. Little or no assumption, easy and seemingly kind-hearted, talking not more of his labors in attending public meetings (he was come from one) than might be excused; he did not obtrude any religious talk, and was not dogmatical.

Rem.† — Irving had a remarkably fine figure and face, and Mrs. Basil Montagu said it was a question with the ladies whether his squint was a grace or a deformity. My answer would have been, It enhances the effect either way. A better

* Afterwards Sir Peter. — *Rem.* 1851.

† Written in 1851.

saying of Mrs. Montagu's was, that he might stand as a model for St. John the Baptist, — indeed for any Saint dwelling in the wilderness and feeding on locusts and wild honey. Those who took an impression unpropitious to him might liken him to an Italian bandit. He has a powerful voice, feels always warmly, is prompt in his expression, and not very careful of his words. His opinions I liked. At the meeting he had attended in the morning (it was of a Continental Bible Society), he attacked the English Church as a persecuting Church, and opposed Wilberforce, who had urged prudent and *unoffending* proceedings. I told Irving of my Scotch journey. He informed me that the sermon I heard Dr. Chalmers preach against the Judaical spending of the Sabbath had given offence to the elders, who remonstrated with him about it.* He only replied that he was glad his sermon had excited so much attention. On my expressing my surprise that Dr. Chalmers should leave Glasgow for St. Andrew's, Irving said it was the best thing he could do. He had, by excess of labor, worn out both his mind and body. He ought for three or four years to do nothing at all, but recruit his health. We talked a little about literature. Irving spoke highly of Wordsworth as a poet, and praised his natural piety.

May 25th. — After reading a short time, I went to the Caledonian Chapel, to hear Mr. Irving. Very mixed impressions. I do not wonder that his preaching should be thought to be acting, or at least as indicative of vanity as of devotion. I overheard some old ladies in Hatton Garden declaring that it was not pure gospel ; they did not wish to hear any more, &c. The most unfavorable circumstance, as tending to confirm this suspicion, is a want of keeping in his discourse. Abrupt changes of style, as if written (and it *was* written) at a dozen different sittings. His tone equally variable. No master-feeling running through the whole, like the red string through the Royal Marine ropes, to borrow an image from Goethe. Yet his sermon was very impressive. I caught myself wandering but once. It began with a very promising division of his subject. His problem to show how the spiritual man is equally opposed to the sensual, the intellectual, and the moral man, but he expatiated chiefly on the sensual character. He drew some striking pictures. He was very vehement, both in gesticulation and declamation. To me there was much novelty, perhaps because I am less familiar with Scotch than English preaching.

* See *ante*, p. 462.

Basil Montagu and several young barristers were there. The aisles were crowded by the profane, at least by persons drawn by curiosity.

*Rem.** — One unquestionable merit he had, — he read the Scriptures most beautifully; he gave a new sense to them. Even the Scotch hymns, when he recited them, were rendered endurable. Of my own acquaintance with him I shall speak hereafter.

June 8th. — I attended Mrs. J. Fordham to hear Mr. Irving, and was better pleased with him than before. There was an air of greater sincerity in him, and his peculiarities were less offensive. His discourse was a continuation of last week's, — on the intellectual man as opposed to the spiritual man. He showed the peculiar perils to which intellectual pursuits expose a man. The physician becomes a materialist, — the lawyer an atheist, — because each confines his inquiries, the one to the secondary laws of nature, the other to the outward relations and qualities of actions. The poet, on the contrary, creates gods for himself. He worships the creations of his own fancy. Irving abused in a commonplace way the sensual poets, and made insinuations against the more intellectual, which might be applied to Wordsworth and Coleridge. He observed on the greater danger arising to intellectual persons from their being less exposed to adversity; their enjoyments of intellect being more independent of fortune. The best part of his discourse was a discrimination between the *three* fatal errors of, 1st, conceiving that our actions are bound by the laws of necessity; 2d, that we can reform when we please; and 3d, that circumstances determine our conduct. There was a great crowd to-day, and the audience seemed gratified.

June 17th. — I had an opportunity of being useful to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, who arrived to-day from Holland. They relied on Lamb's procuring them a bed, but he was out. I recommended them to Mrs. ——, but they could not get in there. In the mean while I had mentioned their arrival to Talfourd, who could accommodate them. I made tea for them, and afterwards accompanied them to Talfourd's. I was before engaged to Miss Sharpe, where we supped. The Flaxmans were there, Samuel Rogers, and his elder brother, who has the appearance of being a superior man, which S. Sharpe reports him to be. An agreeable evening. Rogers, who knows all the gossip of literature, says that on the best authority he can affirm that

* Written in 1851.

Walter Scott has received £ 100,000 honorarium for his poems and other works, including the Scotch novels! Walter Scott is Rogers's friend, but Rogers did not oppose Flaxman's remark, that his works have in no respect tended to improve the moral condition of mankind. Wordsworth came back well pleased with his tour in Holland. He has not, I believe, laid in many poetical stores.

June 22d. — An unsettled morning. An attempt to hear Irving; the doors crowded. I read at home till his service was over, when by appointment I met Talfourd, with whom I walked to Clapton. Talfourd was predetermined to be contemptuous and scornful towards Irving, whom he heard in part, and no wonder that he thought him a poor reasoner, a commonplace declaimer, full of bad imagery. Pollock, with more candor, declares him to be an extraordinary man, but ascribes much of the effect he produces to his sonorous voice and impressive manner.

June 29th. — Thomas Nash, of Whittlesford, calling, induced me to go again to hear Mr. Irving. A crowd. A rush into the meeting. I was obliged to stand all the sermon. A very striking discourse; an exposition of the superiority of Christianity over Paganism. It was well done. His picture of Stoicism was admirably conceived. He represented it at the best as but the manhood, not the womanhood, of virtue. The Stoic armed himself against the evils of life. His system, after all, was but refined selfishness, and while he protected himself, he did not devote himself to others; no kindness, no self-offering, &c. Speaking of the common practice of infidels to hold up Socrates and Cato as specimens of Pagan virtue, he remarked that this was as uncandid as it would be to represent the Royalists of the seventeenth century by Lord Falkland, or the Republicans by Milton, or the courtiers of Louis XIV. by Fénélon, the French philosophers before the Revolution by D'Alembert, or the French Republicans after by Carnot! But neither in this nor in any other of his sermons did he manifest great powers of thought.

This week has brought us the certain news of the counter revolution in Portugal. But men still will not be convinced that the counter-revolution in Spain must inevitably follow.

June 30th. — I finished Goethe's fifth volume. Some of the details of the retreat from Champagne, and still more those of the siege of Mayence, are tedious, but it is a delightful volume

notwithstanding. It will be looked back upon by a remote posterity as a most interesting picture from the hand of a master of the state of the public mind and feeling at the beginning of the Revolution. The literary and psychological parts of the book are invaluable. The tale of the melancholy youth who sought Goethe's advice, which, after a visit in disguise to the Harz, he refused to give, because he was assured he could be of no use, is fraught with interest. It was at that time Goethe wrote the fine ode, "Harz Reise im Winter." *

July 12th. — I met Cargill by appointment, but on calling at Mr. Irving's we received a card addressed to callers, stating that he had shut himself up till three, and wished not to be interrupted except on business of importance. How excellent a thing were this but a fashion!

I called on Murray, and signed a letter (which is to be lithographed, with a fac-simile of handwriting) recommending Godwin's case. It is written by Mackintosh.†

August 6th. — Went to the Haymarket. I have not lately been so much amused. In "Sweethearts and Wives," by Kenny, Liston plays a sentimental lover and novel-reader. A burlesque song is the perfection of farce: —

> "And when I cry and plead for marcy,
> It does no good, but wice warsy."

[This year Mr. Robinson made a tour in Germany, Switzerland, and the Tyrol; but as he went over the same ground at other times, no selections will be given from the journal he wrote on this occasion.]

October 26th. — I met with Talfourd, and heard from him much of the literary gossip of the last quarter. Sutton Sharpe,‡ whom I called on, gave me a second edition, and lent me the last *London Magazine*,§ containing Lamb's delightful letter to Southey.‖ His remarks on religion are full of deep feeling, and his eulogy on Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt most generous. Lamb must be aware that he would expose himself to

* See Vol. II. p. 49.

† The object of this letter was to obtain a sum of money to help Godwin out of his difficulties.

‡ Nephew of Samuel Rogers. Afterwards Q. C., and eminent at the equity bar.

§ See the Works of Charles Lamb, Vol. I. p. 322.

‖ Southey had said in a review of "Elia's Essays": "It is a book which wants only a sounder religious feeling, to be as delightful as it is original." He did not intend to let the word *sounder* stand, but the passage was printed without his seeing a proof of it.

obloquy by such declarations. It seems that he and Hazlitt are no longer on friendly terms. Nothing that Lamb has ever written has impressed me more strongly with the sweetness of his disposition and the strength of his affections.

November 10th. — An interesting day. I breakfasted with Flaxman, by invitation, to meet Schlegel. Had I as much admiration for Schlegel's personal character as I have for his literary powers, I should have been gratified by his telling Flaxman that it was I who first named him to Madame de Staël, and who gave Madame de Staël her first ideas of German literature. Schlegel is now devoting himself to Indian learning, and hardly attends to anything else. Our conversation during a short breakfast was chiefly on Oriental subjects. He brought with him his niece, an artist, who has been studying under Girard at Paris. Flaxman had made an appointment with Rundle and Bridge. And we rode there, principally to see Flaxman's "Shield of Achilles," one of his greatest designs. Mr. Bridge said it is a disgrace to the English nobility that only four copies have been ordered, — by the King, the Duke of York, the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Lonsdale.* Schlegel seemed to admire the work. It was Lord Mayor's Day, and we stayed to see the procession.

November 18th. — I spent the forenoon at home. Finished Mrs. Wordsworth's Journal. I do not know when I have felt more humble than in reading it; it is so superior to my own. She saw so much more than I did, though we were side by side during a great part of the time. Her recollection and her observation were alike employed with so much more effect than mine. This book revived impressions nearly dormant.

November 24th. — I walked out early. Went to the King's Bench, where one of Carlile's men was brought up for judgment for publishing blasphemy. A half-crazy Catholic, French, spoke in mitigation. "My Lords," he said, "your Lordships cannot punish this man, now that blasphemy is justified by Act of Parliament." This roused Lord Ellenborough. "That cannot be, Mr. French." — "Why, my Lord, the late Bill repealing the penalties on denying the Trinity justifies blasphemy!"† This was a very sore subject to Lord Ellenborough, on account of

* There is a fine cast of it in the Flaxman Gallery, University College London, presented by C. R. Cockerell, R. A.

† See *ante*, p. 413.

the imputed heterodoxy of the Bishop of Carlisle, his father. French could only allege that this might have misled the defendant. He was put down after uttering many absurdities. On this the defendant said: "I should like to know, my Lords, if I may not say Christ was not God without being punished for it?" This brought up Best, and he said: "In answer to the question so indecently put, I have no hesitation in saying that, notwithstanding the Act referred to, it is a crime punishable by law to say of the Saviour of the world that he was" — and then there was a pause — "other than he declared himself to be." He was about to utter an absurdity, and luckily bethought himself.

November 26th. — Took tea and supped at Godwin's. The Lambs there, and some young men. We played whist, &c. Mrs. Shelley there. She is unaltered, yet I did not know her at first. She looks elegant and sickly and young. One would not suppose she was the author of "Frankenstein."

November 27th. — I called early on Southey at his brother's; he received me cordially; we chatted during a short walk. He wishes me to write an article on Germany for the *Quarterly*, which I am half inclined to do. Southey talks liberally and temperately on Spanish affairs. He believes the King of Portugal will give a constitution to the people, but he has no hopes from the King of Spain. He has been furnished with Sir Hew Dalrymple's papers, from which he has collected two facts which he does not think it right at present to make public: one, that the present King of France * offered to fight in the Spanish army against Buonaparte; the other, that of thirty-five despatches which Sir Hew sent to Lord Castlereagh, only three were answered. The Spanish Ministry have been very abstinent in not revealing this fact against Louis lately; it would give new bitterness to the national feeling against him. No one now cares about Castlereagh's reputation.

December 3d. — I dined in Castle Street, and then took tea at Flaxman's. A serious conversation on Jung's "Theorie der Geisterkunde" † ("Theory of the Science of Spirits"). Flaxman is prepared to go a very great way with Jung, for though he does not believe in animal magnetism, and has a strong and very unfavorable opinion of the *art*, and though he does not believe in witchcraft, yet he does believe in ghosts, and he related the following anecdotes as confirming his belief: Mr. E—— ordered of Flaxman a monument for his wife, and

* Louis XVIII. † This work has been translated into English.

directed that a dove should be introduced. Flaxman supposed it was an armorial crest, but on making an inquiry was informed that it was not, and was told this anecdote as explanatory of the required ornament. When Mrs. E—— was on her death-bed, her husband, being in the room with her, perceived that she was apparently conversing with some one. On asking her what she was saying, Mrs. E—— replied, "Do not you see Miss —— at the window?" — "Miss —— is not here," said her husband. "But she is," said Mrs. E——. "She is at the window, standing with a dove in her hand, and she says she will come again to me on Wednesday." Now this Miss ——, who was a particular friend of Mrs. E——, resided at a distance, and had then been dead three months. Whether her death was then known to Mrs. E——, I cannot say. On the Wednesday Mrs. E—— died. Flaxman also related that he had a cousin, a Dr. Flaxman, a Dissenting minister, who died many years ago. Flaxman, when a young man, was a believer in ghosts, the Doctor an unbeliever. A warm dispute on the subject having taken place, Mr. Flaxman said to the Doctor: "I know you are a very candid, as well as honest man, and I now put it to you whether, though you are thus incredulous, you have never experienced anything which tends to prove that appearances of departed spirits are permitted by Divine Providence?" Being thus pressed, the Doctor confessed that the following circumstance had taken place: There came to him once a very ignorant and low fellow, who lived in his neighborhood, to ask him what he thought of an occurrence that had taken place the preceding night. As he lay in bed, on a sudden a very heavy and alarming noise had taken place in a room above him where no one was, and which he could not account for. He thought it must come from a cousin of his at sea, who had promised to come to him whenever he died. The Doctor scolded at the man and sent him off. Some weeks afterwards the man came again, to tell him that his cousin, he had learned, was drowned that very night.

*Rem.** — Let me add here, what I may have said before, that Charles Becher told me a story the very counterpart of this, — that one night he was awakened by a sound of his brother's voice crying out that he was drowning, and it afterwards appeared that his brother was drowned that very night. It should be said that there was a furious tempest at the time, and Becher was on the English coast, and knew that his brother was at sea on the coast of Holland.

* Written in 1851.

I should add to what I have said of Flaxman, that he was satisfied Jung had borrowed his theory from a much greater man, Swedenborg.

December 22d. — Dined with Southern in Castle Street, and then went to Flaxman's. I read to them parts of Jung's work, but Flaxman thought his system very inferior to Swedenborg's. Flaxman declared his conviction that Swedenborg has given the true interpretation of the Old and New Testaments, and he believes in him as an inspired teacher. He says, that till he read his explanations of the Scriptures, they were to him a painful mystery. He has lent me a summary of the Swedenborgian doctrines.

December 31st. — A year to me of great enjoyment, but not of prosperity. My fees amounted to 445 guineas. As to myself, I have become more and more desirous to be religious, but seem to be further off than ever. Whenever I draw near, the negative side of the magnet works, and I am pushed back by an invisible power.

END OF VOL. I.

DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, F. S. A.

VOL. II.

REMINISCENCES

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

1824.

JANUARY 1st. — I dined with Flaxman. An agreeable afternoon. The Franklins there.

*Rem.** — Captain, the now lost Sir John Franklin, had married Ellen, the youngest daughter of Porden, the architect. I appear not to have justly appreciated his bodily nature. My journal says: "His appearance is not that of a man fit for the privations and labors to which his voyage of discovery exposed him. He is rather under-set; has a dark complexion and black eyes; a diffident air, with apparently an organic defect of vision; not a bold soldier-like mien. It seemed as if he had not recovered from his hunger." Flaxman was very cheerful. When he has parties, he seems to think it his duty to give his friends talk as well as food, and of both his entertainment is excellent. He tells a story well, but rather diffusely. We looked over prints, and came home late. It is a curious coincidence, that being engaged to dine with Captain Franklin at Flaxman's, I had to decline an invitation to meet Captain Parry at Mr. Martineau's, Stamford Hill.

January 10th. — Walked out and called on Miss Lamb. I looked over Lamb's library in part. He has the finest collection of shabby books I ever saw; such a number of first-rate works in very bad condition is, I think, nowhere to be found.

January 22d. — Rode to London from Bury on the "Telegraph." I was reading all the time it was light Irving's "Argument of Judgment to come," which I have since finished. It is a book of great power, but on the whole not calculated to resolve doubts. It is more successful in painting strongly

* Written in 1851.

to believers the just inferences from the received doctrine. It is written rather to alarm than persuade; and to some would have the effect of deterring from belief.

How different this from John Woolman's Journal* I have been reading at the same time. A perfect gem! His is a *schöne Seele* (beautiful soul). An illiterate tailor, he writes in a style of the most exquisite purity and grace. His moral qualities are transferred to his writings. Had he not been so very humble he would have written a still better book, for, fearing to indulge in vanity, he conceals the events in which he was a great actor. His religion is love. His whole existence and all his passions were love! If one could venture to impute to his creed, and not to his personal character, the delightful frame of mind which he exhibited, one could not hesitate to be a convert. His Christianity is most inviting, — it is fascinating.

February 3d. — Made a long-deferred call on Mr. Irving, with whom I was very much pleased. He received me with flattering cordiality, and introduced me to his wife, a plain but very agreeable woman. Irving is learning German, which will be an occasion of acquaintance between us, as I can be of use to him. We had an agreeable chat; his free, bold tone, the recklessness with which he talks, both of men and things, renders his company piquant. He spoke of the Scottish character as to be found only in the peasantry, not in the literati. Jeffrey and the Edinburgh critics do not represent the people; neither, I observed, do Hume, Adam Smith, &c. I adverted to some of the criticisms on his sermons. He seemed well acquainted with them, but not much to regard them. He said that Coleridge had given him a new idea of German metaphysics, which he meant to study.

February 15th. — Having resolved to devote my Sundays in future to the perusal of writings of a religious character, I this morning made choice of a volume of Jeremy Taylor as a beginning. I pitched on his "Marriage Ring," a splendid discourse, equally fine as a composition and as evidencing deep thought. Yet it has passages hardly readable at the present day. It has naïve expressions, which raise a smile. In the

* "John Woolman's Works, containing the Journal of his Life, Gospel Labors, and Christian Experiences. To which are added his Writings." Philadelphia, 1775. Dublin, 1794. London, 1824. 8vo. Charles Lamb greatly admired this work, and brought it to H. C. R.'s notice. Woolman was an American Quaker, one of those who first had misgivings about the institution of slavery.

midst of a long argument to prove that a husband ought not to beat his wife, he asks: "If he cannot endure her talk, how can she endure his beating?"

February 17th. — I had a short chat with Benecke, and read him extracts from Jeremy Taylor. Glad to find Benecke a *thinking* Christian. He is, with all his piety and gravity, a believer in universal restoration, or, at least, a disbeliever in eternal punishment. By the by, I met the other day this remark: "It is a greater difficulty how evil should ever come into the world, than that, there being evil already here, it should be continued forever in the shape of punishment. If it is not inconsistent with the Divine attributes to suffer guilt, is it so that he should ordain punishment?" But I think I have a short and yet satisfactory answer. Evil here, and the evil of punishment, like all other *may be* means to an end, which end *may be* the good of all. But eternal punishment supposes evil to be an *End.*

February 20th. — Rode to Hammersmith, where, accompanying Naylor, I dined with Mr. Slater. A rather large party, rendered interesting by Irving. A young clergyman, a Mr. P——, talked of the crime of giving opium to persons before death, so that they went before their Maker stupefied. A silly sentiment, which Irving had the forbearance not to expose, though his manner sufficiently indicated to me what his feeling was. There was also a Mr. C——, an old citizen, a *parvenu,* said by Slater to be an excellent and very clever man; but he quoted Dr. Chalmers to prove that the smaller the violation of the law, the greater the crime. Irving spoke as if he knew how Hall had spoken of him, censured his violent speeches, and reported his having said to a young theological student: "Do you believe in Christ? Do you disbelieve in Dr. Collier?" and incidentally asked: "If such things" (some infirmity of I forget what divine) "are overlooked, why not my censoriousness?" Speaking of Hall, Irving said that he thought his character had greatly suffered by the infusion of party spirit, which had disturbed his Christian sentiments. Mrs. Irving was also very agreeable; the cordiality of both husband and wife was gratifying to me. I anticipate pleasant intercourse with them.

February 27th. — Had a long chat with Flaxman about Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the decline of life he expressed dissatisfaction with himself for not having attended to religion. He was not always sufficiently attentive to the feelings of others, and hurt Flaxman by saying to him on his marriage:

"You are a ruined man, — you will make no further progress now."

February 29th. — Read the second sermon on Advent. It has checked my zeal for Jeremy Taylor. It is true, as Anthony Robinson says, that one does not get on with him; or rather he does not get on with his subject. A diffuse declaimer must, however, expose himself to this reproach. In eloquence, as in dancing, the object is not so much to get from the spot as to delight by graceful postures and movements without going away. And I find as I go on with Jeremy Taylor that he is merely eloquent, — he dances, but he does not journey on. And in works of thought there should be a union of qualities. One might parody Pope, and say: —

> "Or set on *oratoric* ground to prance,
> Show all his paces, not a step advance."

March 5th. — Walked over to Lamb's. Meant a short visit, but Monkhouse was there as well as Manning; so I took tea and stayed the whole evening, and played whist. Besides, the talk was agreeable. On religion, Monkhouse talked as I did not expect; rather earnestly on the Atonement, as the essential doctrine of Christianity, but against the Trinity, which he thinks by a mere mistake has been adopted from Oriental philosophy, under a notion that it was necessary to the Atonement. The dogmatism of theology has disgusted Lamb, and it is that alone which he opposes; he has the organ of theosophy, and is by nature pious.

March 26th. — At the Spring Assizes at Thetford. I dined with my nephew and niece, then living there. I drank tea with James Edmund Barker. His literary anecdotes were entertaining. He wrote a work of some size about Dr. Parr, whose pupil he was. He said Parr was intolerant of young scoffers at religion; and to a Roman Catholic who had jeered at the story of Balaam's ass and its cross, he said with more severity than wit: "It would be well, young man, if you had less of the ass and more of the cross." To a lady, who, seeing him impatient at her talk, said: "You must excuse us ladies, whose privilege it is to talk nonsense." — "Pray, madam, did you talk nonsense, it would be your infirmity, not your privilege, unless, indeed, you deem it the privilege of a duck to waddle because it cannot walk." Barker related an anecdote of Parr in connection with ——, which makes amends for many a harsh word. He had lent —— £200, as Barker thought, but I think it was, in fact, £500. "I shall never see

the money again," said the Doctor; "but it is of no consequence. It is for a good man, and a purpose."

April 19th. — I went after breakfast to Monkhouse. Mr. Irving there; he was very courteous. Wordsworth also there. Listened with interest to a serious conversation between the poet and the pulpit orator, and took a share in it. Wordsworth stated that the great difficulty which had always pressed on his mind in religion was the inability to reconcile the Divine prescience with accountability in man. I stated mine to be the incompatibility of the existence of evil, as final and absolute, with the Divine attributes. Irving did not attempt to solve either. He declared that he was no metaphysician, and that he did not pretend to know more of God than was revealed to him. He did not, however, seem to take any offence at the difficulties suggested. An interesting hour's conversation.

May 18th. — Called on Irving. He was very friendly, as was also his wife. A little serious talk; but Irving is no metaphysician, nor do I suppose a deep thinker. But he is liberal, and free from doctrinal superstition. He received my free remarks on the *terrors* which he seeks to inspire with great good-nature. I left him "John Woolman," a book which exhibits a Christian *all love.** Woolman was a missionary, and Irving is writing on the missionaries. He called it a God-send.

May 22d. — After a call on Flaxman, dined with Captain Franklin. A small but interesting party. Several friends of Franklin's, — travellers, or persons interested in his journeys, — all gentlemen and men of sense. They talked of the Captain's travels with vivacity, and he was in good spirits; he appeared quite the man for the perilous enterprise he has undertaken. Mr. Palgrave (formerly Cohen), a well-known antiquary, was there, and his wife, the daughter of Dawson Turner. She has more beauty, elegance, sense, and taste united than I have seen for a long time.

May 28th. — I went down to Westminster to hear Sergeant Wilde in defence of the British Press for a libel on Mr. Chetwynd. He spoke with great vehemence and acuteness combined. His vehemence is not united to elegance, so that he is not an orator; but the acuteness was not petty. He will soon be at the head of the Common Pleas.

Rem.† — My prophecy was more than fulfilled. He is now,

* See Vol. I. p. 266. † Written in 1851.

as Lord Truro, the Lord High Chancellor; but, like other recent Chancellors, it is not *so* that he will be best known to posterity.

June 1st. — I was induced to engage myself to dine with C. Lamb. After dinner he and I took a walk to Newington. We sat an hour with Mrs. Barbauld. She was looking tolerably, but Lamb (contrary to his habit) was disputatious with her, and not in his best way. He reasons from feelings, and those often idiosyncrasies; she from abstractions and verbal definitions. Such people can't agree.

June 3d. — At nine (much too early) I went to a dance and rout at Mr. Green's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I stayed till three. A large party. Luckily for me, Coleridge was there, and I was as acceptable to him as a listener as he to me as a talker. Even in the dancing-room, notwithstanding the noise of the music, he was able to declaim very amusingly on his favorite topics. This evening his theme was the growing hypocrisy of the age, and the determination of the higher classes, even in science, to repress all liberality of speculation. Sir Humphry Davy has joined the party, and they are now patronizing Granville Penn's absurd attack on geology as being against revealed religion. It seems that these ultra-religionists deem the confirmation of the great fact of a deluge from the phenomena within the crust of the globe as inconsistent with the Mosaic account. After so entire a destruction of the earth, how could the dove find a growing olive? Coleridge thinks German philosophy in a state of rapid deterioration. He metaphysicized *à la* Schelling while he abused him, saying the Atheist seeks only for an infinite cause of all things; the spurious divine is content with mere personality and personal will, which is the death of all reason. The philosophic theologian unites both. How this is to be done he did not say.

June 10th. — Dined at Lamb's, and then walked with him to Highgate, self-invited. There we found a large party. Mr. and Mrs. Green, the Aderses, Irving, Collins, R. A., a Mr. Taylor,* a young man of talents in the Colonial Office, Basil Montagu, and one or two others. It was a *rich* evening. Coleridge talked his best, and it appeared better because he and Irving supported the same doctrines. His superiority was striking. The subject dwelt on was the superiority of the internal evidence of Christianity. In a style not clear or intelligible to me, both

* Henry Taylor, author of "Philip van Artevelde."

Coleridge and Irving declaimed. The *advocatus diaboli* for the evening was Mr. Taylor, who, in a way very creditable to his manners as a gentleman, but with little more than verbal cleverness, ordinary logic, and the confidence of a young man who has no suspicion of his own deficiences, affirmed that those evidences which the Christian thinks he finds in his internal convictions, the Mahometan also thinks he has; and he also asserted that Mahomet had improved the condition of mankind. Lamb asked him whether he came in a turban or a hat. There was also a Mr. C——, who broke out at last by an opposition to Mr. Irving, which made the good man so angry that he exclaimed: "Sir, I reject the whole bundle of your opinions." Now it seemed to me that Mr. C—— had no opinions, only words, for his assertions seemed a mere *galimatias*.

The least agreeable part of Coleridge's talk was about German literature. He called Herder a coxcomb, and set Goethe far below Schiller, allowing the former no other merit than that of exquisite taste. He repeated his favorite reproach, that Goethe wrote from an idea that a certain thing was to be done in a certain style, not from the fulness of sentiment on a certain subject.

My talk with Irving alone was more satisfactory. He spoke of a friend who has translated "Wilhelm Meister," and said: "We do not sympathize on religious matters. But that is nothing. Where I find that there is a sincere searching after truth, I think I like a person the better for not having found it." — "At least," I replied, "you have an additional interest in him." Whether Irving said this, suspecting me to be a doubter, I do not know. Probably he did.

On my walk with Lamb, he spoke with enthusiasm of Manning,* declaring that he is the most *wonderful* man he ever knew, more extraordinary than Wordsworth or Coleridge. Yet he does nothing. He has travelled even in China, and has been by land from India through Thibet, yet, as far as is known, he has written nothing. Lamb says his criticisms are of the very first quality.

July 1st. — Made my first call at the Athenæum, a genteel establishment; but I foresee that it will not answer my purpose as a dining-place, and, if not, I gain nothing by it as a lounge for papers, &c.

Rem.† — It now constitutes one of the great elements of my

* Thomas Manning, at one time a mathematical tutor at Cambridge. Some of Lamb's most characteristic letters were addressed to him.

† Written in 1851.

ordinary life, and my becoming a member was an epoch in my life. These great clubs have changed the character of London society, and will save many a young man from the evils of a rash marriage, as well as habits of dissipation. Originally it was proposed that all the members (1,000) of the Athenæum should be men of letters, and authors, artists, or men of science, — in a word, *producers;* but it was found impossible to form a club solely of such materials, and, had it been possible, it would have been scarcely desirable. So the qualification was extended to *lovers* of literature, and when Amyot proposed me to Heber, the great book-collector, I was declared by Heber to be worthy, on account of my being a German scholar. He at once consented to propose me, but I needed a seconder who knew me. Flaxman named me to Gurney, the barrister, who consented to second me, and he writing a letter to that effect, I was in fact seconded by I know not whom. The entrance fee was £ 10, and the annual subscription £ 5. A house was building for us in the square opposite the Park. We occupied for a time the southwest corner of Regent Street. I was not at first aware that it would become my ordinary dining-place, but I knew it would introduce me to good society.

July 1st. — I dined with Storks, to meet Lady and Sir Charles Morgan, and I was much amused by the visit. Before I went, I was satisfied that I should recognize in the lady one who had attracted my attention at Pistrucci's, and my guess was a hit. Lady Morgan did not displease me till I reflected on her conversation. She seems good-natured as well as lively. She talked like one conscious of her importance and superiority. I quoted Kant's "There are two things which excite my admiration, — the moral law within me, and the starry heavens above me." — "That is mere vague declamation," said Sir Charles; "German sentiment and nothing else. The starry heavens, philosophically considered, are no more objects of admiration than a basin of water!" Lady Morgan most offended me by her remarks about Madame de Staël.

She talked of her own books. £ 2,400 was asked for a house. "That will cost me two books," she said. She has seen Prati, who, she says, advises her to go to Germany; "But I have no respect for German literature or philosophy." — "Your ladyship had better stay at home. Does your ladyship know anything about them?" was my ungallant reply.

*Rem.** — I saw her once or twice after this, but I never

* Written in 1851.

courted her company; and I thought the giving her a pension one of the grossest misapplications of the small sum at the disposal of the government. Wordsworth repeatedly declared his opinion that writers for the people — novelists, poets, and dramatists — had no claim, but that authors of dictionaries and books of reference had.

July 5th. — I dined in Castle Street, and took tea at Lamb's. Mr. Irving and his friend, Mr. Carlyle, were there. An agreeable evening enough; but there is so little sympathy between Lamb and Irving, that I do not think they can or ought to be intimate.

July 6th. — Took tea with Lamb. Hessey gave an account of De Quincey's description of his own bodily sufferings. "He should have employed as his publishers," said Lamb, "Pain and Fuss" (Payne and Foss).

July 14th. — At the Assizes at Norwich. Called on Mrs. Opie, who had then become a Quakeress. She received me very kindly, but as a Quaker in dress and diction. I found her very agreeable, and not materially changed. Her dress had something coquettish in it, and her becoming a Quakeress gave her a sort of éclat; yet she was not conscious, I dare say, of any unworthy motive. She talked in her usual graceful and affectionate manner. She mentioned *Lord* Gifford, — surely a slip of the tongue.

July 17th. — To-day heard a good pun from the unfortunate A——. The college beer was very bad at St. John's. "The brewer ought to be drowned in a butt of his own beer," said one fellow. A—— replied: "He ought. He does, indeed, deserve a watery bier."

Rem. July 23d.* — My first visit to Charles Baldwin, at Camberwell, where he dwelt in a sort of park, where once Dr. Lettsom lived. He has been ever since as owner, first of *Baldwin's Evening Mail*, and afterwards of the *Standard*, at the head of the Tory and Church party press, and our acquaintance has, of course, fluctuated, but has not altogether ceased.

August 12th. — All day in court. In one cause I held a brief under Henry Cooper. The attorney, a stranger, Garwood, of Wells, told me that he was informed by his friend Evans (the son of my old friend, Joseph Evans), that I was the H. C. R. mentioned in the *London Magazine* as the friend of Elia. "I love Elia," said Mr. Garwood; "and that was enough to make me come to you!"

* Written in 1851.

August 18th. — Called on Mr. Irving, and had an agreeable chat with him. He is an honorable man in his feelings. He was called away by a poor minister, who, having built a chapel, says he must go to prison unless Mr. Irving would preach a sermon for him. Mr. Irving refused. He said *he* had no call or mission to relieve men from difficulties into which they throw themselves. He says there is much cant and selfishness which stalk abroad under the mask of the word "gospel." Irving praises exceedingly Luther's "Table-Talk," which I have lent him. "It is the profoundest table-talk I ever read," he says.

August 23d. — I went to Brighton, and after spending a few days with my friends there and at Lewes, I made a tour almost entirely in Normandy.

*Rem.** — During my journey I was not inattentive to the state of public opinion. It was decidedly against the Bourbons, as far as I accidentally heard sentiments expressed. Of course I except official zeal. At Caen, I was amused at the *Bureau de la Police* by a plaster cast of the King, like those sold by Italian boys for 6*d*. Round the brow a withered leaf, to represent the laurel "meed of mighty conquerors," with this inscription: —

François fidèle! incline-toi;
Traître, frémis, — voici le Roi!

This contempt for the family was by no means confined to the Republicans or Imperialists, though certainly much of it was, and is, to be ascribed to the national character, which would lead them to tolerate sooner King Stork than King Log, if the devouring sovereign conferred any kind of honor on those he swallowed.

How low the condition of the French judges is, was also made evident to me. The salary of the puisne judges in the provinces — at Avranches, for instance — is 1,200 *livres per annum*, without fees or emoluments of any kind: and from the *conducteur* of our diligence I learned that he and his fellow-*conducteurs* had recently struck, because an attempt had been made to reduce their salary from 4,000 to 3,000 *livres*, with permission to take the usual fees; and every traveller gives liberally.

The *Avocats*, who are distinguished from the *Avoués*, receive small fees till they become of importance, and then such men

* Written in 1851.

as Berryer will gain as much as several hundred thousand francs per annum. The *Avoués, tout comme chez nous*, earn more than the *Avocats* in criminal cases, though the orders are by no means so entirely separated. The *Avoués* alone represent the client, who is bound by their admissions only; and their bills are taxed like those of our attorneys.

The most interesting occurrence on this journey was my visit to the Monastery of La Trappe, to which I walked on September 21st, from Mortagne. The spot itself is simple, mean, and ugly, — very unlike *la grande Chartreuse.* It had been thoroughly destroyed early in the Revolution, and, when restored, the order was in great poverty. Its meanness took away all my enthusiasm, for my imagination was full of romantic images of "shaggy woods and caves forlorn." It is situated in a forest about three leagues from Mortagne. Indications of its peculiar sanctity were given by inscriptions on barns and mean houses of husbandry, such as *Domus Dei, Beati qui habitant in illa;* and these *beati* and *felices* were repeated so often as to excite the suspicion that the inscribers were endeavoring to convince themselves of their own felicity. The people I saw this day were mean and vulgar for the greater part, with no heroic quality of the monk. Some few had visages indicating strength of the lowest animal nature, others had a cunning look. One or two were dignified and interesting.

On knocking at the gate, a dirty old man opened it, and conducted me to a little room, where I read on the wall, "Instructions to Visitors." The most significant of these was, that if, among the monks, any one were recognized, though he were a son, a parent, or a brother, he was not to be spoken to. As every monk had renounced all connection with the world, all his relations with the world were destroyed.

Visitors were not to speak till spoken to, and then to answer briefly. I was led into a gallery from which I could see the monks at mass. As others were on their knees, I followed their example on entering, but I felt it to be a kind of hypocrisy, and did not repeat the act when I had once risen. The only peculiarity in the performance of the mass was the humility of the monks, — sometimes on their knees and hands, and at other times standing bent as a boy does at leapfrog, when a little boy is to leap over him.

Being beckoned back into the waiting-room, two monks having white garments entered and prostrated themselves

before me, covering their faces with their hands. They remained in this posture long enough to make me feel silly and uncomfortable. Not that I felt like a Sultan or Grand Turk, as if I were the object of worship, for I knew that this was an act of humility which would be performed to a beggar. Only once before was a man ever on his knees to me, and then I felt contempt and anger, and this man was a sort of sovereign, or portion of a king, — one of the Junta of Galicia, in Spain. Towards these men I felt pity, not admiration. One had a stupid face, the other a most benignant expression. This, the good genius of the two, after leading me into the church, where unintelligible ceremonies were gone through, read to me out of a book what I did not understand. I was in a state of confusion, and I did what I was bid as obediently as a postulant. I was left alone, and then another monk came. I was offered dinner, which I had previously resolved to accept, thinking I might, at least for one day, eat what was the ordinary food for life of men who at one time had probably fared more sumptuously than I had ever done; but it was a trial, I own.

I would leave nothing on my plate, and was prudent in not overloading it. The following was my fare and that of two other guests, meanly dressed men. A little table was covered with a filthy cloth, but I had a clean napkin. First, a *soupe maigre*, very insipid; a dish of cabbage, boiled in what I should have thought butter, but that is a prohibited luxury; a dish of boiled rice seasoned with a little salt, but by no means savory; and barley or oatmeal boiled, made somewhat thick with milk, — not disagreeable, considered as prison allowance. While at dinner there came in the *frère cellier*, or butler, who said he had a favor to ask of me. It was that I would write to him from England, and inform him by what means the English Gloucester cheese has the reddish hue given to it. The society have cows and sell their cheese, which makes a large portion of their income. This I promised to do, intimating that the color without the flavor would be of little use. In fact, I did send — what I hope was received — a packet of ——,* which cost me about as many shillings as my dinner cost *sous*. I was glad of this, for I saw no poor-box in which I could deposit the cost of my meal. The man who made this request had a ruddy complexion, and by no means a mortified air. The monk who brought in the wine also had

* Probably what Mr. Robinson sent was Arnotto.

a laughing eye, and I saw him smile. All the others were dismal, forlorn, and silent. He could speak even loudly, yet he had the dress of a *frère convers.* Among the monks was the famous Baron Geramb, of whom I heard a romantic tale (worth telling, were this a part of a book). One of the young men who dined with me was a seminarist of Seez. His hands betrayed that he had been accustomed to day labor. His conversation was that of the most uneducated. He was so ignorant that, on my expressing my astonishment that the Emperor of Austria could allow his daughter to marry Buonaparte, who had a wife already, he accounted for it by his being a *Protestant.* This young man made the journey to the monastery to relieve himself from his college studies at Seez, as our Cambridge students go to the Lakes. At the same time, his object was, I fear, purer than theirs. He came for edification, to be strengthened in the pious resolution which made him assume the holy office of a priest, and avail himself of the charitable education freely given him by his patron, the bishop. He was my cicerone round the monastery, and felt like a patron towards me. When I confessed that I was a Protestant, he smiled with satisfaction, that he had had penetration to guess as much, though he had never seen me before.

At that time the church was in want of supplies for the lower order of clergy; but it is otherwise now.

Under his guidance I could see through the windows the monks at their dinner at a long table, with a sort of porridge-pot before them, while the readers in the several apartments were reading to the diners. I saw the dormitories. The monks sleep on boards covered with a thin piece of cloth or serge. Each has his name written on his den. The *Père prieur* does not sleep better than the others.

My informant told me that the monks have only a very short interval between prayer and toil and sleep; and this is not called *recreation* lest the recluse should be led to forget that he is to have no enjoyment but what arises from the contemplation of God.

If they sweat, they are not allowed to wipe their sweat from their brows; probably because they think this would be resistance to the Divine command.

The monks labor but very little, from pure weakness. Among the very few books in the strangers' room were two volumes of the "Laws of the Order." I turned them over. Among the laws was a list of all those portions of the Old Testament

which the monks were prohibited reading. Certainly this was not a mutilation of the sacred writings which the Protestants have any right to make a matter of reproach. On my going away, the priest who had first spoken to me came again, and asked me my object in coming. I said, "A serious curiosity"; that I wished to see their monastery; that I knew Catholics grossly misrepresented Protestantism from ignorance, and I believed Protestants misrepresented Catholicism in like manner. He took my hand at parting, and said: "Though you are not of our religion, we should be glad to see you again. I hope God in his grace will bring you to the true religion." I answered: "I thank you for the wish. If your religion be the true one, I wish to die a believer in it. We think differently; God will judge between us." Certainly this visit did not bring me nearer to Roman Catholicism in inclination.

October 8th. — Came home by Dover, Hastings, and Brighton, and returned to my chambers on the evening of the 15th October.

October 15th. — Mrs. Aders speaks highly — I think, extravagantly — of Masquerier's picture of me, which she wishes to copy. She says it is just such a picture as she would wish to have of a friend, — my very best expression. It need be the best to be endurable.

November 4th. — Walked to Newington. Mrs. Barbauld was going out, but she stayed a short time with me. The old lady is much shrunk in appearance, and is declining in strength. She is but the shade of her former self, but a venerable shade. She is eighty-one years of age, but she retains her cheerfulness, and seems not afraid of death. She has a serene hope and quiet faith, — delightful qualities at all times, and in old age peculiarly enviable.

November 16th. — Called on Southern. He tells me that the dining-club he proposes is to be in Essex Street, and to consist of about fifty members, chiefly partisans of Bentham. Hume, the M. P., is to be one, and Bowring, Mill, and others will join. Southern proposes Hogg as a member. I have intimated a strong doubt whether I would belong to it.

November 21st. — Dined at the Bar mess in Hall, and then went to Lamb's. Allsop was there, an amiable man. I believe his acquaintance with Lamb originated in his sending Coleridge a present of £100, in admiration of his genius.

December 1st. — Called at Flaxman's. He has been very ill, even dangerously, and is still unwell, but recovering. These

repeated attacks announce a breaking constitution. One of the salt of the earth will be lost whenever this great and good man leaves it.

December 3d. — A bad morning, for I went to book auctions, and after losing my time at Southey's, I lost my money at Evans's! I bought the "Annual Register," complete, for £19 5 *s.* This is certainly a book of reference, but how often shall I refer to it? Lamb says, in all my life, nineteen times. Bought also the "Essayists," Chalmers's edition, 45 vols., well bound, for 6½ guineas, little more than the cost of binding; but this is a lady's collection. How often shall I want to refer to it? Brydge's "Archaica," 2 vols., 4to, published in nine one-guinea parts; but it is only a curious book, to be read once and then laid by. "Beware of cheap bargains," says Franklin, — a useless admonition to me.

December 10th. — Took tea at home. Mr. Carlyle with me. He presses me to write an account of my recollections of Schiller for his book. I was amused by looking over my MSS., autographs, &c.; but it has since given me pain to observe the weakness and incorrectness of my memory. I find I recollect nothing of Schiller worth recollection. At ten went to Talfourd's, where were Haydon and his wife, and Lamb and his sister; a very pleasant chat with them. Miss Mitford there; pleasing looks, but no words.

December 14th. — E. Littledale sent me a note informing me that the Douai Bible and Rheims Testament were to be sold to-day, by Saunders. I attended, and bought them both very cheap, — for 8 *s.* 6 *d.* and 3 *s.* 6 *d.*; but I also bought Law's "Jacob Boehme" for £1 7*s.*; though 4 vols., 4to, still a foolish purchase, for what have I to do with mystical devotion, who am in vain striving to gain a taste for a more rational religion? Had I a depth of reflection and a strength of sagacity which I am conscious of not possessing, I might profit by such books.

December 25th. — Christmas day. I dined by invitation with Captain Franklin. Some agreeable people, whom I expected to meet, were not there. And the party would have been dull enough had not the Captain himself proved a very excellent companion. His conversation that of a man of knowledge and capacity, — decision of character combined with great gentleness of manners. He is eminently qualified for the arduous labor he has undertaken of exploring by land the Northern regions, in order to meet, if possible, the North Pole navigators. Mrs. Franklin still remains very much an invalid.

December 31st. — I went to a party at Captain Franklin's. The Flaxmans were there, also Lieutenant Back, the former companion of the Captain ; but the company too numerous for interesting conversation.

I concluded the year at the Athenæum, a spot where, if my health and other accidents of felicity which I have yet been blessed in be preserved to me, I hope to have much enjoyment.

*Rem.** — When Southey was in town and breakfasted with me, I mentioned to him that the Prussian government had volunteered very extensive reforms in its administration, and acquired so great strength by it, in the popular sentiment, that it was mainly to be ascribed to this, that the successful resistance to French oppression occurred. Southey said : "I wish you would write an article on this for the *Quarterly.*" I rudely said : "I should be ashamed to write for the *Quarterly,*" and Southey was evidently offended.

But the article was written, and ultimately appeared in the *Quarterly,* though not precisely as written by me. It underwent no change, however, beyond the insertion of a Greek passage, and one or two omissions. It appeared in Vol. XXXI. No. 62, published in April, 1825.

During this year there was a small rise in the amount of my fees, from 445 to 469½ guineas ; and I have to record the sudden death of my fellow-circuiteer, Henry Cooper.

Several incidents took place during the assizes at Bury, which deserve notice as illustrative of the bad state of criminal law and practice in the country. One man indicted pleaded guilty. Eagle said : "I am your counsel ; say, 'Not guilty.'" With difficulty, the Chief Baron interposing, he did. The prosecutor, being called, refused to be sworn, and was sent to jail. I tried to do without him, and failed. The man was acquitted. In another case I defended, and, the evidence being very slight, the Chief Baron stopped me and told the jury to acquit ; but the jury said they had doubts, and, the Chief Baron going on, all the prisoners were convicted, though against some there was no evidence.

At Norwich another case occurred exhibiting the wretched state of the law, in which I was the instrument of necessitating a reform. I defended a knot of burglars, against whom there was a complete case if the evidence of an accomplice were receivable, but none without. Now, that accomplice had

* Written in 1851.

been convicted of felony, and sentenced by a Court of Quarter Sessions to imprisonment *alone*, without the addition of a fine or a whipping. And the statute restoring competence requires an imprisonment *and* a fine or a whipping. Gazelee refused to attend to this objection, and all were convicted ; but I called on Edghill, the clerk of assize, and told him that, unless the men were discharged, I would memorialize the Secretary of State. And in consequence the men were in a few days discharged ; and Sir Robert Peel, at the opening of the session of Parliament, brought in a short act amending the law. Imprisonment or fine alone was rendered sufficient to give a restoration of legal credit.

CHAPTER II.

1825.

JANUARY 2d. — Dined at Christie's.* A very agreeable afternoon. Captain, now Major Gifford, and the cousins Edgar and Richard Taylor there. Had a fine walk to Lamb's. Read to him his article on Liston, — a pretended life, without a word of truth, and not much wit in it. Its humor lies in the imitation of the style of biographers. It will be ill received ; and, if taken seriously by Liston, cannot be defended.

January 4th. — Breakfasted with J. Wood.† Shepherd,‡ of Gateacre, the stranger whom we were to meet, Mr. Field,§ of Warwick, and R. Taylor present. We had a very pleasant morning. Shepherd an amusing, and, I have no doubt, also an excellent man. He related a droll anecdote, which he had just heard from the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. "We have to do," said the manager, "with a strange set of people. Yesterday there was a regular quarrel between a carpenter and a scene-shifter about religion. One was a Jew, whom the other, a Christian, abused as belonging to a blood-thirsty race. 'Why am I blood-thirsty ?' replied the Jew. 'When my forefathers

* A merchant, one of whose daughters married Edgar Taylor, already referred to (see Vol. I. p. 199), and another, General Gifford.

† See Vol. I. p. 220.

‡ Rev. Wm. Shepherd, LL. D., a friend of Lord Brougham's, and author of "The Life of Poggio Bracciolini."

§ Author of "The Life of Dr. Parr."

conquered Palestine they killed their enemies, the Philistines; but so do you English kill the French. We are no more blood-thirsty than you.' — 'That is not what I hate your people for; but they killed my God, they did.' — 'Did they? Then you may kill mine, if you can catch him.'"

Shepherd, like the radicals in general, was very abusive of Southey, whom it was my difficult office to defend. Difficult, not because he is not a most upright man, but because he and his opponents are alike violent party men who can make no allowance for one another.

January 17th. — There were but two appeals at the Bury Epiphany Sessions. I succeeded in obtaining a verdict in both. They were easy cases. On my saying of one of them, "The case will be short," that insolent fellow, R——, said, "Do you speak in your professional or your personal character?" I replied: "Sir, that is a distinction I do not understand. I always speak as a gentleman and the truth." He blushed and apologized, and said his question was only a joke.

February 11th. — Went to Covent Garden Theatre. A dull time of it, though I went in at half price. The pantomime a fatiguing exhibition, but the scenery beautiful; and this is one of the attractions of the theatre for me. A panoramic view of the projected improvement of the Thames, by the erection of a terrace on arches along the northern shore, is a pleasing anticipation of a splendid dream, which not even in this projecting age can become a reality.

March 18th. — (Cambridge Spring Assizes.) Went to a large party at Sergeant Frere's. Met there Julius Hare, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hare, who noticed me at Weimar in 1804. Julius was then a school-boy, but he has some recollection of me; and I was anxious to see him, as he had spoken of me to Peacock.* Hare is a passionate lover of German literature and philosophy. He has the air of a man of talent, and talks well. I was struck with his great liberality. We had so many points of contact and interest that I chatted with him exclusively till past twelve, paying no attention to the music, or the numerous and fashionable company.

Rem.† — Hare became afterwards remarkable as one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth," with his now deceased brother Augustus, and also as a writer of eloquent devotional works, — "The Mission of the Comforter," &c. Yet it is his misfortune to satisfy no party. The High Church party consider him a

* Afterwards Dean of Ely. † Written in 1851.

heretic, on account of his intimacy with Bunsen and Arnold, and especially his affectionate memoir of Sterling; and he is as much reprobated in the *Record*, the oracle of the Low Church party. He is brother-in-law to Frederick Maurice. He must be a man of wide charity and comprehensive affections who makes almost idols of Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Bunsen, Arnold, Maurice, and W. S. Landor.

April 15th. — After dining with the magistrates, I gladly stole away to make a call on Hare. I had great pleasure in looking over his library of German books, — the best collection of modern German authors I have ever seen in England. He spoke of Niebuhr's "Roman History" as a masterpiece; praised Neander's "St. Bernard," "Emperor Julian," "St. Chrysostom," and "Denkwürdigkeiten"; was enthusiastic about Schleiermacher. Hare represents Count De Maistre as the superior of De Lamennais. I am to read his "Soirées de St. Petersbourg." After two very delightful hours with Hare, I returned to the "Red Lion," and sat up late chatting with the juniors.

April 22d. — In the evening called on C. Lamb. He and his sister in excellent spirits. He has obtained his discharge from the India House, with the sacrifice of rather more than a third of his income. He says he would not be condemned to a seven years' return to his office for a hundred thousand pounds. I never saw him so calmly cheerful as now.

May 4th. — A house dinner at the Athenæum set on foot by me. It went off very well indeed. I took the bottom of the table. We had Edward Littledale at the top. The rest barristers or coming to the bar, viz.: F. Pollock, Storks, Wightman, L. Adolphus, Wood, and Amos, Dodd and his pupil, Lloyd, — not an unpleasant man of the party. The conversation not at all professional or pedantic. We broke up early. I remained at the place till late. After my nap, Sir Thomas Lawrence came in, Dawson Turner, &c. The President and Turner talked of the present Exhibition, Turner asserting it to be superior to the Exhibitions in the days of Sir Joshua. This Sir Thomas denied. He said two or three paintings by Sir Joshua, with one by Northcote or Opie, made an Exhibition of themselves. In number, there is now a superiority of good works. Both praised Danby's "Passage of the Red Sea," also a picture by Mulready. Hilton and Leslie were named, and Hayter's "Trial of Lord William Russell." The landscape by Turner, R. A., was highly extolled. Yet I have heard that he is going

out of fashion. Sir Thomas mentioned that the Marquis of Stafford, on seeing Danby's picture, rode immediately to the artist, and bought it for 500 guineas. An hour afterwards Lord Liverpool was desirous of purchasing it. Sir Thomas spoke of Mr. Locke* as having the greatest *genius* of all living painters. Not that he is the greatest painter. I afterwards learned from Flaxman that Locke was the son of a gentleman once very rich, and was now too far advanced in years to have recourse to painting as a profession. He had expressed to Flaxman the very obvious sentiment: "How happy would it have been if, in early life, I had been under the necessity of earning my own livelihood!"

May 7th. — Went to the Exhibition, with the advantage of having had my attention drawn to the best pictures, which, for the most part, equalled my expectations. Turner, R. A., has a magnificent view of Dieppe. If he will invent an atmosphere, and a play of colors all his own, why will he not assume a romantic name? No one could find fault with a Garden of Armida, or even of Eden, so painted. But we know Dieppe, in the north of France, and can't easily clothe it in such fairy hues. I can understand why such artists as Constable and Collins are preferred. Constable has a good landscape, but why does he spot and dot his canvas? The effect is good on a great scale. Collins's healthy scenes are refreshing to look at.

May 10th. — Dined at Green's, Lincoln's Inn Fields. A large party. Phillips, R. A., there, and his very pleasing wife; Ward and Collins, also of the Academy, and a Mr. Stokes, a disputer, and so far an unpleasant companion, but said to be able and scientific.

Rem.† — Yesterday, at the Athenæum, I charged Stokes (now my very agreeable acquaintance) with being this same man. He pleads guilty, thinking his identity sufficiently lost after twenty-six years.

May 14th. — William Pattisson, Thomas Clarkson, and Joseph Beldam, called to the bar. I dined with them on the occasion.

Rem.‡ — Not many years ago, it was remarked by Beldam that both of his companions met with an early and violent death, — Pattisson drowned in a lake among the Pyrenees,§

* In the Reminiscences Hope is the name.
† Written in 1851.
‡ Written in 1851.
§ See year 1832.

Clarkson thrown from a gig, and killed on the spot. But the three young men and their friends rejoiced on the 14th of May, with that "blindness to the future wisely given."

About this time my sister put herself under the care of Scott of Bromley. She had known him when he was in some business or handicraft at Royston. He was an interloper, and regular practitioners would not meet him in consultation. He owed all his reputation and success to his skill as a bandager. He was especially successful in the cure of sore legs, and the heretic, Thomas Belsham, gave him the credit of prolonging his life several years. I once heard Coleridge explain the rationale of the treatment. "By a very close pressure, Scott forces the peccant humor into the frame, where it is taken up by absorbents, and expelled by medicine." My sister was benefited for a time, and thought that an earlier application to him might have saved her.

June 11th. — W. Pattisson with me. I went in the evening to see Mathews, and was amused. But mere imitations of common life, exposing oddities, cant phrases, and puerilities, pall on the sense very soon. Where the original of an imitation is known, the pleasure is enhanced. "Good night," pronounced as Kemble, Munden, and others might be supposed to pronounce it, amused me very much.

June 12th. — A very interesting day. I breakfasted early and walked to Hampstead; then proceeded to Hendon. The exceeding beauty of the morning and the country put me into excellent spirits. I found my friend James Stephen in a most delightfully situated small house. Two fine children, and an amiable and sensible wife. I do not know a happier man. He is a sort of additional Under Secretary of State. He had previously resolved to leave the bar, being dissatisfied with the practice in the Court of Chancery. He has strict principles, but liberal feelings in religion. Though a stanch Churchman, he is willing to sacrifice the ecclesiastical Establishment of Ireland.

June 16th. — Finding myself released at an early hour from my professional duties, I took a cold dinner at the Athenæum, and then went to Basil Montagu. Mr. Edward Irving was there. He and his brother-in-law, Mr. Martin, and myself placed ourselves in a chariot. Basil Montagu took a seat on the outside, and we drove to Highgate, where we took tea at Mr. Gilman's. I think I never heard Coleridge so very eloquent as to-day, and yet it was painful to find myself unable

to recall any part of what had so delighted me, i. e. anything which seemed worthy to be noted down. So that I could not but suspect some illusion arising out of the impressive tone and the mystical language of the orator. He talked on for several hours without intermission. His subject the ever-recurring one of religion, but so blended with mythology, metaphysics, and psychology, that it required great attention sometimes to find the religious element. I observed that, when Coleridge quoted Scripture or used well-known religious phrases, Irving was constant in his exclamations of delight, but that he was silent at other times. Dr. Prati * came in, and Coleridge treated him with marked attention. Indeed Prati talked better than I ever heard him. One sentence (Coleridge having appealed to him) deserves repetition: "I think the old Pantheism of Spinoza far better than modern Deism, which is but the hypocrisy of materialism." In which there is an actual sense, and I believe truth. Coleridge referred to an Italian, Vico, who is said to have anticipated Wolf's theory concerning Homer, which Coleridge says was his own at College. Vico wrote "Principi di una Scienza nuova," viz. Comparative History. Goethe, in his Life, notices him as an original thinker and a great man. He wrote on the origin of Rome. Coleridge drew a parallel between the relation of the West India planters to the negroes, and the patricians of Rome to the plebeians; but when I inquired concerning the origin of the inequality, he evaded giving me an answer. He very eloquently expatiated on history, and on the influence of Christianity on society. His doctrines assume an orthodox air, but to me they are unintelligible.

H. C. R. to Miss Wordsworth.

June, 1825.

I have not seen the Lambs so often as I used to do, owing to a variety of circumstances. Nor can I give you the report you so naturally looked for of his conduct at so great a change in his life. . . . . The expression of his delight has been child-like (in the good sense of that word). You have read the "Superannuated Man." I do not doubt, I do not fear, that he will be unable to sustain the "weight of chance desires." Could he — but I fear he cannot — occupy himself in some great work requiring continued and persevering attention and labor, the benefit would be equally his and the world's. Mary

* An Italian: a lawyer by profession.

Lamb has remained so long well, that one might almost advise, or rather permit, a journey to them. But Lamb has no desire to travel. If he had, few things would give me so much pleasure as to accompany him. I should be proud of taking care of him. But he has a passion for solitude, he says, and hitherto he finds that his retirement from business has not brought leisure.

*Rem.** — I bought my first spectacles, July 8th, at Gilbert's. I became first sensible of the want at the French Theatre, where I could not read the bills. Flaxman advised my getting spectacles immediately; it being a mistake, he said, to think that the eyes should be exercised when it causes them inconvenience. I had no occasion to change the glass for some time, and have changed but twice in twenty-six years; nor, happily, in my seventy-seventh year do I remark any increased symptom of decaying sight.

October 11th. — In the latter part of the day went to Lamb's. He seemed to me in better health and spirits. But Hone the parodist was with him, and society relieves Lamb. The conversation of Hone, or rather his manners, pleased me. He is a modest, unassuming man.

October 29th. — Tea with Anthony Robinson. A long and serious talk with him on religion, and on that inexplicable riddle, the origin of evil. He remarked that the amount of pain here justifies the idea of pain hereafter, and so the popular notion of punishment is authorized. But I objected that evil or pain here may be considered a mean towards an end. So may pain, inflicted as a punishment. But endless punishment would be itself an end in a state where no ulterior object could be conceived. Anthony Robinson declared this to be a better answer to the doctrine of eternal punishment than any given by Price or Priestley. Leibnitz, who in terms asserts "eternal punishment," explains away the idea by affirming merely that the consequences of sin must be eternal, and that a lower degree of bliss is an eternal punishment.

November 1st. — Dined at Wardour Street, and then went to Flaxman. The family being at dinner, I strolled in the Regent's Park. The splendor and magnitude of these improvements are interesting subjects of observation and speculation. At Flaxman's a pleasing visit. He was *characteristic*. I find that his dislike to Southey originates in the latter's account of Swedenborg and the doctrines of the sect in his

* Written in 1851.

"Espriella." Flaxman cannot forgive derision on such a subject. To my surprise, he expressed disapprobation of the opening of St. Bride's steeple.* "It is an ugly thing, and better hid." On inquiry, I found that his objection is not confined to the lower part of the tower, in which I should have concurred, for I think the upper part or spire alone beautiful; but he objects to the spire itself, and indeed to almost every spire attached to Grecian buildings. He makes an exception in favor of Bow Church.

November 20th, Sunday. — Hundleby and William Pattisson took breakfast with me, and then we went to Irving's church. He kept us nearly three hours. But after a very dull exposition of a very obscure chapter in Hebrews, we had a very powerful discourse, — the commencement of a series on Justification by Faith. That which *he* calls religion and the gospel is a something I have a repugnance to. I must, indeed, be *new-born* before I can accept it. But his eloquence is captivating. He speaks like a man profoundly convinced of the truth of what he teaches. He has no cant, hypocrisy, or illiberality. His manner is improved. He is less theatrical than he was a year ago.

November 27th. — A half-hour after midnight died Mr. Collier. The last two days he was conscious of his approaching end. On his mentioning a subject which I thought had better be postponed, I said: "We will leave that till to-morrow." — "To-morrow?" he exclaimed, "to-morrow? That may be ages!" These words were prophetic, and the last I heard from him. He was one of the oldest of my friends.

December 10th. — Dined with Aders. A very remarkable and interesting evening. The party at dinner Blake the painter, and Linnell, also a painter. In the evening, Miss Denman and Miss Flaxman came.

Shall I call Blake artist, genius, mystic, or madman? Probably he is all. I will put down without method what I can recollect of the conversation of this remarkable man.† He has a most interesting appearance. He is now old (sixty-eight),

* The Fleet Street houses to the north had, till lately, formed a continuous range in front of the church.

† The substance of H. C. R.'s intercourse with Blake is given in a paper of Recollections, which may be found in Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake," *vide* pp. 337 – 344, 348 – 350, &c. In the present work, H. C. R.'s interviews with that remarkable man will be given, for the most part, from the Diary, written just after they took place. In the National Portrait Gallery may be seen a fine portrait of Blake, by Thomas Phillips, R. A. A beautiful miniature of him has also been painted by Mr. Linnell, which he still possesses.

pale, with a Socratic countenance and an expression of great sweetness, though with something of languor about it except when animated, and then he has about him an air of inspiration. The conversation turned on art, poetry, and religion. He brought with him an engraving of his "Canterbury Pilgrims." One of the figures in it is like a figure in a picture belonging to Mr. Aders. "They say I stole it from this picture," said Blake, "but I did it twenty years before I knew of this picture. However, in my youth, I was always studying paintings of this kind. No wonder there is a resemblance." In this he seemed to explain *humanly* what he had done. But at another time he spoke of his paintings as being what he had seen in his visions. And when he said "my visions," it was in the ordinary unemphatic tone in which we speak of every-day matters. In the same tone he said repeatedly, "The Spirit told me." I took occasion to say: "You express yourself as Socrates used to do. What resemblance do you suppose there is between your spirit and his?" — "The same as between our countenances." He paused and added, "I was Socrates"; and then, as if correcting himself, said, "a sort of brother. I must have had conversations with him. So I had with Jesus Christ. I have an obscure recollection of having been with both of them." I suggested, on philosophical grounds, the impossibility of supposing an immortal being created, an eternity *à parte post* without an eternity *à parte ante*. His eye brightened at this, and he fully concurred with me. "To be sure, it is impossible. We are all coexistent with God, members of the Divine body. We are all partakers of the Divine nature." In this, by the by, Blake has but adopted an ancient Greek idea. As connected with this idea, I will mention here, though it formed part of our talk as we were walking homeward, that on my asking in what light he viewed the great question concerning the deity of Jesus Christ, he said: "He is the only God. But then," he added, "and so am I, and so are you." He had just before (and that occasioned my question) been speaking of the errors of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ should not have allowed himself to be crucified, and should not have attacked the government. On my inquiring how this view could be reconciled with the sanctity and Divine qualities of Jesus, Blake said: "He was not then become the Father." Connecting, as well as one can, these fragmentary sentiments, it would be hard to fix Blake's station between Christianity, Platonism, and Spinozism. Yet he professes to be very hostile to Plato, and

reproaches Wordsworth with being not a Christian, but a Platonist.

It is one of the subtle remarks of Hume, on certain religious speculations, that the tendency of them is to make men indifferent to whatever takes place, by destroying all ideas of good and evil. I took occasion to apply this remark to something Blake had said. "If so," I said, "there is no use in discipline or education, — no difference between good and evil." He hastily broke in upon me: "There *is* no use in education. I hold it to be wrong. It is the great sin. It is eating of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. This was the fault of Plato. He knew of nothing but the virtues and vices, and good and evil. There is nothing in all that. Everything is good in God's eyes." On my putting the obvious question, "Is there nothing absolutely evil in what men do?" — "I am no judge of that. Perhaps not in God's eyes." He sometimes spoke as if he denied altogether the existence of evil, and as if we had nothing to do with right and wrong; it being sufficient to consider all things as alike the work of God. Yet at other times he spoke of there being error in heaven. I asked about the moral character of Dante, in writing his "Vision," — was he pure? — "Pure," said Blake, "do you think there is any purity in God's eyes? The angels in heaven are no more so than we. 'He chargeth his angels with folly.'" He afterwards represented the Supreme Being as liable to error. "Did he not repent him that he had made Nineveh?" It is easier to repeat the personal remarks of Blake than these metaphysical speculations, so nearly allied to the most opposite systems of philosophy. Of himself, he said he acted by command. The Spirit said to him, "Blake, be an artist, and nothing else." In this there is felicity. His eye glistened while he spoke of the joy of devoting himself solely to divine art. Art is inspiration. When Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Mr. Flaxman, does any of his fine things, he does them in the Spirit. Blake said: "I should be sorry if I had any earthly fame, for whatever natural glory a man has is so much taken from his spiritual glory. I wish to do nothing for profit. I wish to live for art. I want nothing whatever. I am quite happy."

Among the unintelligible things he expressed was his distinction between the natural world and the spiritual. The natural world must be consumed. Incidentally, Swedenborg was referred to. Blake said: "He was a divine teacher. He has done much good, and will do much. He has corrected many

errors of Popery, and also of Luther and Calvin. Yet Swedenborg was wrong in endeavoring to explain to the rational faculty what the reason cannot comprehend. He should have left that." Blake, as I have said, thinks Wordsworth no Christian, but a Platonist. He asked me whether Wordsworth believed in the Scriptures. On my replying in the affirmative, he said he had been much pained by reading the Introduction to "The Excursion." It brought on a fit of illness. The passage was produced and read: —

> "Jehovah, — with his thunder and the choir
> Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones, —
> I pass them unalarmed."

This "*pass them unalarmed*" greatly offended Blake. Does Mr. Wordsworth think his mind can surpass Jehovah? I tried to explain this passage in a sense in harmony with Blake's own theories, but failed, and Wordsworth was finally set down as a Pagan; but still with high praise, as the greatest poet of the age.

Jacob Boehme was spoken of as a divinely inspired man. Blake praised, too, the figures in Law's translation as being very beautiful. Michael Angelo could not have done better.

Though he spoke of his happiness, he also alluded to past sufferings, and to suffering as necessary. "There is suffering in heaven, for where there is the capacity of enjoyment, there is also the capacity of pain."

I have been interrupted by a call from Talfourd, and cannot now recollect any further remarks. But as Blake has invited me to go and see him, I shall possibly have an opportunity of throwing connection, if not system, into what I have written, and making additions. I feel great admiration and respect for him. He is certainly a most amiable man, — a good creature. And of his poetical and pictorial genius there is no doubt, I believe, in the minds of judges. Wordsworth and Lamb like his poems, and the Aderses his paintings.

A few detached thoughts occur to me. "Bacon, Locke, and Newton are the three great teachers of Atheism, or of Satan's doctrine."

"Everything is Atheism which assumes the reality of the natural and unspiritual world."

"Irving is a highly gifted man. He is a *sent* man. But they who are sent go further sometimes than they ought."

"Dante saw devils where I see none. I see good only. I saw nothing but good in Calvin's house. Better than in Luther's, — in the latter were harlots."

"Parts of Swedenborg's scheme are dangerous. His sexual religion is so."

"I do not believe the world is round. I believe it is quite flat."

"I have conversed with the spiritual Sun. I saw him on Primrose Hill. He said, 'Do you take me for the Greek Apollo?' — 'No,' I said; 'that' (pointing to the sky) 'is the Greek Apollo. He is Satan.'"

"I know what is true by internal conviction. A doctrine is told me. My heart says, 'It must be true.'" I corroborated this by remarking on the impossibility of the unlearned man judging of what are called the *external* evidences of religion, in which he heartily concurred.

I regret that I have been unable to do more than put down these few things. The tone and manner are incommunicable. There are a natural sweetness and gentility about Blake which are delightful. His friend Linnell seems a great admirer." *

Perhaps the best thing he said was his comparison of moral with natural evil. "Who shall say that God thinks evil? That is a wise tale of the Mahometans, of the angel of the Lord that murdered the infant" (alluding to the "Hermit" of Parnell, I suppose). "Is not every infant that dies of disease murdered by an angel?"

December 17th. — A short call this morning on Blake. He dwells in Fountain Court, in the Strand. I found him in a small room, which seems to be both a working-room and a bedroom. Nothing could exceed the squalid air both of the apartment and his dress; yet there is diffused over him an air of natural gentility. His wife has a good expression of countenance.

I found him at work on Dante. The book (Cary) and his sketches before him. He showed me his designs, of which I have nothing to say but that they evince a power I should not have anticipated, of grouping and of throwing grace and interest over conceptions monstrous and horrible.†

Our conversation began about Dante. He was an Atheist, — a mere politician, busied about this world, as Milton was, till in his old age he returned to God, whom he had had in his childhood."

I tried to ascertain from Blake whether this charge of Athe-

* Linnell aided Blake during his life, and after his death took care of his widow. Linnell possesses a grand collection of Blake's works.

† Linnell possesses the whole series of the Dante drawings.

ism was not to be understood in a different sense from that which would be given to it according to the popular use of the word. But he would not admit this. Yet when he in like manner charged Locke with Atheism, and I remarked that Locke wrote on the evidences of Christianity and lived a virtuous life, Blake had nothing to say in reply. Nor did he make the charge of wilful deception. I admitted that Locke's doctrine leads to Atheism, and with this view Blake seemed to be satisfied.

From this subject we passed over to that of good and evil, on which he repeated his former assertions more decidedly. He allowed, indeed, that there are errors, mistakes, &c.; and if these be evil, then there is evil. But these are only negations. Nor would he admit that any education should be attempted, except that of the cultivation of the imagination and fine arts. "What are called the vices in the natural world are the highest sublimities in the spiritual world." When I asked whether, if he had been a father, he would not have grieved if his child had become vicious or a great criminal, he answered: "When I am endeavoring to think rightly, I must not regard my own any more than other people's weaknesses." And when I again remarked that this doctrine puts an end to all exertion, or even wish to change anything, he made no reply.

We spoke of the Devil, and I observed that, when a child, I thought the Manichean doctrine, or that of two principles, a rational one. He assented to this, and in confirmation asserted that he did not believe in the omnipotence of God. The language of the Bible on that subject is only poetical or allegorical. Yet soon afterwards he denied that the natural world is anything. "It is all nothing; and Satan's empire is the empire of nothing."

He reverted soon to his favorite expression, "My visions." "I saw Milton, and he told me to beware of being misled by his 'Paradise Lost.' In particular, he wished me to show the falsehood of the doctrine, that carnal pleasures arose from the Fall. The Fall could not produce any pleasure." As he spoke of Milton's appearing to him, I asked whether he resembled the prints of him. He answered, "All." — "What age did he appear to be?" — "Various ages, — sometimes a very old man." He spoke of Milton as being at one time a sort of classical Atheist, and of Dante as being now with God. His faculty of vision, he says, he has had from early infancy. He thinks all men partake of it, but it is lost

for want of being cultivated. He eagerly assented to a remark I made, that all men have all faculties in a greater or less degree.

I am to continue my visits, and to read to him Wordsworth, of whom he seems to entertain a high idea.

Dined with Flanagan at Richard's Coffee-House. A pleasant party. Frith, Reader, Brent, Dr. Badham, Hawkins, Long, Martin Shee, Storks, and myself. I was placed next to Shee, R. A. He gratified me much by his warm praise of Flaxman, speaking of him as by far the greatest artist of his country, though his worth is disgracefully overlooked. Shee would not hear of a comparison between Flaxman and his more successful rival, Chantrey. Dr. Badham was on my other side, and talked very agreeably. He has travelled in Greece.

December 22d. — A short call on Flaxman. I find that, though he is a decided spiritualist, he is a believer in phrenology. In Swedenborg, there is a doctrine which reconciles him to Gall's seemingly materialistic doctrine, viz. the mind forms the body; and Flaxman believes that the form of the skull is modified in after life by the intellectual and moral character.

December 24th. — A call on Blake, — my third interview. I read to him Wordsworth's incomparable ode,* which he heartily enjoyed. But he repeated: "I fear Wordsworth loves nature, and nature is the work of the Devil. The Devil is in us as far as we are nature. On my inquiring whether the Devil, as having less power, would not be destroyed by God, he denied that God has any power, and asserted that the Devil is eternally created, — not by God, but by God's permission. And when I objected that permission implies power to prevent, he did not seem to understand me. The parts of Wordsworth's ode which Blake most enjoyed were the most obscure, — at all events, those which I least like and comprehend.

December 27th. — (At Royston.) This morning I read to the young folks Mrs. Barbauld's "Legacy." This delightful book has in it some of the sweetest things I ever read. "The King in his Castle," and "True Magicians," are perfect allegories, in Mrs. Barbauld's best style. Some didactic pieces are also delightful. We had a family dinner at Mr. Wedd Nash's. Mr. Nash, Sen., was of the party. He, however, took no share in the conversation. His mind is, in fact, gone; but — and this is singular — his heart remains. He is as amiable,

* "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." Vol. V. p. 103; edition 1857.

as conscientious, as pure, as delicate in his moral feelings as ever. His health continues good, but a fit of the gout prevented my seeing much of him. And I believe I shall never see him again. He is a model of goodness, but, as the bigots think, a child of wrath, being a heretic.

*Rem.** — This year my fees rose from 469½ guineas to 677½, — a very large increase in amount, but very far from flattering. The increase arose chiefly from the death of Henry Cooper,† in the summer. If a stroke of wit occurred to him, he would blurt it out, even though it told against himself. And sometimes I succeeded in making this apparent. Still, however, with all his faults, and though he was as little of a lawyer almost as myself, his death caused a vacancy which I was unable to fill.

I wrote to Miss Wordsworth in August: "In Norfolk, I started for the first time a leader, — holding briefs in sixteen out of seventeen causes, in nine of which I was either senior or alone."

At the Aylesbury Assizes, there was a trial which exhibited the aristocratic character of our nation. An Eton boy was indicted for murder, he having killed another boy in a boxing-match. It was not a case for a conviction, — perhaps not for manslaughter, though, had the fight taken place between two stable-boys, that, probably, would have been the verdict. But what disgusted me was that Lord Nugent stood in the dock by the side of the boy, and I did not scruple to tell him so. His desire was to mitigate the boy's pain. The family of the killed boy took no part in the prosecution, and the judge dismissed the offender without a word of reproof.

During this year I became a member of a whist club, which, though small in number, made me more a man of expense. And my being introduced to the Athenæum was really an epoch in my life. That club has never ceased to constitute an important feature of my daily life. I had a place of resort at all times, and my circle of acquaintance was greatly increased.

The death of old Mrs. Collier, past ninety, brought me into further connection with Anthony Sterry, the Quaker, — a most benevolent man. My acquaintance with him began in an act of rudeness towards him, in ignorance of the facts of the case. He accepted my apology in a Christian spirit, which, indeed, he showed throughout. I had to do with a considerable sum of money in which he and —— had an interest. On the pres-

* Written in 1851. † See Vol. I. p. 419.

ent occasion Sterry proposed that, as there might be doubtful points, I should be Chancellor, to decide them. Never had arbitrator so easy a task, for Sterry took an opportunity of saying to me, "I would not boast, but I believe Providence has favored me more than Friend ——. I wish, therefore, that thou wouldst always give the turn in his favor, not mine." And I ought to add that ——, on his part, seemed to be equally unselfish.

Towards the close of this year, Thornton * became connected with the *Times*. Barnes afterwards said to me, "We are obliged to you, not you to us." I had mentioned Thornton to Walter.

This winter was rendered memorable by what was afterwards spoken of as a crisis or crash in the mercantile world. Many banks failed. Some friends of mine wrote to ask if I would turn a part of my property into cash, and advance it to them. I consented to do this; but their apprehensions proved to be groundless, — the panic did not seriously affect them. To one friend, to whom I could be of no service, I had the satisfaction of administering comfort. His was the case of a man who, after a life of industry and self-denial, finds the accumulations of more than fifty years put in peril. He does not know whether he will not be left destitute. And, to use his own words, he is "too old to begin life again, and too young to die." He talked very philosophically, yet with feeling.

I spent my Christmas, as I had done many, at Royston. All there were in low spirits, on account of the failure of the Cambridge Bank. The Nashes say that, among their friends, nine families are reduced from affluence to poverty, by unexpected blows of adversity. Neither Wedd Nash's fine organ, nor Pope's "Epistle on the Use of Riches," could keep up our spirits; and, notwithstanding good punch, our vivat to the New Year was not a cheerful burst of glee. And never was there a less merry New Year in London than the present.

* Thomas Thornton, who, in 1823, married Elizabeth, daughter of H. C. R.'s brother Habakkuk.

CHAPTER III.

1826.

JANUARY 6th. — A call on Blake. His conversation was very much a repetition of what he said on a former occasion. He was very cordial. I had procured him two subscriptions for his "Job," from George Procter and Basil Montagu. I paid £ 1 for each. This seemed to put him in spirits. He spoke of being richer than ever, in having become acquainted with me; and he told Mrs. A—— that he and I were nearly of the same opinions. Yet I have practised no deception intentionally, unless silence be so. The strangest thing he said was, that he had been commanded to do a certain thing, — that is, to write about Milton, — and that he was applauded for refusing. He struggled with the angels, and was victor. His wife took part in our conversation.

January 9th. — My ride to Norwich to-day was diversified by an agreeable incident. On the road, a few miles out of London, we took up a very gentlemanly Quaker. He and I did not at once get into conversation, and when it became light, I amused myself by reading till the coach stopped for breakfast. Then our conversation began, and permitted very little reading afterwards. He told me his name on my making an inquiry concerning Hudson Gurney. I was speaking to J. J. Gurney. We soon entered on controversial subjects. I praised a work of Quaker autobiography without naming it. He said: "Thou meanest 'John Woolman'"; and added, "Let me not take credit for a sagacity I do not possess. Amelia Opie has told me of thy admiration of the book." We now knew each other, and talked like old acquaintances. He is kind in his feelings, if not liberal in his opinions. He read to me some letters from Southey. In one Southey thus expressed himself: "I cannot believe in an eternity of hell. I hope God will forgive me if I err, but in this matter I cannot say, 'Lord, help thou mine unbelief.'" J. J. Gurney spoke of Mrs. Opie very kindly, and of the recent death of her father, Dr. Alderson, as edifying. He was purged from unbelief.

February 3d. — The whole morning in the courts, waiting in the Common Pleas for nothing; but I saw a meeting of knights

girt with swords to elect the Grand Assize, a proceeding, it is to be hoped, to be soon brushed off with a multitude of other antiquated proceedings, which time has rendered inconvenient.

February 6th. — Late at the Athenæum. Hudson Gurney was there. He related with great effect the experience of Ferguson of Pitfour. Ferguson was a Scotch Member, a great supporter of Pitt's, both in Parliament and at the table. Not a refined man, but popular on account of his good-natured hospitality, and of the favor he showed to national prejudices. In his old age he was fond of collecting young M. P.'s at his table, and of giving them the benefit of his Parliamentary experience, which he used to sum up in these few axiomatic sentences : —

" I was never present at any debate I could avoid, or absent from any division I could get at.

" I have heard many arguments which convinced my judgment, but never one that influenced my vote.

" I never voted but once according to my own opinion, and that was the worst vote I ever gave.

" I found that the only way to be quiet in Parliament was always to vote with the Ministers, and never to take a place."

February 18th. — Called on Blake. An amusing chat with him. He gave me in his own handwriting a copy of Wordsworth's Preface to " The Excursion." At the end there is this note : —

" Solomon, when he married Pharaoh's daughter, and became a convert to the heathen mythology, talked exactly in this way of Jehovah, as a very inferior object of man's contemplation. He also passed him by ' unalarmed,' and was permitted. Jehovah dropped a tear, and followed him by his Spirit into the abstract void. It is called the Divine mercy. Satan dwells in it, but mercy does not dwell in him."

Of Wordsworth Blake talked as before. Some of his writings proceed from the Holy Spirit, but others are the work of the Devil. However, on this subject, I found Blake's language more in accordance with orthodox Christianity than before. He talked of being under the direction of self. Reason, as the creature of man, is opposed to God's grace. He warmly declared that all he knew is in the Bible. But he understands the Bible in its spiritual sense. As to the natural sense, he says : " Voltaire was commissioned by God to expose that. I have had much intercourse with Voltaire, and he said to me, ' I blasphemed the Son of Man, and it shall be forgiven me ' ; but they (the enemies of Voltaire) blasphemed the Holy Ghost in

me, and it shall not be forgiven them." I asked in what language Voltaire spoke. "To my sensations, it was English. It was like the touch of a musical key. He touched it, probably, French, but to my ear it became English." I spoke again of the *form* of the persons who appear to him, and asked why he did not draw them. "It is not worth while. There are so many, the labor would be too great. Besides, there would be no use. As to Shakespeare, he is exactly like the *old* engraving, which is called a bad one. I think it very good."

I inquired of Blake about his writings. "I have written more than Voltaire or Rousseau. Six or seven epic poems as long as Homer, and twenty tragedies as long as Macbeth." He showed me his vision (for so it may be called) of Genesis, — "as understood by a Christian visionary." He read a passage at random; it was striking. He will not print any more. "I write," he says, "when commanded by the spirits, and the moment I have written I see the words fly about the room in all directions. It is then published, and the spirits can read. My MS. is of no further use. I have been tempted to burn my MSS., but my wife won't let me." — "She is right," said I. "You have written these, not from yourself, but by order of higher beings. The MSS. are theirs, not yours. You cannot tell what purpose they may answer unforeseen by you." He liked this, and said he would not destroy them. He repeated his philosophy. Everything is the work of God or the Devil. There is a constant falling off from God, angels becoming devils. Every man has a devil in him, and the conflict is eternal between a man's self and God, &c., &c. He told me my copy of his songs would be five guineas, and was pleased by my manner of receiving this information. He spoke of his horror of money, — of his having turned pale when money was offered him.

H. C. R. to Miss Wordsworth.

[No date, but the postmark is February.]

My dear Friend, — I did a mighty foolish thing when I intimated at the close of my last letter that I should write again very soon. This was encouraging — not to say inviting — you to postpone writing till I had so written. Now I have, you see, not fulfilled my intention. And I take up my pen now, not so much because I have anything to say, as to discharge myself of the sort of promise which such an intimation

raised. And, besides, the *quantity* of what I shall then have sent you will entitle me to some notice from you.

Of my friends here, there are few to mention. Clarkson, Jun., you will probably soon see. He means to visit you, if possible, on the circuit. He will give you all Playford and Woodbridge news. The Lambs are really improving. If you look into the last *New Monthly Magazine*, you will be delighted by perceiving that Charles Lamb is himself again. His peculiar mixture of wit and fancy is to be found there in all its charming individuality. No one knows better than he the proportions of earnestness and gayety for his undefinable compositions. His health, I think, is decidedly improving.

A few evenings ago I met at his house one of the *attachés* to the great Lombard Street shop. He said that Mr. Wordsworth's works had been repeatedly inquired after lately; and that the inquirers had been referred to Hurst's house. This led to a talk about the new edition, and the new arrangement. Lamb observed: "There is only one good order, — and that is the order in which they were written, — that is, a history of the poet's mind." This would be true enough of a poet who produced everything at a heat, where there is no pondering, and pausing, and combining, and accumulating, and bringing to bear on one point the inspirations and the wise reflections of years.

In the *last* edition, — I hope I shall never see it, — of course not meaning the variorum editions of Commentators, but in the last of the author's own editions intended for future generations, the editor will say to himself, — aware of the habit people have of beginning at the beginning, and ending at the end, — How shall I be best understood and most strongly felt? By what train of thought and succession of feelings is the reader to be led on, — how will his best faculties and wisest curiosity be most excited? The dates given to the table of contents will be sufficient to inform the inquisitive reader how the poet's own mind was successively engaged. Lamb disapproves (and it gave me pleasure to find I was authorized by his opinion in the decided opinion I had from the first) of the classification into poems of fancy, imagination, and reflection. The reader who is enjoying (for instance) to the top of his bent the magnificent Ode which in every classification ought to be the last, does not stay to ask, nor does he care, what faculty has been most taxed in the production. This is certain, that what the poet says of nature is equally true of the mind

of man, and the productions of his faculties. They exist not in "absolute independent singleness." To attempt ascertaining curiously the preponderance of any one faculty in each work is a profitless labor.

An editor such as Dr. Johnson would make short work of it. All the elegies, all the odes, all the sonnets, all the etceteras together. But then your brother has had the impertinence to plague the critics by producing works that cannot be brought under any of the heads of Enfield's "Speaker," though he has not a few that might be entitled, *A Copy of Verses.* Why a copy? I used to ask when a school-boy. Goethe has taken this class of poems under his especial protection. And his "Gelegenheit's Gedichte" (Occasional Poems) are among the most delightful of his works. My favorites of this class among your brother's works are, "Lady! the Songs of Spring were in the Grove," and "Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave."

One exception I am willing to make in favor of the *Sonnet*, though otherwise a classification according to metrical form is the most unmeaning.

If I may venture to express the order that I should most enjoy, it would be one formed on the great objects of human concern; though I should be by no means solicitous about any, or care for the inevitable blendings and crossings of classes. Were these poems in Italian, one grand class would be *alla bella Natura.* Unluckily, we want this phrase, which both the Germans and French have. *Der schönen Natur gewidmet.* Such a heading would be affected in English. Still, I should like to see brought together all the poems which are founded on that intense love of nature, — that exquisitive discernment of its peculiar charms, — and that almost deification of nature which poor Blake (but of that hereafter) reproaches your brother with. As subdivisions, would be the Duddon, the Memorials, the naming of places. One division of the Sonnets would correspond with this great class.

After nature come the contemplations of human life, viewed in its great features, — infancy and youth, — active life (viz. the happy warrior), — old age and death. Collateral with these are the affections arising out of the social relations, — maternal and filial, — fraternal and connubial love, &c., &c., &c. Then there is a third great division, which might be entitled *The Age.* Here we should be forced to break into the Sonnets, in which shape most of these poems are. Why is the "Thanksgiving Ode" to be the *last* of this class? It is a sort of moral and

intellectual suicide in your brother not to have continued his admirable series of poems "dedicated to liberty," — he might add, "and public virtue."

. . . . .

I assure you it gives me real pain when I think that some future commentator may possibly hereafter write: "This great poet survived to the fifth decennary of the nineteenth century, but he appears to have died in the year 1814, as far as life consisted in an active sympathy with the temporary welfare of his fellow-creatures. He had written heroically and divinely against the tyranny of Napoleon, but was quite indifferent to all the successive tyrannies which disgraced the succeeding times."

A fourth class would be the religious poems. Here I have a difficulty: ought these to be separated from the philosophical poems, or united with them? In some of these poems, Mr. Wordsworth has given poetical existence to feelings in which the *many* will join; others are moods of his own mind, mystical as the mob, — philosophical, as the few would say. I should give my vote for a separation. The longer narrative poems, such as the "White Doe," would form classes of themselves.

I have above mentioned Blake. I forget whether I have referred before to this very interesting man, with whom I am now become acquainted. Were the "Memorials" at my hand, I should quote a fine passage in the Sonnet on the Cologne Cathedral as applicable to the contemplation of this singular being.* I gave your brother some poems in MS. by him, and they interested him, as well they might; for there is an affinity between them, as there is between the regulated imagination of a wise poet and the incoherent outpourings of a dreamer. Blake is an engraver by trade, a painter and a poet also, whose works have been subject of derision to men in general; but he has a few admirers, and some of eminence have eulogized his designs. He has lived in obscurity and poverty, to which the constant hallucinations in which he lives have doomed him. I do not mean to give you a detailed account of him; a few words will serve to inform you of what class he is. He is not so much a disciple of Jacob Boehme and Swedenborg as a fellow-visionary. He lives as they did, in a world of his own, enjoying constant intercourse with the world of spirits. He receives visits from

* Probably these lines: —

"O for the help of Angels to complete
This Temple — Angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by man."

Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Voltaire, &c., and has given me repeatedly their very words in their conversations. His paintings are copies of what he sees in his visions. His books (and his MSS. are immense in quantity) are dictations from the spirits. A man so favored, of course, has sources of wisdom and truth peculiar to himself. I will not pretend to give you an account of his religious and philosophical opinions ; they are a strange compound of Christianity, Spinozism, and Platonism. I must confine myself to what he has said about your brother's works, and I fear this may lead me far enough to fatigue you in following me. After what I have said, Mr. Wordsworth will not be flattered by knowing that Blake deems him the *only poet* of the age, nor much alarmed by hearing that Blake thinks that he is often in his works an *Atheist*. Now, according to Blake, Atheism consists in worshipping the natural world, which same natural world, properly speaking, is nothing real, but a mere illusion produced by Satan. Milton was for a great part of his life an Atheist, and therefore has fatal errors in his " Paradise Lost," which he has often begged Blake to confute. Dante (though now with God) lived and died an Atheist ; he was the slave of the world and time. But Dante and Wordsworth, in spite of their Atheism, were inspired by the Holy Ghost. Indeed, all real poetry is the work of the Holy Ghost, and Wordsworth's poems (a large proportion, at least) are the work of Divine inspiration. Unhappily, he is left by God to his own illusions, and then the Atheism is apparent. I had the pleasure of reading to Blake, in my best style (and you know I am vain on that point, and think I read Wordsworth's poems peculiarly well), the " Ode on Immortality." I never witnessed greater delight in any listener ; and in general Blake loves the poems. What appears to have disturbed his mind, on the other hand, is the Preface to " The Excursion." He told me, six months ago, that it caused him a stomach complaint, which nearly killed him. When I first saw Blake at Mrs. Aders's, he very earnestly asked me, " Is Mr. Wordsworth a sincere, real Christian ? " In reply to my answer, he said : " If so, what does he mean by the worlds to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil ? and who is he that shall pass Jehovah unalarmed ? " It is since then that I have lent Blake all the works which he but imperfectly knew. I doubt whether what I have written will excite your and Mr. Wordsworth's curiosity ; but there is something so delightful about the man, though in great poverty, he is so perfect a gentleman, with such genuine dignity and inde-

pendence, — scorning presents, and of such native delicacy in words, &c., &c., &c. — that I have not scrupled promising to bring him and Mr. Wordsworth together. He expressed his thanks strongly, saying: "You do me honor: Mr. Wordsworth is a great man. Besides, he may convince me I am wrong about him; I have been wrong before now," &c. Coleridge has visited Blake, and I am told talks finely about him.

That I might not encroach on a third sheet, I have compressed what I had to say about Blake. You must *see* him one of these days, and he will interest you, at all events, whatever character you give to his mind.

I go on the 1st of March on a circuit, which will last a month. If you write during that time direct, "On the Norfolk Circuit"; if before, direct here.

My best remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. And recollect again that you are not to read *all* this letter to any one if it will offend. And you are yourself to forgive it, coming from one who is

Affectionately your friend,

H. C. R.

March 22d. — A consultation in a libel case for a Methodist preacher. Rather a comic scene. The zeal as well as the taste of the partisans of the prosecutor was shown in the brief. One sentence I copy as a specimen: "This shameful trash, originating in the profoundest malice, nurtured and propagated on the base hope of extortion, has ingratitude unparalleled for its stain, wickedness hitherto undiscovered for its nature, and the indelible shame of its own reputation to seal the abhorrent character of its crime."

March 23d — Was much pleased with my great-niece (daughter of Tom). She has as many indications of sensibility and talent as I ever witnessed in a child not much more than two years old. She sings with apparently a full feeling of what she sings.

April 16th. — A report concerning —— sufficiently spread to make his return from the Continent necessary. Yet A says he is quite satisfied that the report is groundless. It cannot be traced to any authority whatever, and it is of a kind which, though highly injurious, might arise out of the most insignificant of idle remarks. A says to B, "Nobody knows why —— keeps abroad; it is quite unaccountable. His friends say nothing." B says to C, "Have you heard why

—— keeps away? Can he be in difficulties?" In speaking of the matter to D, C acknowledges that there is a suspicion that —— is in difficulties, and adds: "I hope there is nothing in it, for I had a high opinion of him. Better say nothing." Surmises increase, and the whisper goes down to Z, and comes back and crosses and jostles; and unless some one gives himself the trouble to write to the subject of these reports, he comes home to find his reputation gone.

April 23d. — Called late on Lamb. He lent me a humorous "Essay on Deformity," which I read with pleasure. It is very much in Lamb's own style of humor, and is a piece of playful self-satire, if not written in the assumed character of a hump-backed, diseased member of Parliament. Published by Dodsley, 1794, the author, William Hay, Esq. He would have been known to the wits of his age.*

May 18th. — At night over Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," a work which has interested me greatly and occupied me much of late. It has remarkable talent and strange singularities. His religion that of the vulgar, his philosophy his own. This work exhibits the best adaptation of Kantian principles to English religious sentiment.

Rem.† — That beautiful composition, in the special sense of being compounded of the production of the Scotch Abp. Leighton and himself, I compared to an ancient statue said to be made of ivory and gold, likening the part belonging to the Archbishop to ivory, and that belonging to Coleridge to gold. Coleridge somewhere admits that, musing over Leighton's text, he was not always able to distinguish what was properly his own from what was derived from his master. Instead of saying in my journal that his philosophy is his own, and his religion that of the vulgar, might I not more truly have said that he was not unwilling in some publication to write both *eso*terically and *exo*terically?

May 20th. — At Miss Sharpe's. A small but agreeable party, — the Flaxmans, Aikins, &c. Samuel Rogers came late, and spoke about Wordsworth's poems with great respect, but with regret at his obstinate adherence to his peculiarities.

Rem.‡ —There was at this time a current anecdote that Rogers once said to Wordsworth, "If you would let me edit your poems, and give me leave to omit some half-dozen, and make a few trifling alterations, I would engage that you should be as popular a poet as any living." Wordsworth's answer is

* Works on Deformity, &c., by William Hay. London, 1794. 4to. 2 vols.
† Written in 1852. ‡ Written in 1852.

said to have been: "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Rogers; I am a poor man, but I would rather remain as I am."

May 26th. — Mr. Scargill * breakfasted with me. A sensible man. He said, an Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman is at peace only when he is fighting.

Called on Meyer of Red Lion Square, where Lamb was sitting for his portrait.† A strong likeness; but it gives him the air of a thinking man, and is more like the framer of a system of philosophy than the genial and gay author of the "Essays of Elia."

May 27th. — At the Haymarket. An agreeable evening. I saw nothing but Liston. In "Quite Correct" he is an innkeeper, very anxious to be quite correct, and understanding everything literally. His humorous stupidity is the only pleasant thing in the piece. In "Paul Pry" he is not the mar-plot but the make-plot of the play, for by his prying and picking out of the water some letter by which a plot is detected, he exposes a knavish housekeeper, who is on the point of inveigling an old bachelor into marriage. Liston's inimitable face is the only amusement.

June 5th. — A party at Miss Benger's. Saw Dr. Kitchener, of gastronomic celebrity, but had no conversation with him. A grave and formal man, with long face and spectacles. Other authors were there, — a Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*,‡ a work I do not like; Miss Landon, a young poetess, — a starling, — the "L. E. L." of the *Gazette*, with a gay good-humored face, which gave me a favorable impression; an Australian poet, with the face of a frog; and Miss Porter (Jane), who is looking much older than when I last saw her.

June 12th. — With W. Pattisson at Irving's. We took tea there. Some slight diminution of respect for him. He avowed intolerance. Thought the Presbyterian clergy were right in insisting on the execution of Aikenhead for blasphemy.§ Yet

* The supposed author of the "Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister."

† There is a lithograph by Vinter of this portrait in Barry Cornwall's "Memoir of Charles Lamb," p. 192.

‡ *Literary Gazette, and Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.* A weekly periodical established in 1817, under the editorship of William Jerdan, Esq., and continued by the Rev. H. Christmas.

§ Thomas Aikenhead, a student of eighteen, was hanged at Edinburgh, in 1697, for having uttered free opinions about the Trinity and some of the books of the Bible. His offence was construed as blasphemy under an old Scottish statute, which was strained for the purpose of convicting him. After his sentence he recanted, and begged a short respite to make his peace with God. This the Privy Council declined to grant, unless the Edinburgh clergy would

I cannot deny the consistency of this. The difficulty lies in reconciling any form of Christianity with tolerance. There came in several persons, who were to read the Prophets with Irving. I liked what I saw of these people, but Pattisson and I came away, of course, before the reading began. Irving has sunk of late in public opinion in consequence of his writing and preaching about the millennium, which, as he said this afternoon, he believes will come in less than forty years. He is certainly an enthusiast, — I fear, too, a fanatic.

June 13th. — Called early on Blake. He was as wild as ever, with no great novelty. He talked, as usual, of the spirits, asserted that he had committed many murders, that reason is the only evil or sin, and that careless people are better than those who, &c., &c.

June 15th. — Called at Montagu's. Rode with him, Mrs. Montagu, and Irving to Highgate. Coleridge, as usual, very eloquent, but, as usual, nothing remains now in my mind that I can venture to insert here. I never took a note of Coleridge's conversation which was not a *caput mortuum*. But still there is a *spirit*, and a glorious spirit too, in what he says at all times. Irving was not brilliant, but gloomy in his denunciations of God's vengeance against the nation for its irreligion. By the by, Coleridge declaims against Irving for his reveries about the Prophecies. Irving, however, pleased me by his declaration on Monday, that Coleridge had convinced him that he was a bibliolatrist.

*June 17th, Rem.** — Went down to Witham, and Pattisson drove me to Maldon, that I might exercise my electoral franchise. The Pattissons were then Whigs and Liberals, and Mr. Lennard was their candidate. There was a sort of medium man, a Mr. Wynn, a Tory, but less offensive than Quentin Dick, a vulgar anti-papist. I gave a plumper for Lennard, and made a speech on the hustings. I began wilfully with a few sentences meant for fun, and gained a little applause. I declared that I was an enemy to popish practices. But when I turned round and said that the anti-Catholic laws were of a popish character, and therefore I was against them, the storm of hisses and screams was violent. One fellow cried out: "Don't believe that feller, — he's a lawyer, — he's paid for what he says." I enjoyed the *row*, and could well imagine

intercede for him; but so far were they from seconding his petition, that they actually demanded that his execution should not be delayed! (See "Macaulay's History," Vol. IV. pp. 781–784.)

* Written in 1852.

how a man used to being abused, and knowing that it is his party, and not he, that is attacked, can very well bear it.

June 27th. — Dined at Flaxman's. Mr. Tulk, late M. P. for Sudbury, his father-in-law, Mr. Norris, and a namesake of mine, Mr. Robinson, I think an M. P. Our talk chiefly on public matters. The littleness of this sort of greatness is now so deeply impressed on me, that I am in no danger of overestimating the honors which public office confers. The quiet and dignity attendant on a man of genius, like Flaxman, are worth immeasurably more than anything which popular favor can give. The afternoon was as lively as the oppressive heat would permit.

IRISH TOUR.*

July 30th. — I left London early by coach, and the journey was rendered pleasant by an agreeable companion, the son of an old and valued friend. On passing through Devizes, I had a mortifying sense of my own forgetfulness, as well as of the transiency of human things. There I spent three years at school. But I could not without difficulty find an individual in the place who knows me now. Not a school-fellow have I any recollection of. The very houses had nearly grown out of knowledge ; and an air of meanness in the streets was very unpleasant to me. Yet, had I not been expected elsewhere, I should have stayed a night at the Bear.† I could, perhaps, have found out some once familiar walk.

We were set down at Melksham, twelve miles before Bath, at the house of the mother of my companion, Mrs. Evans, a widow.‡ Her sister-in-law and a cousin were there, one daughter and three sons, besides my companion. They seemed to have one heart between them all, and to be as affectionate a knot of worthy people as I ever saw. Mrs. Evans and her sister were glad to see an old acquaintance, who enabled them to live over again some hours they might otherwise have forgotten forever.

* This tour is given more at length than usual, as one in which Mr. Robinson himself felt especial interest. He says of it: "My Reminiscences of this journey were written nearly eight years ago (i. e. in 1843), when I by no means thought I should write so much as I have done, and when I hoped merely that I might be able to produce something worth preserving for friends after my death. I had already written an account of my adventures in Holstein in 1807, and what I wrote next is contained in the following pages."

† The inn formerly kept by the father of Sir T. Lawrence.

‡ The widow of my excellent friend Joseph Evans, who died in 1812, and who was a son of Dr. Evans of Bristol, Principal of a Baptist College there — H. C. R.

August 4th. — I proceeded to the Hot Wells, Bristol.

*Rem.** — My journal expresses disgust at the sight of the river Avon, "a deep bank of solid dirty clay on each side, with a streamlet of liquid mud in the centre." I should not think it worth while to mention this, were it not to add that a few years since I found this Western port vastly improved by the formation of a wet dock, so that the city is in a degree relieved from the nuisance of a tidal river. I had the company of a younger son of Mrs. Evans.†

August 5th. — I embarked in a steamer for Cork. The cabin passengers paid £ 1 each; the steerage passengers 2 *s.* A pleasant voyage, with pleasant companions, whom I have never heard of since.

August 6th. — Landed early in the Cove of Cork. And four of us were put on a jaunting-car or jingle. I was amused and surprised by the efficiency of man and beast. The animal, small and rough, but vigorous; the driver all rags and vivacity. He managed — how I could not conceive — to pack us all on his car, and vast quantities of luggage too, with the oddest tackle imaginable, — pack-thread, handkerchiefs, &c., &c.

Rem.‡ — My first impression of the Irish poor was never altered. The men were all rags. Those who did not beg or look beggingly (and many such I saw) were worse dressed than an English beggar. The women, though it was summer, had on dark cloth cloaks. Yet, except the whining or howling beggars, the gayety of these poverty-stricken creatures seemed quite invincible.

> "And they, so perfect is their misery,
> Not once perceive their foul disfigurement."

O'Connell one day, pointing to a wretched house, said to me, "Had you any idea of so much wretchedness?" I answered, "I had no idea of so little wretchedness with such destitution."

August 7th. — I rose early and took a walk in the city. After breakfast, seeing in the coffee-room two gentlemen who appeared to be barristers, I presented my card to them, told them I was an English barrister, and requested them to take me into court. They complied with great politeness. The name of one was Thwaites. The courts, two wretched buildings in the

* Written in 1843.

† Either he or his brother is now the printer and part proprietor of *Punch*. — H. C. R., 1843.

‡ Written in 1843.

shape of meeting-houses; the jury sitting aloft in the gallery, and the counsel, on one side, sitting so near the gallery that they were obliged to lift up their heads ludicrously to catch a glimpse of the foreman.

I went first into the Nisi Prius Court. Mr. Justice Torrens was sitting. A very young-looking, fair-complexioned, mild and gentlemanly man. A point of law was being argued. The prominent man at the bar was a thick-set, broad-faced, good-humored, middle-aged person, who spoke with the air of one conscious of superiority. It was Daniel O'Connell. He began to talk over with Mr. Thwaites the point under discussion. I could not help putting in a word. "You seem, sir, to be of our profession," said O'Connell. "I am an English barrister." He asked my name, and from that moment commenced a series of civilities which seem likely to be continued, and may greatly modify this journey. He took me by the arm, led me from court to court, as he had business in most cases, and yet found time to chat with me at intervals all the day. He made much of me, and, as I have no doubt, from a mere exuberance of good-nature.

In the other court was Baron Pennefather, a man whom all the bar praised for his manners as well as for his abilities. He had nevertheless a droll air, with a simplicity somewhat quizzical.

With the judges as well as the bar and the people O'Connell seemed to be a sort of pet; his good-humor probably atoning for his political perversities, and, what must have been to his colleagues more objectionable, his great success. Bennett, K. C., was his chief opponent, — a complete contrast. Wagget, Recorder of Cork, is a man of ingratiating sweetness of manner. Among the juniors is O'Loghlen, a rising man with a good face.*

I found that business was transacted with more gravity and politeness than I had expected. An insurance cause was tried, in which both judges and counsel seemed to be at fault. It is only recently that insurances have been effected here. On questions of evidence greater latitude was allowed than in our English courts. That is, there was more common sense, with fewer technicalities. I amused myself attending to the business, with one incident to divert my mind, and that is worth mentioning.

* I have since met him at Rolfe's, when he, the Solicitor-General of Ireland, was visiting the Solicitor-General of England. He died, lamented, as Master of the Rolls. — H. C. R.

I recollected that among my school-fellows at Devizes was a Cork boy, named Johnson. I had heard of his being an attorney. I recalled his countenance to my mind, — red hair, reddish eyes, very large nose, and fair complexion. I looked about, and actually discovered my old school-fellow in the Under Sheriff. On inquiry, I found I was right in my guess. When the judge retired, I went up to the Under Sheriff and said, "Will you allow me to ask you an impertinent question?" His look implied, "Any question that is *not* impertinent." — "Were you at school at Devizes?" — "Yes, I was. Why, you are not an old school-fellow?" — "Yes, I am." — "I shall be glad to talk with you." Our conversation ended in my engaging to dine with him to-morrow.

August 8th. — The morning was spent in lounging about the environs of Cork, about which I shall say nothing here. In the afternoon I went to my old school-fellow, Johnson, whom I found handsomely housed in the Parade. Accompanied him and two strangers in a jingle to his residence at our landing-place, Passage. From first to last I could not bring myself back to his recollection; but I had no difficulty in satisfying him that I had been his school-fellow, so many were the recollections we had in common. Johnson has a wife, an agreeable woman, and a large fine family. He gave me an account of himself. He began the world with a guinea, and by close attention to business is now at the head of his profession. For many years he has been Solicitor to the Admiralty, Excise, Customs, and Stamp Office. He is a zealous Protestant, — I fear an Orangeman. I therefore avoided politics, for, had we quarrelled, we could not, as formerly, have settled our difference by a harmless boxing-match. But our old school was a subject on which we both had great pleasure in talking. Our recollections were not always of the same circumstances, and so we could assist each other. "Do you remember Cuthbert?" said his daughter. "What," said I, "a shy, blushing lad, very gentle and amiable?" She turned to her father, and said: "If we could have doubted that this gentleman was your school-fellow, this would be enough to convince us. He has described Cuthbert as he was to the last." She said this with tears in her eyes. He was the friend of the family, and but lately dead. Johnson promised that if I would visit him on my return, he would invite three or four school-fellows to meet me.

The drive to Passage was very beautiful; but the boy who drove me did not keep his promise, to call for me before nine, to take me back, and so I had to walk.

August 9th. — This, too, a very interesting day. I rose early, strolled on the fine Quay, and breakfasted. After eight I was packed upon the Killarney Mail, with a crowded mass of passengers and luggage, heaped up in defiance of all regulations of Parliament or prudence. The good-humor with which every one submitted to inconveniences was very *national.* I was wedged in behind when I heard a voice exclaim: "You must get down, Mr. Robinson, and sit by O'Connell in front. He insists on it." The voice was that of a barrister whom I had seen in court, and who, by pressing me to change places with him, led to my having as interesting a ride as can be imagined; for "the glorious Counsellor," as he was hailed by the natives on the road, is a capital companion, with high animal spirits, infinite good temper, great earnestness in discussion, and replete with intelligence on all the subjects we talked upon. There was sufficient difference between us to produce incessant controversy, and sufficient agreement to generate kindness and respect. Perceiving at first that he meant to have a long talk on the stirring topics of the day, I took an early opportunity of saying: "In order that we should be on fair terms, as I know a great deal about you, and you know nothing about me, it is right that I should tell you that I am by education a Dissenter, that I have been brought up to think, and do think, the Roman Catholic Church the greatest enemy to civil and religious liberty, and that from a religious point of view it is the object of my abhorrence. But, at the same time, you cannot have, politically, a warmer friend. I think emancipation your right. I do not allow myself to ask whether in like circumstances you would grant us what you demand. Emancipation is your right. And were I a Roman Catholic, there is no extremity I would not risk in order to get it."

These, as nearly as possible, were my words. On my ending, he seized me by the hand very cordially, and said: "I would a thousand times rather talk with one of your way of thinking than with one of my own." Of course the question of the truth or falsehood of the several schemes of religion was not once adverted to, but merely the collateral questions of a historical or judicial bearing. And on all these O'Connell had an infinite advantage over me, in his much greater acquaintance with the subject. He maintained stoutly that intolerance is no essential principle of the Roman Catholic Church, but is unhappily introduced by politicians for secular interests, the priests of all religions having yielded on this point to kings

and magistrates. Of this he did not convince me. He also affirmed — and this may be true — that during the reign of Queen Mary not a single Protestant was put to death in Ireland. Nor was there any reaction against the Protestants during the reign of James II.

Our conversation was now and then amusingly diversified by incidents. It was known on the road that "the glorious Counsellor" was to be on the coach, and therefore at every village, and wherever we changed horses, there was a knot of people assembled to cheer him. The country we traversed was for the most part wild, naked, and comfortless.

I will mention only the little town of Macroom, because I here alighted, and was shown the interior of a gentleman's seat (Hedges Eyre, Esq.), — a violent Orangeman, I was told. However, in spite of the squire, there was in the town a signboard on which was the very "Counsellor" himself, with a visage as fierce as the Saracen's head. He would not confess to having sat for the picture, and promised us one still finer on the road.

On a very wild plain he directed my attention to a solitary tree, at a distance so great that it was difficult to believe a rifle would carry a ball so far. Yet here a great-uncle of O'Connell's was shot. He had declared that he would shoot a man who refused to fight him on account of his being a Catholic. For this he was proclaimed under a law passed after the Revolution, authorizing the government to declare it lawful to put to death the proclaimed individuals. He never left his house unarmed, and he kept at a distance from houses and places where his enemies might lie in wait for him; but he had miscalculated the power of the rifle.

At one of the posting-houses there was with the crowd a very, very old woman, with gray eyes, far apart, and an expression that reminded me of that excellent woman, D. W. As soon as we stopped she exclaimed, with a piercing voice: "O that I should live to see your noble honor again! Do give me something, your honor, to —" "Why, you are an old cheat," cried the Counsellor. "Did you not ask me for a sixpence last time, to buy a nail for your coffin?" — "I believe I did, your honor, and I thought it." — "Well, then, there 's a shilling for you, but only on condition that you are dead before I come this way again." She caught the shilling, and gave a scream of joy that quite startled me. She set up a caper, and cried out: "I 'll buy a new cloak, — I 'll buy a new cloak!" — "You foolish old woman, nobody will give you a

shilling if you have a new cloak on." — "O, but I won't wear it here, I won't wear it here!" And, when the horses started, we left her still capering, and the collected mob shouting the praises of "the glorious Counsellor." Everywhere he seemed to be the object of warm attachment on the part of the people. And even from Protestants I heard a very high character of him as a private gentleman.

To recur once more to our conversation. On my telling him that if he could prove his assertion that intolerance is not inherent in Roman Catholicism, he would do more than by any other means to reconcile Protestants to Roman Catholics, — that the fires of Smithfield are oftener thought of than the seven sacraments or the mass, he recommended Milner's "Letters to a Prebendary," * and a pamphlet on the Catholic claims by Dr. Troy.† He said: "Of all the powerful intellects I have ever encountered, Dr. Troy's is the most powerful."

He related a very important occurrence, which, if true, ought by this time to be one of the acknowledged facts of history.‡ During the famous rising of the Irish volunteers, in 1786, the leaders of the party, the Bishop of Bristol, Lord Charlemont, and Mr. Flood, had resolved on declaring the independence of Ireland. At a meeting held for the purpose of drawing up the proclamation, Grattan made his appearance, and confounded them all by his determined opposition. "Unless you put me to death this instant, or pledge your honor that you will abandon the project, I will go instantly to the Castle, and denounce you all as traitors." His resolution and courage prevailed. This was known to the government, and therefore it was that the government assented to the grant of a pension by the Irish Parliament.

We arrived, about four o'clock, at the mean and uncomfortable little town of Killarney. On our arrival O'Connell said,

* "Letters to a Prebendary; Being an Answer to Reflections on Popery. By the Rev. J. Sturges, LL. D. With remarks on the Opposition of Hoadlyism to the Doctrines of the Church of England, &c. By the Rev. John Milner." Winchester, 1800. 4to.

† Archbishop of Dublin. An Irish friend to whom I have shown this passage thinks that H. C. R. must have confounded names, and that it was of Father Arthur O'Leary O'Connell spoke as having produced a powerful pamphlet on the Catholic claims. O'Leary's "Loyalty Asserted" appeared in 1777. His "Essay on Toleration; or, Plea for Liberty of Conscience," appeared in 1780 or 1781.

‡ This anecdote does not seem to be correct as it stands. There was no rising of volunteers in 1786; only a weak and ineffectual convention of delegates. Their power had been already long on the wane. Flood and Grattan were then bitter enemies. Moreover, the grant (not pension) to Grattan was in 1783.

just as I was about to alight: "You are aware by this time that I am king of this part of Ireland. Now, as I have the power, I tell you that I will not suffer you to alight until you give me your word of honor that on Monday next you will be at the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. M'Swiney, at Cahir. There I shall be with my family, and you must then accompany me to Derrynane, my residence. Now, promise me that instantly." — "I am too well aware of your power to resist you; and therefore I do promise." He took me to the Kenmare Arms, and introduced me as a particular friend; and I have no doubt that the attentions I received were greatly owing to the recommendation of so powerful a patron. A glance shows me that this spot deserves all its fame for the beauty of its environs.

August 10th. — Having risen early and begun my breakfast, I was informed by my landlord, that four gentlemen would be glad if I would join them in an excursion to the Lower Lake. Two were a father and son, by no means companionable, but perfectly innocuous. The other two were very good society; one Mr. J. White, of Glengariff, a nephew of Lord Bantry; the other a Mr. Smith, the son of a magistrate, whose family came into Ireland under Cromwell. We walked to Ross Castle, and there embarked on the lake for Muckruss Abbey, where we saw bones and fragments of coffins lying about most offensively. We next proceeded to the Torc Lake, landed at Torc Cottage, and saw a cascade. At Innisfallen Island we had the usual meal of roasted salmon. The beauties of these places, — are they not written in the guide-books? Our coxswain was an intelligent man, and not the worse for believing in the O'Donoghue and his spectral appearances.

August 11th. — Walked up the mountain Mangerton. Had a little boy for our guide. He took us by a glen from Mr. Coltman's new house. On our way we saw a number of cows, where the pasture is said to be rich, and our little guide pointed out a ledge of stone where, he said, "a man goes a-summering." He attends to the cows, and lives under the shelter of the ledge of stone. We saw, of course, the famous Devil's Punchbowl. On the summit a magnificent mountain scene presented itself. Three gentlemen as well as ourselves were there, and one of them, a handsome young man, with the air of an officer, accosted me with the question whether I was not at Munich three years ago, when a German student fought a duel. That incident I well recollect.

August 12th. — A drive to the Gap of Dunloe. Near the entrance I observed a hedge-school, — some eight or ten ragged urchins sitting literally in a ditch. The boatman said the master is "a man of bright learning as any in Kerry." A remarkable feature in the rocks of this pass is that they take a dark color from the action of water on them. The charm of the Gap was the echo called forth in several places by a bugleman, a well-behaved man, and an admirable player. He played the huntsman's chorus in "Der Freischütz." I think he would, without the echo, make his fortune in London.

At the middle of the Gap sat a forlorn, cowering object, a woman aged 105. She is said to have survived all her kin. She spoke Irish only. Her face all wrinkles; her skin like that of a dried fish. I never saw so frightful a creature in the human form. Swift must have seen such a one when he described his Goldrums.*

August 14th. — Took my place on an outside car (a Russian drosky, in fact), a by no means inconvenient vehicle on good roads. At five, reached the house of Mr. M'Swiney, at Cahir. It would have been thought forlorn in England. In Ireland, it placed the occupier among the *honoratiores*. Here I found a numerous family of O'Connells. Mrs. O'Connell an invalid, very lady-like and agreeable. There were six or seven other ladies, well-bred, some young and handsome. It was a strict fast day. The dinner, however, was a very good one, and no mortification to me. Salmon, trout, various vegetables, sweet puddings, pie, cream, custards, &c., &c. There was for the invalid a single dish of meat, of which I was invited to partake. On arriving at the table, O'Connell knocked it with the handle of his knife, — every one put his hand to his face, and O'Connell begged a blessing in the usual way, adding something in an inaudible whisper. At the end every one crossed himself. I was told that O'Connell had not tasted food all day. He is rigid in the discharge of all the formalities of his church, but with the utmost conceivable liberality towards others; and there is great hilarity in his ordinary manners.

After tea I was taken to the house of another connection of the O'Connells, named Primrose, and there I slept.

August 15th. — I did not rise till late. Bad weather all day. The morning spent in writing. In the afternoon a large dinner-

* Struldbrugs. The editor fears it is impossible to correct all H. C. R.'s mistakes as to names.

party from Mr. M'Swiney's. Before dinner was over the piper was called in. He was treated with kind familiarity by every one. The Irish bagpipe is a more complex instrument than the Scotch, and the sound is less offensive. The young people danced reels, and we did not break up till late. O'Connell very lively, — the soul of the party.

August 16th. — A memorable day. I never before was of a party which travelled in a way resembling a royal progress. A chariot for the ladies. A car for the luggage. Some half-dozen horsemen, of whom I was one. I was mounted on a safe old horse, and soon forgot that I had not been on horseback three times within the last thirty years. The natural scenery little attractive. Bog and ocean, mountain and rock, had ceased to be novelties. We passed a few mud huts, with ragged women and naked urchins ; but all was redolent of life and interest. At the door of every hut were the inhabitants, eager to greet their landlord, for we were now in O'Connell's territory. And their tones and gesticulations manifested unaffected attachment. The women have a graceful mode of salutation. They do not courtesy, but bend their bodies forward. They join their hands, and then, turning the palms outward, spread them, making a sort of figure of a bell in the air. And at the same time they utter unintelligible Irish sounds.

At several places parties of men were standing in lanes. Some of these parties joined us, and accompanied us several miles. I was surprised by remarking that some of the men ran by the side of O'Connell's horse, and were vehement in their gesticulations and loud in their talk. First one spoke, then another. O'Connell seemed desirous of shortening their clamor by whispering me to trot a little faster. Asking afterwards what all this meant, I learnt from him that all these men were his tenants, and that one of the conditions of their holding under him was, that they should never go to law, but submit all their disputes to him. In fact, he was trying causes all the morning.* We were driven into a hut by a shower. The orators did not cease. Whether we rested under cover or trotted forward, the eloquence went on. The hut in which we took shelter was, I was told, of the bettermost kind. It had a sort of chimney,

* This is worthy of note, especially for its bearing on one of the charges brought against the agitator on the recent monster trial. He is accused of conspiring to supersede the law of the land and its tribunals by introducing arbitrations. I could have borne witness that he had adopted this practice seventeen years ago, but it would have been exculpatory rather than criminating testimony. — H. C. R., 1844.

not a mere hole in the roof, a long wooden seat like a garden chair, and a recess which I did not explore. The hovels I afterwards saw seemed to me not enviable even as pigsties.

At the end of ten miles we entered a neat house, the only one we saw. Before the door was the weir of a salmon fishery. Here Mrs. O'Connell alighted, and was placed on a pillion, as the carriage could not cross the mountain. As the road did not suit my horsemanship, I preferred walking. The rest of the gentlemen kept their horses. From the highest point was a scene, not Alpine, but as wild as any I ever saw in Scotland. A grand view of the ocean, with rocky islands, bays, and promontories. The mouth of the Kenmare River on one side, and Valentia Bay and Island on the other, forming the abuttals of O'Connell's country, Derrynane. In the centre, immediately behind a small nook of land, with a delicious sea-beach, is the mansion of the O'Connells, — the wreck, as he remarked, of the family fortune, which has suffered by confiscations in every reign. The last owner, he told me, Maurice, died two years ago, aged ninety-nine. He left the estate to his eldest nephew, the Counsellor. The house is of plain stone. It was humble when Maurice died, but Daniel has already added some loftier and more spacious rooms, wishing to render the abode more suitable to his rank, as the great leader of the Roman Catholics.

I was delighted by his demeanor towards those who welcomed him on his arrival. I remarked (myself unnoticed) the eagerness with which he sprang from his horse and kissed a toothless old woman, his nurse.

While the ladies were dressing for dinner, he took me a short walk on the sea-shore, and led me to a peninsula, where were the remains of a monastery, — a sacred spot, the cemetery of the O'Connell family. He showed me inscriptions to the memory of some of his ancestors. It is recorded of the Uncle Maurice, that he lived a long and prosperous life, rejoicing in the acquisition of wealth as the means of raising an ancient family from unjust depression. His loyalty to his king was eulogized.

O'Connell has an uncle now living in France in high favor with Charles X., having continued with him during his emigration. Circumstances may have *radicalized* the Counsellor, but his uncle was made by the Revolution a violent Royalist and anti-Gallican, as their ancestors had always been stanch Jacobites. O'Connell remarked that, with a little manage-

ment, the English government might have secured the Irish Catholics as their steadiest friends, — at least, said he, significantly, "but for the Union." He represented the priests as stanch friends to the Bourbons. They inflexibly hated Buonaparte, and that is the chief reason why an invasion in his day was never seriously thought of. "But," said he, "if the present oppression of the Catholics continues, and a war should arise between France and England, with a Bourbon on the throne, there is no knowing what the consequences might be." *

We had an excellent dinner, — the piper there, of course, and the family chaplain. Tea at night. I slept in a very low old-fashioned room, which showed how little the former lords of this remote district regarded the comforts and decorations of domestic life.

August 17th. — Rain all day. I scarcely left the house. During the day chatted occasionally with O'Connell and various members of the family. Each did as he liked. Some played backgammon, some sang to music, many read. I was greatly interested in the "Tales of the O'Hara Family."

August 18th. — Fortunately the weather better. I took a walk with O'Connell. The family priest accompanied us, but left abruptly. In reply to something I said, O'Connell remarked, "There can be no doubt that there were great corruptions in our Church at the time what you call the Reformation took place, and a real reform did take place in our Church." On this the priest bolted. I pointed this out to O'Connell. "O," said he, "I forgot he was present, or I would not have given offence to the good man. . . . . He is an excellent parish priest. His whole life is devoted to acts of charity. He is always with the poor."

We walked to a small fort, an intrenchment of loose stones, called a rath, and ascribed to the Danes. He considered it a place of refuge for the natives against plundering pirates, Danes or Normans, who landed and stayed but a short time, ravaging the country.

"Our next parish in that direction," said O'Connell, pointing seaward, "is Newfoundland."

* I cannot help adverting to one or two late acts of O'Connell, which seem inconsistent with his Radical professions on other occasions. His uniform declaration in favor of Don Carlos of Spain against the Queen and her Liberal adherents; his violent declamations against Espartero, and the Spanish Liberals in general; and, not long since, his abuse of the government of Louis Philippe, and his assertion of the right of the Pretender, the Duke of Bordeaux, to the throne. — H. C. R., 1844.

The eldest son, Maurice, has talents and high spirits. He is coming to the bar, but will do nothing there. He is aware that he will be one day rich. He is fit to be the chieftain of his race. He has the fair eye which the name O'Connell imports.

I believe mass was performed every morning before I rose. Nothing, however, was said to me about it.

With feelings of great respect and thankfulness for personal kindness, I left Derrynane between twelve and one. I believe my host to be a perfectly sincere man. I could not wonder at his feeling strongly the injuries his country has sustained from the English. My fear is that this sentiment may in the breasts of many have degenerated into hatred. I did not conceal my decided approbation of the Union; on which he spoke gently. Something having been said about insurrection, he said: "I never allow myself to ask whether an insurrection would be right, if it could be successful, for I am sure it would fail." I had for my journey Maurice O'Connell's horse, named Captain Rock. Luckily for me, he did not partake of the qualities of his famed namesake. I did not, however, mount till we had passed the high ground before the fishery.

Slept at Mr. Primrose's.

August 19th. — Returned to Killarney. A ride through a dreary country, which wanted even the charm of novelty.

August 21st. — Before eight o'clock I left my friendly landlord. I was jammed in a covered jingle, which took us to Tralee in three hours. Cheerful companions in the car, who were full of jokes I could not share in. The country a wild bog-scene, with no other beauty than the line of the Killarney hills. Tralee is the capital of Kerry, and bears marks of prosperity. After looking round the neighborhood a little, I walked on to Ardfert, where were the ruins of a cathedral. I learned, from the intelligent Protestant family at the inn, that book-clubs had been established, and that efforts were being made to get up a mechanics' institution.

August 23d. — Having slept at Adare, I proceeded to Limerick, the third city of Ireland. My impression not pleasing. The cathedral seemed to me jail-like without, and squalid within. One noble street, George Street. While at dinner I heard of a return chaise to Bruff. My plan was at once formed, and before six I was off.

August 24th. — Rose early, and at eight was on the road towards the object of this excursion, the Baalbec of Ireland, the

town of Kilmallock, which lies four miles from Bruff. "*Etiam periere ruinæ.*" This fanciful epithet is intelligible. Though there are only two remarkable ruins, there are numerous fragments along the single street of the town. And the man who was my cicerone, the constable of the place, told me that within twenty years a large number of old buildings had been pulled down, and the materials used for houses. He also told me that there were in Kilmallock fifty families who would gladly go to America, if they had a free passage. Many could get no work, though they would accept sixpence per day as wages. I returned to Limerick, visiting on the way some Druidical remains near a lake, Loughgur. During the day I chatted with several peasant children, and found that they had nearly all been at school. The schools, though not favored by the priests, are frequented by Catholics as well as Protestants.

August 26th. — (At Waterford.) Waterford has the peculiarity, that being really like a very pretty village, it has nevertheless a long and handsome quay. Ships of large burden are in the river, and near are a village church, and gentlemen's country houses. I with difficulty obtained a bed at the Commercial Hotel, as a great assemblage of Catholics was about to take place. This I learned by accident at Limerick, and I changed my travelling plan accordingly.

August 27th. — (Sunday.) I rose early and strolled into a large Catholic cathedral, where were a crowd of the lowest of the people. There was one gentleman in the gallery, almost concealed behind a pillar, and seemingly fervent in his devotions. I recognized Daniel O'Connell, my late hospitable host. He slipped away at a side door, and I could not say a word to him, as I wished to do. I afterwards went into the handsome Protestant church. It is here the custom to make the churches attractive, — not the worst feature of the government system, when the Protestants themselves defray the cost; which, however, is seldom the case.

August 28th. — I was called from my bed by the waiter. "Sir, Counsellor O'Connell wants you." He came to present me with a ticket for the forthcoming public dinner, and refused to take the price, which was £ 2. No Protestant was allowed to pay. He promised to take me to the private committee meetings, &c. The first general meeting was held in the chapel, which contains some thousands, and was crowded. The speeches were of the usual stamp. Mr. Wyse, Lucien Buonaparte's son-in-law, was the first who attracted any attention; but

O'Connell himself was the orator of the day. He spoke with great power and effect. He is the idol of the people, and was loudly applauded when he entered the room, and at all the prominent parts of his speech. His manner is colloquial, his voice very sweet, his style varied. He seems capable of suiting his tone to every class of persons, and to every kind of subject. His language vehement, — all but seditious. He spoke two hours, and then there was an adjournment.*

August 29th. — In the forenoon I was taken by O'Connell to the sacristy, where a committee arranged what was to be done at the public meeting. As usual in such cases, whatever difference of opinion there may be is adjusted in private by the leaders. Here I remarked that O'Connell always spoke last, and his opinion invariably prevailed. At this meeting a subscription was opened for the relief of the forty-shilling freeholders, who had been persecuted by the landlords for voting with the priests rather than with themselves. I was glad to pay for my ticket in this way, and put down £ 5 by "a Protestant English Barrister." The public meeting was held at half past two. Two speeches by priests especially pleased me. A violent and ludicrous speech was made by a man who designated O'Connell as "the buttress of liberty in Ireland, who rules in the wilderness of free minds." O'Connell spoke with no less energy and point than yesterday.

The dinner was fixed for seven, but was not on the table till past eight. There were present more than 200. The walls of the room were not finished ; but it was well lighted, and ornamented with transparencies, on which were the names Curran, Burke, Grattan, &c. The chair was taken by O'Brien. My memory would have said Sir Thomas Esmond. O'Gorman, by whom I sat, was pressing that I should take wine, but I resisted, and drew a laugh on him by calling him an intolerant persecutor, even in matters of drink. What must he be in religion?

The usual patriotic and popular sentiments were given. The first personal toast was Lord Fitzwilliam, the former Lord-Lieutenant, who had not been in Ireland till now since he gave up his office because he could not carry emancipation. The venerable Earl returned thanks in a voice scarcely audible. With his eyes fixed on the ground, and with no emphasis, he muttered a few words about his wish to serve Ireland. I recollected that this was the once-honored friend of Burke, and it

* My journal does not mention the subject; but in those days *emancipation*, and not *repeal*, was the cry. — H. C. R.

was painful to behold the wreck of a good, if not a great man. Another old man appeared to much greater advantage, being in full possession of his faculties, — Sir John Newport; his countenance sharp, even somewhat quizzical. Lord Ebrington, too, returned thanks, — a fine spirited young man. The only remarkable speech was O'Connell's, and that was short. When the toast, "the Liberal Protestants," was given, O'Connell introduced an Englishman, who spoke so prosily that he was set down by acclamation. It was after twelve, and after the magnates had retired, that a toast was given to which I was called upon to respond, — "Mr. Scarlett and the Liberal members of the English Bar." My speech was frequently interrupted by applause, which was quite vociferous at the end. This is easily accounted for, without supposing more than very ordinary merit in the speaker. I began by the usual apology, that I felt myself warranted in rising, from the fact that I was the only English Protestant barrister who had signed the late petition for Catholic emancipation. This secured me a favorable reception. "I now solicit permission to make a few remarks, in the two distinct characters of Englishman and Protestant. As an Englishman, I am well aware that I ought not to be an object of kindness in the eyes of an Irishman. I know that for some centuries the relation between the two countries has been characterized by the infliction of injustice and wrong on the part of the English. If, therefore, I considered myself the representative of my countrymen, and any individual before me the representative of Irishmen, I should not dare to look him in the face." (Vehement applause.) "Sir, I own to you I do not feel flattered by this applause. But I should have been ashamed to utter this sentence, which might seem flattery, if I had not meant to repeat it in another application. And I rely on the good-nature and liberality of Irishmen to bear with me while I make it. I am Protestant as well as Englishman. And were I to imagine myself to be the single Protestant, and any one before me the single Catholic, I should expect him to hang down his head while I looked him boldly in the face." There was an appalling silence, — not a sound, and I was glad to escape from a dangerous position, by adding: "I am aware that, in these frightful acts of religious zeal, the guilt is not all on one side. And I am not one of those who would anxiously strike a balance in the account current of blood. Least of all would I encourage a pharisaic memory. On the contrary, I would rather, were it possible, that, for the

sake of universal charity, we should all recollect the wrongs we have committed, and forget those we have sustained, — but not too soon. Irishmen ought not to forget past injustice, till injustice has entirely ceased." I then went on to safer topics. I confessed myself brought up an enemy to the Roman Catholic Church, and would frankly state why I especially feared it. "I speak with confidence, and beg to be believed in what I know. The Catholic religion is obnoxious to thousands in England, not because of the number of its sacraments, or because it has retained a few more mysteries than the Anglican acknowledges, but because it is thought — and I own I cannot get rid of the apprehension — that there is in the maxims of your church something inconsistent with civil and religious liberty." On this there was a cry from different parts of the room, "That 's no longer so," "Not so now." I then expressed my satisfaction at the liberal sentiments I had heard that morning from two reverend gentlemen. "Did I think that such sentiments would be echoed were the Roman Catholic Church not suffering, but triumphant, could they be published as a papal bull, I do not say I could become altogether a member of your church, but it would be the object of my affection. Nay, if such sentiments constitute your religion, then I am of your church, whether you will receive me or no." After I sat down my health was given, and I had a few words more to say. There was a transparency on the wall representing the genius of Liberty introducing Ireland to the Temple of British Freedom. I said: "Your worthy artist is better versed in Church than in State painting, for, look at the keys which Liberty holds, — they are the keys of St. Peter!" A general laugh confessed that I had hit the mark.

September 13th. — (Dublin.) I mention St. Patrick's Cathedral for the sake of noticing the common blunder in the inscribed monument to Swift. He is praised as the friend to liberty. He was not that; he was the enemy of injustice. He resisted certain flagrant acts of oppression, and tried to redress his country's wrongs, but he never thought of the liberties of his country.

I prolonged my stay at Dublin in order to spend the day with Cuthbert, a Protestant barrister. There dined with him my old acquaintance, Curran, son of the orator. His tone of conversation excellent. I will write down a few Irish anecdotes. Lord Chancellor Redesdale * was slow at taking a joke. In a

* Lord Redesdale was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1802 to 1806.

bill case before him, he said: "The learned counsellor talks of flying kites. What does that mean? I recollect flying kites when I was a boy, in England." — "O my lord," said Plunkett, "the difference is very great. The wind raised those kites your Lordship speaks of, — ours raise the wind." Every one laughed but the Chancellor, who did not comprehend the illustration. It was Plunkett, also, who said: "If a cause were tried before Day (the Justice), it would be tried in the dark." Cuthbert related, in very interesting detail, a memorable incident of which he was a witness. On the discussion of the Union question, Grattan had obtained his election, and came into the House while the debate was going on. He made a famous speech, which so provoked Corry, that in his reply he called Grattan a traitor, and left the House. Grattan followed him. They fought a duel in the presence of a crowd. And before the speaker whom they left on his legs had finished, Grattan returned, having shot his adversary.*

September 14th. — Though not perfectly well, I determined to leave Dublin this day, and had taken my place on the Longford stage, when I saw Sheil get inside. I at once alighted, and paid 4 *s.* 6 *d.* additional for an inside seat to Mullingar, whither I learned he was going. It was a fortunate speculation, for he was both communicative and friendly. We had, as companions, a woman, who was silent, and a priest, who proved to be a character. We talked immediately on the stirring topics of the day. Sheil did not appear to me a profound or original thinker, but he was lively and amusing. Our priest took a leading part in the conversation. He was a very handsome man, with most prepossessing manners. He told us he had had the happiness to be educated under Professor P—— at Salamanca. "No one," said he, "could possibly go through a course of study under him, without being convinced that Protestantism is no Christianity, and that Roman Catholicism is the only true religion. Any one who was not convinced must be a knave, a fool, or a madman." To do justice to Sheil, he joined me in a hearty laugh at this. And we forced the priest at last to make a sort of apology, and acknowledge that invincible ignorance is pardonable. I told him dryly, that I was a friend to emancipation, but if it should be proposed in Parliament, and I should be there, I should certainly move to except from its benefits all who had studied

* The Right Honorable Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer. Although in this duel Grattan shot his antagonist, the wound was not fatal.

under Father P—— at Salamanca. At Mullingar, a crowd were waiting for the orator, and received him with cheers.

September 15th. — Proceeded to Sligo on the mail, and had a very pleasant companion in a clergyman, a Mr. Dawson. He asserted anti-Catholic principles with a mildness and liberality, and at the same time with an address and knowledge, I have seldom witnessed. We went over most of the theologico-political questions of the day, and if we did not convince we did not offend each other. Of the journey I shall say nothing, but that I passed through one town I should wish to see again, — Boyle, lying very beautifully, with picturesque ruins of an abbey. As we approached Sligo the scenery became more wild and romantic. There I was seriously indisposed, and Mr. Dawson recommended me to a medical man, a Dr. Bell, a full-faced, jovial man, who was remarkably kind. When I had opened my case the only answer I could get for some time was, "You must dine with me to-day." This I refused to do, but I promised to join the party in the evening, and was gratified by the geniality of all whom I met at his house, and especially by his own hospitality.

September 16th. — Dr. Bell again asked me to dine with him, but excused me on my expressing a desire to be free. I enjoyed, however, another evening at his house, where Mr. Dawson was the *ami de la maison.*

September 17th. — After a very hospitable breakfast with Dr. Bell, availed myself of the opportunity of proceeding on my journey in my landlord's car. I noticed some buildings, which a very meanly dressed man, one who in England would be supposed to belong to the lowest class, told me were Church school buildings, erected by Lord Palmerston, whom he praised as a generous landlord to the Catholic poor. He said that, formerly, the peasants were so poor that, having no building, a priest would come and consecrate some temporary chapel, and then take away the altar, which alone makes the place holy. On my expressing myself strongly at this, the man said, in a style that quite startled me: "I thank you, sir, for that sentiment." At nine o'clock, we entered the romantically situated little town of Ballyshannon. My host and driver took me to the chief inn, but no bed was to be had. He said, however, that he would not rest till he had lodged me somewhere, and he succeeded admirably, for he took me to the house of a character, — a man who, if he had not been so merry, might have sat for a picture of Romeo's apothecary. I had before

taken a supper with a genuine Irish party at the inn, — an Orange solicitor, who insolently browbeat the others ; a Papist manager of a company of strolling players ; and a Quaker so *wet* as to be — like the others — on the verge of intoxication. I had to fight against all the endeavors to find out who I was ; but neither they, nor the apothecary, Mr. Lees, nor my former host, Mr. Boyle, knew me, till I avowed myself. I found I could not escape drinking a little whiskey with Mr. Lees, who would first drink with me and then talk with me. On my saying, in the course of our conversation, that I had been in Waterford, he sprang up and exclaimed : "Maybe you are Counsellor Robinson?" — "My name is Robinson." On this he lifted up his hands, "That I should have so great a man in my house!" And I had some difficulty in making him sit down in the presence of the great man. Here I may say that, at Dublin, I found a report of my speech at Waterford, in an Irish paper, containing not a thought or sentiment I actually uttered, but a mere series of the most vulgar and violent commonplaces.

September 24th. — The journey to Belfast on a stage-coach was diversified by my having as companions two reverend gentlemen, whom I suspected to be Scotch seceders, — amusingly, I should say instructively, ignorant even on points very nearly connected with their own professional pursuits. They were good-natured, if not liberal, and with no violent grief lamented the heretical tendencies in the Academical Institution at Belfast. "It has," said they, "two notorious Arians among the professors, Montgomery and Bruce, but they do not teach theology, and are believed honorably to abstain from propagating heresy." Arianism, I heard, had infected the Synod of Ulster, and the Presbytery of Antrim consists wholly of Arians. On my mentioning Jeremy Taylor, these two good men shook their heads over "the Arian." I stared. "Why, sir, you know his very unsound work on original sin?" — "I know that he has been thought not quite up to the orthodox mark on that point." — "Not up to the mark! He is the oracle of the English Presbyterians of the last century." This was puzzling. At length, however, the mist cleared up. They were thinking of Dr. John Taylor, of Norwich, the ancestor of a family of my friends. And as to Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor, they had never heard of such a man. Yet these were teachers. They were mild enemies of emancipation, and seemed half ashamed of being so, for they had more fear of Arianism than of Popery.

September 26th. — Strolled on the shore of the Lough that adjoins the town. Then began my homeward journey, and it was not long before I landed at Port Patrick. I was now in Scotland. That I felt, but I had been gradually and almost unconsciously losing all sense of being in Ireland. The squalid poverty of the people had been vanishing; and, though a poor observer of national physiognomies, I had missed the swarthy complexion, the black eyes, and the long haggard faces. The signs of Romanism had worn out. The ear was struck with the Puritan language. The descendants of Scottish settlers under the Stuarts and Cromwells I have always considered as Englishmen born in Ireland, and the northern counties as a Scotch colony. And yet I am told that this is not the true state of things.

September 28th. — At Kircudbright, where I took up my quarters with my friend Mrs. Niven, at law my ward.

October 1st. — Mr. Niven, no slanderer of his countrymen, related to me in a few words a tale, which in every incident makes one think how Walter Scott would have worked it up. Sir —— Gordon wilfully shot his neighbor. The man might have been cured, but he preferred dying, that his murderer might be hanged. The Gordon fled, and lived many years in exile, till he was visited by a friend, Sir —— Maxwell, who persuaded him that the affair was forgotten, and that he might return. The friends travelled together to Edinburgh, and there they attended together the public worship of God in the kirk. In the middle of the service the Maxwell cried aloud, "Shut all the doors, here is a murderer!" The Gordon was seized, tried, and hanged, and the Maxwell obtained from the crown a grant of a castle, and the noble demesnes belonging to it. This account was given to me while I was visiting the picturesque ruins of the castle.

October 3d. — On my way southward I passed through Annan, the birthplace of my old acquaintance Edward Irving.

October 5th. — Went round by Keswick to Ambleside. As I passed through Keswick, I had a chat with the ladies of Southey's family. Miss D. Wordsworth's illness prevented my going to Rydal Mount. But I had two days of Wordsworth's company, and enjoyed a walk on Loughrigg Fell. In this walk the beauty of the English and Scotch lakes was compared with those of Killarney, and the preference given to the former was accounted for by the broken surface of the sides of the mountains, whence arises a play of color, ever mixed and ever

changing. The summits of the mountains round Killarney are as finely diversified as could be wished, but the sides are smooth, little broken by crags, or clothed with herbage of various color, though frequently wooded. Wordsworth showed me the field he has purchased, on which he means to build, should he be compelled to leave the Mount. And he took me over Mr. Tilbrook's knacky cottage, the "Rydal wife trap," really a very pretty toy. He also pointed out the beautiful spring, a description of which is to be an introduction to a portion of his great poem, and contains a poetical view of water as an element in the composition of our globe. The passages he read appear to be of the very highest excellence.

October 7th. — Incessant rain. I did not leave Ambleside for Rydal till late. We had no resource but books and conversation, of which there was no want. Poetry the staple commodity, of course. A very pleasing young lady was of our party to-day, as well as yesterday, a Miss A——, from Sussex. Very pretty, and very naïve and sprightly, — just as young ladies should be. The pleasure of the day is not to be measured by the small space it occupies in my journal. Early at my inn. A luxurious supper of sherry-negus and cranberry tart. Read the first part of Osborne's "Advice to his Son," — a book Wordsworth gave to Monkhouse, and which, therefore, I supposed to be a favorite. But I found, on inquiry, that Wordsworth likes only detached remarks, for Osborne is a mere counsellor of selfish prudence and caution. Surely there is no need to print, — "Beware lest in trying to save your friend you get drowned yourself!"

October 8th. — Wordsworth full of praises of the fine scenery of Yorkshire. Gordale Scar (near Malham) he declares to be one of the grandest objects in nature, though of no great size. It has never disappointed him.

October 14th. — Reached Bury. Thus ended an enjoyable journey. The most remarkable circumstance attending it is, that I seemed to lose that perfect health which hitherto has accompanied me in my journeys. But now I feel perfectly well again. Perhaps my indisposition in Ireland may be beneficial to me, as it has made me sensible that my health requires attention.

During my absence in Ireland, my excellent sister-in-law died. I cannot write of her at length here. The letter respecting her death was missent, and did not reach me till about a week after it was written. My sister was a most estimable woman, with

a warm heart, great vivacity of feeling as well as high spirits, great integrity of character, and a very strong understanding.

October 26th. — (At Mr. Dawson Turner's, Yarmouth.) I was summoned to breakfast at eight ; and was delighted to find myself at nine treated with genuine hospitality and kindness, for I was left to myself. Mr. Turner's family consists of two married daughters, — Mrs. Hooker, wife of the traveller to Iceland, and now a professor at Glasgow, a great botanist and naturalist, and Mrs. Palgrave, wife of the ex-Jew Cohen,* now bearing the name of Mrs. Turner's father, and four unmarried daughters, all very interesting and accomplished young women, full of talent, which has left their personal attractions unimpaired. He has two sons, — the youngest only at home, a nice boy. At the head of these is a mother worthy of such children. She, too, is accomplished, and has etched many engravings, which were published in Mr. Turner's "Tour in Normandy," and many heads, some half-dozen of which he gave me, or rather I took, he offering me as many as I chose. The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Turner went to the bank, Mrs. Turner to her writing-desk, and every one of the young ladies to drawing, or some other tasteful occupation, and I was as much disregarded as if I were nobody. In the adjoining room, the library, was a fire, and before breakfast Mr. Turner had said to me : "You will find on that table pen, ink, and paper." Without a word more being said I took the hint, and went into that apartment as my own. And there I spent the greater part of the time of my visit. I took a short walk with Mr. Turner, — the weather did not allow of a long one. We had a small party at dinner, — Mr. Brightwell, Mr. Worship, &c. A very lively evening. I sat up late in my bedroom.

October 27th. — Mr. Turner is famous for his collection of autographs, of which he has nearly twenty thick quarto volumes, consisting of letters, for the greater part, of distinguished persons of every class and description. But these form by far the smallest portion of his riches in MSS. He has purchased several large collections, and obtained from friends very copious and varied contributions. Every one who sees such a collection is desirous of contributing to it. Some are of great antiquity and curiosity. I was not a little flattered when Mr. Turner, having opened a closet, and pointed out to me some remarkable volumes, gave me the key, with directions not to leave the closet open. He had before shown me several

* See *ante*, p. 5.

volumes of his private correspondence, with an intimation that they were literary letters, which might be shown to all the world, and that I might read everything I saw. I began to look over the printed antiquarian works on Ireland, but finding so many MSS. at my command, I confined myself to them. I read to-day a most melancholy volume of letters by Cowper, the poet, giving a particular account of his sufferings, his dreams, &c., all turning on one idea, — the assurance that he would be damned. In one he relates that he thought he was being dragged to hell, and that he was desirous of taking a memorial to comfort him. He seized the knocker of the door, but recollecting that it would melt in the flames, and so add to his torments, he threw it down! His correspondent was in the habit of communicating to him the answers from God which he received to his prayers for Cowper, which answers were all promises of mercy. These Cowper did not disbelieve, and yet they did not comfort him.

October 28th. — I must not forget that the elder Miss Turner, a very interesting girl, perhaps twenty-five, is a German student. By no means the least pleasant part of my time was that which I spent every day in hearing her read, and in reading to her passages from Goethe and Schiller.

The only letters I had time to look over among the Macro papers, purchased by Mr. Turner, including those of Sir Henry Spelman, were a collection of letters to Dr. Steward, the former preacher at the Church Gate Street Meeting, Bury. These were all from Dissenting ministers, about whom I was able to communicate some information to Mr. Turner. Dr. Steward lived once in Dublin, and the letters give an interesting account of the state of religious parties in Ireland, *circa* 1750 – 60. The Lord-Lieutenant then favored the New Light party, i.e. the Arians. These few letters engrossed my attention. I could not calculate the time requisite for reading the whole collection.

October 29th. — (Sunday.) I accompanied the family to the large, rambling, one-sided church, which is still interesting. Unpleasant thoughts suggested by a verse from Proverbs, read by the preacher, — "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; but he that hateth suretyship is safe." It is remarkable that no enemy to revealed religion has attacked it by means of a novel or poem, in which mean and detestable characters are made to justify themselves by precepts found in the Bible. A work of that kind would be insidious, and not the

less effective because a superficial objection. But some share of the reproach should fall on the theologians who neglect to discriminate between the spiritual or inspired, and the unspiritual or uninspired parts of the sacred writings. The worldly wisdom of the above text is not to be disputed, and if found in the works of a Franklin, unobjectionable, — for he was the philosopher of prudence ; but it is to be regretted that such a lesson should be taught us as " the Word of God." I could not help whispering to Dawson Turner, " Is this the Word of God ? " He replied : " All bankers think so."

October 30th. — A pleasant forenoon like the rest. After an early dinner, left my hospitable host and hostess. This house is the most agreeable I ever visited. No visit would be unpleasantly long there.

November 29th. — At home over books. An hour at the Temple Library helping Gordon in lettering some German books. At four I went to James Stephen, and drove down with him to his house at Hendon. A dinner-party. I had a most interesting companion in young Macaulay, one of the most promising of the rising generation I have seen for a long time. He is the author of several much admired articles in the *Edinburgh Review.* A review of Milton's lately discovered work on Christian Doctrine, and of his political and poetical character, is by him. I prefer the political to the critical remarks. In a paper of his on the new London University, his low estimate of the advantages of our University education, i. e. at Oxford and Cambridge, is remarkable in one who is himself so much indebted to University training. He has a good face, — not the delicate features of a man of genius and sensibility, but the strong lines and well-knit limbs of a man sturdy in body and mind. Very eloquent and cheerful. Overflowing with words, and not poor in thought. Liberal in opinion, but no radical. He seems a correct as well as a full man. He showed a minute knowledge of subjects not introduced by himself.

December 4th. — Dined at Flaxman's. He had a cold and was not at all fit for company. Therefore our party broke up early. At his age every attack of disease is alarming. Among those present were the Miss Tulks, sisters of the late M. P. for Sudbury, and Mr. Soane, architect and R. A. He is an old man, and is suffering under a loss of sight, though he is not yet blind. He talked about the New Law Courts,* and with

* The Courts at Westminster, then just built by Mr. Soane.

warmth abused them. He repudiates them as his work, being constrained by orders. We had a discussion on the merits of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, he contending that, even in its present situation, it heightens instead of diminishing the effect of the Abbey.

December 7th. — I was alarmed yesterday by the account I received when I called at Flaxman's. This morning I sent to inquire, and my messenger brought the melancholy intelligence that Flaxman died early in the morning! The country has lost one of its greatest and best men. As an artist, he has done more than any other man of the age to spread her fame; as a man, he exhibited a rare specimen of moral and Christian excellence.

I walked out, and called at Mr. Soane's. He was not at home. I then went to Blake's. He received the intelligence much as I expected. He had himself been very ill during the summer, and his first observation was, with a smile: "I thought I should have gone first." He then said: "I cannot consider death as anything but a going from one room to another." By degrees he fell into his wild rambling way of talk. "Men are born with a devil and an angel," but this he himself interpreted body and soul. Of the Old Testament he seemed to think not favorably. Christ, said he, took much after his mother, the Law. On my asking for an explanation, he referred to the turning the money-changers out of the temple. He then declared against those who sit in judgment on others. "I have never known a very bad man who had not something very good about him." He spoke of the Atonement, and said: "It is a horrible doctrine! If another man pay your debt, I do not forgive it." . . . . He produced "Sintram," by Fouqué, and said: "This is better than my things."

December 15th. — The funeral of Flaxman. I rode to the house with Thompson, R. A., from Somerset House. Thompson spoke of Flaxman with great warmth. He said so great a man in the arts had not lived for centuries, and probably for centuries there would not be such another. He is so much above the age and his country, that his merits have never been appreciated. He made a design (said Thompson) for a monument for Pitt, in Westminster Abbey, — one of the grandest designs ever composed, far beyond anything imagined by Canova. But this work, through intrigue, was taken from him, and the monument to Nelson given him instead, — a

work not to his taste, and in which he took no pleasure. Yet his genius was so universal that there is no passion which he has not perfectly expressed. Thompson allowed that Flaxman's execution was not equal to his invention, more from want of inclination than of power. Perhaps there was a want of power in his wrist.* On arriving at Flaxman's house, in Buckingham Street, we found Sir Thomas Lawrence and five others, who, with Mr. Thompson and Flaxman himself, constituted the council of the year. The five were Phillips, Howard, Shee, Jones, and one whose name I do not recollect. Two Mr. Denmans † and two Mr. Mathers were present, and Mr. Tulk and Mr. Hart. I sat in the same carriage with Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Tulk; and Sir Thomas spoke with great affection and admiration of Flaxman, as of a man who had not left, and had not had, his equal. The interment took place in the burial-ground of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, near the old St. Pancras Church. Speaking of Michael Angelo, Sir Thomas represented him as far greater than Raphael.

Rem. ‡ — Let me add now, though I will not enlarge on what is not yet completed, that I have for several years past been employed in fixing within the walls of University College all the casts of Flaxman, — the single act of my life which, to all appearance, will leave sensible and recognizable consequences after my death.

December 17th. — Dined at Bakewell's, at Hampstead. A Mr. M—— there, a Genevese curate, expelled from his curacy by the Bishop of Friburg. No trial or any proceeding whatever. This is arbitrary enough. Yet M—— being ultra in his opinions, one cannot deem the act of despotism very flagrant. The oppression of mere removal from clerical functions, when the person is not a believer, does not excite much resentment. M—— predicts with confidence a bloody war, ending in the triumph of liberal principles.

Rem. § — After twenty-five years I may quote a couplet from Dryden's "Virgil": —

> "The gods gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
> The rest the winds dispersed in empty air."

December 18th. — Called upon Soane, the architect, whom I met at Flaxman's. His house ‖ is a little museum, almost un-

* Very lately Charles Stokes, the executor of Chantrey, told me that Chantrey expressed the same opinion. — H. C. R., 1851.

† Mrs. Flaxman was a Miss Denman. ‡ Written in 1851.

§ Written in 1851. ‖ Now the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

pleasantly full of curiosities. Every passage as full as it could be stuck with antiques or casts of sculpture, with paintings, including several of the most famous Hogarths, — the "Election," &c. The windows are of painted glass, some antiques. There are designs, plans, and models of famous architectural works. A model of Herculaneum, since the excavations, is among the most remarkable. A consciousness of my having no safe judgment in such matters lessens the pleasure they would give me. He complained of the taking down of the double balustrade of the Treasury. I own I thought it very grand. "According to the original plan of the courts, all the conveniences required by the profession would," he says, "have been afforded."

December 20th. — A morning of calls, and those agreeable. First with Rolfe, who unites more business talents with literary tastes than any other of my acquaintance. Later, a long chat with Storks, and a walk with him. He now encourages my inclination to leave the bar. His own feelings are less favorable to the profession, and he sees that there may be active employment without the earning of money, or thoughts of it.

December 21st. — A call from Benecke. We began an interesting conversation on religion, and have appointed a time for a long and serious talk on the subject. I am deeply prepossessed in favor of everything that Benecke says. He is an original thinker, pious, and with no prejudices. Dined with Mr. Payne, and spent an agreeable afternoon. Dr. Dibdin and Mr. D'Arblay (son of the famous authoress of "Cecilia") were there. Dibdin exceedingly gay, too boyish in his laugh for a D.D., but I should judge kind-hearted.

December 22d. — An interesting morning. By invitation from Dr. Dibdin,* I went to Lord Spencer's, where were several other persons, and Dibdin exhibited to us his lordship's most curious books. I felt myself by no means qualified to appreciate the worth of such a collection. A very rich man cannot be reproached for spending thousands in bringing together the earliest printed copies of the Bible, of Homer, Virgil, Livy, &c., &c. Some of the copies are a most beautiful monument of the art of printing, as well as of paper-making. It is remarkable that the art arose at once to near perfection. At Dresden, we see the same immediate excellence in pottery. My attention was drawn to the famous Boccaccio, sold at the

* Dr. Dibdin was employed by Lord Spencer to write an account of the rare books in his libraries.

Roxburgh sale (in my presence) to the Duke of Marlborough, for £2,665, and, on the sale of the Duke's effects, purchased by Lord Spencer for (if I am not mistaken) £915.

December 24th. — After breakfast I walked down to Mr. Benecke's, with whom I had a very long and interesting *religious* conversation. He is a remarkable man, very religious, with a strong tendency to what is called enthusiasm, and perfectly liberal in his feeling. The peculiar doctrine of Christianity, he says, is the fall of man, of which Paganism has no trace. The nature of that fall is beautifully indicated in the allegory at the beginning of the book of Genesis. The garden of Eden represents that prior and happier state in which all men were, and in which they sinned. Men come into this world with the character impressed on them in their prior state, and all their acts arise out of that character. There is, therefore, in the doctrine of necessity, so much truth as this, — all actions are the inevitable effect of external operations on the mind in a given state, that state having sprung necessarily out of the character brought into this world. Christianity shows how man is to be redeemed from this fallen condition. Evil cannot be ascribed to God, who is the author of good. It could only spring out of the abuse of free-will in that prior state, which does not continue to exist.

To this I objected that the difficulties of the necessarian doctrine are only pushed back, not removed, by this view. In the prior state, there is this inextricable dilemma. If the free-will were in quality and in quantity the *same* in all, then it remains to be explained how the same cause produces different effects. But if the quality or the quantity of the power called free-will be unequal, then the diversity in the act or effect may be ascribed to the primitive diversity in the attribute. In that case, however, the individual is not responsible, for he did not create himself, or give himself that power or attribute of free-will.

*Rem.** — To this I would add, after twenty-five years, that the essential character of free-will places it beyond the power of being explained. We have no right to require that we should understand or explain any primitive or originating power, — call it God or free-will. It is enough that we *must* believe it, whether we will or no; and we must disclaim all power of explanation.

During this year I was made executor to a Mrs. Vardill, — a

* Written in 1851.

character. She was the widow of a clergyman, an American Loyalist, a friend of old General Franklin. The will had this singular devise in it, that Mrs. Vardill left the residue of her estate, real and personal, to accumulate till her daughter, Mrs. Niven, was fifty-two years of age. I mention this will, however, to refer to one of the most remarkable and interesting law cases which our courts of law have witnessed since the union of England and Scotland. The litigation arose not out of the will, but out of a pending suit, to take from her property in her possession. The question was, whether a child legitimated in Scotland by the marriage (after his birth) of his father and mother can inherit lands in England? The case (Birtwhistle *v.* Vardill) was tried at York, and afterwards argued on two occasions before the Lords. Scotch lawyers held that such a child was in every respect entitled to inherit his father's estate in England. But, happily for my friend, the English lawyers were almost unanimously of the opposite opinion.

Concluded the year at Ayrton's. We made an awkward attempt at games, in which the English do not succeed,—acting words as rhymes to a given word, and finding out likenesses from which an undeclared word was to be guessed. We stayed till after twelve, when Mrs. Ayrton made us all walk up stairs through her bedroom for good luck. On coming home, I was alarmed by a note from Cuthbert Relph, saying: "Our excellent friend Anthony Robinson is lying alarmingly ill at his house in Hatton Garden."

CHAPTER IV.

1827.

*REM.**—The old year closed with a melancholy *announcement*, which was *verified* in the course of the first month. On the 20th of January died my excellent friend, Anthony Robinson, one of those who have had the greatest influence on my character. During his last illness I was attending the Quarter Sessions, but left Bury before they closed, as I was informed that my *dying* friend declared he should not die happy with-

* Written in 1851.

out seeing me. I spent nearly all the day preceding his death at Hatton Garden. He was in the full possession of his faculties, and able to make some judicious alterations in his will. On the 20th he was altogether exhausted, — able to say to me, "God bless you!" but no more. I contributed an article, containing a sketch of my friend's character, to the *Monthly Repository*.*

January 27th. — The day of the burial of my old dear friend Anthony Robinson, which took place in a vault of the Worship Street General Baptist Meeting Yard.

February 2d. — Götzenberger, the young painter from Germany, called, and I accompanied him to Blake.† We looked over Blake's Dante. Götzenberger was highly gratified by the designs. I was interpreter between them. Blake seemed gratified by the visit, but said nothing remarkable.

Rem.‡ — It was on this occasion that I saw Blake for the last time. He died on the 12th of August. His genius as an artist was praised by Flaxman and Fuseli, and his poems excited great interest in Wordsworth. His theosophic dreams bore a close resemblance to those of Swedenborg. I have already referred to an article written by me, on Blake, for the Hamburg "Patriotic Annals."§ My interest in this remarkable man was first excited in 1806. Dr. Malkin, our Bury grammar-school head-master, published in that year a memoir of a very precocious child, who died. An engraving of a portrait of him, by Blake, was prefixed. Dr. Malkin gave an account of Blake, as a painter and poet, and of his visions, and added some specimens of his poems, including the "Tiger." I will now gather together a few stray recollections. When, in 1810, I gave Lamb a copy of the Catalogue of the paintings exhibited in Carnaby Street, he was delighted, especially with the description of a painting afterwards engraved, and connected with which there was a circumstance which, unexplained, might reflect discredit on a most excellent and amiable man. It was after the friends of Blake had circulated a subscription paper for an engraving of his "Canterbury Pilgrims," that Stothard was made a party to an engraving of a painting of the same subject, by himself.‖ But Flaxman con-

* Vol. I. New Series, p. 288. See Vol. I. of the present work, p. 358.

† Götzenberger was one of the pupils of Cornelius, who assisted him in painting the frescos, emblematical of Theology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Medicine, in the Aula of the University of Bonn.

‡ Written in 1852. § Vol. I. p. 299.

‖ For an account of this matter, see Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," Vol. I. pp. 203 – 209.

sidered this as not done wilfully. Stothard's work is well known; Blake's is known by very few. Lamb preferred the latter greatly, and declared that Blake's description was the finest criticism he had ever read of Chaucer's poem. In the Catalogue, Blake writes of himself with the utmost freedom. He says: "This artist defies all competition in coloring," — that none can beat him, for none can beat the Holy Ghost, — that he, and Michael Angelo and Raphael, were under Divine influence, while Correggio and Titian worshipped a lascivious and therefore cruel Deity, and Rubens a proud Devil, &c. Speaking of color, he declared the men of Titian to be of leather, and his women of chalk, and ascribed his own perfection in coloring to the advantage he enjoyed in seeing daily the primitive men walking in their native nakedness in the mountains of Wales. There were about thirty oil paintings, the coloring excessively dark and high, and the veins black. The hue of the primitive men was very like that of the Red Indians. Many of his designs were unconscious imitations. He illustrated Blair's "Grave," the "Book of Job," and four books of Young's "Night Thoughts." The last I once showed to William Hazlitt. In the designs he saw no merit; but when I read him some of Blake's poems he was much struck, and expressed himself with his usual strength and singularity. "They are beautiful," he said, "and only too deep for the vulgar. As to God, a worm is as worthy as any other object, all alike being to him indifferent, so to Blake the chimney-sweeper, &c. He is ruined by vain struggles to get rid of what presses on his brain; he attempts impossibilities." I added: "He is like a man who lifts a burden too heavy for him; he bears it an instant, it then falls and crushes him."

I lent Blake the 8vo edition, two volumes, of Wordsworth's poems, which he had in his possession at the time of his death. They were sent me then. I did not at first recognize the pencil notes as his, and was on the point of rubbing them out when I made the discovery. In the fly-leaf, volume one, under the words *Poems referring to the Period of Childhood*, the following is written: "I see in Wordsworth the natural man rising up against the spiritual man continually; and then he is no poet, but a heathen philosopher, at enmity with all true poetry or inspiration." On the lines, —

> "And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety,"

he wrote: "There is no such thing as natural piety, because

the natural man is at enmity with God." On the verses, "To H. C., Six Years Old" (p. 43), the comment is: "This is all in the highest degree imaginative, and equal to any poet, — but not superior. I cannot think that real poets have any competition. None are greatest in the kingdom of heaven. It is so in poetry." At the bottom of page 44, "On the Influence of Natural Objects," is written: "Natural objects always did and now do weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me. Wordsworth must know that what he writes valuable is not to be found in nature. Read Michael Angelo's Sonnet, Vol. II. p. 179." That is, the one beginning, —

> "No mortal object did these eyes behold,
> When first they met the lucid light of thine."

It is remarkable that Blake, whose judgments were in most points so very singular, should nevertheless, on one subject closely connected with Wordsworth's poetical reputation, have taken a very commonplace view. Over the heading of the "Essay Supplementary to the Preface," at the end of the volume, he wrote: "I do not know who wrote these Prefaces. They are very mischievous, and directly contrary to Wordsworth's own practice" (p. 341). This Preface is not the defence of his own style, in opposition to what is called *poetic diction*, but a sort of historic vindication of the *unpopular* poets. On Macpherson (p. 364) Wordsworth wrote with the severity with which all great writers have written of him. Blake's comment was: "I believe both Macpherson and Chatterton, that what they say is ancient is so." And at the end of the essay he wrote: "It appears to me as if the last paragraph, beginning, 'Is it the right of the whole,' &c., was written by another hand and mind from the rest of these Prefaces. They give the opinions of a [word effaced] landscape-painter. Imagination is the divine vision, not of the world, nor of man, nor from man as he is a natural man, but only as he is a spiritual man. Imagination has nothing to do with memory."

A few months after Blake's death, Barron Field and I called on Mrs. Blake. The poor old lady was more affected than I expected she would be at the sight of me. She spoke of her husband as dying like an angel. She informed us that she was going to live with Linnell as his housekeeper. She herself died within a few years. She seemed to be the very woman to make her husband happy. She had been formed by him. Indeed, otherwise, she could not have lived with

him. Notwithstanding her dress, which was poor and dingy, she had a good expression on her countenance, and with a dark eye, the remains of youthful beauty. She had the wife's virtue of virtues, — an implicit reverence for her husband. It is quite certain that she believed in all his visions. On one occasion, speaking of his visions, she said: "You know, dear, the first time you saw God was when you were four years old, and he put his head to the window, and set you a-screaming." In a word she was formed on the Miltonic model, and, like the first wife, Eve, worshipped God in her husband.*

"He for God only, she for God in him."

February 24th. — Went to Jaffray's, with whom I dined and spent an agreeable evening. I read to them Dryden's translation of Lucretius on the fear of death, which gave them great pleasure. It was quite a gratification to have excited so much pleasure. Indeed, this is one of the masterpieces of English translation, and, next to Christian hopes, the most delightful and consolatory contemplation of the unknown world.†

August 8th. — News arrived of the death of Canning, an event that renders quite uncertain the policy and government of the country, and may involve it in ruinous calamities. How insignificant such an occurrence renders the petty triumphs and mortifications of our miserable circuit!

September 8th. — (At Brighton.) Raymond took me to call on the venerable, infirm, Unitarian minister, Thomas Belsham. He received me with great cordiality, as if I had been an old friend. We talked of old times, and the old gentleman was delighted to speak of his juvenile years, when he was the fellow-student of my uncle Crabb and Mr. Fenner. He spoke also of Anthony Robinson with respect. Belsham retains, as usual, a strong recollection of the affairs of his youth, but he is now fast declining. It was gratifying to observe so much cheerfulness in these, perhaps, last months of his existence. I am very glad I called on him.‡

C. Lamb to H. C. R.

Chase Side, October 1, 1827.

Dear R., — I am settled for life, I hope, at Enfield. I have taken the prettiest, compactest house I ever saw, near to An-

* For a full account of Blake's works, as well as his life, see Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake," 2 vols. Macmillan & Co., 1863.

† This translation was a great favorite with H. C. R., who read it aloud to many of his friends.

‡ Rev. T. Belsham died in 1829.

thony Robinson's, but, alas! at the expense of poor Mary, who was taken ill of her old complaint the night before we got into it. So I must suspend the pleasure I expected in the surprise you would have had in coming down and finding us householders.

Farewell! till we can all meet comfortable. Pray apprise Martin Burney. Him I longed to have seen with you, but our house is too small to meet either of you without *her* knowledge.

God bless you!

C. LAMB.

October 27th. — Dined with Mr. Naylor. A very agreeable party. A Mr. Hamilton, a Scotch bookseller, from Paternoster Row, there; he had all the characteristic good qualities of his country, — good sense, integrity, and cheerfulness, with manners mild and conciliating. He enjoyed a *bon-mot*, and laughed heartily; therefore, according to Lamb, a *lusus naturæ*. He was the publisher of Irving's first work, and spoke of him with moderation and respect. We told stories of repartees. By the by, Mr. Brass, a clergyman of Trinity College, Cambridge, says that he heard Dr. Parr say to Barker, who had teased him on one occasion: "Sir, you are a young man; you have read much, thought little, and know nothing at all."

December 26th. — Having heard from Charles Lamb that his sister was again well, I lost no time in going to see them. And accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, I walked into the City, took the stage to Edmonton, and walked thence to Enfield. I found them in their new house, — a small but comfortable place, and Charles Lamb quite delighted with his retirement. He fears not the solitude of the situation, though he seems to be almost without an acquaintance, and dreads rather than seeks visitors. We called on Mrs. Robinson, who lives opposite; she was not at home, but came over in the evening, and made a fourth in a rubber of whist. I took a bed at the near public-house.

December 27th. — I breakfasted with the Lambs, and they then accompanied me on my way through the Green Lanes. I had an agreeable walk home, reading on the way Roper's "Life of Sir T. More." Not by any means to be compared with Cavendish's "Wolsey," but still interesting from its simplicity.

CHAPTER V.

1828.

*FEBRUARY 7th, Rem.** — I read one of the most worthless books of biography in existence, — Boaden's "Life of Mrs. Siddons." Yet it gave me very great pleasure. Indeed, scarcely any of the finest passages in "Macbeth," or "Henry VIII.," or "Hamlet," could delight me so much as such a sentence as, "This evening Mrs. Siddons performed Lady Macbeth, or Queen Katharine, or the Queen Mother," for these names operated on me then as they do now, in recalling the yet unfaded image of that most marvellous woman, to think of whom is now a greater enjoyment than to see any other actress. This is the reason why so many bad books give pleasure, and in biography more than in any other class.

March 2d. — Read the second act of "Prometheus," which raised my opinion very much of Shelley as a poet, and improved it in all respects. No man, who was not a fanatic, had ever more natural piety than he, and his supposed Atheism is a mere metaphysical crotchet, in which he was kept by the affected scorn and real malignity of dunces.

April 4th. — (Good Friday.) I hope not ill spent; it was certainly enjoyed by me. As soon as breakfast was over, I set out on a walk to Lamb's, whom I reached in three and a quarter hours, — at one. I was interested in the perusal of the *Profession de Foi d'un Curé Savoyard.* The first division is unexceptionable. His system of natural religion is delightful, even fascinating; his metaphysics quite reconcilable with the scholastic philosophy of the Germans. At Lamb's I found Moxon and Miss Kelly, who is an unaffected, sensible, clear-headed, warm-hearted woman. We talked about the French Theatre, and dramatic matters in general. Mary Lamb and Charles were glad to have a dummy rubber, and also piquet with me.

April 19th. — Went for a few minutes into the Court, but I had nothing to do. Should have gone to Bury, but for the spending a few hours with Mrs. Wordsworth. I had last night the pleasure of reading the debate in the Lords on the repeal

* Written in 1852.

of the Corporation and Test Acts.* No one but Lord Eldon, of any note, appeared as a non-content, and the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Chester (Blomfield), Lincoln (Kay), and Durham (Van Mildert), all spoke in favor of the measure, as well as the prime minister, the Duke of Wellington. At the same time the French Ministry were introducing laws in favor of the liberty of the press. The censorship and the law of *tendency* (by which *not* particular libels might be the object of prosecution, but the *tendency* of a great number of articles, within six months), and the restriction of the right to publish journals, were all given up. These are to me all matters of heartfelt joy.

April 22d. — Was highly gratified by receiving from Goethe a present of two pairs of medals, of himself and the Duke and Duchess of Weimar. Within one of the cases is an autographic inscription: "*Herrn Robinson zu freundlichem Gedenken von W. Goethe. März*, 1828." (To Mr. Robinson, for friendly remembrance, from W. Goethe, &c.) This I deem a high honor.

H. C. R. TO GOETHE.

3 KING'S BENCH WALK, TEMPLE, 31st January, 1829.

I avail myself of the polite offer of Mr. Des Vœux, to forward to you a *late* acknowledgment of the high honor you conferred on me last year. I had, indeed, supplied myself with a cast, and with every engraving and medallion that I had heard of; still the case you have presented me with is a present very acceptable as well as most flattering. The delay of the acknowledgment you will impute to any cause rather than the want of a due sense of the obligation.

Twenty-four years have elapsed since I exchanged the study of German literature for the pursuits of an active life, and a busy but uncongenial profession, — the law. During all this time your works have been the constant objects of my affectionate admiration, and the medium by which I have kept alive my early love of German poetry. The slow progress they have till lately been making among my countrymen has been a source of unavailing regret. Taylor's "Iphigenia in Tauris," as it was the first, so it remains the best, version of any of your larger poems.

* These Acts required that all persons taking any office under government should receive the Lord's Supper, according to the usage of the Church of England, within three months of their appointment.

Recently Des Vœux and Carlyle have brought other of your greater works before our public, — and with love and zeal and industry combined, I trust they will yet succeed in effectually redeeming rather *our* literature than *your* name from the disgrace of such publications as Holcroft's "Hermann and Dorothea," Lord Leveson Gower's "Faustus," and a catchpenny book from the French, ludicrous in every page, not excepting the title, — "The Life of Goethe."

I perceive from your *Kunst und Alterthum*, that you are not altogether regardless of the progress which your works are making in foreign countries. Yet I do not find any notice of the splendid fragments from "Faust" by Shelley, Lord Byron's friend, a man of unquestionable genius, the perverse misdirection of whose powers and early death are alike lamentable. Coleridge, too, the only living poet of acknowledged genius, who is also a good German scholar, attempted "Faust," but shrunk from it in despair. Such an abandonment, and such a performance as we have had, force to one's recollection the line, —

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

As you seem not unacquainted even with our periodical works, you perhaps know that the most noted of our Reviews has on a sudden become a loud eulogist.

It was understood, last year, that Herr von Goethe, your son, and his lady were on the point of visiting England. Could you be induced to accompany them, you would find a knot, small, but firm and steady, of friends and admirers, consisting of countrymen of your own as well as of natives. They would be proud to conduct you to every object not undeserving your notice. We possess the works of our own Flaxman, and we have rescued from destruction the Elgin Marbles, and here they are.

I had intended visiting my old friend Herr von Knebel last year, but having planned a journey into Italy in the autumn of the present, I have deferred my visit till the following spring, when I hope you will permit me in person to thank you for your flattering attention.

I have the honor to be, sir,

With the deepest esteem,

H. C. Robinson.

May 3d. — A morning of calls, and a little business at W. Tooke's, whom I desired to buy for me a share in the London

University.* This I have done at the suggestion of several friends, including my brother Thomas, as a sort of debt to the cause of civil and religious liberty. I think the result of the establishment very doubtful indeed, and shall not consider my share as of any pecuniary value.†

May 13th. — There were to be five men executed, and I was desirous to witness for once the ceremony within the prison. At half past seven I met the Under Sheriff, Foss, at the gate. At eight we were joined by Sheriff Wilde, when some six or eight of us walked in procession through long narrow passages to a long, naked, and wretched apartment, to which were successively brought the five unhappy creatures who were to suffer. The first, a youth, came in pale and trembling. He fainted as his arms were pinioned. He whispered some inaudible words to a clergyman who came and sat by him on a bench, while the others were prepared for the sacrifice. His name was Brown. The second, a fine young man, exclaimed, on entering the room, that he was a murdered man, being picked out while two others were suffered to escape. Both these were, I believe, burglars. Two other men were ill-looking fellows. They were silent, and seemingly prepared. One man distinguished himself from the rest. — an elderly man, very fat, and with the look of a substantial tradesman. He said, in a tone of indignation, to the fellow who pinioned him: "I am not the first whom you have murdered. I am hanged because I had a bad character." [I could not but think that this is, in fact, properly understood, the only legitimate excuse for hanging any one; because his *character* (not reputation) is such that his life cannot but be a curse to himself and others.] A clergyman tried to persuade him to be quiet, and he said he was resigned. He was hanged as a receiver of stolen horses, and had been a notorious dealer for many years. The procession was then continued through other passages, to a small room adjoining the drop, to which the culprits were successively taken and tied up. I could not see perfectly what took place, but I observed that most of the men ran up the steps and addressed the mob. The second burglar cried out: "Here's another murdered man, my lads!" and there was a cry of

* Afterwards University College.

† I shall have much to say hereafter of what, for many years, has constituted a main business of my life. Never were £100 better spent, — I mean considered as an item of personal expense; for the University College is far from having yet answered the great purposes originally announced. — H. C. R., 1852.

"Murder" from the crowd. The horse-stealer also addressed the crowd. I was within sight of the drop, and observed it fall, but the sheriffs instantly left the scaffold, and we returned to the Lord Mayor's parlor, where the Under Sheriff, the Ordinary, two clergymen, and two attendants in military dress, and I, breakfasted.

The breakfast was short and sad, and the conversation about the scene we had just witnessed. All agreed it was one of the most disgusting of the executions they had seen, from the want of feeling manifested by most of the sufferers; but sympathy was checked by the appearance of four out of five of the men. However, I shall not soon see such a sight again.*

May 18th. — Read lately Irving's letter to the King, exhorting him not to commit the horrible act of apostasy against Christ, the passing the Act repealing the Test and Corporation Acts, which will draw down certainly an express judgment from God. He asserts that it is a form of infidelity to maintain that the King reigns for the people, and not for Christ; and that he is accountable to the people, as he is accountable to Christ alone. In the course of the pamphlet, however, he insinuates that the King, who has all his authority from Christ, has no power to act against the Church; and as he never explains what is the Church, it seems to me to be a certain inference from his principle, that the King ought to be resisted whenever he acts against the judgment of God's minister, — the pastor of the church of the Caledonian Chapel.

June 18th. — An interesting day. Breakfasted with Aders. Wordsworth and Coleridge were there. Alfred Becher also. Wordsworth was chiefly busied about making arrangements for his journey into Holland. Coleridge was, as usual, very eloquent in his dreamy monologues, but he spoke intelligibly enough on some interesting subjects. It seems that he has of late been little acquainted with Irving. He says that he silenced Irving by showing how completely he had mistaken the sense of the Revelation and Prophecies, and then Irving kept away for more than a year. Coleridge says: "I consider Irving as a man of great power, and I have an affection for him. He is an excellent man, but his brain has been turned by the shoutings of the mob. I think him mad, literally mad." He expressed strong indignation at Irving's intolerance.

June 18th. — A grand dinner was given in Freemasons' Tavern to celebrate a really great event. The Duke of Sussex

* Nor have I. — H. C. R., 1852.

was in the chair, — not a bad chairman, though no orator. Scarcely fewer than four hundred persons were present. I went with my brother and the Pattissons, and did not grudge my two guineas, though I was not edified by the oratory of the day. Lord John Russell, as well as Lord Holland, and other great men, spoke (I thought) moderately, while a speech from Aspland was admirable. Brougham spoke with great mastery, both as to style and matter, and Denman with effect. We did not break up till past one. Aspland's was the great speech of the day, and was loudly praised.

DR. WURM TO H. C. R.

HAMBURG, June 19, 1828.

. . . . Did you ever meet with Hegel, or any of his works? He is now the great Leviathan among the philosophical writers of his day. He enjoys the perfect confidence of the Prussian government, for he has contrived to give to a strange sort of pantheism a curious twist, by which it is constantly turned into a most edifying *Apologie des Bestehenden* (Apology for things as they are). Marheinecke is his theological amanuensis; his motto is at least as old as the Greek mysteries, and who knows but it may be older still? — *Lasst uns Filosofen den Begriff, gibt dem Volke das Bild!* (Leave us philosophers the true idea, give to the multitude the symbol.)

*July 5th, Rem.** — I saw "Medea" at the Italian Opera, and for the first and last time in my life had an enjoyment from an Opera singer and actor which might fairly be compared to that which Mrs. Siddons so often afforded me. Madame Pasta gave an effect to the murder scene which I could not have thought possible before I witnessed it as actual. In spite of the want of a tragic face or figure (for she was forced to strain her countenance into a frown, and make an effort to look great, and all her passion was apparently conscious, and I had never before witnessed the combined effect of acting with song), still the effect was overpowering. What would not Mrs. Siddons have made of the character? So I asked then, and ask now. The scene unites all the requisites to call forth the powers she so eminently possessed; but the Grecian fable has never flourished on the English stage.

On Thursday, August 6th, I set out on a tour to the Pyre-

* Written in 1852.

nees, having written to Shutt, who was about to make the journey.

(A very few extracts are all that will be given from Mr. Robinson's Reminiscences of this tour.)

*Rem.** — On the 10th August, at Paris, my attention was drawn to a novelty, — a number of long *diligences* inscribed, "Entreprise générale pour des omnibus." And on my return, in October, I made frequent use of them, paying five sous for a *course*. I remarked then, that so rapid is the spread of all substantial comforts, that they would certainly be introduced in London before Christmas, as in fact they were; and at this moment they constitute an important ingredient in London comfort. Indeed they are now introduced into all the great cities of Europe and America.

On the 25th of August, after a walk of seven leagues from Luchon to Arreau, we had an agreeable adventure, the memory of which lasted. Shutt and I had reconciled ourselves to dining in a neat kitchen with the people of the house, when a lively-looking little man in black, a sort of Yorick in countenance, having first surveyed us, stepped up and very civilly offered us the use of the parlor in which were himself and his family. "We have finished our dinner," he said, "and shall be happy to have your company." The lady was a most agreeable person, and the family altogether very amiable. We had a very pleasant evening. The gentleman was a good liberal Whig, and we agreed so well that, on parting next day, he gave us his card. "I am a Cheshire clergyman," he said, "and I shall be glad to see you at my living, if you ever are in my neighborhood."

When I next saw him he was become Bishop of Norwich. He did not at once recognize me when I first saw him in company with the Arnolds, on my going to see the Doctor's portrait, but Mrs. Stanley did, and young Stanley,† the biographer of Dr. Arnold, and the Bishop afterward showed me courteous hospitality at his palace at Norwich, when the Archæological Institute was held there. This kindness to us strangers in this little adventure in the Pyrenees was quite in harmony with his character. The best of Christian bishops, he was the least of a prelate imaginable; hence he was treated with rudeness by the bigots when he took possession of his bishopric. But he was universally beloved and lamented at his death.

On this journey I fell in also with two English exquisites,

* Written in 1852.

† Dean of Westminster.

who, after seeing this district, expressed their wonder that any Englishman who knew Derbyshire could think the Pyrenees worth seeing; *they* did not. They were going to the Alps, and asked me what I advised them to see. I told them, in a tone of half-confidence, that, whatever people might say, there was nothing worth *their* seeing; and I was not at all scrupulous about their misunderstanding me. At Rome, I saw some sportsmen, who took over dogs to sport in the Campagna. They were delighted with their sport, and had been a week there without seeing St. Peter's, and probably would leave Rome without going in.

December 13th. — Walked to Enfield from Mr. Relph's.* I dined with Charles and Mary Lamb, and after dinner had a long spell at dummy whist with them. When they went to bed, I read a little drama by Lamb, "The Intruding Widow," which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine.* It is a piece of great feeling, but quite unsuitable for performance, there being no action whatever in it.

A great change took place this year, through my quitting the bar at the end of the summer circuit. My object in being called to the bar was to acquire a gentlemanly independence, such at least as would enable a bachelor, of no luxurious or expensive habits, to enjoy good society with leisure. And having about £200 per annum, with the prospect of something more, I was not afraid to make known to my friends that, while I deemed it becoming in me to continue in the profession till I was fifty years of age, and until I had a net income of £500 per annum, I had made up my mind not to continue longer, unless there were other inducements than those of mere money-making.†

* Mr. Cuthbert Relph, of Turner's Hill, Cheshunt.

† In looking back on his life, Mr. Robinson used to say, that two of the wisest acts he had done were going to the bar, and quitting the bar.

CHAPTER VI.

1829.

THE New Year opened on me at Witham, where I enjoyed my visit with an ease I had not for many years felt, being relieved from all anxieties. I had already commenced my studies of the Italian language, or rather renewed what I had begun in Holstein twenty years before; and I set about reading Goldoni, a dramatist admirably suited to that object, whose popularity showed the fallen state of the drama in Italy, as that of his superior in the same style, Kotzebue, had lately been doing in Germany. But the plays — properly sentimental comedies — fairly exhibited the national condition and feeling in the last generation.

February 12th. — Before eight I went to the Antiquarian Society, to consummate an act of folly by being admitted an F. S. A. As soon as the step was taken, every one, even the members themselves, were ready to tell me how sunken the Society is. They do nothing at all, says every one. Certainly this evening did not put me in good-humor with myself. There were about forty persons present, Hudson Gurney, M. P., in the chair. Amyot presented me to him, when he ought to have ceremoniously put on his hat and taken me by the hand, and gravely repeated a form of words set down for him.

Two very insignificant little papers were read, from neither of which did I collect a thought. One was a genealogical memoir, the other an extract from a catalogue of furniture in the palace of Henry VIII. No attempt to draw any inference, historical or otherwise, from any one article. After one dull half-hour was elapsed, another still duller succeeded, and then Amyot took me as a guest to the Royal Society. Here, indeed, the handsome hall, fine collection of portraits, the mace, and the dignified deportment of the President, Davies Gilbert, were enough to keep one in an agreeable state of excitement for thirty minutes. But as to the memoir, what it was about I do not know. Some chemical substance was the subject of admeasurement, and there was something about some millionth parts of an inch. After the meeting the members adjourned to the library, where tea was served. Chatted there with Tiarks

and others. One circumstance was pleasant enough. Amyot introduced me to Davies Gilbert, the P. R. S., and he invited me to his Saturday-evening parties.

*Rem.** — I have since made some agreeable acquaintance from my connection with the Antiquarian Society, and its proceedings have not been without incidents of interest.

February 15th. — I was engaged to dine with Mr. Wansey at Walthamstow. When I arrived there I was in the greatest distress, through having forgotten his name. And it was not till after half an hour's worry that I recollected he was a Unitarian, which would answer as well; for I instantly proceeded to Mr. Cogan's. Having been shown into a room, young Mr. Cogan came: "Your commands, sir?" — "Mr. Cogan, I have taken the liberty to call on you in order to know where I am to dine to-day." He smiled. I went on: "The truth is, I have accepted an invitation to dine with a gentleman, a recent acquaintance, whose name I have forgotten; but I am sure you can tell me, for he is a Unitarian, and the Unitarians are very few here." And before I had gone far in my description, he said: "This can be no other than Mr. Wansey. And now, may I ask your name?" — "No, thank you, I am much obliged to you for enabling me to get a dinner, but that is no reason why I should enable you to make me table-talk for the next nine days." He laughed. "There is no use in your attempting to conceal your name. I know who you are, and, as a proof, I can tell you that a namesake of yours has been dining with us, an old fellow-circuiteer of yours. We have just finished dinner in the old Dissenting fashion. My father and mother will be very glad to see you." Accordingly I went in, and sat with the Cogans a couple of hours. Mr. Cogan kept a school for many years, and was almost the only Dissenting schoolmaster whose competence as a Greek scholar was acknowledged by Dr. Parr.†

February 17th. — Dined with the members of the Linnæan Society at the Thatched House Tavern, — introduced by Benson. An amusing dinner. In the chair an old gentleman from the country, — Mr. Lambert. Present, Barrow, of the Admiralty; Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells; Stokes, and, *cum multis aliis*, Sir George Staunton. I had the good luck to be placed next the latter, who amused me much. He is the son

* Written in 1852.

† The late Premier, the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, received his education at this school, where he remained till he was articled to a solicitor.

of the diplomatic traveller in China, known by his book, and he himself afterwards filled the situation of his father. He has a jiffle and a jerk in his bows and salutations which give him a ludicrous air; but he is perfectly gentlemanly, and I believe in every way respectable. He is a great traveller, a bachelor, and a man of letters. We adjourned early to the Linnæan Society, where I found many acquaintances. I can't say I was much edified by the articles read. They rivalled those of the Antiquarians and of the Royal Society in dulness. But the people there, and the fine collection of birds and insects, were at least amusing. Lord Stanley in the chair.

*February 21st, Rem.** — At six dined with Gooden. Tom Hill, the real, original Paul Pry, was there, the man whom everybody laughed at, and whom, on account of his good-nature, many tolerated, and some made use of as a circulating medium. He was reported to be of great age; and Theodore Hook circulated the apology that his baptismal register could not be found, because it was burnt in the Fire of London. He dealt in literary haberdashery, and was once connected with the *Mirror*, a magazine, the motto of which was, "A snapper up of unconsidered trifles." He was also a great fetcher and carrier of gossiping paragraphs for the papers. His habit of questioning was quite ludicrous; and because it was so ridiculous, it was less offensive, when he was universally known.

February 28th, Rem.† — Went with Amyot to dine with Hudson Gurney. A small party. Mr. Madden, of the British Museum, Dr. Philpotts, and one lady from Norwich. A pleasant afternoon. The defeat of Peel at Oxford was, perhaps, felt by no one but Dr. Philpotts, and he was in good spirits, and was very good company. He said his son was against him at Oxford, and he was not sorry for it, which I recollect being not displeased with him for saying. By the by, the Doctor has recently written in defence of his conduct on this occasion, in answer to the *Edinburgh Review*. Had the Doctor gone on in the same direction as Lord Palmerston, his conduct would have been but mildly censured. It is the repeated vacillation, the changing backwards as well as forwards, which cannot be forgiven.

March 1st (Sunday). — Heard Irving preach a furious sermon against Catholic Emancipation. He kept me attentive for

* Written in 1852. † Written in 1852.

an hour and a half. He was very eloquent, and there was enough of argument and plan in his discourse to render it attractive to a thinking man. At the same time, the extravagant absurdities he uttered were palpable. His argument was, in short, this: Christ ordained that the civil and ecclesiastical government should be in different hands; the King is his vicegerent in all temporal concerns, and we owe him implicit and absolute obedience; the Church is equally sovereign in all spiritual matters. The Devil raised up the Papacy, which, grasping both powers, possesses neither; for, whenever power is given to a churchman, whenever he is raised to a magistracy, there the mystery of iniquity is made manifest; hence the diabolical character of the Papal power. In order to show that this doctrine is that of the Church of England, Irving referred to a clause in the 37th Article, but that Article merely refuses to the King the power of preaching, and of administering the Sacraments; it gives him ecclesiastical authority in express terms; and what has Irving to say of the bench of bishops? Irving prayed against the passing of the threatened bill, but exhorted the people to submit to the government. If persecution should follow (as is probable), they are to submit to martyrdom. In the midst of a furious tirade, a voice cried from the door: "That is not true!" He finished his period, and then exclaimed, after a pause: "It is well when the Devil speaks from the mouth of one possessed. It shows that the truth works." When I heard Irving, I thought of the fanatics of Scotland in the seventeenth century. His powerful voice, equally musical and tender, his admirable enunciation and glorious figure, are enough to excite his audience to rebellion, if his doctrine had permitted acts of violence.

Mrs. Clarkson to H. C. R.

March 12, 1829.

Perhaps it may edify you if I relate a remarkable dream of my husband's. He dreamt that he was dead and laid out, and was looking at his toes to see if they had laid him straight, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of an angel, who told him that he was sent from God to tell him that some resurrection-men were coming for him; that he was to lie quite still till they came, then take the sword, which the angel laid down by his side, and pursue them, and that he should be protected. The angel disappeared, — the men came, — my

husband did as he was commanded, — seized the men one after the other, and cut off their ears with the sword. He awoke, laughing, at seeing them run away with their hands holding their heads where the ears had been cut off. As you may suppose, this dream occurred at Christmas time, when we had been feasting, and the papers were filled with the Edinburgh murders. If you had heard Mr. Clarkson tell the dream, you would never have forgotten it. It was so exquisitely droll that, for a day or two afterwards, one or other of us was perpetually bursting out into laughter at the remembrance of it.

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

April 22, 1829.

My dear Friend, — After walking to and from Deptford, on the 5th of March, returning over Westminster Bridge, I must e'en, in the joy of my pro-popery heart, step into the avenues of the House of Commons, to hear the details of the Bill that night brought forward by the Home Secretary. I loitered about three quarters of an hour at midnight, chatting with the emancipationist members. Went to bed at two, and in the morning found my left knee as crooked as the politics of the Ministry are, by the anti-Catholics, represented to be. After using leeches, poultices, &c. for three weeks, I went down to Brighton, and again, in a most unchristian spirit, put myself under the hands of the Mahometan Mahomet, — was stewed in his vapor-baths, and shampooed under his pagan paws. But I found it easier to rub in than drive out a devil, for I went with a rheumatic knee, and came away with one knee, one shoulder, and two elbows, all rheumatic. I am now under a regular doctor's hands, but the malady seems obstinate, and my present indisposition, slight as it is, serves to disturb my visions of enjoyment. It is sad to feel one's "animal impulses all gone by," when one is conscious of possessing the higher sensations but feebly. Hitherto, mere locomotion has been to me, as it was to Johnson, almost enough to gratify me. There was a time when mere novelty of external scenery (without any society whatever) sufficed. I am half ashamed of becoming more nice both as to persons and places.

[This is the attack of rheumatism which called forth Lamb's "Hoax" and "Confession." They have already been printed in Talfourd's work. For reprinting here, *in situ*, these most characteristic productions, the Editor feels assured that no apology is necessary.]

C. Lamb to H. C. R.

April, 1829.

Dear Robinson, — We are afraid you will slip from us, from England, without again seeing us. It would be charity to come and see me. I have these three days been laid up with strong rheumatic pains in loins, back, shoulders. I shriek sometimes from the violence of them. I get scarce any sleep, and the consequence is, I am restless, and want to change sides as I lie, and I cannot turn without resting on my hands, and so turning all my body at once, like a log with a lever.

While this rainy weather lasts I have no hope of alleviation. I have tried flannels and embrocation in vain. Just at the hip-joint the pangs sometimes are so excruciating that I cry out. It is as violent as the cramp, and far more continuous. I am ashamed to whine about these complaints to you, who can ill enter into them.

But, indeed, they are sharp. You go about in rain or fine, at all hours, without discommodity. I envy you your immunity at a time of life not much removed from my own. But you owe your exemption to temperance, which it is too late for me to pursue. I, in my lifetime, have had my good things. Hence *my* frame is brittle, — *yours* strong as brass. I never knew any ailment you had. You can go out at night in all weathers, sit up all hours. Well, I don't want to moralize. I only wish to say that if you are inclined to a game at Double Dummy, I would try and bolster up myself in a chair for a rubber or so. My days are tedious, but less so and less painful than my nights. May you never know the pain and difficulty I have in writing so much! Mary, who is most kind, joins in the wish. C. Lamb.

Confession of Hoax.

I do confess to mischief. It was the subtlest diabolical piece of malice heart of man has contrived. I have no more rheumatism than that poker, — never was freer from all pains and aches; every joint sound, to the tip of the ear from the extremity of the lesser toe. The report of thy torments was blown circuitously here from Bury. I could not resist the jeer. I conceived you writhing, when you should just receive my congratulations. How mad you 'd be! Well, it is not in my method to inflict pangs. I leave that to Heaven. But in the existing pangs of a friend I have a share. His disquietude

crowns my exemption. I imagine you howling, and pace across the room, shooting out my free arms, legs, &c., this way and that way, with an assurance of not kindling a spark of pain from them. I deny that nature meant us to sympathize with agonies. Those face-contortions, retortions, distortions, have the merriness of antics. Nature meant them for farce, — not so pleasant to the actor, indeed ; but Grimaldi cries when we laugh, and 't is but one that suffers to make thousands rejoice.

You say that shampooing is ineffectual. But *per se* it is good, to show the introvolutions, extravolutions, of which the animal frame is capable, — to show what the creature is receptible of, short of dissolution.

You are worst of nights, ain't you ?

'T will be as good as a sermon to you to lie abed all this night, and meditate the subject of the day. 'T is Good Friday.

. . . . .

Nobody will be the more justified for your endurance. You won't save the soul of a mouse. 'T is a pure selfish pleasure.

You never was rack'd, was you ? I should like an authentic map of those feelings.

You seem to have the flying gout. You can scarcely screw a smile out of your face, can you ? I sit at immunity, and sneer *ad libitum*.

'T is now the time for you to make good resolutions. I may go on breaking 'em, for anything the worse I find myself.

Your doctor seems to keep you on the long cure. Precipitate healings are never good.

Don't come while you are so bad. I sha' n't be able to attend to your throes and the dummy at once.

I should like to know how slowly the pain goes off. But don't write, unless the motion will be likely to make your sensibility more exquisite.

Your affectionate and truly healthy friend,

C. Lamb.

Mary thought a letter from me might amuse you in your torment.

April 24th. — Breakfasted with Richard Sharpe by appointment. He gave me verbal advice about my intended tour in Italy, and which he is to reduce to writing. A very gratifying

two hours' chat with him. He is commonly called "Conversation Sharpe." He has lived in the best society, and belongs to the last generation. In his room were five most interesting portraits, all of men he knew, — Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds by Reynolds, Henderson by Gainsborough, and Mackintosh by Opie. I will not pretend here to put down any part of his conversation, except that he mentioned the Finstermunz Pass as the very finest spot in the Tyrol, and that he recommends my going to Laibach. He spoke of a philosophical work he means to publish, but I do not think he will ever have any higher fame than that of being "Conversation Sharpe." He certainly talks well.*

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

RYDAL MOUNT, KENDAL, April 26, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Dora holds the pen for me. A month ago the east wind gave me an inflammation in my left eyelid, which led, as it always does, to great distress of the eye, so that I have been unable either to read or write, which privations I bear patiently ; and also a third, full as grievous, — a necessary cessation from the amusement of composition, and almost of thought. Truly were we grieved to hear of your illness, first, from Mr. Quillinan, and this morning from your own account, which makes the case much worse than we had apprehended. . . . . I enter thoroughly into what you say of the manner in which this malady has affected your locomotive habits and propensities ; and I grieve still more when I bear in mind how active you have ever been in going about to serve your friends and to do good. Motion, so mischievous in most, was in you a beneficent power indeed. . . . . My sister-in-law, Miss Joanna Hutchinson, and her brother Henry, an ex-sailor, are about to embark, at the Isle of Man, for Norway, to remain till July. Were I not tied at home I should certainly accompany them. As far as I can look back, I discern in my mind imaginative traces of Norway ; the people are said to be simple and worthy, — the *Nature* is magnificent. I have heard Sir H. Davy affirm that there is nothing equal to some of the ocean inlets of that region. . . . . It would have been a great joy to us to have seen

* He was a partner of Samuel Boddington, and had acquired wealth in business. He once obtained a seat in Parliament, made a single speech, and was never heard of afterwards. Wordsworth held him to be better acquainted with Italy than any other man, and advised me to ask his advice concerning my journey. — H. C. R.

you, though upon a melancholy occasion. You talk of the more than chance of your being absent upwards of two years. I am entered my sixtieth year. Strength must be failing; and snappings off, as the danger my dear sister has just escaped lamentably proves, ought not to be long out of sight. Were she to depart, the phasis of my moon would be robbed of light to a degree that I have not courage to think of. During her illness, we often thought of your high esteem of her goodness, and of your kindness towards her upon all occasions. Mrs. Wordsworth is still with her. Dora is my housekeeper, and did she not hold the pen, it would run wild in her praises. Sara Coleridge, one of the loveliest and best of creatures, is with me, so that I am an enviable person, notwithstanding our domestic impoverishment. I have nothing to say of books (newspapers having employed all the voices I could command), except that the first volume of Smith's "Nollekens and his Times" has been read to me. There are some good anecdotes in the book; the one which made most impression on me was that of Reynolds, who is reported to have taken from the print of a halfpenny ballad in the street an effect in one of his pictures which pleased him more than anything he had produced. If you were here, I might be tempted to talk with you about the Duke's settling of the Catholic question. Yet why? for you are going to Rome, the very centre of light, and can have no occasion for my farthing candle. Dora joins me in affectionate regards; she is a stanch anti-papist, in a *woman's* way, and perceives something of the retributive hand of justice in your rheumatism; but, nevertheless, like a true Christian, she prays for your speedy convalescence. . . . .

Wm. Wordsworth.

April 29th. — Dined at the Athenæum. Hudson Gurney asked me to dine with him. He was low-spirited. His friend, Dr. Young, is dying. Gurney speaks of him as a very great man, the most learned physician and greatest mathematician of his age, and the first discoverer of the clew to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Calling on him a few days ago, Gurney found him busy about his Egyptian Dictionary, though very ill. He is aware of his state, but that makes him most anxious to finish his work. "I would not," he said to Gurney, "live a single idle day."

May 8th. — Went by the early coach to Enfield, being on the road from half past eight till half past ten o'clock. Lamb

was from home a great part of the morning. I spent the whole of the day with him and his sister, without going out of the house, except for a mile before dinner with Miss Lamb. I had plenty of books to lounge over. I read Brougham's Introduction to the Library of Useful Knowledge, remarkable only as coming from the busiest man living, a lawyer in full practice, a partisan in Parliament, an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, and a participator in all public and party matters.

May 9th. — Nearly the whole day within doors. I merely sunned myself at noon on the beautiful Enfield Green. When I was not with the Lambs, I employed myself in looking over Charles's books, of which no small number are curious. He throws away all modern books, but retains even the trash he liked when a boy. Looked over a "Life of Congreve," one of Curll's infamous publications, containing nothing. Also the first edition of the "Rape of the Lock," with the machinery.* It is curious to observe the improvements in the versification. Colley Cibber's pamphlets against Pope only flippant and disgusting, — nothing worth notice. Read the beginnings of two wretched novels. Lamb and his sister were both in a fidget to-day about the departure of their old servant Becky, who had been with them many years, but, being ill-tempered, had been a plague and a tyrant to them. Yet Miss Lamb was frightened at the idea of a *new* servant. However, their new maid, a cheerful, healthy girl, gave them spirits, and all the next day Lamb was rejoicing in the change. Moxon came very late.

May 10th. — All the forenoon in the back room with the Lambs, except that I went out to take a place in the evening stage. About noon Talfourd came : he had walked. Moxon, after a long walk, returned to dinner, and we had an agreeable chat between dinner and tea.

May 11th, Rem.† — A general meeting at the Athenæum, at which I rendered good service to the club. The anecdote is worth relating, mainly because it is characteristic of a man who played an important part in public life. I speak of the Right Honorable Wilson Croker, for many years regarded as really master, though nominally the Secretary, of the Admiralty, who was one of the most active of the founders of the Athenæum Club. He was one of the Trustees of the House, a permanent member of the Committee, and, according to

* The poem was first published in two cantos; but the author, adopting the idea of enlivening it by the machinery of sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, then familiar topics, enlarged the two cantos to five.

† Written in 1852.

common report, the officious manager and despot, ruling the club at his will. I had been told in the morning that the Committee had meant to have a neat portico of four columns, — the one actually erected, — but that Croker had arbitrarily changed the plan, and the foundations were then digging for a portico of two columns, not at all becoming so broad a space as the front comprises. At the meeting, after the report had been read, Dr. Henderson made an attack on the Committee, reproaching them for their lavish expenditure. This suited my purpose admirably, for on this I rose and said, that so far were the Committee from meriting this reproach, that, on the contrary, a mistaken desire to be economical had, I believed, betrayed them into an act which I thought the body of the proprietors would not approve, and on which I would take their opinion. I then began to state the point about the portico, when Mr. Croker interrupted me, saying I was under a great mistake, — that there never was any intention to have any other portico than the one now preparing. This for a moment perplexed me, but I said: "Of course the chairman meant that no other portico had been resolved on, which might well be. Individual men might be deterred by his opposition, but I knew," raising my voice, "that there were other designs, for I had seen them." Then Mr. Croker requested me, as an act of politeness, to abstain from a motion which would be an affront to the Committee. This roused me, and I said that if any other gentleman would say he thought my motion an affront, I would not make it; but I meant otherwise. And then I added expressions which forced him to say that I had certainly expressed myself most handsomely, but it would be much better to leave the matter in the hands of the Committee. "That," I said, "is the question which you will, in fact, by my motion, submit to the meeting." There was then a cry of "Move, move," and a very large number of hands were held up for the motion. So it passed by acclamation. I was thanked by the architect, and everybody was pleased with what I had done.

May 12th. — On the Bury coach met young Incledon, the son of the famous singer, with whom I had a long chat. He is about to go on the stage, at the age of thirty-eight, having been unfortunate in farming, and having a family to maintain. He has accepted a very advantageous offer from Drury Lane, and will come on the stage under the patronage of Braham, who means to abandon to him his younger characters. His

dislike to the profession is extreme, and amounts to diseased antipathy; it partakes of a moral and religious character.

*Rem.** — He had always avowed this horror of a theatrical life, though it used to be said by his Suffolk friends, that his voice was equal to his father's. I have no knowledge of his subsequent history, nor do I recollect hearing of his carrying out this intention.

May 15th. — Drove with my sister and niece to see Lord Bristol's new house. A fine object, certainly, even in its progress. The only work of art it yet contains is a noble performance by Flaxman, "Athamas and Ino." † It will be the pride of the hall when set up. It is more massive than Flaxman's works generally are, and the female figure more *embonpoint*. The proportions of the head and neck of Ino are not, I fear, to be justified. There is vast expression of deep passion in all the figures. The beautiful frieze of the "Iliad" is placed too high to be easily seen, but that of the "Odyssey" below is most delightful. There are some compartments not from the "Odyssey," nor, I believe, by Flaxman.

CHAPTER VII.

GERMANY.

JUNE 14th. — Rose at five, though I had gone to bed at two. My kind friends, the Colliers, made coffee for me, and at seven I left them and proceeded to Antwerp by steamboat. I did not on this occasion leave England with the *holiday* feeling which I have had for many years on beginning my summer excursions. *Now* I have given up my chambers, and I set out on a journey with no very clear or distinct object. I have a vague desire to see new countries and new people, and I hope that, as I have hitherto enjoyed myself while travelling, I shall be still able to relish a rambling life, though my rheumatic knee will not permit me to be so active as I have hitherto been.

The rich variety of romantic scenery between Coblenz and Bingen kept me in a state of excitement and pleasure, which

* Written in 1852.

† It is still there, but looks very cold and uncomfortable, as does the house.

palled not a moment. Sentiment was mingled with the perceptions of beauty. I recollected with interest my adventures on the Rhine in 1801, my walk up the Lahn valley, my night at St. Goar, &c., &c. I had, besides, the pleasure of interesting conversation.

I wished to see an interesting man at Mainz, — Hofrath Jung.* I found him a very old man, nearly blind, and with declining faculties. He is seventy-six. But to me he is a most interesting man. His family, I have since heard, would be a source of anxiety to him, did he not live in a voluntary dream of sentimental piety. He himself introduced me to his daughter, who has been many years bedridden, suffering from nervous complaints. I was permitted to sit with her a quarter of an hour. She also interested me deeply. With him I took a walk for nearly two hours in the avenue beyond the gates. He is one of the cheerful and hopeful contemplators of human life. He believes practically that everything is for the best, — that the German governments are *all* improving, — and that truth is everywhere making progress. This progress he likens to the travelling in penance of certain pilgrims, who go two steps forward and one back. They get on.

June 23d. — Arrived at Frankfort, and remained there, at the Weidenbusch, till the 9th of July. I had the satisfaction of finding myself not forgotten by my old friends, though so many years have elapsed since my last visit. Souchays, Mylius, Schuncks, Brentanos, Charlotte Serviere, — the old familiar names, and the faces too, — but these *all* changed. Von Leonhardi has become enfeebled. "Philosophy," he said, "is gone by in Germany, and the love of civil and religious liberty is out of fashion. The liberty of the press the Germans are not ripe for yet." My old acquaintance Christian Brentano has become a pietist, and all but a fanatic. De Lamennais is his hero now.

Among the curiosities of literature I fell in with was a treatise on medicine by a Dr. Windischmann, *Ueber etwas das der Heilkunst Noth thut*, i. e. "Of Something that the Art of Healing needs." It treats, first, of the ordinary modes of cure; secondly, of magnetic cures; and thirdly, of cures by means of faith and prayer. The author a Professor at the Prussian University at Bonn, — and the English suppose the Germans are all infidels!

July 9th. — I proceeded to Heidelberg, where I spent twelve

* See Vol. I. p. 107.

days very pleasantly. My enjoyment was enhanced by a very agreeable incident. My arrival having been announced, a dinner given at the Castle, by Benecke, to our common friends, was postponed, that I might be a partaker. Under a shed in a garden at this delightful spot, a party of more than a dozen assembled ; and the day was not one to be forgotten with ordinary festive meetings.

Here I found my friend Benecke in his proper place. Removed from the cares and anxieties of commerce, he can devote himself to philosophical speculation. His religious doctrines, though they have not the assent of the great body of Christian believers, are yet such as excite no jealousy on the part of the orthodox, and at the same time occupy his whole soul, have his entire confidence, and nourish his warm affections. He is conscious of enjoying general esteem.

My time at Heidelberg, as at Frankfort, was chiefly employed in visits to old friends, which afforded me great pleasure, though I cannot here enter into particulars.

Among the eminent persons whom I saw was Thibaut, head of the Faculty of Law, my protector and friend at Jena in 1804. He seems dissatisfied with all religious parties, and it is hard to know what he would like. I thought of Pococurante : "*Quel grand homme*," says Candide, "*rien ne lui plaît.*" Thibaut is a great musical amateur, and all his leisure is devoted to the art. But of modern music he spoke contemptuously. Being a Liberal in politics, he is an admirer of the political institutions of our country ; but as to fine art, his opinion of our people is such, that he affirmed no Englishman ever produced a musical sound worth hearing, or drew a line worth looking at. Perhaps he was thinking of color, rather than outline or sculpture. I saw also, on two or three occasions, Hofrath Schlosser, the historian, — a very able man, the maker of his own fortune. He is a rough, vehement man, but I believe thoroughly upright and conscientious. His works are said to be excellent.* He is a man of whom I wish to see more.

Benecke took me to Mittermaier, the jurist. I feel humbled in the presence of the very laborious professor, who, in addition to mere professional business as judge, legislative commissioner, and University professor, edits, and in a great measure writes, a law journal. And as a diversion he has studied English law more learnedly than most of our own lawyers, and qualified himself to write on the subject.

* His voluminous "History of the Eighteenth Century" was translated into English by the Rev. D. Davison.

Twice I had a *tête-à-tête* conversation with Paulus. There is something interesting in this famous anti-supernaturalist. He is in his old age inspired by a disinterested zeal against priests and privileged orders, and is both honest and benevolent. He declaims against our Catholic emancipation, because the government neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity of taking education out of the hands of the priests. As to the state of religion, he says that there is little right-down orthodoxy left in Protestant Germany. He *was* a fine strong man, of great bodily vigor.* Both he and Hofrath Schlosser thought constitutional liberty *not* in danger from the French ultras.

July 22d. — Returned to Frankfort. A very fine morning. Darmstadt looked invitingly handsome as I rode through. At Frankfort, I had the pleasure of seeing the famous Prussian minister, Baron von Stein, who was outlawed by Buonaparte. A fine old man, with a nose nearly as long as Zenobio's, which gives his countenance an expression of comic sagacity. He is by no means in favor at the Court of Prussia. I was glad of an opportunity of telling him that I had written in his praise in the *Quarterly Review*.†

I called on Madame Niese, the Protestant sister of Madame Schlosser. Though herself somewhat a zealot in religion, the conversion of Madame Schlosser to Roman Catholicism has caused no alienation of affection between the sisters. By the by, Paulus told me that he had taken pains to dissuade some Catholics from going over to the Protestant religion.

July 24th. — Left Frankfort, and after travelling two nights reached Weimar on the 26th, early. Very soon proceeded to Jena in a hired chaise. A dull drive. It used to be a delightful walk twenty-eight years ago. But I remarked, with pleasure, that the old steep and dangerous ascent, the Schnecke, is turned, and the road is made safe and agreeable. Found my old friend Von Knebel but little changed, though eleven years older than when I last saw him. His boy, Bernard, is now a very interesting youth of sixteen. I have not often seen a boy who pleases

* The *Homiletische Correspondenz*, in an article on Paulus's "Life of Christ," gives an account of his interpretation of the miracles, which is certainly as *low* as anything can be imagined. He does not scruple to represent the feeding of the 5,000 as a picnic entertainment. He refers to essence of punch in connection with the turning of water into wine. Jesus Christ is represented as a good surgeon, who could cure diseases of the nerves by working on the imagination. The Ascension was a walk up a mountain on which was a cloud. Such things are common enough among avowed unbelievers, but that they should be thought compatible with the ministerial office, and also a Professor's Chair at a University, and by Protestant governments, is the wonder! — H. C. R.

† See *ante*, p. 16.

me so much. Went early to bed, sleeping in my delightful old room, from which the views on three sides are charming.

July 29th. — Set out on an interesting excursion of three days. Frau von Knebel and Bernard accompanied me in a drosky to Gumperda, near Kahla, in the Duchy of Altenburg. There Charles von Knebel is feudal lord of a Rittergut in right of his wife, a widow lady, whom he married a few years ago. Gumperda lies about three and a quarter leagues from Jena, in a valley beyond Cahla, and the ride is through a very fine country. I received a very cordial welcome from Charles von Knebel. The mansion is solitary and spacious. We had tea in a hanging wood, half-way up the sides of the mountain. I afterwards walked with my host to the summit, from which the view is extensive and interesting. I retired early to bed, and read Döring's very unsatisfactory "Life of Herder."

July 30th. — C. von Knebel farms of the Duke of Weimar the chase of a forest, i. e. he has a right to the deer, &c. In this forest a hut has been erected for the use of the foresters, and my friends planned that we should dine there to-day, in order that I might see the neighborhood. After a pleasant drive, we roamed about the forest, and I enjoyed the day. Forest scenery wearies less than any.

July 31st. — Interested in attending the court, of which my friend is the Lord. A sensible young man sat as judge, and there was a sort of homage. The proceedings were both civil and criminal, and so various as to show an extensive jurisdiction. The most important cases were two in which old people delivered up all their property to their children, on condition of being maintained by them. The judge explained to the children their obligation, and all the parties put their hands into his. The following were some of the punishments: One man was sentenced to a day's imprisonment for stealing a very little wood. Others were fined for having false weights. One was imprisoned for resisting gens-d'armes. Another for going into a court-yard with a lighted pipe. The only act which offended my notion of justice was fining a man for killing his own pig, and selling the pork in fraud of the butcher. The proceedings were quite patriarchal in their form. A few days of such experience as mine to-day would give a better idea of a country than many a long journey in mail-coaches. One of the domestics of Charles von Knebel took an oath before the judge to be a faithful servant. This court seems a sort of court of *première instance*. The barons in Saxony, I was assured, are

rather desirous to get rid of, than to maintain, their higher jurisdiction, from which there is an appeal to the Ducal Court.

Frau von Knebel (Jun.) related some interesting particulars of her early life. She was educated at Nancy, at an establishment kept by Madame la H. Among the pupils were princesses, and most of the young ladies were of good family; but there were a few of low birth. Not the slightest distinction, however, was made. They were taught useful things, such as cooking in all its branches. And certainly Frau von Knebel, though her life has been spent chiefly in courts, is a most excellent manager and housewife. She was maid of honor at the Baden Court, and there used to see the members of Napoleon's Court. She was terribly afraid of Napoleon. Of Josephine, on whom she attended, she spoke with rapture, as equally kind-hearted and dignified. Josephine was several times in tears when Frau von Knebel entered the room.

On the 2d of August I went over to Weimar, and had an interview with the poet. Goethe is so great a man that I shall not scruple to copy the minutest incidents I find in my journal, and add others which I distinctly recollect. But, fearing repetition, I will postpone what I have to say of him till I finally leave Jena. I continued to make it my head-quarters till the 13th. I saw, of course, most of my old acquaintance. A considerable portion of my time was spent in reading poetry with Knebel, and, after all, I did not fully impress him with Wordsworth's power. My journal gives the following account of the day before that of my departure: Rose at six, and the morning being fine, I took a delightful walk up the Hausberg, and, starting on the south side by way of Ziegenhain, ascended the famous Fuchsthurm, a lofty watch-tower of great antiquity. It has also modern celebrity, for Buonaparte went up for military purposes, and it was called Napoleonsberg. This occupied me nearly three hours. I read an essay by Schleiermacher on the establishment of a University at Berlin. After breakfast I had a long chat with Knebel. He informed me of his father's life. He was in the service of the last Margrave of Anspach, and was almost the only nobleman whom the Margrave associated with after he was entangled with Lady Craven, whom Knebel himself recollected. He did not give a favorable account of her. But the Margrave was a kind-hearted man, and a good prince. His people loved him. I dined with Voigt, and returned early to Knebel, with whom I

had in the evening a long and interesting conversation. It is but too probable that I have now seen for the last time one of the most amiable men I ever knew, and one most truly attached to me. He is eighty-five years of age.

I saw on several occasions Frau von Wolzogen. She was in the decline of life, and belonged to the complainers. She appeared in the literary world as the author of a novel, entitled "Agnes von Lilien," which was ascribed to Goethe; and she is now remembered as the author of a "Life of Schiller," whose wife was her sister. She belonged to the aristocracy of Jena, and her house was visited by the higher classes, though she was not rich.

During my stay at Jena I had leisure for reading, early and late. Among the books I read with most interest was the "Correspondence of Goethe and Schiller." This collection is chiefly interesting from the contrast between the two. A delightful effect is produced by the affectionate reverence of Schiller towards Goethe; and infinitely below Goethe as Schiller must be deemed in intellect and poetical power, yet as a man he engrosses our affection. Goethe seems too great to be an object of love, even to one so great as Schiller. Their poetical creed, if called in question, might be thought the same, but their practice was directly opposed. Schiller was raised by Goethe, and Goethe was sustained by Schiller: without Schiller, Goethe might have mournfully quoted Pope's couplet, —

> "Condemned in business, as in life, to trudge,
> Without a second, and without a judge."

Schiller was not, indeed, a perfect judge, for that implies a superior, — at least one who can overlook; but his was an inspiring mind. Goethe was able to read himself in Schiller, and understood himself from the reflection. The book will be invaluable to future historians of German literature at this its most glorious epoch.

August 2d. — A golden day! Voigt and I left Jena before seven, and in three hours were at Weimar. Having left our cards at Goethe's dwelling-house, we proceeded to the garden-house in the park, and were at once admitted to the great man. I was aware, by the present of medals from him, that I was not forgotten, and I had heard from Hall and others that I was expected. Yet I was oppressed by the kindness of his reception. We found the old man in his cottage in the park, to which he retires for solitude from his town-house,

where are his son, his daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren. He generally eats and drinks alone ; and when he invites a stranger, it is to a *tête-à-tête*. This is a wise sparing of his strength. Twenty-seven years ago I thus described him : "In Goethe I beheld an elderly man of terrific dignity ; a penetrating and insupportable eye, — 'the eye, like Jove, to threaten or command,' — a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips, which, when closed, seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their hidden treasures from bursting forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body ; there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air." Now I beheld the same eye, indeed, but the eyebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful compression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a gentle stoop. *Then* he never honored me with a look after the first haughty bow, *now* he was all courtesy. "Well, you are come at last," he said ; "we have waited years for you. How is my old friend Knebel? You have given him youth again, I have no doubt." In his room, in which there was a French bed without curtains, hung two large engravings : one, the well-known panoramic view of Rome ; the other, the old square engraving, an imaginary restoration of the ancient public buildings. Both of these I then possessed, but I have now given them to University Hall, London. He spoke of the old engraving as what delighted him, as showing what the scholars thought in the fifteenth century. The opinion of scholars is now changed. In like manner he thought favorably of the panoramic view, though it is incorrect, including objects which cannot be seen from the same spot.

I had a second chat with him late in the evening. We talked much of Lord Byron, and the subject was renewed afterwards. To refer to detached subjects of conversation, I ascertained that he was unacquainted with Burns's "Vision." This is most remarkable, on account of its close resemblance to the *Zueignung* (dedication) to his own works, because the whole logic of the two poems is the same. Each poet confesses his infirmities ; each is consoled by the Muse, — the holly-leaf of the Scotch poet being the "veil of dew and sunbeams" of the German. I pointed out this resemblance to Frau von Goethe, and she acknowledged it.

This evening I gave Goethe an account of De Lamennais, and quoted from him a passage importing that all truth comes

from God, and is made known to us by the Church. He held at the moment a flower in his hand, and a beautiful butterfly was in the room. He exclaimed: "No doubt all truth comes from God; but the Church! There 's the point. God speaks to us through this flower and that butterfly; and that 's a language these *Spitzbuben* don't understand." Something led him to speak of Ossian with contempt. I remarked: "The taste for Ossian is to be ascribed to you in a great measure. It was Werter that set the fashion." He smiled, and said: "That 's partly true; but it was never perceived by the critics that Werter praised Homer while he retained his senses, and Ossian when he was going mad. But reviewers do not notice such things." I reminded Goethe that Napoleon loved Ossian. "It was the contrast with his own nature," Goethe replied. "He loved soft and melancholy music. 'Werther' was among his books at St. Helena."

We spoke of the emancipation of the Catholics. Goethe said: "My daughter will be glad to talk about it; I take no interest in such matters." On leaving him the first evening, he kissed me three times. (I was always before disgusted with man's kisses.) Voigt never saw him do so much to any other.

He pressed me to spend some days at Weimar on my return; and, indeed, afterwards induced me to protract my stay. I was there from the 13th of August till the 19th.

I cannot pretend to set down our conversations in the order in which they occurred. On my return from Jena, I was more aware than before that Goethe was grown *old;* perhaps, because he did not exert himself so much. His expression of feeling was, however, constantly tender and kind. He was alive to his reputation in England, and apparently mortified at the poor account I gave of Lord Leveson Gower's translation of "Faust"; though I did not choose to tell him that his noble translator, as an apology, said he did it as an exercise while learning the language. On my mentioning that Lord Leveson Gower had not ventured to translate the "Prologue in Heaven," he seemed surprised. "How so? that is quite unobjectionable. The idea is in Job." He did not perceive that that was the aggravation, not the excuse. He was surprised when I told him that the "*Sorrows* of Werther" was a mistranslation, — sorrow being *Kummer*, — *Leiden* is sufferings.

I spoke with especial admiration of his "Carnival at Rome." "I shall be there next winter, and shall be glad if the thing

give me half the pleasure I had in reading the description." — "Ay, mein Lieber, but it won't do that! To let you into a secret, nothing can be more wearisome (*ennuyant*) than that Carnival. I wrote that account really to relieve myself. My lodgings were in the Corso. I stood on the balcony, and jotted down everything I saw. There is not a single item invented." And then, smiling, he said: "We poets are much more matter-of-fact people than they who are not poets have any idea of; and it was the truth and reality which made that writing so popular." This is in harmony with Goethe's known doctrine: he was a decided realist, and an enemy to the ideal, as he relates in the history of his first acquaintance with Schiller. Speaking this evening of his travels in Switzerland, he said that he still possessed all that he has in print called his "*Actenstücke*" (documents): that is, tavern-bills, accounts, advertisements, &c. And he repeated his remark that it is by the laborious collection of facts that even a poetical view of nature is to be corrected and authenticated. I mentioned Marlowe's "Faust." He burst out into an exclamation of praise. "How greatly is it all planned!" He had thought of translating it. He was fully aware that Shakespeare did not stand alone.

This, and indeed every evening, I believe, Lord Byron was the subject of his praise. He said: "*Es sind keine Flickwörter im Gedichte.*" (There is no padding in his poetry.) And he compared the brilliancy and clearness of his style to a metal wire drawn through a steel plate. In the complete edition of Byron's works, including the "Life" by Moore, there is a statement of the connection between Goethe and Byron. At the time of my interviews with Goethe, Byron's "Life" was actually in preparation. Goethe was by no means indifferent to the account which was to be given to the world of his own relations to the English poet, and was desirous of contributing all in his power to its completeness. For that purpose he put into my hands the lithographic dedication of "Sardanapalus" to himself, and all the original papers which had passed between them. He permitted me to take these to my hotel, and to do with them what I pleased; in other words, I was to copy them, and add such recollections as I was able to supply of Goethe's remarks on Byron. These filled a very closely written folio letter, which I despatched to England; but Moore afterwards assured me that he had never received it.

One or two of the following remarks will be found as signifi-

cant as anything Goethe has written of Byron. It was a satisfaction to me to find that Goethe preferred to all the other serious poems of Byron the "Heaven and Earth," though it seemed almost satire when he exclaimed, "A bishop might have written it!" He added, "Byron should have lived to execute his vocation." — "And that was?" I asked. "To dramatize the Old Testament. What a subject under his hands would the Tower of Babel have been!" He continued: "You must not take it ill; but Byron was indebted for the profound views he took of the Bible to the *ennui* he suffered from it at school." Goethe, it will be remembered, in one of his ironical epigrams, derives his poetry from *ennui* (*Langeweile*); he greets her as the Mother of the Muses. It was with reference to the poems of the Old Testament that Goethe praised the views which Byron took of Nature; they were equally profound and poetical. "He had not," Goethe said, "like me, devoted a long life to the study of Nature, and yet in all his works I found but two or three passages I could have wished to alter."

I had the courage to confess my inability to relish the *serious* poems of Byron, and to intimate my dissatisfaction with the comparison generally made between Manfred and Faust. I remarked: "Faust had nothing left but to sell his soul to the Devil when he had exhausted all the resources of science in vain; but Manfred's was a poor reason, — his passion for Astarte." He smiled, and said, "That is true." But then he fell back on the indomitable spirit of Manfred. Even at the last he was not conquered. Power in all its forms Goethe had respect for. This he had in common with Carlyle. And the impudence of Byron's satire he felt and enjoyed. I pointed out "The Deformed Transformed," as being really an imitation of "Faust," and was pleased to find that Goethe especially praised this piece.*

I read to him the "Vision of Judgment," explaining the obscurer allusions. He enjoyed it as a child might, but his criticisms scarcely went beyond the exclamations, "Too bad!" "Heavenly!" "Unsurpassable!" He praised however, especially, the speeches of Wilkes and Junius, and the concealment of the countenance of the latter. "Byron has surpassed himself." Goethe praised Stanza IX. for its clear description. He repeated Stanza X., and emphatically the last two lines,

* Byron himself denies that "Faust" suggested "Manfred." See a note in the "Works," Vol. IX. p. 71.

recollecting that he was himself eighty years of age. Stanza XXIV. he declared to be sublime :—

> "But bringing up the rear of this bright host,
> A spirit of a different aspect waved
> His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
> Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
> His brow was like the deep when tempest-tossed;
> Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
> Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
> And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space."

Goethe concurred in my suggested praise of Stanzas XIII., XIV., XV. Indeed Goethe was in this like Coleridge, that he was by no means addicted to contradiction. This encourages those who might not otherwise venture on obtruding a sentiment. He did not reject the preference I expressed for Byron's satirical poems, nor my suggestion that to "Don Juan" a motto might have been taken from Mephistopheles' speech aside to the student who asked his opinion of medicine :—

> "Ich bin des trockenen Zeugs doch satt.
> Ich will den *ächten* Teufel spielen."

Byron's verses on George IV., he said, were the sublime of hatred. I took an opportunity to mention Milton, and found Goethe unacquainted with "Samson Agonistes." I read to him the first part, to the end of the scene with Delilah. He fully conceived the spirit of it, though he did not praise Milton with the warmth with which he eulogized Byron, of whom he said that "the like would never come again ; he was inimitable." Ariosto was not so daring as Byron in the "Vision of Judgment."

Goethe said Samson's confession of his guilt was in a better spirit than anything in Byron. "There is fine logic in all the speeches." On my reading Delilah's vindication of herself, he exclaimed : "That is capital ; he has put her in the right." To one of Samson's speeches he cried out, "O the parson !" He thanked me for making him acquainted with this poem, and said : "It gives me a higher opinion of Milton than I had before. It lets me more into the nature of his mind than any other of his works."

I read to him Coleridge's "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter" ; his praise was faint. I inquired whether he knew the name of Lamb. "O yes ! Did he not write a pretty sonnet on his own name ?" Charles Lamb, though he always affected contempt for Goethe, yet was manifestly pleased that his name was known to him.

I informed Goethe of my possession of Wieland's bust by Schadow.* He said: "It is like a lost child found. The Duchess Amelia sent for Schadow to do it, and when done gave it to Wieland. He died when the French were here, and we were all away. Wieland's goods were sold by auction, and we heard that the bust was bought by an Englishman. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" I related to him how I had bought it at the recommendation of Flaxman, who deemed it "a perfect work." Goethe then said: "You must be sensible that it ought to be here. A time will come when you can no longer enjoy it. Take care that it comes here hereafter." This I promised. And I have in my will given it to the Grand Duke, in trust, for the public library at Weimar. Goethe expressed to me his pleasure that I had retained so lively a recollection of Weimar at its "*schöne Zeit*," when Schiller, Herder, and Wieland all lived. I remember no other mention of Herder, nor did I expect it. Goethe spoke of Wieland as a man of genius, and of Schiller with great regard. He said that Schiller's rendering of the witch-scenes in "Macbeth" was "detestable." "But it was his way; you must let every man have his own character." This was a tolerance characteristic of Goethe.

I have already mentioned Goethe's fondness for keeping portrait memorials, and can only consider it as an extreme instance of this that I was desired to go to one Schmeller to have my portrait taken, — a head in crayons, frightfully ugly, and very like. The artist told me that he had within a few years done for Goethe more than three hundred. It is the kind of *Andenken* he preferred. They are all done in the same style, — full-face. I sat to Schmeller also for a portrait for Knebel, — a profile, and much less offensive.

In this way I spent five evenings with Goethe. When he took leave of me, it was very kindly, and he requested me to write every three or four months, when I came to an interesting place. But this I did not venture to do. I went up stairs and looked over his rooms. They had little furniture, but there were interesting engravings on the walls. His bed was without curtains, — a mere couch. I saw much of his daughter-in-law; he is said to have called her, "*Ein verrückter Engel*" (a crazy angel), and the epithet is felicitous.

Goethe, in his correspondence with Zelter, has filled a couple of pages with an account of this visit. He speaks of me as a sort of missionary on behalf of English poetry. He was not

* See Vol. I. p. 108.

aware that I had not the courage to name the poet to whom I was and am most attached, — Wordsworth; for I knew that there were too many dissonances of character between them. As Southey remarked to me, "How many sympathies, how many dispathies do I feel with Goethe!"*

[In 1832 Mr. S. Naylor, Jun., sent to Mr. Robinson the following extract from a letter written by Frau von Goethe to himself. This extract can have no place so suitable as here: —]

"If it be possible that the glowing forms of Italy have not wholly obliterated in him the pale image of a Northern, tell him (this him is Robinson) that we all look for him with longing, and regard him as a literary missionary, who will bring us the right articles of faith."

The day after my arrival at Weimar, I met the Chamberlain of the Duchess Dowager (the Court were away). He said: "You must call. The Grand Duchess knows you are

* This correspondence of Goethe with Zelter continued to within a few hours of Goethe's death. Indeed these oldest friends died within so short a time of each other, that neither heard of the other's death. Goethe used to give to Zelter an account of all that occurred to him in the way of gossip, books, visits, &c., and in my visit to Heidelberg, in 1834, I met with the extract which I now translate. It is in the fifth volume of the "Correspondence." After mentioning Mucewitz, the Polish poet, Goethe proceeds: "At the same time there was an Englishman with us, who had studied at Jena at the beginning of the century, and who had since that time pursued German literature in a way of which no one could form an idea. He was so truly initiated into the grounds of merit in our situation, that if I had wished to do so, and as we are accustomed to do towards foreigners, there was no casting a mist before his eyes. From his conversation it resulted that, for twenty years and more, highly cultivated Englishmen have been coming to Germany, and acquiring correct information concerning the personal, æsthetical, and moral relations of those who may be called our forefathers. Of Klopstock's 'Verknöcherung' (Ossification) he related strange things. Then he seemed a kind of missionary of English literature, and read to me and my daughter, together and apart, single poems. Byron's 'Heaven and Earth' it was very agreeable to become acquainted with by the eye and ear at once, as I held a second copy in my hand. At last he drew my attention to Milton's 'Samson Agonistes,' and read it with me. It is to be remarked that in this we acquire a knowledge of a predecessor of Lord Byron, who is as grand and comprehensive (*grandios und umsichtig*) as Byron himself. But, to be sure, the successor is as vast and wildly varied as the other appears simple and stately."

In a later letter, speaking of Handel's "Samson," Goethe remarks, — I quote from memory, — that a literary friend had, in the preceding summer, read Milton's "Samson" to him, and that he never before met with so perfect an imitation of the antique in style and spirit.

I have not the slightest recollection of having mentioned Klopstock at all, and cannot think what he referred to. Voigt says he never knew Goethe forget anything, so perfect was his memory to the last, and that, therefore, I probably did speak about Klopstock. — H. C. R.

here. Go with me now." I objected, that I was not dressed. "That 's of no consequence. She will be sure not to see you." And a message being sent, the Chamberlain was desired to invite me to dinner. I was engaged with Goethe, but knew that these invitations are commands. Next morning a like invitation came, and again on Monday. On the last evening of my stay at Weimar, wishing to accept an invitation to a party elsewhere, I asked the Chamberlain how I could avoid being invited by the Dowager. "You must ask the Grand Duchess for leave to quit the country," he said. Such is Court etiquette!

These three dinners do not supply much matter for these Reminiscences. The Grand Duchess Louise, a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, was a woman highly and universally esteemed. Of her interview with Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, I have already given an account. She says my narrative * is quite correct, and added one circumstance. Napoleon said to her: "Madam, they will force me to declare myself Emperor of the West."

I was received by her with great cordiality. She either recollected me, or affected to do so. She was above seventy, looking old, and I thought remarkably like Otway Cave. The conversation at table was unreserved and easy. One day there was a popular festival in the town, — *Vogel-Schiessen* (bird-shooting). Here the Grand Duchess attended, and it was the etiquette for all who were known to her to stand near her till she had seen and saluted them, and then each one retired. At these dinners there was a uniform tone of dignified courtesy, and I left her with an agreeable impression. Yet I could not but feel low when I recollected the change that had taken place since 1804, when the Duchess Amelia, Graf Einsiedel, Fräulein Geckhausen, and Wieland were present. My journal refers to but one subject of conversation, — the marriage of the Duke of St. Albans with Mrs. Coutts. That a duke should marry an actress, who had preserved her character, was termed noble at the Duchess's table.

August 19th. — This certainly belongs to the uninteresting days of my journey. I was travelling through a dull country in a close carriage with uninteresting people. But I had been so much stimulated at Weimar, that the change was not altogether unpleasant. I was glad to rest. Arrived at Leipzig soon after five. Went to the theatre, where was played Schlegel's translation of "Julius Cæsar." I saw it with pleasure,

* See Vol. I. pp. 391, 392.

though the actors appeared to me by no means good. Cassius was grave, Brutus sentimental, Cæsar insignificant. But that was not altogether the fault of the actor. Portia was *petite*. I could recall the English in most of the scenes, and thought the translation admirable.

August 20th. — Reached Dresden towards evening, and fixed myself for a few days at the Hôtel de Berlin. During these days I was frequently at the famous picture gallery, but, conscious of my want of knowledge in fine art, I shall merely say that I paid my homage to the "Madonna di San Sisto," * which still in my eyes retains its place as the finest picture in the world. But for me the great attraction of Dresden was Ludwig Tieck, who was then among the German poets to Goethe "proximus, longo sed proximus intervallo." Tieck and his wife live in the same house with Gräfinn Finkenstein, a lady of fortune. I was received with not only great politeness, but much cordiality. He recognized me at once. A large party of ladies and gentlemen came to hear him read. He is famous for his talent as a reader, and I was not surprised at it. His voice is melodious, and without pretension or exaggeration he gave great effect to what he read.

Next day I dined with him. Herr von Stachelberg and others were there. The conversation general and agreeable. In politics we seemed pretty well agreed. All friends to Greece. A triple alliance, between England, France, and Austria, talked of. Thank God! the governments are poor. Tieck showed me his English books, and talked of Shakespeare. Not only does he believe that the disputed plays are by him (most certainly "Lord Cromwell"), but even some others. He calls Goethe's very great admiration of Byron an infatuation. The "Hebrew Melodies" Tieck likes, but not "Manfred." In the evening read with pleasure, in the *Foreign Review*, an article on the German playwrights.†

August 23d. — At the Catholic Chapel from eleven till twelve. The music delighted me beyond any I ever heard. At six went to Tieck again, with whom I spent four hours most agreeably. He read his prologue to Goethe's "Faust," which is to be performed on Thursday, and also his translation of "The Pinner of Wakefield." ‡ It is a sort of dramatized ballad.

* See Vol. I p. 45.

† By Carlyle.

‡ "A Pleasant Conceyted Comedie of George-a-Greene: The Pinner of Wakefield." London, 1599. 4to. An anonymous play "sundry times acted by the seruants of the Earl of Sussex." It has been attributed to John Heywood and to Robert Greene.

The Pinner is a loyal subject of King Edward, thrashes traitors and everybody he meets with, and is a match for Robin Hood. We had a deal of literary gossip. Tieck's literary opinions seem to me for the most part true. He appreciates *our* classics, Richardson and Fielding. But he likes even Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." He loves Sterne. Of Lamb he spoke warmly. He expressed his great admiration of Goethe, but freely criticised him. He thinks Goethe's way of turning into poetry real incidents, memoirs, &c., has occasioned the composition of his worst pieces.

August 24th. — Another charming three hours with Tieck, with whom I dined. I have made up my mind to stay till after Thursday. I shall thus disturb my original plan; but I shall be a gainer on the whole. Tieck is, indeed, far from being Goethe's equal, but I *enjoy* his company more. Accompanied Böttiger to the Gräfinn von der R——, a sort of patroness, aged seventy-five. The poet she patronized was Tiedge, author of "Urania," a didactic poem.* He was more like Tieck in name than in any other respect. The Countess is a character, and honored me with a particular account of her infirmities. She is, without doubt, a very estimable person, and I am glad to have seen her. At seven I returned to Tieck, and heard him read Holbein's capital play, "The Chattering Barber," to which he gave full effect. He read also a little comedy, "The Pfalzgraf."

August 25th. — Preparing for my departure. Had no time for sight-seeing, but in the evening heard Tieck read "Richard II." Felt low at leaving the place. The trouble of getting off, the apprehended solitude, annoyances at the custom-house, search of books, &c., all trouble me.

August 26th. — A family dinner-party at Tieck's. Returned early to my room, where I read a most delightful *Novelle* by him: "The 15th November." On that day a dike burst in Holland, and a family were saved by a sort of idiot, who, having suddenly lost all his faculties, except that of ship-building, built a ship from a kind of miraculous presentiment. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the representation, however improbable the story may be. W. Schlegel has said that the only four perfect narrators he knows are Boccaccio, Cervantes, Goethe, and Tieck. I returned to Tieck's at six. A large party were assembled to hear him read the "Midsummer

* Christopher Augustus Tiedge. Born 1752. Died 1841.

Night's Dream," which he did delightfully. I prefer his comic reading to his tragic.

August 27th. — This day terminated what I consider my preliminary German journey. Dined with Tieck; the family all alone. A very interesting evening. "Faust" was performed for the first time in Germany, in honor of Goethe's birthday. To-morrow, the 28th, he will be eighty years old. I greatly enjoyed the performance. The prologue, by Tieck, was a beautiful eulogy on Goethe. The house was crowded. Faust was played by Devrient. He looked the philosopher well, and his rich and melodious voice was very effective; but he pleased me less when he became the gallant seducer. Pauli was Mephistopheles. He was too passionate occasionally, and neither looked nor talked enough like the D——. The scene with the student was very well got up. In general, however, the wise sayings were less heeded than the spectacle. The Blocksberg afforded a grand pantomime. Margaret was rendered deeply affecting by Mademoiselle Gleig. After the play, I found at the poet's house a number of friends, congratulating him on the success of the evening's undertaking. Like performances took place in many of the larger towns of Germany in honor of the great poet.

On the *28th of August* I set out on my Italian tour. I passed through Teplitz and Carlsbad (Goethe's favorite resort) to Ratisbon. At Carlsbad, I ventured to introduce myself to the not-yet-forgotten famous metaphysician, Schelling. I had been a pupil of his, but an insignificant one, and never a partisan. I believe he did not recollect me. He talked with some constraint during our walk in the Wandelbahn, but meeting him afterwards at dinner, I found him communicative, and were I remaining at Carlsbad, his company would be very pleasant to me. The most agreeable part of his conversation was that which showed me I was wrong in supposing him to have become a Roman Catholic. On the contrary, he spoke in a tone of seeming disappointment both of Schlegel and Tieck for their change. He spoke of the King of Bavaria as a benevolent, liberally inclined, and wise sovereign. Far from being, as it was once feared he might be, the tool of the Jesuitical party, he is aware how dangerous that party is. He is, nevertheless, religious, and all his ministers are Roman Catholics; not because they are Catholics, but because his Protestant States do not supply the fitting men. The Minister of the Interior is a convert, but he has brought to the ministry

the liberal notions of his Protestant education. Though taking more interest in public matters than Goethe, Schelling yet said Goethe was right in disregarding politics, conscious, as he must be, that the composition of one of his great works would be a blessing for ages, while the political state of Germany might be but of short duration. Schelling regards Tieck as hardly an appreciator of Goethe. He spoke of Uhland and Graf Platen, author of the *Verhängnissvolle Gabel*, and other satirical works, as the best of the new generation of poets. I shunned philosophy, but remarked that England showed no inclination to receive the German philosophers. He answered that at present nothing had appeared suitable for translation. He spoke of Coleridge and Carlyle as men of talent, who are acquainted with German philosophy. He says Carlyle is certainly the author of the articles in the *Edinburgh Review*.

At Ratisbon, I embarked on the Danube for Vienna, passing those fine towns, Passau and Linz. Vienna had little to attract me. I had a letter of introduction to the celebrated preacher Veit, a Jesuit, whose sermons had produced a great effect upon the Vienna populace. I called on him at the monastery, a sort of public school, of which he was the head. He had the appearance more of a man of the world than of an enthusiast, and his language was perfectly liberal. He said: "I believe firmly in all the doctrines of the Church. The Church never errs, but Churchmen do err. And all attempt to compel men by violence to enter the Church is contrary to the Gospel." His main objection to the Protestants is their ascetic habits. He spoke of Pascal as a pietist, using that word in an unfavorable sense. He declared himself an anti-ultramontanist, and assented to a remark of mine, that an enlightened Romanist in Germany is nearer to a pious Protestant than to a doctor of Salamanca. Veit wishes to travel, and to learn English. It would, he says, be worth while to learn English if only for the sake of reading Shakespeare. This interview was less remarkable than the sermon I heard him preach in the crowded church of the Rigoristen (the order of which he is the head). His manner is singular. He half shuts his eyes, and with little action speaks in a familiar style, in a tone of mixed earnestness and humor. The discourse was quite moral, and very efficient. Its subject, pharisaic pride. The style was occasionally vehement. He introduced the story of the Lord of a manor going in a plain dress to the Hall on a rent-day, when his steward was feasting the tenants. He slipped in unperceived, and was jostled by

the greedy company to the bottom of the table. When the steward saw him, he saluted him with reverence, and reproached the people with their ignorance. Then the preacher, changing his tone, exclaimed: "*Ihr sei die wahren Krähwinkler*" (Ye are the real Gothamites); and producing a huge crucifix from the bottom of the pulpit, he cried out in a screaming voice, "Here 's your God, and you don't know him!" The manifest want of logic in the application of the tale did not prevent its having effect. Every one seemed touched, for it was the upstart pride of the citizens he managed to attack. He brought Huntington to my recollection, but wanted his perfect style.

CHAPTER VIII.

ITALY.

FROM Vienna I proceeded, through Styria and Carniola, to Trieste, and after a digression to Fiume, to visit my old friend Grafton Smith, entered Italy at Venice, the rich, but *I* say the romantic. I had but a sort of feverish pleasure there, and have no wish to go again. And yet the St. Mark's Place, and the Duomo, built with barbaric pomp, the ducal palace, and the Rialto, and the canals, and Palladio's churches, are worth a pilgrimage, and I am almost ashamed of what I have written. But I could not help thinking of the odious governments. I must here translate one of Goethe's Venetian epigrams: "Laboriously wanders the pilgrim, and will he find the saint? Will he see and hear the man who wrought the miracles? No! Time has taken him away, and all that belongs to him. Only his skull and a few of his bones are preserved. Pilgrims are we, — we who visit Italy. It is only a scattered bone which we honor with faith and joy." This is perfect as to thought; the magic of the verse I cannot give.

On the *17th of November* I entered Rome.

[In the following account of Mr. Robinson's stay in Rome and elsewhere, the extracts will have especial regard to what is of personal interest, and will not include even a mention of all the places visited by him. It was in connection with this journey that he wrote to Miss Wordsworth: "That thing called one's self loses much of itself when travelling, for it becomes a mere

thing with two eyes and two ears, and has no more individuality than a looking-glass." And Mr. Robinson says in a letter to his brother, December 17th, of this year: "I never was more busy in my life. I have Rome as well as Italian to learn. Every fine day I visit one or more of the curiosities of this wonderful city. It is itself a little world, and comprehends within its walls a greater number of objects of high interest — either historical memorials or works of fine art — than I have ever seen in all my former journeys put together. But do not imagine that I am going to give you an account of what there is to be seen in Rome, — the subject is so immense. I will, however, give you some account of what occurs to *me* there."]

On the 20th I went in search of a few acquaintances whom I expected to meet. I found a very obliging friend in the Würtemberg minister, Kölle, whom I first saw at Nicolai's in Berlin; I owe him a great deal. On calling upon Alexander Torlonia, to whom I had shown attentions in England, I found he had either forgotten me or affected to do so.* I took an opportunity, a few days after, to say to his half-brother: "I am delighted to find that my memory is better than I feared, — at least it is better than your brother Alexander's. We were a week together, and I recollected him in an instant; but although he is the younger man he cannot recollect me." I believe I was understood.

November 24th. — Carried Mrs. Benecke's letter of introduction to one of the most amiable of men, Kästner, the Hanoverian Minister to the Court of Rome. And as our English bigotry did not permit us to have a Minister, he supplied the office of master of the ceremonies to all the English. He was a man of taste, and most kind in his behavior, — not at all a politician. He was considered to have an undignified manner, but was loved by every one. He was fond of talking English, and his English was very amusing, though the tales told of him in this respect were possibly apocryphal. It was said, for instance, that he declared he had taken a young lady under his protection because she was so *dissolute* and *abandoned*. He made for me a selection of plaster casts of antique gems, of which I am proud. He was Evangelical in his religious views, and partook of Benecke's opinions of Goethe. But *virtu* was more his pursuit than politics or speculation of any kind.

November 25th. — When I passed through Florence I was

* This was the young Italian whom, with his tutor, Mr. Robinson introduced to the Wordsworths in 1816. See Vol. I. p. 18.

told by a stranger that he had been travelling with Miss Burney, a younger sister of Madame d'Arblay : he gave a promising account of her, and I begged him to introduce me. On my telling her of being well acquainted with her brother, the admiral, my vanity was a little hurt by finding that she had never heard of me. She informed me that she had set out on this journey with a female friend, who had deserted her at Dover, not daring to cross the water in rough weather. "I could not," said Miss Burney, "afford to lose the money I had paid for my journey (board included) all the way to Milan. So I ventured alone, without servant or acquaintance. My travelling companions were all respectable, and I shall soon be at Rome." I said we should be sure to meet there, and offered her my services when we should meet again, which she accepted at once. I had not forgotten her, when to-day on coming home I found upon my table a letter from Ayrton to me, introducing Miss Burney. "Who brought this?" said I to our landlord. "The lady." — "What lady?" — "The lady who is occupying the rooms below." — "Is she at home?" — "Yes." I went down, and was received by her with a hearty laugh. She told me that, bringing many letters from England, she had separated them into bundles, and not opened those addressed to Rome until now. Our irregular introduction to each other was now legalized, and we became well acquainted, as will appear hereafter. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship, which did not end but with her life. She was a very amiable person, of whom I think with great respect. She at once confessed that she was obliged to be economical, and I made an arrangement for her which reduced her expenses considerably. I had before this time found that the German artists dined at a respectable, but cheap restaurant in the Corso, and I occasionally saw ladies there, — Italian, not English. There were several rooms, one of them small, with a single table, which our party could nearly fill. This I frequently engaged, and I introduced Miss Burney to our party. She became our *pet*, and generally dined with us. When I was engaged elsewhere, there were several proud to take her. Our party had increased. Mrs. Payne had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. Finch, — a character, — and to-day my old friend Kölle offered to introduce me to him. Mr. Finch was married to a lady who at once claimed me for an acquaintance. She was a Miss Thompson, who used to attend the Attic Chest meetings at Porden's.* She had two sisters residing with

* See Vol. I. p. 376.

her, as well as a nephew, a young M. D., — Dr. Seth Thompson.

This same day was rendered further remarkable by an introduction, through the Chevalier Kästner, to one who has a European reputation, and whose acquaintance I still enjoy. This was the Chevalier Bunsen, a man of whom I do not think it becomes me to say more than what appertains to my personal intercourse with him. I was not at first aware of his eminent qualities. My journal describes him as "a fair, smooth-faced, thickset man, who talks, though he does not look, like a man of talents." He was in the habit of receiving, once a week, at his house, his German friends, and on another day his English friends, his wife being an English lady, — a Miss Waddington. Chevalier Bunsen very courteously said to me, "I consider you both German and English, and shall expect you both days," — a privilege I did not hesitate to avail myself of. Whatever my fears might be of feeling alone at Rome, I felt myself, in a week, not encumbered, but full of acquaintance.

On the 30th I was introduced to Thorwaldsen in his studio, and conceived a higher opinion of him as an artist than of Canova. I heard him give an account of some of his works, especially the scheme of a series of colossal figures, for which a church has been since built at Copenhagen, — the objection raised by some of the bishops that they tend to idolatry being overcome. Before the portico and in the pediment were to be placed, and probably now are, St. John the Baptist, and the various classes of the human race receiving instruction; in the vestibules, the sibyls and prophets; in the nave, the apostles; Christ before the head altar. Many of these I possess in engravings, as I do casts in miniature of the triumphs of Alexander. What I have to say personally of Thorwaldsen I shall say hereafter.

On this day I first saw Eastlake, now the President of our Royal Academy, and Gibson, the sculptor. At this time Rome was my study as no other place could ever be. I read what I could get, — Forsyth, one of the few books which is a voice, not an echo, the style proving the originality; and "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," a pert, flippant book, the only claim to originality being that, in a commonplace way, it opposes common notions; but being written smartly, and with great labor, it has a certain popularity.

December 6th. — A stroll in the Isola Tiberina. How filthy a spot; yet how magnificent a plate it has supplied to Piranesi!

"Sir," said a king's messenger to me one day, "don't believe what travellers tell about Rome. It is all a humbug. Rome is more like Wapping than any place I know." —"That man is no fool," said Flaxman, who laughed on my repeating this. "Of course he could not understand, perhaps he did not see, the antiquities; but some of the finest are in places that resemble Wapping in general appearance."

On the 7th I first saw the marbles of the Capitol. The most noticeable part is the gallery of busts, arranged in classes. That of the philosophers afforded a trial of skill to Miss Burney and myself in guessing. "In general," says my journal, "each head seemed worthy of its name," but not one Plato among many there satisfied me. Had I taken my philosophy from the head of any master, I must have been an Epicurean. Democritus is really grinning; I took him for a slave. Cicero and Demosthenes express passion rather than thought. Cicero, however, reminded me of Goethe. The same day I saw Guido's "Aurora," the first picture that made me heartily love fresco painting. We went also to the Barberini Palace. Here are the "Andrea Corsini," by Guido, and a "Fornarina" by Raphael, offensive to me in spite of myself; and the far-famed Cenci. Kölle, a dogmatist in art, declared it to be neither a Cenci nor a Guido. Without its name, he said, it would not fetch £10. In defiance of my monitor, I could not but imagine it to be painfully expressive of sweetness and innocence. What did Shelley hold the picture to be when he wrote his tragedy?

December 10th. — Ascended the tower of the Capitol. That would be enough for any one day. A panoramic view, — ancient Rome on one side, and modern Rome on the other. The same evening I had another glorious view, from the top of the Coliseum, by moonlight. Afterwards a party at Lord Northampton's. Having had a lesson in the forenoon from Cola, and seen the Palazzo Doria, my journal notes this as a day of an unparalleled variety of enjoyment, and with reason.

December 15th. — Mr. Finch related anecdotes of Dr. Parr. At a party at Charles Burney's, being called on to name a toast, he gave the *third* Greek scholar in Europe. Being called on to explain who this might be, he said: "Our excellent host. The first Greek scholar is my friend here" (indicating Porson). "Don't blush, Dicky. The second, modesty does not permit me to name." Now and then Parr's rudeness was checked. Asking a lady what she thought of his Spital sermon, she answered: "My opinion is expressed in the first five words of the sermon

itself, 'Enough, and more than enough.'" He was out of humor for the rest of the evening.

At the close of the year I wrote in my journal: "The old year is dying away with enviable repose. I do not know when I have spent a more quiet New Year's eve, as I do not recollect when I have passed a year of more intense and varied personal enjoyment. But it has brought a great calamity into my brother's house, — the loss of my nephew's only child, Caroline. She died from the effects of an attack of scarlet fever. She was one of the most fascinating creatures I ever saw, and was doated on both by parents and grandfather." The sentiment expressed in those few sentences is associated with a religious service in the church of Gesu in the evening. Whether owing to the music itself, aided by the edifice, or to the power of the Italian voice, I know not, but the choir seemed to me to express an earnest, not a merely formal, service.

1830.

I may say in general of the winter season I passed in Rome, that my days were divided between the not discordant occupations of studying the topography of the city, with Nibbi in hand, and the language of Italy, with the aid of Dr. Cola; and that my evenings were seldom disengaged. The parties of the Prussian Minister and of Lord Northampton were of weekly occurrence; occasional dinners and frequent evening gatherings at the houses of other friends prevented my time from ever hanging heavily.

January 7th. — This evening, at Bunsen's, I was struck by the appearance of a tall man with lank hair and sallow cheeks. I pointed him out to a German as the specimen of an English Methodist. He laughed, and exclaimed: "Why, that is the Roman Catholic convert, Overbeck, — a rigid ascetic and melancholy devotee." Rauch, the great Prussian sculptor, was also there. I chatted with him, but have no recollection of his person.

January 22d. — Westphal, a German scholar, whom I met at Lord Northampton's parties, took me to a very interesting spot, which all Germans of taste should hold sacred, — the Kneipe, or pot-house, in which Goethe made those assignations which are so marvellously described in his Roman Elegies. The spot in which I ate and drank was one of the vaults in the Theatre of Marcellus; the stone wall was black with the smoke of

centuries, and a wooden table and wooden benches formed all the furniture of the den. The contrast between such a *Spelunca* — Goethe's own appellation — and the refined taste which could there conceive and give form to creations which will be the delight of cultivated minds in all ages, was to me a lesson of humanity. The German artists ought here to place an inscription, which, though unintelligible to the many, would be most instructive to the few ; — a new lesson, certainly, in archæology, but in conformity with the lesson taught by Niebuhr and his followers, who delight to have that which is in common in ancient and modern institutions. There might be a reference to the Elegy in which Amor trims the lamp, and thinks of the time when he rendered the same service to his triumvirs :—

> "Amor schüret die Lamp'indess und denket der Zeiten,
> Da er den nämlichen Dienst seinen Triumvirn gethan."

February 2d. — At Finch's. He repeated a retort uttered in his (Finch's) house by Lord Byron. Ward had been a Whig, and became Ministerial. "I wonder what could make me turn Whig again," said Ward. "That I can tell you," said Byron. "They have only to *re-Ward* you."

February 21st. — At one of the most remarkable dinners I ever partook of. It was at Prince Gargarin's, the Russian Minister. But it was the eye, not the palate, that was peculiarly gratified. The apartments were splendid, and the dining-hall illuminated by eighty-nine wax lights. The peculiarity of the dinner lay in this, — that there was nothing on the table on which the eye of the gourmand could rest. In the centre of the long table (the guests being twenty-six in number) were a succession of magnificent plateaux, beautiful figures of nymphs in chased gold, urns, vases of flowers, decanters in rich stands, with sweetmeats in little golden plates, &c., &c. A servant between each couple. At every instant was your servant whispering in your ear the name of some unknown dish. There was no harm in taking a dish at a venture, for the moment you paused your plate was whisked away, and another instantly offered. There was great variety, and everything was of first-rate excellence. So of the wines. I named my own bottle, and drank of it in a large tumbler, every kind of rich wine being offered at the proper time. I sat between two Russian Princesses, with whom it was my severe task to keep up a conversation. The company consisted chiefly of Russian subjects, and I was the only Englishman there. Many

of the former had names "which nobody can read and nobody can spell." A few beautiful women were there, including the belle of the season.

February 23d. — This was the last day of the Carnival, which began on the 10th. I was pelted from the balcony of a Palazzo, and looking up to discover my assailant, recognized Mrs. Finch, who beckoned to me to join her. I did so, and took a note of passing objects, not expecting to rival Goethe in so doing. Here they are, — the produce of a few minutes. A fellow with a wig of paper shavings; another all paper, save his old hat, which had candles, soon to be lighted; a rich devil, with crimson tail; a Turkish coachman; lawyers with paper frills and collars; a conjurer; a bear; a man covered with bells; a postilion with a huge whip; several carrying men pick-aback, one with a machine, which on a jerk opens like a ladder, and, rising to the first floor, conveys flowers to the ladies. The race was poor. I noticed balls with spikes, which, hanging on the necks of the wretched horses, must have inflicted the more torture the faster they ran. The fun peculiar to the close of the Carnival was the blowing out of each other's lights, with the cry of "*Smoccolo.*" With exemplary obedience, at a given signal, the Carnival ends, and the crowds disperse. At eleven the Theatre was closed, that the festivity should not encroach on the sacred day that followed, — Ash Wednesday.

March 16th. — We reached Naples, and, as at Venice, found high enjoyment on our first arrival. A walk along the noble street, the Toledo, passing the Royal Palace. A view of the bay from Santa Lucia, — that bay which surpasses every other bay in the world, as all travellers agree, — not as a bay simply, but including its matchless islands and unique Vesuvius. Then the line of palaces, the Chiaja, more than a mile long, fronting the bay. To pass away the evening, after the excitement of seeing all this for the first time, we went to a popular theatre.

March 18th. — As Rome is beyond all doubt incomparably the most memorable place I ever saw, no other rivalling it in my imagination, so is Naples decidedly the second. And the effect of going to the one after the other is heightened by contrast. Rome is the city of tombs, of solemn and heroic recollections, in which everything reminds you of the past to the disadvantage of the present, and altogether as little sensual and epicurean as can be in its essential character. Naples, on the contrary, is the seat of voluptuous enjoyment, — as Wordsworth happily designated it, "Soft Parthenope." The afflu-

ent seem to have nothing to do but saunter about, sip ices, and be gallant. I have seen it but for a short time comparatively, and would gladly in my old age visit it again.

H. C. R. to Mrs. Collier.

Florence, 30th July, 1830.

. . . . I reached Naples on the 17th of March. It has not quite put Rome's nose out of joint, and that is all I can say. So astonishing and so delicious a spot (a broad one though, for it includes the environs and almost excludes the city) certainly nowhere else exists. *Vedi Napoli e muori*, they say. They are right. But I would recommend everybody, before he dies, just to make the circuit of Sicily. And, on second thoughts, it may be as well to come to England, and rave about this *paradisiacal hell*, for seven years before he dies the death of a philosophic hero, by throwing himself into the crater of Vesuvius. I have told you before to read Forsyth, and it is only in the faith that you will obey me, that I in mercy spare you an enumeration of all the wonders of my last journey. I merely say that from my bed, without changing my position, I could see the lurid light from the burning mountain, — that I made the usual excursions to the Phlegræan fields, saw the passage into hell through which Æneas went, and even beheld Acheron itself and the Elysian fields. To be sure, that same Virgil did *bounce* most shamefully. Would you believe it? The lake of Avernus is a round muddy pond, and the abode of the blessed looks not a bit better than a hop-garden. So Cumæ, and Baiæ, and Ischia, and Capua are all like gentlemen's seats, with none but servants kept there to show them to visitors. Vesuvius is but an upstart of yesterday. All Naples and the country around betray the fire that is burning beneath. Every now and then a little shake of the earth reminds the people of their peril. Peril did I say? — there is none. St. Januarius is a sufficient protection.

To Mrs. Masquerier H. C. R. writes: "I have made an excursion through Salerno to Paestum, including the finest water excursion to Amalfi. I thought of Masquerier all day. Such rocks, — such temples, — such ruffians! I believe, after all, the ruffians would have delighted him most, that is, provided he could have found means to draw them without having his throat cut while at the work. Such wretches for us common

people, — such glorious creatures for you artists! I have traversed Pompeii. I have ascended Vesuvius."

In a letter to his brother, H. C. R. says: "Many a volume has been written about this disinterred town (Pompeii). It was buried by a shower of dust, and therefore without difficulty is being brought to light. The most striking circumstance is the small size of the buildings. They are like baby houses. But very interesting indeed is the detail of a Roman house. The very ovens in the kitchens, — the meanest of conveniences, — the whole economy of domestic life, — baths, temples, forums, courts of justice, everything appertaining to a town of small size and rank. Not furniture only, but also food contained in metallic and wooden vessels. There are also fresco paintings, curious rather than beautiful. My last excursion was to Vesuvius. More than half a century ago you read about this in the 'Curiosities of Art and Nature,' one of *my* books. In spite of the exaggerations of school-boy fancy, the excursion surpassed my expectations. The picturesque line round the rim of the outer crater, with the fine sunset views on all sides, and, when night drew on, the rivulets of fire which gradually brightened, or rather the vein-like currents which diversified the broad surface, and the occasional eruptions from the cone round the inner crater, all delighted me."

I followed the custom of the country in going to the opera at the San Carlo Theatre, probably the noblest in the world. The Scala, at Milan, alone produced the like effect on me. This theatre at Naples is so placed that, on occasion when the back is open, Vesuvius may be seen from the royal box in front. When this mountain is the background to the dancing of the Neapolitan peasants, the scene is incomparable, — save by a scene which I shall soon mention, and from which, perhaps, the idea in the present instance was taken.

Before leaving Naples, I must mention briefly the sight to be generally beheld on the space before the sea, called the Molo, where the Lazzaroni are fond of assembling. Here may often be seen a half-naked fellow, who spouts or reads verses from a MS. of unimaginable filth, and all in tatters. It is Tasso. There is, I understand, a Tasso in the Neapolitan dialect. Or it may be some other popular poet, to which an audience of the lowest of the people is listening gravely. And I do not recollect having ever heard a laugh which would imply there was anything by which a well-bred man would be offended. Goethe has eloquently defended the Lazzaroni, and even eulo-

gized them for their *industrious* habits ; which is by no means the irony one might imagine. Certainly, I saw nothing to make me think ill of the Lazzaroni. If offended they are ferocious, but they are affectionate, and are said to be honest to an exemplary degree. They will be praised for their piety or derided for their superstition by men who would not differ as to the facts they so variously designate. I know not whether the extreme poor of London, and, indeed, of any part of England, all things considered, are not more to be pitied. I say this of the *extreme* poor ; and out of this extremity of poverty it is somewhat less difficult for the Englishman than the Neapolitan to make his escape. The Neapolitan professor of poetry receives from his pupils their *honoraria* in farthings.

An arrangement had been made that Richmond * and I should accompany Von Sacken and Westphal to Sicily, on their way to Greece ; and on the 6th of April we set out on our journey to Sicily, which ought to be the finale, as it would be the crown and completion of every Italian tour.

H. C. R. to W. Pattisson and Sons.

Florence, July 17, 1830.

My dear Friends, — Many thanks for your very kind and most acceptable joint and several letter. I must place you at the very head of my correspondents for promptitude in reply and for variety of information. . . . .

I had a delightful tour in Sicily. Go, run for the map, or you won't understand me. There, you see the northern coast, between Palermo and Messina. Here are all the magnificent scenes of this most glorious island. Palermo unites every charm which mere nature can give. The five days' journey a-muleback to Messina is over mountains, sea-shore, and valleys, of which the perfume is so strong that a lady with weak nerves would be oppressed. After two days at Messina, we proceeded to Taormina. What think you of a theatre so built that, the back scenes opening, the spectators could see Mount Etna ! This real fire is better than the real water at Sadler's Wells. Then to Catania, built amid masses of black lava. Etna I did not dare ascend. Richmond went, and was rewarded with noble views. Then to Syracuse, — an awful place. This city of two millions of men is shrunk into a mean town on a tongue of land. Not a spot worth seeing by the bodily eye, but to

* An American clergyman, with whom H. C. R. had fallen in by the way

the eye of memory how glorious! I was taken to a dirty cistern; seventy women were washing, with their clothes tucked up, and themselves standing in a pool, — a disgusting scene. "What do you bring me here for?" — "Why, sir, this is the Fountain of Arethusa"!!! O those rascally poets, again say I. Plato did right to banish the liars from his republic. The day before I was in good-humor with them, for I saw the very rock that the Cyclop hurled at Ulysses. To be sure, the cave is not there now; but *n'importe*. I saw the ear of Dionysius, — a silly story of modern invention; but it is the finest quarry in the world. Continuing my ride, I came in four days to Girgenti. I must refer you to some book of travels; enough for me to say that, having one day seen these miracles of art with a guide, Richmond and I separated on the next, and each alone spent two hours under the pillars of these Grecian temples, at least three thousand years old. In front, the sea; behind, a rich valley under mountains. This city had fourteen temples. The ruins of two are mere rubbish, but colossal; those of two others consist of the columns entire. Then we went on to Selinunte. Here lie sixty columns on the ground, like so many sheaves of corn left by the reaper: an earthquake threw them down. And then I saw Segeste, a temple in a wilderness. Not a living thing did we see but wild-fowl. Then we went to Alcamo (having omitted to go to Trapani and Marsala, which are not worth seeing). You may serve a friend by giving him this account. We were thirteen days in riding over somewhat more than four hundred miles; and we rested seven days on the way. I was, besides, a week at Palermo. All the stories about banditti are sheer fable, when asserted of the present times; and, except on the north coast, the accommodations are good.

May 20th. — (Rome.) I went to my old apartments in the Piazza di Spagna: little as I liked Brunetti, I preferred to bear "the ills I had, than fly to others that I knew not of." From the Thompsons I heard an anecdote too rich and characteristic to be lost. Mr. Severn * had sent to the late Exhibition a painting of Ariel on a bat's back, — "On a bat's back I do fly," — and had put over the head of Ariel a peacock's feather. It was rejected; first, it was said, for its indecency. At length the cause was confessed; Cardinal Albani, the Secretary of State, had discovered in it a satire on the Romish Church. He interpreted the picture to represent an Angel

* The friend and biographer of Keats.

astride over the Devil, but perceived in the peacock's feather the emblem of Papal vanity.

May 29th. — An interesting talk with Bunsen about the embarrassments of the Prussian government, pressed as it is between the extreme liberality of Gesenius and Wegscheider, at Halle, and the intolerance of those who support the established religion, such as Gerlich, whom, however, Neander, though orthodox, does not support. Bunsen's remedy is, "Let Gesenius be removed from Halle, where he does harm, to Berlin, where he will have his equals." Wegscheider (who does not go so far as Paulus) would be hissed at Berlin, were he to advance there what he promulgates at Halle.

June 2d. — With a numerous party of Germans, at a *Trattoria* beyond San Giovanni, in honor of a successful artist, Krahl, leaving Rome. A cordial though humble supper, at six pauls (3*s.*) each. I was touched when I heard the familiar sounds from my *Burschenzeit*, when a *vivat* was sung to the *Scheidenden Bruder*, the departing brother, &c. A laurel crown was put on his head. Nothing affects me so much as partings.

H. C. R. to T. R.

Rome, June 26, 1830.

On the 10th of June we saw a sight, in its way one of the most remarkable ever seen, — the procession of the Pope at the fête of *Corpus Domini*. It was got up with great splendor. You of course know that this fête celebrates the great mystery of transubstantiation. All that is of rank in the Roman Church unites to do homage to the bread-God. The Piazza of St. Peter is environed by a tented covering, which is adorned with leaves and flowers; and the procession, issuing from the great door of the cathedral, makes the circuit of the square, and re-enters the cathedral. All the monastic orders, canons, and higher clergy, all the bishops and cardinals, attend, but the great object is His Holiness. He is *chaired*, and most artfully is the chair prepared. The Pope is covered with an immense garment of white satin, studded with golden stars. His robe hangs in folds behind him, and is made to lie as if his feet were there, — he acts kneeling. In like manner you see under the satin what you take to be his arms; and upon what look like his hands stands the Monstrance, within which is the Host. On this the Pope fixed his eye intently, and never once turned it aside, while his lips moved as if he

were absorbed in prayer, and not noticing the people, all of whom, as he drew near, threw themselves on their knees. I was at a window, and therefore without offence could keep my position. Behind His Holiness were carried two immense fans of peacock's feathers; and the Roman nobility followed in gala dresses. Indeed, all were in gala dress, — spectators as well as actors. It was certainly an imposing sight; though placed as I was, I could see very clearly that the Pope was sitting most comfortably in an arm-chair, with his hands in his lap, and no otherwise annoyed than by the necessity of keeping his eyes fixed, as school-boys do, or try to do, without winking. After the procession had passed I ran into the cathedral. It was nearly full, and it was an awful moment when the benediction was given. I was out of sight of the chief performer, but on a sudden the thousands who filled the cathedral, except a few heretics, were on their knees. You might have heard a mouse stir. On a sudden every one rose, and triumphant music rang out. God's representative had given his blessing to the faithful; of which representative Goethe says: "There is not a relic of primitive Christianity here; and if Jesus Christ were to return to see what his deputy was about, he would run a fair chance of being crucified again." Mind, Goethe says this, not I; and I repeat it more for the point of the thing than for its truth. . . . .

On the *17th and 18th of June* I made an excursion of great interest with a young German artist, — we went to Genzano to see the Feast of Flowers. This is one of the most primitive, simple, and idyllic feasts ever seen in Italy. Genzano, as you will see in my account of my journey to Naples, is one of the mountain towns beyond Albano, and under Monte Cavo. It is an ancient Latin city. Its situation is romantic. I went the first day to Aricia, also a delightful mountain town, where I stayed with simple-hearted excellent people. We spent the next day in strolling in a romantic country, and in the evening we went to the fête. Two long streets were paved with flowers. The whole ground was covered with boughs of box, and the centre was covered with the richest imaginable carpet of flower-leaves. These were arranged in the form of temples, altars, crosses, and other sacred symbols. Also the Austrian, French, and Papal arms were in the same way formed, "like chalk on rich men's floors." * Poppy-leaves, for instance, made

* "Like forms, with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast night."
Wordsworth's Sonnet. I. Personal Talk. Vol. IV. p. 219.

a brilliant red, which was the border of all the plot-grounds, or frameworks ; and various flowers of rich yellows, blues, &c., were used for the appropriate heraldic colors. The procession, of course, was not to be compared with that of the Pope and cardinals on *Corpus Domini*, but it was pretty. Children gaudily dressed, with golden wings like angels, carried the signs of the Passion; priests and monks in abundance ; banners, crosses ; and, borne by a bishop with great pomp, the Monstrance, before which all knelt, except a few foreigners. All that was wanting to render the sight interesting was, — not a belief in the value of such shows, but a sympathy with the feelings of others.

The great principle of the Catholic Church is to keep the faithful in subjection by frightening them ; and at the same time there is an endeavor to make the shows as interesting as possible.

June 28th. — In the evening, the Feast of the Vigil of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. It is much celebrated, and usually detains many foreigners in Rome, on account of the famous illumination of the exterior of St. Peter's. I accompanied Götzenberger* and a Madame Louska, a German artiste with whom he was intimate. There are peculiar ceremonies on this day, all of which are noted down in the books of the Church. And the church itself too was in full dress. I descended into the subterranean church. A very curious sight in this crypt. Here are numerous low passages, only now and then open ; to-day, to men only. There are many very old statues, some Grecian and Roman, — turned Christian. Among others, a head of St. Peter manifestly clapped on to the body of a Roman Senator. After a bad supper at a *Trattoria*, we went to see the first illumination, which had begun at eight. "A sight," as I wrote to my brother, "followed, which is worth a pilgrimage, being unforgetable." Imagine St. Paul's blazing in the air, graceful lines running from the Ball to the Stone Gallery, of a pale yellow flame. The clock strikes nine, and instantly the first illumination is lost in a blaze of lurid light. A regular corps of workmen are stationed at intervals about the dome, and effect the change with marvellous celerity ; and there are added fireworks from the adjacent Castle of St. Angelo.

My last days before I left Rome for the summer were spent in reading Goethe about Rome.† It was when he was himself about

* A German artist. See p. 74.

† "Italiänische Reise." Vol. XXIII. Goethes Werke. Also "Zweiter Aufenthalt in Rom." Vol. XXIV.

to depart that he wrote the wise sentence, "*In jeder grossen Trennung liegt ein Keim von Wahnsinn. Man muss sich hüten ihn nachdenklich auszubreiten und zu pflegen.*" * It was when he had written the first volume of his works, — in the opinion of many, his best works, — that he wrote, "*Wie wenig Spur lässt man von einem Leben zurück!*" † Goethe was not a vain man. He thought little of what he actually did, compared with the possibilities of his nature.

After spending a few days at Siena, where it is said the best Italian is spoken, and where certainly it seemed to me that even the servant-maids had an agreeable pronunciation, we arrived, on the 15th of July, at Florence. When Mr. Finch heard of my wish to spend the summer months in this favorite place of resort, he said: "There are living, in a genteel part of the town, two elderly ladies, highly respectable, who let their best apartments, but not to entire strangers. Nor are they particularly cheap; but there you will be at your ease. Niccolini, the dramatic poet, is their intimate friend. He visits them regularly twice a day; but seldom, if ever, breaks bread in the house. Such are Italian habits. Every evening there is a conversazione, attended by from six to ten friends; and this particularly recommends the house to you." (This indeed led me to resist all attempts to detain me at Siena.) Accordingly, my first business, after taking coffee, was to go to Mesdames Certellini, 1341, Via della Nuova Vigna; and I was, without any difficulty, at once installed, having a large sitting-room, and a bedroom beyond, in the *piano secondo*. I was pleased at once with their unpretending manners, and I had a confidence in their integrity in which I was not disappointed. I paid five pauls a day for my room, and the servants were to cook for me. Niccolini was with us for two hours in the evening, with whom I immediately entered into discussion on German literature, of which he was as much an opponent as I was a decided partisan.

In a letter to my brother, dated August 15th, I wrote: "This has been my daily life since I came here. I spend my mornings, from six till three, in my room reading Machiavelli and Alfieri. Political works are my favorite reading now. At three I dine. In the afternoon I lounge over the papers at the Reading-room, a liberal institution, kept by M. Vieusseux, ‡

* "In every great separation there lies a germ of madness. One must thoughtfully beware of extending and cherishing it."

† "How little trace of a life does one leave behind him."

‡ Jean Pierre Vieusseux, a native of Leghorn, born of a Genevese family.

a man to whom Tuscany owes much. From six to nine he is at home, and as I brought a letter to him from Mr. Finch, I generally step in. There I see a number of the most distinguished literati in Italy, all Liberals, a large proportion of them Neapolitans and Sardinians. From nine to eleven there is always a conversazione at home. Niccolini, the dramatic poet, is the intimate friend of the house, and never fails. We talk on politics and on poetry, and never want subjects to dispute about. You will smile to hear that I am under the necessity of defending Catholic emancipation in a country in which none but the Roman Catholic religion is legally recognized. I have endured the heat very well. My breakfast throws me into a perspiration. At evening parties the gentlemen are allowed to take off their coats and their neckcloths. The other evening I *burnt* my hand by heedlessly putting it on the parapet of a bridge; yet it was then eight o'clock. I was returning from a play performed by daylight, — the spectators sitting in the open air, but in the shade."

July 22d. — I was instructed by reading Pecchio's * "History of the Science of Political Economy." He taught me that the Italian writers had the merit of showing the effect of commerce, agriculture, &c. on the *moral state* and happiness of a country; while English writers confined their inquiry to the *mere wealth* of nations. Beccaria and Filangieri are their prime writers, economists as well as philanthropists.

July 23d and 24th. — I read these days a little known work by Niccolini, a tragedy, — *Nabucco*, — being, under Oriental

He was the founder, not only of the Reading-room above mentioned, but also of several critital and literary periodicals of very high repute. A brief account of him will be found in the *Conversations Lexicon.*

* This Pecchio I afterwards knew at Brighton. He was fortunate in marrying an estimable English lady, who survives him in retirement at Brighton. He was a worthy man, of quiet habits, and much respected. His opinion was, that though the science of the Italians had not supplied the want of liberty, it had mitigated many evils: evils as often proceeding from ignorance as from the love of power and selfishness. — H. C. R.

Giuseppe Pecchio was born at Milan in 1785. The occupation of Lombardy caused him to write a political work, in connection with his own country; and an attempt at insurrection, in which he was implicated, led to his spending some time in Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal. He wrote works on the latter two countries. He also visited Greece, and helped to write "A Picture of Greece in 1825." The work to which H. C. R. refers is doubtless one entitled *Storia dell' Economia pubblica in Italia*, in which an account is given of the substance of the principal Italian works on political economy. In 1823 Pecchio visited England, and, after his return from Greece, in 1825, settled in this country. In 1827, he married a lady at Brighton, and lived there till his death, which took place in 1835. During his residence in England his mind was active in observing the English people, and the results were given in several works, which were highly esteemed both for their ability and their spirit.

names, the history of Buonaparte in his domestic relations. It is, like all his tragedies, declamatory, without passion or character. Niccolini made no secret of his liberal opinions; but he was an anxious, nervous, timid man, and unfit for action. His tragedy of "The Sicilian Vespers," though made as little political as possible, being a domestic tragedy, could not but contain passages capable of a dangerous application. He told me that, on the publication, the French Minister said to the Austrian Minister at Florence: "Monsieur ——, ought I not to require the Grand Duke's government to suppress it?" — "I do not see," said the Austrian Minister, "that you have anything to do with it. The letter is addressed to you, but the contents are for me." Niccolini's dramatic works all belong to the Classical school. He is a stylist, and very hostile to the Romantic school. He blamed (as Paulus, at Heidelberg, had done) our government for Catholic emancipation. "Give the Romanists," he said, "full liberty: that they have a right to; — but political power on no account. They will exercise it to your destruction when they can." I confess that I am less opposed to this opinion now than I was when I heard it.

Reading and society were the prime objects of interest during my Florence summer; I shall therefore, with one exception, pass over journeys and sights without notice.

Among the frequenters of our evening conversazioni were a Countess Testa and her brother Buonarotti, a judge. They inherited this great name from a brother of Michael Angelo; and the judge possessed in his house a few graphic and literary memorials of the great man. They were less fortunate in their immediate ancestor. Their father was one of the very bad men of the last generation. He was a partisan of the Committee of Public Safety in 1794. But though a ferocious fanatic, he did not add to this the baseness of profiting by his cruelty, or combine the love of gold with the thirst for blood. He had no rapacity, and was as honest, in a certain narrow sense of that word, as Robespierre himself. When the French revolution broke out, he caught the infection, abandoned his family, and wrote to his wife that he released her from all obligations; he would be no longer an Italian, but a Frenchman, and would have a French wife. So far, he kept his word. He never returned, nor did he ever see his wife or children any more.

He was in prison after the fall of Robespierre, and narrowly

escaped deportation. He subsequently took part in the famous conspiracy of Babeuf, the object of which was avowed to be the abolition of property. His life was spared, on the merciful suggestion that he was insane, and he lived many years at Brussels as a language-master.

My political reading was interrupted by a proposal to be one of a party in a pilgrimage to the nearest of the three Tuscan monasteries. We set out on the 2d of August, drove to Pelago, about fifteen miles, and thence walked to the Benedictine monastery, which has been an object of interest to English travellers, chiefly because one of our great poets has introduced its name into a simile : —

> "He called
> His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In *Vallombrosa*, where the Etrurian shades,
> High over-arched, embower." *

It must be the delight which the sound gives to every ear susceptible of the beauty of verse, that excites a curiosity concerning the place, the name of which is so introduced. But as far as expectation is raised, that can only suffer disappointment from the visit, for with the present appearance of the valley the description does not in the least agree. I could see but one little stream in it. It is by no means woody, and all the trees now growing there (I presume that twenty years have produced no change) are pine or fir trees, and of all trees the least adapted to arched bowers are the fir and larch.

We reached Florence between eight and nine, and I went straight to Vieusseux, impelled by mere curiosity, as if I had a presentiment of the marvellous news I was about to hear : news, of which I wrote next day in my journal, that it had afflicted me more than any I had heard since the fall of Napoleon ; and looking back now upon what had then occurred, though the immediate consequences were other than I had expected, it is impossible to contemplate them without a mixture of sorrow and shame. One Englishman only was in the reading-room, a language-master (Hamilton). "Any news?" I asked. — "None to-day." — "I have been at Camaldoli three days." — "Then you have not heard the *great* news?" — "I have heard nothing." — "O" (with a voice of glee) "the King of France has done his duty at last. He has sent the Chamber of Deputies about their business, abolished the d——d

* "Paradise Lost." Book I., 300–304.

Constitution and the liberty of the press, and proclaimed his own power as absolute king." — "And that you call *good* news?" I felt indignant, and never would speak to the man afterwards. I went up stairs; Vieusseux was alone, and in evident affliction. He gave me an account of the ordinances which Charles X. had issued; but nothing had been heard of what took place afterwards. "And what will the end be?" — "I know what the result will be," answered Vieusseux. "It will end in the driving of the Bourbons out of France, — perhaps in three days, perhaps in three weeks, perhaps in three years; but driven out they will be." They were driven out at the moment he was speaking, and they have not yet returned. Are they driven out forever?

At Madame Certellini's were Niccolini, Pieri, and others of my acquaintance, sitting in silence, as at a funeral; all alike confounded at the intelligence.

Heat and anxiety kept me awake at night.

August 5th. — Next day was lost to all ordinary occupations; nothing thought or talked of but what we expected to hear every hour; each man, according to his temperament, anticipating what he hoped, or what he feared. I had no doubt that we should hear of bloody transactions. The reports were ludicrously contradictory.

August 7th. — Between ten and eleven I was in my bedroom, when, hearing my name, I went into my sitting-room. There was Niccolini, pale as ashes. He had sat down, and exclaimed, in sentences scarcely distinguishable, "*Tutto è finito.*" I was enough master of myself to reply, *Che! finito! Tutto è cominciato!*" for I recollected in a moment the *commencement de la fin.* He went on to inform me what he had heard from the Austrian Minister in a few short sentences, that after three days' fighting at Paris, La Fayette was at the head of the National Guards; a provisional government was established; the king had fled, nobody knew where. Of the impression of this news in Italy I have alone to write. I went to the Reading-rooms. Both rooms were filled with company. An Englishman came to me laughing, and said, not altogether meaning it: "Look at all these rascals: they cannot conceal their joy, though they dare not speak out. I would shoot them all if I were the Grand Duke." — "You would have a good deal to do, then," I answered in the same tone. I came home and wrote two letters to Rome, that is, to Mr. Finch and to Richmond. Neither of them had heard of anything more than the ordi-

nances. Richmond ran about reading my letter, and was threatened by the police with being sent to prison, as a spreader of false tidings. Mr. Finch drove out in his carriage, and read my letter to all his friends. As far as he could learn, no other information of these events arrived that day at Rome. Such is the effect of fear. Mr. Finch wrote and thanked me for my letter. His letter was very characteristic. He said his great friend, Edmund Burke, would have approved of the event, and he blessed God that he had lived to know of this triumph of rational liberty. Not long after, Mayer wrote to inform me of Finch's death, saying that the reception of the news I forwarded to him was his last pleasure in this world.

August 14th. — Met to-day the one man living in Florence whom I was anxious to know. This was Walter Savage Landor, a man of unquestionable genius, but very questionable good sense; or, rather, one of those unmanageable men, —

> "Blest with huge stores of wit,
> Who want as much again to manage it."

Without pretending now to characterize him (rather bold in me to attempt such a thing at any time), I will merely bring together the notes that I think it worth while to preserve concerning him during this summer; postponing an account of my subsequent intercourse with him. I had the good fortune to be introduced to him as the friend of his friends, Southey and Wordsworth. He was, in fact, only Southey's friend. Of Wordsworth he *then* professed warm admiration. I received an immediate invitation to his villa. This villa is within a few roods of that most classic spot on the Tuscan Mount, Fiesole, where Boccaccio's hundred tales were told. To Landor's society I owed much of my highest enjoyment during my stay at Florence.

He was a man of florid complexion, with large full eyes, and altogether a *leonine* man, and with a fierceness of tone well suited to his name; his decisions being confident, and on all subjects, whether of taste or life, unqualified; each standing for itself, not caring whether it was in harmony with what had gone before or would follow from the same oracular lips. But why should I trouble myself to describe him? He is painted by a master hand in Dickens's novel, "Bleak House," now in course of publication, where he figures as Mr. Boythorn. The combination of superficial ferocity and inherent tenderness, so admirably portrayed in "Bleak House," still at first strikes every stranger, — for twenty-two years have not materially changed

him, — no less than his perfect frankness and reckless indifference to what he says.

On *August 20th* I first visited him at his villa. There were his wife, a lady who had been a celebrated beauty, and three fine boys and a girl. He told me something of his history. He was from Warwickshire, but had a family estate in Wales. Llanthony Priory belonged to him. He was well educated, — I forget where; and Dr. Parr, he said, pronounced him one of the best Latin verse writers. When twenty-one, he printed his Latin poem of "Gebir." He was sent to Oxford, from which he was expelled for shooting at the Master, Dr. ——. This was his own statement at a later day, when he repeated to me his epigram on Horse-Kett, a learned Professor so nicknamed, —

> "'The Centaur is not fabulous,' said Young.
> Had Young known Kett,
> He had said, 'Behold one put together wrong;
> The head is horseish; but, what yet
> Was never seen in man or beast,
> The rest is human; or, at least,
> Is Kett."

His father wished him to study the law, saying: "If you will study, I will allow you £ 350, or perhaps £ 400, per annum. If not, you shall have £ 120, and no more; and I do not wish to see your face again." Said Landor: "I thanked my father for his offer, and said, 'I could take your £ 350, and pretend to study, and do nothing. But I never did deceive you, nor ever will.' So I took his £ 120, and lived with great economy, refusing to dine out, that I might not lose my independence." He did not tell me then or afterwards the rest of his history.

Though he meant to live and die in Italy, he had a very bad opinion of the Italians. He would rather follow his daughter to the grave than to the church with an Italian husband. No wonder that, with this turn of mind, he should be shunned. The Italians said, "Every one is afraid of him." Yet he was respected universally. He had credit for generosity, as well as honesty; and he deserved it, provided an ample allowance was made for caprice. He was conscious of his own infirmity of temper, and told me he saw few persons, because he could not bear contradiction. Certainly, I frequently did contradict him; yet his attentions to me, both this and the following year, were unwearied.

He told me of having been ordered to leave Florence for in-

solence towards the government. He asked for leave to return for a few days on business. The minister said a passport could not be given him, but that instructions would be given at the frontiers to admit him, and his continuance would be overlooked if he wished it. He has remained unmolested ever since.

Among the antipathies which did not offend me, was his dislike of Lord Byron, which was intense. He spoke with indignation of his "Satire" on Rogers, the poet; and told me the story — which I afterwards heard at first hand from Lady Blessington — of Lord Byron's high glee at forcing Rogers to sit on the cushion under which lay that infamous lampoon. Of his literary judgments the following are specimens: Of Dante, about a seventieth part is good; of Ariosto, a tenth; of Tasso, not a line worth anything, — yes, *one* line. He declared almost all Wordsworth to be good. Landor was as dogmatic on painting as on poetry. He possessed a considerable collection of pictures. His judgment was amusingly at variance with popular opinion. He thought nothing of Michael Angelo as a painter; and, as a sculptor, preferred John of Bologna. Were he rich, he said, he would not give £1,000 for "The Transfiguration," but ten times as much for Fra Bartolomeo's "St. Mark." Next to Raphael and Fra Bartolomeo, he loved Perugino. He lent me several volumes of his "Imaginary Dialogues," which I read with mixed feelings. I am ready to adopt now the assertion of the *Quarterly Review* on the whole collection: "We know no one able to write anything so ill as the worst, or so well as the best. Generally speaking, the most highly polished are those in which the ancients are interlocutors; and the least agreeable, the political dialogues between the moderns."

On the 22d of August I was surprised by the sudden appearance of Richmond; and, while with him in the Hall of Niobe, heard my name called out in German. The voice came from the son of Goethe, who was on his way to Rome. He and Richmond breakfasted with me the next day. Goethe was very chatty; but his conversation on this day, and on the 31st, when he took leave of me, left a very unpleasant impression on me. I might have been rude, if my veneration for the father had permitted me to be perfectly free towards the son. I kept my temper with difficulty towards a German who reproached the princes of his native land for their "treachery towards Napoleon," whom he praised. I could allow him to

abuse the marshals of France, but not the German Tugenbund and General York, the King of Prussia, &c., &c. The King of Saxony alone among the princes was the object of his praise; for he alone "kept his word."

On my arrival at Rome, a few weeks afterwards, I heard that he had that day been buried, the Germans attending the funeral seeing in him the descendant of their greatest man.

September 21st. — Read to-day a disagreeable book, only because it was the life, by a great man, of one still greater, — by Boccaccio, of Dante. I did not expect, in the voluminous *conteur*, an extraordinary degree of superstition, and a fantastic hunting after mystical qualities in his hero. He relates that Dante's mother dreamt she lay in of a peacock, and Boccaccio finds in the peacock four remarkable properties, the great qualities of the "Divina Commedia": namely, the tail has a hundred eyes, and the poem a hundred cantos; its ugly feet indicate the mean *lingua volgare;* its screaming voice the frightful menaces of the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio"; and the odoriferous and incorruptible flesh the divine truths of the poem.

October 16th. — I was to have returned to Rome with Schmidt; but he was prevented, for the time, by the arrival of the Spences, the parents of the lady whom he afterwards married, and is now living with, in prosperity, in Tuscany. I was much pleased with the Spences, who are now in the first line of my friends. We knew each other by name, having a common friend in Masquerier, of whom he spoke with great regard. Spence is known to the world most advantageously, as the joint author, with Kirby, of the Text-book in English on Entomology; * and also, but not with like authority or repute, as an ingenious writer on Political Economy. His first pamphlet, which made a noise, and for a time was very popular, was entitled "Britain Independent of Commerce." He was, and is, a man of remarkably clear head and good sense. He rather affects hostility to metaphysics and poetry; "Because," he says, "I am a mere matter-of-fact man." But, with all that, he seems to like my company, who am ignorant of all science, — and that shows a freedom from narrow-minded attachments.

November 16th. — (Rome.) I was at Bunsen's for the first

* "An Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects. With a Scientific Index. By the Rev. William Kirby and William Spence, Esq." 4 vols. Several editions of this valuable work have been published. Professor Oken translated it into German.

time this season. The confusion which prevailed over all Europe, in consequence of the last French Revolution, had rendered everything uncertain. The accession of the Whigs this winter, and the threatened changes in Germany and Italy, made all political speculations hazardous, and diplomatists were at fault; but the popular power was in the ascendant, and liberal opinions were in fashion. This evening, Bunsen related an anecdote on the circumstances attending the "Ordinances," tending to show that very serious consequences arose from the French Minister, Polignac, having dwelt so long in England as to confound the English with the French sense of a material word. In a military report laid before him, on which the Ordinances were issued, it was stated that the Paris troops were 15,000 *effectives;* and he understood, as it would be in English, that these were effective. But unless the words *et présentes* are added, it means in French that the number stated is what *ought* to be there; that is, the *rated* number. The troops were not *actually* there, and the issue of the conflict is well known.

November 29th. — I had been introduced to Thorwaldsen, a man not attractive in his manners, and rather coarse in person. Kölle had taken me to his studio. He was at work on his figure of Lord Byron. I thought it slim, and rather mean; but I would not set up for a judge; nor was it far advanced. The terms on which he undertook the work for the subscribers — a thousand guineas — were thought creditable to his liberality.

December 2d. — On the 30th of November died Pius VIII., which threw Rome into an anomalous state for an uncertain time. I accompanied a small party to see the body lying in state, — a sight neither imposing to the senses, nor exciting to the sensibility. On a high bed, covered with crimson silk, lay the corpse in its priestly robes, with gloves, and diamond ring, &c. The people were allowed to pass through the apartment indiscriminately; and, within an enclosure, priests were chanting a solemn service. Afterwards I saw the body in a chapel at St. Peter's, lying in state on a black bier, dressed in the episcopal robes and mitre. The face looked differently, — the forehead overhanging, — but it had then a mask of wax. The feet projected beyond an iron railing, for the faithful to kiss.

December 12th. — I was at St. Peter's again when the funeral rites were performed. The music was solemn and affecting. I do not recollect seeing where the body was deposited

for the present. It is placed in its last abode on the burial of the next Pope. This is the custom.

I must now go back to December 2d. In the evening, about eight, on my way to attend the weekly party at Bunsen's, I went down a back street to the left of the Corso. I was sauntering idly, and perhaps musing on the melancholy sight of the morning, and the probable effect of a new sovereign on the Romish Church, when I felt something at my waist. Putting my hand to the part, I found my watch gone, with its heavy gold chain; and a fellow ran forward. I ran after him, and shouted as loud as I could, "Stop thief!" I recollected that "Stop thief" was not Italian, but could not recollect the word *ladrone;* and the sense of my folly in calling "Stop thief" made me laugh, and impeded my progress. The pickpocket was soon out of sight, and the street was altogether empty. It is lucky, indeed, that I did not reach the fellow, as there is no doubt that he would have supported the dexterity of his fingers by the strength of his wrist, and a stiletto. In the mean while, my hat was knocked off my head. I walked back, and, seeing persons at the door of the café, related my mishap, and my hat was brought to me. At Bunsen's, I had the condolence of the company, and was advised to go to the Police; which I did the next day. I related my story; and though I gave a hint, as advised, that I was willing to give fifty or sixty dollars for my lost property, I was listened to with gentlemanly indifference. I could hardly get an intimation that any concern would be taken about the matter; only my card was taken, I supposed, in case the thief should wish to restore the watch to me of his own accord. I was told that, for a fee, persons made it their business to take a description of the watch to watchmakers, &c.; but, when I offered to leave money at the office, I was told I must see after that myself. I soon saw I could have no help there. I did give a couple of dollars to a sort of agent, who was to make inquiries, which profited nothing; and this raised my loss to somewhat more than £40.

However, this same evening, another incident took place which was a source of great pleasure to me, not only during my residence in Rome, but long afterwards. Madame Bunsen said to me, "There is a lady I should like to introduce to you." I answered, impertinently, "Do you mean me to fall in love with her?" She was certainly very plain; but a tall person, with a very intelligent countenance, and, indeed, a command-

ing figure, should have secured her from the affronting question. "Yes, I do," she replied; and she was right. This was the Hon. Miss Mackenzie, a descendant of the Earl of Seaforth, in Scotland. She was of a family long proscribed as being adherents of the House of Stuart. Her father was restored, I understood, to the Barony only of Seaforth, and had been Governor of one of the West India islands. I found, however, that her distinction at Rome did not depend merely on her family, but that she had the reputation of being a woman of taste and sense, and the friend of artists. I was, therefore, gratified by an invitation to call on her next day. On my calling, she received me laughing. "You are come very opportunely," she said; "for I have just received a letter in which you are named. It is from Mr. Landor. He writes: 'I wish some accident may have brought you acquainted with Mr. Robinson, a friend of Wordsworth. He was a barrister, and, notwithstanding, both honest and modest, — a character I never heard of before; indeed, I have never met with one who was either.'" This, of course, fixed me in Miss Mackenzie's favorable opinion, and the intimacy ripened quickly. Through her I became acquainted with artists, &c., and in some measure she supplied the loss of Lord Northampton's house, which was not opened to parties during the season, in consequence of the death of Lady Northampton.

December 3d. — Among my acquaintances was a sculptor, Ewing, whom I wished to serve; and understanding he originally worked *in small*, making miniature copies of famous antique statues, I intimated a wish to have something of that kind from him; for which he expressed himself gratefully. He, however, ultimately succeeded in inducing me to sit for my bust, which he executed in marble. The bust has great merit, for it is a strong likeness, without being disgusting.*

December 25th. — To relieve myself from the unenjoyable Italian reading, which was still a labor, I occasionally allowed myself to read German; and at this time Menzel's *Deutsche Literatur* afforded me much amusement. It is a piquant work. In a chapter on the German Religionists, he classifies the different bodies subjectively: calling the Roman Catholic system *Sinnenglauben*, from the influence of the senses; the Lutheran scheme, *Wortglauben* (word-faith); and the religion of the Pietists, *Gefühlsglauben* (faith of the feelings). It was thus I was employed at the close of the year at

* This bust is now in the possession of H. C. R.'s niece, Mrs. Robinson.

Rome, in the vain attempt to master a language and literature for which I was already too old.

1831.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

January 27, 1831.

I have been within the walls of five Italian houses at evening parties: at three, music, and no conversation; all, except one, held in cold dark rooms, the floors black, imperfectly covered with drugget, and no fire; conversation, to me at least, very dull, — that may be my fault; the topics, theatre, music, personal slander; for religion, government, literature, were generally excluded from polite company. If ever religion or government be alluded to, it is in a tone of subdued contempt; for though at Florence I saw many professed literati, here I have not seen one; and, except at one house, of which the mistress is a German, where tea was handed round, I have never seen even a cup of water offered!

January 30th. — I heard, partly from Miss Denman, and partly from the artists, where Flaxman lived when he came to Rome, and that it was in a sort of chocolate-house, formerly kept by three girls who were so elegant as to be called "the Graces"; but I was informed that they lived to be so old, that they became "the Furies." One I had heard was dead. I ordered some chocolate, and inquired of one of the women whether she recollected an English sculptor, Flaxman, living with her many years before. "No," she did not. I pressed my questions. At length she asked, "Was he married?" — "Yes." Then came the conclusive question, "Had he a hump?" I give the strong word, for she said: "*Non gobbo?*" and on my saying, "Yes," she clasped her hands, and exclaimed: "O, he was an angel! — they were both angels." Then she ran to the staircase, and cried out: "Do, sister, come down, here 's a gentleman who knew *Humpy*." She came down, and then all kinds of questions followed. Was he dead? Was she dead? Then praises of his goodness. "He was so affectionate, so good, so generous, — never gave trouble, — anxious to be kind to everybody." But neither did they recollect his name, nor did they know anything of him as an artist. They only knew that he was "Humpy," and an "Angel." I never heard Flaxman mentioned at Rome but with honor. I heard there was, in a shop, a portrait of him in oils, but I was unable to find it.

H. C. R. to T. R.

January 27, 1831.

Since the incarceration of the Cardinals, the city has been only a little more dull than usual. On the 12th of December, the day before their imprisonment, I went to look at their miserable little lodgings; very few have fireplaces, and some not even stoves. You know that the election is by ballot, and that two thirds of the votes must concur. Twice a day the ballot papers are examined and regularly burnt. And idlers are to be seen every day after eleven o'clock on the Monte Cavallo, watching for the smoke that comes from an iron flue. When it is seen, they cry: "*Ecco il fumo!* No Pope to-day." It is quite notorious that there are parties in the *Sacro Collegio*, and hitherto their bitterness is said to have gone on increasing rather than diminishing. The profane are, as it happens, very merry or very wrathful at the delay, — so injurious to the city. During the widowhood of the Church, there can be no Carnival, and that must, if at all, be now in less than a fortnight. The leaders, Albani and Barnetti, are the objects of daily reproach. The lampoons or pasquinades during the conclave have been famous for centuries. I have seen several, and shall bring a few home with me as curiosities; but I have found little wit in them. The most significant is a dialogue between the *Santo Spirito* and the City of Rome. The *Santo Spirito* proposes successively all the leading cardinals. The City has objections to all. At length the *Santo Spirito* is tired out, and gives the choice to the City, which fixes on an old man in a stage of dotage. And he is chosen only on condition that he should do nothing.

Every day the food that is carried in to the cardinals is examined, that no secret letters may be sent. Indeed all possible precautions are taken, as if the cardinals were as corrupt as the electors of an English borough. The other day, objecting to a sensible abbé, that I could not comprehend how the Emperor of Austria, &c. should have a *veto* on the act of the Holy Spirit (for all the pretensions of the Catholic Church, like those of the Quakers, rest on the assumption of the direct and immediate interference of the Holy Spirit), he answered: "And why should not Providence act by the instrumentality of an emperor or king?"

In the mean while, in consequence of this delay, the lodgings are empty, and the foreigners unusually few. One inno-

vation has been permitted — the theatres are open, and the ambassadors give balls. But a real Carnival — that is, masking — would be almost as bad as a Reformation. However, there is a current prophecy, according to which the election ought to take place to-morrow. We shall see. . . . .

February 23, 1831.

Four days afterwards, 31st January, 1831, while chatting with a countryman in the forenoon, I heard a discharge of cannon. I left my sentence unfinished, rushed into the street, already full of people, and ran up Monte Cavallo. It was already crowded, and I witnessed in dumb show the proclamation of the new Pope from the balcony of the palace. No great interest seemed really to be felt by the people in the street, but when I talked with the more intelligent, I found that the election gave general satisfaction. Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, and in general all the Liberals, consider the choice as a most happy one. Cardinal Cappellari has the reputation of being at the same time learned, pious, liberal, and prudent. The only drawback on his popularity is his character of monk. This makes him unpopular with many who have no means of forming a personal judgment. There was, however, one consequence of the election, independent of the man, — it assured the people of their beloved Carnival. The solemn procession from the Quirinal to St. Peter's presented nothing remarkable; but on Sunday, the 6th, the coronation took place, — a spectacle so august and magnificent, that it equalled all my imaginings. So huge an edifice is St. Peter's that, though all the decently dressed people of Rome had free entrance, it was only full, not crowded. I was considerate enough to go early, and so lucky, that I had even a seat and elevated stand in an excellent situation, and witnessed every act of sacrifice and adoration. All the cardinals and bishops and high clergy attended His Holiness, seated aloft. The military, the paraphernalia of the Roman Church, made a gorgeous spectacle. Nor was the least significant and affecting object the burning tow, which flashed and was no more, while the herald cried aloud, "So passes away the glory of the world," a truth that is at this moment felt with a poignancy unknown to the Roman hierarchy since it was endowed with the gift of Constantine. The Pope was consecrated a bishop, he administered mass, he received the *adoration* (the word used here) of the cardinals, who kissed his slipper, hand, and face. The bishops

were admitted only to the hand, and the priests advanced no higher than the foot.

The excitement of this most imposing of solemnities had scarcely subsided when another excitement succeeded to it, which lasted during the remainder of my abode at Rome. Almost immediately the report was spread that the Legations were in a state of insurrection. My journal, during the greater part of the next three months, is nearly filled with this subject. It is not possible now to recall to mind the fluctuations of feeling which took place. I gave to my acquaintance the advice of my friend Bottom, "But wonder on till truth makes all things plain." In the little anxiety I felt I was perhaps as foolish as the Irishman in the house afire, "I am only a lodger."

H. C. R. to W. Pattisson, Esq., and his Sons.

Florence, 14th June, 1831.

. . . . I suspect you, with all other Englishmen, are so absorbed in the politics of the day, and have been so for so long a time, as to be scarcely aware of the stimulating situation in which I have been placed, arising out of a state of uncertainty and expectation almost without a parallel. You have perhaps heard that the larger part of the subjects of the Pope renounced their allegiance, and that the government, being utterly worn out, subsisting only by the sufferance of the great Catholic powers, and retaining the allegiance of the capital merely by the subsistence it afforded to its idle population, seemed on the brink of dissolution. Rome was left without troops, and the government without revenue. For weeks we expected the enemy. Had he come, there might have been a riot of the *Trasteverini* (a sort of Birmingham Church-and-King mob), who live beyond the Tiber, but there would have been no resistance. In imbecility, however, the insurgent government rivalled the Papal, and, as you have perhaps heard, the Italian revolution was suppressed with even more ease than it was effected. The truth is, that but for the intervention of Austria, the Italian governments (with the exception of Tuscany) had contrived to render themselves so odious to the people, that any rebellion, supported by the slightest force, was sure to succeed. A single Austrian regiment, however, was enough to disperse all the revolutionists in the peninsula

the moment they found that the French would not make war in their behalf.

I find an insulated incident on Wednesday, the 16th of February. Breakfasting at the Aurora, and drinking milk in my chocolate, I was requested to sit in the back part of the room, where it could not be seen that I was drinking a *prohibited* article.

February 27th. — At the San Pietro in Vinculis, I was amused by seeing a sweet child, five or six years old, kiss with a childish fervor the chains of St. Peter. The good priest, their *custode*, could not suppress a smile. This led to a few words on relics between me and him. He belonged to the honest and simple-hearted. "Is it quite certain that these are really St. Peter's chains?" I asked. "You are not called on to believe in them," he answered; "it is no article of faith." — "But do you permit the uneducated to believe what you do not yourselves believe?" — "We do not disbelieve. All we can possibly know is this: for ages beyond human memory, our ancestors have affirmed their belief. We do not think they would have willingly deceived us. And then the belief does good. It strengthens pious feelings. It does no harm, surely." This is what the priests are perpetually falling back on. They are utilitarians. I could get no further with this priest. He asked questions of me in return; and seemed to lose all his dislike of the Anglican Church when I told him, to his astonishment, that we had not only bishops, but archdeacons, canons, and minor canons. On this he exclaimed, with an amusing earnestness, "The English Church is no bad thing."

March 17th. — Mayer took me to a soirée at Horace Vernet's, on the Pincian Hill, — the palace of the French Academy. It was quite a new scene to me. Nothing like it had come before me at Rome. French only was spoken, and of course the talk was chiefly on politics and the state of Rome. I found the young artists by no means alarmed. Twenty high-spirited, well-built young men had nothing to fear from a Roman mob in a house built, like the Medici Palace, upon an elevation. It would stand a siege well. Horace Vernet was, beyond all doubt, a very clever man; yet I doubt whether any picture by him could ever give me much pleasure. He had the dangerous gift of great facility. I was once in his studio when he was at work. There were a dozen persons in the room, talking at their ease. They did not disturb him in the

least. On another occasion I saw a number of portraits about: they seemed to me execrable; but they might be the work of pupils. Vernet's vivacity gave me the impression of his being a man of general ability, destined to give him a social, but an evanescent, reputation.

H. C. R. to T. R.

Rome, April 2, 1831.

During the last month the news of the day and Italian reading have shared my attention. I have had little to do with religious ceremonies. I did, however, witness the blessing of the palms; and I have heard the *Miserere* once. Branches of the palm are peeled, and the peel is cut, and plaited, and braided, and curled into all sorts of fantastic forms. Each cardinal, bishop, and priest holds one, and there is a long detail of kissing. The solemn step of the procession, the rich dresses of the cardinals, and the awful music, would have made a stronger impression if I had not witnessed the coronation. The *Miserere* is unlike all other music. It is sung without any accompaniment of instruments, and is deeply affecting, and every now and then startling. I was so much touched that I should have believed any story of its effect on those who are not nearly so insensible to music as you know me to be.

April 7th. — A supper given to Cornelius in the Villa Albani. Götzenberger was the *impresario*. The eating bad; but I sat next Thorwaldsen. There were many persons of note, amongst others Bunsen; and in all there were sixty present, to do honor to a man who did not afterwards disappoint the expectations formed of him.

W. S. Landor to H. C. R.

April, 1831.

It is now several days since I read the book you recommended to me, "Mrs. Leicester's School"; and I feel as if I owed a debt in deferring to thank you for many hours of exquisite delight. Never have I read anything in prose so many times over, within so short a space of time, as "The Father's Wedding-day." Most people, I understand, prefer the first tale, — in truth a very admirable one, — but others could have written it. Show me the man or woman, modern or ancient, who could have written this one sentence: "When I was dressed

in my new frock, I wished poor mamma was alive, to see how fine I was on papa's wedding-day; and I ran to my favorite station at her bedroom door." How natural, in a little girl, is this incongruity, this impossibility! Richardson would have given his "Clarissa," and Rousseau his "Heloïse," to have imagined it. A fresh source of the pathetic bursts out before us, and not a bitter one. If your Germans can show us anything comparable to what I have transcribed, I would almost undergo a year's gurgle of their language for it. The story is admirable throughout, — incomparable, inimitable. . . . .

Yours, &c.,

W. LANDOR.

May 4th. — In the evening I was with my friend Miss Mackenzie. She asked me whether I had heard any reports connecting her in any way with Thorwaldsen. I said she must be aware that every one in a gossiping world took the liberty of talking about the private affairs of every one; that I had heard it said that it was understood that Thorwaldsen was to marry her; and that the cause of the contract being broken reflected no dishonor on her. She smiled, and desired me to say what that cause was understood to be. I said, simply that he had formed a connection with an Italian woman, which he did not dare to break. She threatened his life, and he thought it was in danger. Miss Mackenzie said she believed this to be the fact, and on that ground Thorwaldsen begged to be released. She added, that he was very culpable in suffering the affair to go on so long.

I left Rome early on the morning of the 6th of May. Goethe says, in his "Italian Journey," that every one who leaves Rome asks himself, "When shall I be able to come here again?" There is great unity of effect produced by Rome. It is the city of tombs and ruins. The environs are a pestiferous marsh, and on all sides you have images of death. What aged nobleman was it who preferred his dead son to any living son in Christendom? Who is there who does not prefer the ruins of Rome to the new buildings of London and Paris?

May 24th. — (Florence.) I was glad to renew my acquaintance with W. S. Landor, which lasted with increased pleasure during my second residence at Florence. My evening walks to Fiesole, and returns after midnight, were frequent and most delightful, accompanied by a noble mastiff dog, who deserves honorable mention from me. This dog never failed to accom-

pany me from Landor's villa to the gate of Florence; and I could never make him leave me till I was at the gate; and then, on my patting him on the head, as if he were conscious his protection was no longer needed, he would run off rapidly. The fireflies on the road were of a bright yellow, — the color of the moon, as if sparks from that flame. I would name them "earth-stars," as well as "glow-worms," or "fireflies."

May 27th. — I made my first call on a *character*, whose parties I occasionally attended in the evening. She was one of three remarkable Italian women mentioned by Lady Morgan, — all of whom I saw. She was an old woman, more than seventy years of age, but a very fluent talker. Her anti-Buonapartism pleased me. This was the Marchioness Sacrati. In her youth she was handsome. Her husband left her poor, and she obtained a pension from the Pope, in the character of a *vedova pericolante* ("a widow in danger"); it being suggested that, from poverty, her virtue might be in peril. This is a known class; perhaps, I should say, a satirical name. She lived in stately apartments, as suited her rank. I saw men of rank, and officers, and very smart people at her parties, but very few ladies. She herself was the best talker of the party, — more frequently in French than Italian. It happened that, one evening, I went before the usual hour, and was some time with her *tête-à-tête*. It was a lucky circumstance, for she spoke more freely with me alone than she could in mixed company; and every word she said which concerned the late Queen was worth recollecting. For, though the Marchioness might not be an unexceptionable witness, where she could have a motive to misrepresent, yet I should not disbelieve what she said this evening. Something led me to ask whether she had been in England, when she smiled and said: "You will not think better of me when I tell you that I went as a witness for your Queen." — "But you were not summoned?" — "O no! I could say nothing that was of use to her. All I could say was that when I saw her in Italy, she was always in the society that suited her rank; and that I saw nothing then that was objectionable. She requested me to go, and she was so unhappy that I could not refuse her." — "You saw, then, her *Procureur-Général*, Monsieur Brougham." — "O yes! That Monsieur Brog-gam was a *grand coquin*." — "Take care, Madame, what you say; he is now Chancellor." — "N'importe; c'est un grand coquin." — "What makes you use such strong language?" — "Because, to answer the purposes of his ambi-

tion, he forced the Queen to come to England." — "Indeed!" — "The Queen told me so; and Lady Hamilton confirmed it. I said to her when I first saw her, 'Why are you here?' She said: 'My lawyer made me come. I saw him at St. Omer, and I asked him whether I should go to England. He said, If you are conscious of your innocence, you *must* go. If you are aware of weaknesses, keep away.'" The Marchioness raised her voice and said: "Monsieur, quelle femme, même du bas peuple, avouera à son avocat qu'elle a des foiblesses? C'étoit un traître ce Monsieur Brog-gam." I did not appear convinced by this, and she added: "One day I was alone with him, when I said, 'Why did you force this unhappy woman to come here?' He laughed, and replied: 'It is not my fault. If she is guilty, I cannot make her innocent.'"

I also asked her whether she knew the other lawyer, Monsieur Denman. The change in her tone was very remarkable, and gave credibility to all she said. She clasped her hands, and exclaimed, in a tone of admiration: "O, c'étoit un ange, ce Monsieur Denman. Il n'a jamais douté de l'innocence de la Reine." Though the Marchioness herself did not, at first, intimate any opinion on the subject of the Queen's guilt or innocence, yet she spoke in terms of just indignation of the King, and of her with more compassion than blame.

It was some weeks after this that I, being alone with Madame Sacrati, she again spoke of the Queen, and, to my surprise, said she was convinced of her innocence, but inveighed against her for her coarseness, and insinuated that she was mad. This reminds me that dear Mary Lamb, who was the very contrast, morally speaking, to Madame Sacrati, once said: "They talk about the Queen's innocence. I should not think the better of her, if I were sure she was what is called innocent." There was a profound truth in this. She, doubtless, meant that she thought more of the mind and character than of a mere act, objectively considered.

June 13th. — I heard to-day from Niccolini an account of his dealings with the Grand Duke. When his "Nabucco" was published, by Capponi, the Emperor of Austria requested the Grand Duke to punish Niccolini for it. The Grand Duke replied to the Austrian Minister: "It is but a fable; there are no names. I will not act the diviner, to the injury of my subject." Niccolini was Professor of History and Mythology, in the Academy of Fine Arts, under the French. The professorship was abolished on the Restoration, and Niccolini was

made librarian ; but, being dissatisfied with the government administration of the academy, he demanded his dismission. The Grand Duke said : " Why so? I am satisfied with you." He had the boldness to reply, " Your Highness, *both* must be satisfied." And he did retire. But when the professorship was restored, he resumed his office.

During the latter part of my residence in Italy, I was more frequent than ever in my attendance at the theatres. And one remark on the Italian drama I must not omit ; indeed, I ought to have made it before, as it was forced on me at Naples. There, every modern play, almost without exception, was founded on incidents connected with judicial proceedings, — a singular circumstance, easy to explain. In Naples especially, but in all Italy, justice is administered secretly, and the injustice perpetrated under its abused name constitutes one of the greatest evils of social life. Even when this is not to be attributed to the government, or the magistrate, in the particular case, the bad state of the law permits it to be done ; and secrecy aggravates the evil, and perhaps even causes unjust reproach to fall on the magistrate. Now, it is because men's deep interest in these matters finds no gratification in the publicity of judicial proceedings, that the theatre supplies the place of the court of justice ; and, for a time, all the plots of plays, domestic tragedies, turned on the sufferings of the innocent falsely accused, — such as the *Pie voleuse ;* on assuming the name and character of persons long absent, like the *Faux Martin Guerre ;* * the forging of wills, conflicting testimony, kidnapping heirs, the return of persons supposed to be dead, &c., &c., — incidents which universally excite sympathy. Our reports of proceedings in courts of justice, while they keep alive this taste, go far towards satisfying it. In other respects, the Italian stage is very imperfectly supplied with a *Répertoire.* The frigid rhetoric of Alfieri has afforded few subjects for the stage, and Niccolini still fewer. Gozzi is forgotten ; and Goldoni, for want of a better author, is still listened to. Rota is an inferior Kotzebue, who has been a few times translated and imitated ; and French comedy is less frequently resorted to by the Italian playwrights than German sentimentality, — much less than by the English dramatists. So that there is not properly an Italian stage. The opera is not included in this remark ; but that is not national.

* " Histoire du Faux Martin Guerre. Vol. I. Causes Célèbres et Interessantes. Recueillés par M. Gayot de Pitaval à la Haye. 1735."

At this time, the sanguine hopes entertained by the friends of liberty, a short time before, in Italy, had subsided ; and the more discerning already knew, what was too soon acknowledged, that nothing would be done for the good cause of civil and religious liberty by the French government.

I occasionally saw Leopardi the poet, a man of acknowledged genius, and of irreproachable character. He was a man of family, and a scholar, but he had a feeble frame, was sickly, and deformed. He was also poor, so that his excellent qualities and superior talents were, to a great degree, lost to the world. He wanted a field for display, — an organ to exercise.

To refer once more to politics. The desire to see Italy united was the fond wish of most Italian politicians. One of the most respectable of them, Mayer, — not to mention any I was at that time unacquainted with, — used to say, that he would gladly see all Italy under one absolute sovereign, national independence being the first of blessings.

But this was not the uniform opinion. A scheme of a Confederation of Italian states was circulated in the spring, according to which there was to be a union of Italian monarchies, consisting of nine states, of which Rome should be the capital, each independent in all domestic matters, and having a common revenue, army, customs, weights and measures, coins, &c. These were to be Rome, Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, Liguria, Ravenna, Etruria, Naples, and Sicily. The fortresses of the confederation were to be Venice, Alessandria, Mantua, and Syracuse. To purchase the consent of France to this arrangement, many Italians were willing to sacrifice Savoy and Nice.

There was more plausibility, I thought, in the Abbé de Pradt's scheme. He would have reduced the number to three, consisting of North, Central, and South Italy. Could this ever be, there would be appropriate titles in *Lombard-* or *Nord-Italia*, *Toscan-Italia*, and *Napol-Italia*. Harmless dreams these, — that is, the names.

H. C. R. to Mr. Pattisson and his Sons.

FLORENCE, June 14, 1831.

. . . . I really think it fortunate for my reputation that I am out of the country. I should have lost my character had I stayed there. I was always a moderate Reformer ; and, now that success seems at hand, I think more of the dangers than

the promises. I should never have been fit for a hustings orator. My gorge rises at the cant of the day; and finding all the mob for Reform, I begin to suspect there must be some hitherto unperceived evil in the measure. And it is only when I go among the anti-Reformers, and hear the worse cant and more odious impostures of the old Tory party, that I am *righted*, as the phrase is, and join the crowd again.

To the Same.

Turin, September 13, 1831.

. . . . I infer, rather than find it expressly stated, that in your family are pretty nearly all the varieties of opinion now current in England. Jacob appears to me to have taken for his oracles Lord Londonderry, Mr. Sadler, and Sir R. Inglis, the Oxford member. William writes like a hopeful and youthful Reformer; and you, with something of the timidity and anxiety of *old age* (*I* may call *you* old, you know, without offence, by my six months' seniority), you are afraid of the consequences of your own former principles. To tell the truth I am (and perhaps from the same cause) pretty much in the same state. Now that the mob are become Reformers, I am alarmed. Indeed, I have for years perceived this truth, that it seems to be the great problem of all institutions to put shackles as well on the people as on the government. I am so far anti-democratic, that I would allow the people to do very little; but I would enable them to *hinder* a great deal. And my fear is, that, under the proposed new House of Commons, there will be no check on popular passions.

On my way back to England, I spent nearly a fortnight at Paris. During this fortnight, the most interesting occurrence by far, and which I regret I cannot adequately describe, was my attendance in the *Salle St. Simonienne*, at the *service* — or, shall I say the *performance?* — of that, the most recent substitute for Christian worship. This was, and still remains, the last and newest French attempt to supersede Christianity. In my journal, I speak of it as "very national, very idle, very ridiculous, possibly well intentioned on the part of its leaders, whose greatest fault may be unconscious vanity." I go on in my journal: "And I dare say destined to be very short-lived, unless it can contrive to acquire a political character, and so gain a permanent footing in France." In this I was not a false prophet. But the doctrines of these fanatical unbelievers

were mixed up in men's minds with the more significant and dangerous speculations of Fourier, closely allied to politics, and absorbed by them. Alfieri wisely says, addressing himself to infidels: "It is not enough to cry out, 'It is all a fable,' in order to destroy Christianity. If it be, invent a better." The St. Simonites could not do this. In my journal I wrote: "They have rejected the Christian Revelation, that is, its supernatural vehicle, but their system of morals is altogether Christian; and this they dress out with French sentimentality, instead of miracles and prophecy." I might have added, had I thought of Germany at the time: "The German anti-supernaturalists substituted metaphysics, critical or ideal, in the place of sentimentality."

It was on *Sunday, the 1st of October*, that I was present at their *fonction*, ecclesiastical or theatric. Their *salle* was a neat theatre; the area, or pit, filled with well-dressed women; the scena occupied by the members of the society, who faced the area. In the centre were two truncated columns; behind these, three arm-chairs; in the centre one the orator, his assistants at his side; in front, three rows of galleries. I went early, and had a front seat. When the leaders came, the members rose. "Why so?" I asked of a plain man near me. "*C'est le Pape, le Chef de l'Eglise*," he answered, with great simplicity. His Holiness, youngish and not genteel, waved his hand, rose, and harangued for an hour or more. I heard distinctly, and understood each word by itself, but I could not catch a distinct *thought*. It seemed to be a rhapsody, — a declamation against the abuses of our political existence, — a summary of the history of mankind, such as any man acquainted with modern books, and endowed with a flow of fine words, might continue uttering as long as he had any breath in his body. For the edification of the ladies and young men, there was an address to Venus, and also one to Jupiter. The only part of the oration which had a manifest object, and which was efficient, was a sarcastic portrait of Christianity, not the Christianity of the Gospel, but that of the Established Churches. This was the studied finale, and the orator was rewarded by shouts of applause.

After a short pause he was followed by a very pale smock-faced youth, with flaxen hair. I presumed that he delivered his maiden speech, as, at the end of it, he was kissed by at least ten of his comrades, and the unconcealed joy of his heart at the applause he gained was really enviable. His oration was on behalf of "*La classe la plus nombreuse et la plus pauvre*," which

he repeated incessantly, as a genuine Benthamite repeats, "The greatest good of the greatest number." It was an exhortation to charity, and, with a very few alterations, like those the reader might have made in correcting the proofs at the printing-office (such as the motive being the love of Christ, instead of the love of one's neighbor), would have suited any of the thousand and one charity sermons delivered every six months in every great city, in all churches and chapels. Now in all this, as there was nothing remarkable, so there was nothing ridiculous, save and except that the orator, every now and then, was congratulating himself on "*Ces nouvelles idées.*" After this short oration, there followed a conference. Two speakers placed themselves in chairs, in the front of the proscenium; but they were of a lower class, and as I expected something like the street dialogues between the quack and the clown, or, at the best, what it seemed to be, a paraphrastic commentary on the "novelties" of the young gentleman, I followed the example of others, and came away. So I wrote twenty years ago. My impression was a correct one. St. Simonism was suppressed by the government of Louis Philippe. Its partisans were lost, as I have already intimated, in the sturdier and coarser founders of what has not been simply foolish but, in various ways, mischievous, namely, Communism or Socialism.

I left Paris on the 4th of October, in the morning, and, travelling all night, reached Calais the next morning. At Meurice's Hotel, I heard of the death of Goethe. At the age of eighty-two it could not be unexpected, and, as far as the active employment of his marvellous talents is concerned, is not to be regretted. He had done his work; but though not the extinction yet, to us, the eclipse of the mightiest intellect that has shone on the earth for centuries (so, at least, I felt) could not be beheld without pain. It has been my rare good fortune to have seen a large proportion of the greatest minds of our age, in the fields of poetry and speculative philosophy, such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Schiller, Tieck, but none that I have ever known came near him.

On the 6th of October I crossed the Channel, and on the 7th I reached London, too late to go to any of my friends. Having secured a bed at the Old Bell, Holborn, and taken a late dinner there, I went to the Procters', in Perceval Street, where was my old friend Mrs. Collier, and the cordial reception I met with from them cheered me. I returned to my inn, and was awakened in the morning by the shout of the vociferous newsmen, "The Lords have thrown out the Reform Bill!"

CHAPTER IX.

IN ENGLAND AGAIN.

OCTOBER 10th. — For the last three days there has been a succession of agreeable feelings in meeting with my old friends and acquaintance. Indeed these meetings will for some time constitute my chief business. In the evening I stepped into the Athenæum to inquire the news, there being a general anxiety in consequence of the important occurrence of the night before, or rather of the morning. *The Lords rejected the Reform Bill by a majority of forty-one.* The fact is in every one's mouth, but I have not yet met with any one who ventures to predict what the Ministry will do on the occasion.

I breakfasted with William Pattisson, and accompanied him to Westminster Hall. He was engaged in an appeal to the Lords, O'Connell on the other side. I shook hands with O'Connell, and exchanged a few words with him. I was pleased with his speech before the Chancellor. It was an appeal against the Irish Chancellor's setting aside certain documents as obtained by fraud. With great mildness of manner, address, and discretion in his arguments, O'Connell produced a general impression in his favor.

October 12th. — Finished the evening at the Athenæum and at Aders's. I found Mrs. Aders in some agitation, as one of her friends had been in danger of being seriously hurt on the balcony of her house by a large stone flung by the mob in the afternoon. There had been an immense crowd accompanying the procession with the addresses to the King on account of the rejection of the Bill by the Lords. At the Athenæum, I chatted with D'Israeli and Ayrton. Ayrton says, on authority, that a compromise has taken place, and that the Bill is to pass the Lords, with only a few modifications to save their character.

October 16th. — Breakfasted at home, and late, so that it was between one and two when I reached Lamb, having ridden on the stage to Edmonton, and walked thence to Enfield. I found Lamb and his sister boarding with the Westwoods, — good people, who, I dare say, take care of them. Lamb has rendered himself their benefactor by getting a place for their

son in Aders's counting-house. They return his services by attention, which he and his sister need; but he feels the want of the society he used to have. Both he and Miss Lamb looked somewhat older, but not more than almost all do whom I have closely noticed since my return. They were heartily glad to see me. After dinner, I was anxious to leave them before it was dark, and the Lambs accompanied me, but only for a short distance. Lamb has begged me to come after dinner, and take a bed at his house; and so I must. The evening fine, and I enjoyed the walk to Mr. Relph's. The beauty of the sky was not, indeed, that of Italy; but the verdure was English, and the succession of handsome houses, and the population of affluent people, quite peculiar to England. No other country can show anything like it. These covered ways and shady roads, with elegant houses at every step, each concealed except in its immediate neighborhood, — how superior to the flaring open scenery of the vaunted Vale of Arno!

October 17th. — Went to Highbury by way of Perceval Street. I arrived late at Mr. Bischoff's, having mistaken the dinner-time by an hour. Of little moment this. I found a large party assembled to see the famous Brahmin, Rammohun Roy, the Indian Rajah.

*Rem.** — Rammohun Roy published a volume entitled "The Precepts of Jesus," closely resembling a work for which a Frenchman was punished under Charles X., it being alleged that to select the *moral* parts of the Gospel, excluding the supernatural, must be done with the insidious design of recommending Deism. That Rammohun Roy was a Deist, with Christian morals, is probable. He took care, however, not to lose *caste*, for the preservation of which the adherence to precise customs is required, not the adoption of any mode of thinking. He died in the year 1833, and I was informed by Mr. Crawford, who was acquainted with the Brahmin's manservant, that during the last years of his life he was assiduously employed in reading the *Shasters*, — the Holy Scriptures of his Church. Voltaire says somewhere, that were he a Brahmin, he would die with a cow's tail in his hand. Rammohun Roy did not deserve to be coupled with the French scoffer in this way. He was a highly estimable character. He believed as much of Christianity as one could reasonably expect any man would believe who was brought up in a faith including a much larger portion of miraculous pretensions, without being trained

* Written in 1851.

or even permitted, probably, to investigate and compare evidence. He was a fine man, and very interesting, though different from what I expected. He had a broad laughing face. He talked English very well, — better than most foreigners. Unfortunately, when I saw him, he talked on European politics, and gave expression to no Oriental sentiment or opinion. Not a word was said by him that might not have been said by a European. This rather disappointed me ; so after dinner I played whist, of which I was ashamed afterwards.

October 22d. — At the Bury Quarter Sessions, I was invited to dine at the Angel by the bar, but I refused the invitation, and only went up in the evening ; then, however, I spent a few hours very agreeably. Austin was the great talker, of course. Scarcely anything but the Reform Bill talked of much. Praed, the M. P., and new member of the circuit since my retirement, was the only oppositionist. He spoke fluently, and not ill of the bill.

*Rem.** — Praed died young. In one particular he was superior to all the political young men of his time, — in taste and poetical aspirations. His poems have been collected. I am not much acquainted with them, but they are at least works of taste. Praed had the manners of a gentleman.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

FLORENCE [received October, 1831].

. . . . Miss Mackenzie tells me that she has lost some money by a person in Paris. If she had taken my advice, she would have bought a villa here, and then the money had been saved. It appears that she has a garden, at least ; and this, in my opinion, is exactly the quantity of ground that a wise person could desire. I am about to send her some bulbs and curious plants. Her sixty-two tuberoses are all transplanted by the children : I have not one of these delightful flowers. I like white flowers better than any others ; they resemble fair women. Lily, tuberose, orange, and the truly English syringa, are my heart's delight. I do not mean to say that they supplant the rose and violet in my affections, for these are our first loves, before we grew too fond of considering, and too fond of displaying our acquaintance with, others of sounding titles. . . . .

W. S. LANDOR.

* Written in 1852.

November 1st. — Read the papers at the coffee-house. Sad account of a riot at Bristol. It is to be feared very bloody, — a proof that the mob are ready to shed blood for the bill. For what would they not shed blood?

November 5th. — I rode to Ipswich by an early stage, a new one to me. I found the Clarksons as I expected. Mrs. Clarkson thinner, but not in worse health than three years ago; and Clarkson himself much older, and nearly blind. They received me most kindly, and we spent the whole afternoon and evening in interesting friendly gossip.

November 6th. — I did not stir out of the house to-day. It was wet, and I enjoyed the seclusion. I sat and read occasionally, and at intervals chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson. Mr. Clarkson gave me to read a MS., drawn up for his daughter-in-law, containing a summary of religious doctrines from the lips of Jesus Christ. The chapter on future punishments particularly interested me; but I found that Mr. Clarkson had, contrary to his intention, written so as to imply his belief in the eternity of future punishments, which he does not believe. He was anxious to alter this in his own hand, and with great difficulty made the necessary alteration in one place.

November 10th. — Read this morning, in the July *Quarterly Review*, a most interesting, but to me humiliating, article on the inductive philosophy, — Herschel's "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy" supplying the text. It is an admirable and, even to me, delightful survey of the realms of science; the *terra incognita* appearing, if possible, to be the most curious. It is remarkable that the more there is known, the more it is perceived there is to be known. And the infinity of knowledge to be acquired runs parallel with the infinite faculty of knowing, and its development. Sometimes I feel reconciled to my extreme ignorance, by thinking, if I know nothing, the most learned know next to nothing. Yet,

> "On this thought I will not brood,
> . . . . it unmans me quite."

I never can be a man of science, but it is something to have a disinterested love of science, and a pleasure in the progress which others make in it. This is analogous to the baptism of desire of the liberal Catholics, who give the means and possibility of salvation to those who, though not actually baptized, *desire* baptism, and would, if they could, be members of the Church in which alone salvation is to be found.

November 15th. — Took tea with Miss Flaxman and Miss

Denman. They were in low spirits. Mr. Thomas Denman is very dangerously ill, and Miss Flaxman has had a bad fall. However, we fell into interesting conversation, and they showed me Flaxman's notes written in Italy. His criticisms on the works of art in Italy are a corroboration of the common opinion; but he speaks of a great work by one Gaddi as one that, with a little less hardness and deeper shade, would have been far superior to any of Raphael's Holy Families.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

November 6, 1831.

. . . . I grieve at the illness of Coleridge, though I never knew him. I hope he may recover; for Death will do less mischief with the cholera than with the blow that deprives the world of Coleridge. A million blades of grass, renewable yearly, are blighted with less injury than one rich fruit-tree. I am in the habit of considering Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey as three towers of one castle; and whichever tower falls first must shake the other two. . . . . Since I saw you, I have read in the *New Monthly Magazine* the papers signed "Elia." Mr. Brown lent me the book. The papers are admirable; the language truly English. We have none better, new or old. When I say, I am "sorry" that Charles Lamb and his sister are suffering, the word is not an idle or a faint one. I feel deep pain at this intelligence, — pain certainly not disproportioned to the enjoyment I have received by their writings. Besides, all who know them personally speak of them with much affection. Were they ever in Italy, or are they likely to come? If so, I can offer them fruits, flowers, horses, &c. To those who are out of health, or out of spirits, this surely is a better country than England. I love green fields, and once loved being wet through, in the summer or spring. In that season, when I was a boy and a youth, I always walked with my hat in my hand if it rained; and only left off the practice when I read that Bacon did it, fearing to be thought guilty of affectation or imitation.

I have made my visit to Miss Burney, and spent above an hour with her. She is one of the most agreeable and intelligent women I have met abroad, and spoke of you as all who know you must speak.

I look forward with great desire to the time when you will come again amongst us. Arnold, who clapped his hands at

hearing I had a letter from you, ceased only to ask me: "But does not he say when he will come back?" My wife and Julia send the same wishes. . . . .

W. S. Landor.

Miss Wordsworth to H. C. R.

Friday, December 1, 1831.

Had a rumor of your arrival in England reached us before your letter of yesterday's post, you would ere this have received a welcoming from me, in the name of each member of this family; and, further, would have been reminded of your promise to come to Rydal as soon as possible after again setting foot on English ground. When Dora heard of your return, and of my intention to write, she exclaimed, after a charge that I would recall to your mind your written promise: "He must come and spend Christmas with us. I wish he would!" Thus, you see, notwithstanding your petty jarrings, Dora was always, and now is, a loving friend of yours. I am sure I need not add, that if you can come at the time mentioned, so much the more agreeable to us all, for it is fast approaching; but that, *whenever* it suits you (for you may have Christmas engagements with your own family) to travel so far northward, we shall be rejoiced to see you; and, whatever other visitors we may chance to have, we shall always be able to find a corner for you. We are thankful that you are returned with health unimpaired, — I may say, indeed, amended, — for you were not perfectly well when you left England. You do not mention rheumatic pains, so I trust they have entirely left you. As to your being grown older, if you mean *feebler* in mind, — my brother says: "No such thing; your judgment has only attained autumnal ripeness." Indeed, my dear friend, I wonder not at your alarms, or those of any good man, whatever may have been his politics from youth to middle age, and onward to the decline of life. But I will not enter on this sad and perplexing subject; I find it much more easy to look with patience on the approach of pestilence, or any affliction which it may please God to cast upon us without the intervention of man, than on the dreadful results of sudden and rash changes, whether arising from ambition, or ignorance, or brute force. I am, however, getting into the subject without intending it, so will conclude with a prayer that God may enlighten the heads and hearts of our men of power, whether Whigs or Tories, and that

the madness of the deluded people may settle. This last effect can only be produced, I fear, by exactly and severely executing the law, seeking out and punishing the guilty, and letting all persons see that we do not *willingly* oppress the poor. One visible blessing seems already to be coming upon us through the alarm of the cholera. Every rich man is now obliged to look into the by-lanes and corners inhabited by the poor, and many crying abuses are (even in our little town of Ambleside) about to be remedied. But to return to pleasant Rydal Mount, still cheerful and peaceful, — if it were not for the newspapers, we should know nothing of the turbulence of our great towns and cities ; yet my poor brother is often heart-sick and almost desponding, — and no wonder ; for, until this point at which we are arrived, he has been a true prophet as to the course of events, dating from the "Great Days of July" and the appearance of "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing *but* the Bill." It remains now for us to hope that Parliament may meet in a different temper from that in which they parted, and that the late dreadful events may make each man seek only to promote the peace and prosperity of the country. You will say that my brother looks older. He is certainly thinner, and has lost some of his teeth ; but his bodily activity is not at all diminished, and if it were not for public affairs, his spirits would be as cheerful as ever. He and Dora visited Sir Walter Scott just before his departure, and made a little tour in the Western Highlands ; and such was his leaning to old pedestrian habits, that he often walked from fifteen to twenty miles in a day, following or keeping by the side of the little carriage, of which his daughter was the charioteer. They both very much enjoyed the tour, and my brother actually brought home a set of poems, the product of that journey.

December 5th. — My morning was broken in upon, when reading Italian, by calls from Jacob Pattisson, Shutt, and Mr. Rogers ; the last stayed long. Rogers spoke of two artists whom he knew in great poverty, — Gibson, now in Rome, a rich man, and sculptor of fame, my acquaintance there, and Chantrey, still richer, and of higher fame in the same art. Chantrey, not long since, being at Rogers's, said, pointing to a sideboard : "You probably do not recollect that being brought to you by the cabinet-maker's man?" — "Certainly not." — "It was I who brought it, and it is in a great measure my work."

*Rem.** — Rogers is noted for his generosity towards poor artists. I have often heard him relate anecdotes which ought not to be forgotten, and will not. They will be told more elaborately, as well as more correctly, than I can pretend to relate them. One only I set down here briefly. I heard it first, a few years since, and several times afterwards. One night he found at his door Sir Thomas Lawrence, in a state of alarming agitation, who implored him to save the President of the Academy from disgrace. Unless a few thousands could be raised in twenty-four hours, he could not be saved; he had good security to offer; drawings he would give in pledge, or sell, as might be required. Rogers next day went to Lord Dudley Ward, who advanced the money, and was no loser by the transaction.

December 7th. — (Brighton.) Accompanied Masquerier to a concert, which afforded me really a great pleasure. I heard Paganini. Having scarcely any sensibility to music, I could not expect great enjoyment from any music, however fine; and, after all, I felt more surprise at the performance than enjoyment. The professional men, I understand, universally think more highly of Paganini than the public do. He is really an object of wonder. His appearance announces something extraordinary. His figure and face amount to caricature. He is a tall slim figure, with limbs which remind one of a spider; his face very thin, his forehead broad, his eyes gray and piercing, with bushy eyebrows, his nose thin and long, his cheeks hollow, and his chin sharp and narrow. His face forms a sort of triangle. His hands the oddest imaginable, fingers of enormous length, and thumbs bending backwards. It is, perhaps, in a great measure from the length of finger and thumb that his fiddle is also a sort of lute. He came forward and played, from notes, his own compositions. Of the music, as such, I know nothing. The sounds were wonderful. He produced high notes very faint, which resembled the chirruping of birds, and then, in an instant, with a startling change, rich and melodious notes, approaching those of the bass-viol. It was difficult to believe that this great variety of sounds proceeded from one instrument. The effect was heightened by his extravagant gesticulation and whimsical attitudes. He sometimes played with his fingers, as on a harp, and sometimes struck the cords with his bow, as if it were a drum-stick, sometimes sticking his elbow into his chest, and

* Written in 1852.

sometimes flourishing his bow. Oftentimes the sounds were sharp, like those of musical glasses, and only now and then really delicious to my vulgar ear, which is gratified merely by the flute and other melodious instruments, and has little sense of harmony.

December 13th. — Accompanied the Masqueriers to a Mr. Rooper's, in Brunswick Square, a nephew of Malone. We went to look at some paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds. One of Dr. Johnson greatly delighted Masquerier. He thinks it the best he has ever seen of Johnson by Sir Joshua. The Doctor is holding a book, and reading like a short-sighted man. His blind eye is in the shade. There is no gentility, no attempt at setting off the Doctor's face, but no vulgarity in the portrait. That of Sir Joshua, by himself, is a repetition of the one so frequently seen. He has spectacles as broad as mine. There is also a full-length of the Countess of Sutherland, a fine figure and pretty face. Mr. Rooper showed us some interesting books, and volunteered to lend me a very curious collection of MS. letters, all written by eminent persons, political and literary, all addressed to Mr. Malone, and a great many on occasion of his Life of Windham.* There is one by Dr. Johnson, a great many by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Kemble, Lord Charlemont; and notes by an infinity of remarkable people. I have yet merely run over one half the collection. It interested me greatly.

December 14th. — I was employed in the forenoon looking over Mr. Rooper's MS. letters belonging to Malone: some by Lord Charlemont curious. Some anonymous verses against Dr. Parr were poignant. The concluding lines are not bad as an epigram, though very unjust. They might be entitled: —

A RECIPE.

To half of Busby's skill in mood and tense,
Add Bentley's pedantry without his sense;
Of Warburton take all the spleen you find,
And leave his genius and his wit behind;
Squeeze Churchill's rancor from the verse it flows in,
And knead it stiff with Johnson's heavy prosing;
Add all the piety of Saint Voltaire,
Mix the gross compound, — *Fiat* Dr. Parr.

Spent the evening pleasantly at Copley Fielding's, the water-color painter, a man of interesting person and very prepossessing manners. He showed me some delightful drawings.

* "A Biographical Memoir of the Life of the Right Honorable William Windham. London. 1810, 8vo."

December 16th. — To-day I finished Hazlitt's "Conversations of Northcote." I do not believe that Boswell gives so much good talk in an equal quantity of any part of his "Life of Johnson." There is much more shrewdness and originality in both Northcote and Hazlitt himself than in Johnson; yet all the elderly people — my friend Amyot, for instance — would think this an outrageous proof of bad taste on my part. I do believe that I am younger in my tastes than most men. I can relish novelty, and am not yet a *laudator temporis acti.*

December 20th. — Went to the play, to which I had not been for a long time. It gives me pain to observe how my relish for the theatre has gone off. It is one of the strongest indications of advanced age.

*Rem.** — It was not altogether, however, the fault of my middle age. I believe that, even now, could Mrs. Siddons or Mrs. Jordan revive, my enjoyment would revive too. Power, however, gave me more pleasure than Johnstone ever gave me, though Johnstone was thought perfect in Irish characters.

December 26th. — I found my way to Fonblanque's, beyond Tyburn Turnpike, and dined with him, self-invited. No one but his wife there, and the visit was perfectly agreeable. Indeed he is an excellent man. I believe him to be not a mere grumbler from ill-humor and poverty, as poor Hazlitt was to a great degree, but really an upright man, with an honest disgust at iniquity, and taking delight in giving vent to his indignation at wrong. His critical opinions startle me. He is going to introduce me to Jeremy Bentham, which will be a great pleasure.

December 31st. — At half past one went by appointment to see Jeremy Bentham, at his house in Westminster Square, and walked with him for about half an hour in his garden, when he dismissed me to take his breakfast and have the paper read to him. I have but little to report concerning him. His person is not what I expected. He is a small man.† He stoops very much (he is eighty-four), and shuffles in his gait. His hearing is not good, yet excellent considering his age. His eye is restless, and there is a fidgety activity about him, increased probably by the habit of having all round fly at his command. He began by referring to my late journey in Italy, and, by

* Written in 1852.

† I should have said otherwise from the impression he left on me, as well as from the effect produced by his skeleton, dressed in his real clothes, and with a waxen face, preserved by his own desire. — H. C. R., 1852. [It is now located at University College, London.]

putting questions to me, made me of necessity the talker. He seems not to have made Italian matters at all his study, and, I suspect, considers other countries only with reference to the influence his books and opinions may have had and have there. He mentioned Filangieri as a contemptible writer, who wrote after himself; and said he had the mortification of finding him praised, while he himself was overlooked. I gave him my opinion as to the political character of the French Ministry, and their purely selfish policy towards Italy, which he did not seem to comprehend. He inquired about my professional life; and spoke of the late Dr. Wilson (whom I recollect seeing when I was a boy) as the first of his disciples.

CHAPTER XI.

1832.

REM. January 28th.* — A dinner at Stephen's. This party was chiefly remarkable for my seeing Senior, the Oxford Professor of Political Economy, and Henry Taylor, then under Stephen in the Colonial Office. Taylor is known as literary executor of Southey, and author of several esteemed dramas, especially "Philip van Artevelde." He married Lord Monteagle's daughter. He is now one of my most respected acquaintance. His manners are shy, and he is more a man of letters than of the world. He published a book called "The Statesman," which some thought presumptuous in a junior clerk in a government office. Amyot told me that Henry Taylor proposed to the committee of the Athenæum to open the club-house as a hospital in the time of the cholera!

February 9th. — On my way to Hampstead I read an account of the celebration of Goethe's *Goldener Jubeltag*, being the 7th of November, 1825, fifty years after his entrance into Weimar in the service of the Duke. The narrative is interesting even to pathos.

February 12th. — Carlyle breakfasted with me, and I had an interesting morning with him. He is a deep-thinking German scholar, a character, and a singular compound. His voice and manner, and even the style of his conversation, are those

* Written in 1853.

of a religious zealot, and he keeps up that character in his declamations against the anti-religious. And yet, if not the god of his idolatry, at least he has a priest and prophet of his church in Goethe, of whose profound wisdom he speaks like an enthusiast. But for him, Carlyle says, he should not now be alive. He owes everything to him! But in strange union with such idolatry is his admiration of Buonaparte. Another object of his eulogy is — Cobbett, whom he praises for his humanity and love of the poor! Singular, and even whimsical, combinations of love and reverence these.

March 3d. — I had received an invitation to dine with Fonblanque, and Romilly being of the party, I agreed to walk with him from University College, where we had been at a meeting of the Council. We were joined by John Mill, certainly a young man of great talent. He is deeply read in French politics, and spoke judiciously enough about them, bating his, to me, unmeaning praise of Robespierre for his incomparable talents as a speaker, — being an irresistible orator, — and the respect he avowed for the virtues of Mirabeau. Romilly, too, talked interestingly on the same subject. Mirabeau was the friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, as well as of the Genevan Dumont.

March 8th. — I walked to Enfield, and found the Lambs in excellent state, — not in high health, but, what is far better, quiet and cheerful. Miss Isola* being there, I could not sleep in the house; but I had a comfortable bed at the inn, and I had a very pleasant evening at whist. Lamb was very chatty, and altogether as I could wish.

March 24th. — Yesterday I had a melancholy letter from Wordsworth. He gives a sad account of his sister, and talks of leaving the country on account of the impending ruin to be apprehended from the Reform Bill!

I dined with Amyot. Ayrton and Ellis (of the Museum) there. An agreeable dinner. In the evening, John Collier joining us, we all drove to Kensington Palace, where the Duke of Sussex gave his second conversazione this season, and where I was more amused than I expected. There were opened some eight or ten rooms, generally small, and all filled with books. No gilding or other finery of a Court, but the air of a gentleman's house, — unostentatious, comfortable, and elegant.

* Granddaughter of Isola, a language-master at Cambridge. She was a kind of adopted daughter of Charles Lamb, who left the residue of his property to her after Mary Lamb's death. She is now the respected wife of Moxon. — H. C. R., 1852.

There were probably several hundred persons there. The only man I looked for was Schlegel, with whom I had a short chat. He spoke with love of Goethe, and with esteem of Flaxman, but not of his lectures, and regretted that they should have been accompanied by such bad stone drawings. I had a talk with the Bishop of Chichester (Maltby). He spoke of Phillpotts's late speech on the Irish Education question as a very able one. I saw also Rammohun Roy and Talleyrand, — the other stars, — and Sir Robert Peel, and many eminent men of science, noblemen, and Members of Parliament. We came away between eleven and twelve.

S. NAYLOR, JUN., TO H. C. R.

OXFORD, March 24, 1832.

*Goethe's "Faust" is finished!** Madame Goethe has listened to it, as delivered by the mellow tones of the mighty poet himself, and says it is "extraordinarily fine, and full of the glow of youth." I will not offer you any alloy with this metal from the mine.

April 2d. — I read a canto of Dante early. My nephew called and brought the news of Goethe's death. Though at his age the event could not be far off, the departure of the mightiest spirit that has lived for many centuries awakens most serious thought. I had lying by me three letters for Weimar and Jena, and resolved not to alter them, but put them in the post to-day. They were addressed to Madame Goethe, Voigt, and Knebel.

April 12th. — Saw Coleridge in bed. He looked beautifully, — his eye remarkably brilliant, — and he talked as eloquently as ever. His declamation was against the Bill. He took strong ground, resting on the deplorable state to which a country is reduced when a measure of vital importance is acceded to merely from the danger of resistance to the popular opinion.

April 14th. — Quayle, the nephew, Mr. Gunn, who came unexpectedly, and W. Pattisson breakfasted with me. We had heard the news. The Reform Bill carried by nine: seven were votes by proxy; therefore of these only two a real majority.

* The actual writing of "Faust" began in 1773 or 1774, though it had already been for some time in Goethe's mind. The second part was not completed till the summer of 1831. This great work occupied its author, from time to time, through a period of fifty-seven years.

But even of the majority, many must be of the class who avow themselves enemies to the Bill, and declare they mean to vote against many of its chief provisions. And yet the *Morning Chronicle* calls this a triumph! This is being grateful for small favors.

*Rem.** — Early in April an occupation was found me, which lasted about a year, and which flattered me with the notion that I was not altogether useless. I received an application from William J. Fox, then editor of the *Monthly Repository*, now M. P. for Oldham in Lancashire, to furnish him with a paper on Goethe. I was flattered by the application, though accompanied by the intimation that the editor could not afford to pay. I gladly undertook the task, and made the offer, readily accepted on his part, to furnish a catalogue *raisonné* of all Goethe's works. A few of the more celebrated of the works are characterized at some length; but as these papers are in print, I need not write of them here.† About the time they were finished, Mrs. Austin was engaged in compiling a translation of several pamphlets, under a title I suggested to her, of "Characteristics of Goethe." This also I reviewed in the *Monthly Repository*.‡ After the completion of these papers, I was applied to by Bellenden Ker to supply an article of biography for the Lives to be published by the Useful Knowledge Society; and I, in consequence, wrote the article "Goethe," in Vol. IV., an abridgment of the *Monthly Repository* articles. It was followed by a like paper on Schiller. I may find no better opportunity for stating that all the anecdotes inserted in the notes to the Goethe papers have a reference to myself, I being the friend who supplied them.

PROFESSOR F. S. VOIGT TO H. C. R. (Translation.)

JENA, 19th April, 1832.

DEAR ROBINSON: —

. . . . Goethe's death has especially filled my thoughts for some weeks. I visited him for the last time in the past year in his garden (where you and I saw him together three years ago), and as I left him, and returned through the meadow-land, I watched him for a long time going up and down his terrace

* Written in 1853.

† These Papers appeared in nine numbers of the *Monthly Repository*, beginning in May, 1832, and ending in April, 1833.

‡ *Monthly Repository*, March, 1834.

in his dressing-gown, — an old shrunken man, in good spirits indeed, but with a body bowed down by years ; and I thought how many an English lady, who perhaps has pictured him as an Apollo or a Jupiter, would be shocked at this sight. I cannot refrain, my dear friend, from giving you a passage from a letter of his, dated January 9, 1831. A short time previously he had been very ill, and I had congratulated him on his recovery. Thereupon he wrote to me about my literary work (an edition of Cuvier's *Règne Animal*), and about his own desire to take part in the controversy, between Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire ; and then he closed, as follows, his long letter : " With your dear wife, my worthy countrywoman, retain your kindly feelings towards a friend, who rejoices in himself that it was permitted him for this time to turn his back to the wild ferryman."

On the quiet, though public, ceremony of his funeral, I shall write nothing. You will, doubtless, read of it *in extenso* in the newspapers, which on this occasion have given a very faithful account. All was in the highest degree solemn. At the lying in state he was in a half-sitting position. In the last hours of his life, when he was no longer able to speak, he composedly formed letters in the air. His physician says he could twice distinctly recognize the letter W, which I interpret to be " Weimar."

When I was at Frankfort in 1834, Charlotte Serviere told me, with apparent faith, that Madame [a blank in the MS.], a woman of great intelligence, was in Goethe's house at the time of his death, and that she and others heard sweet music in the air. No one could find out whence it came. In the eyes of the religious Goethe was no saint, but rather a Belial, or corrupt spirit, who was rendered most dangerous by his combination of genius and learning with demoniacal influence.

May 4th. — I continued at home till it was time to go to the King's College, where Lyell delivered his introductory lecture on Geology, of which I understood scarcely anything, — but I liked what I did understand. Before he himself made the observation, he had led me to the conclusion that the science teaches no *beginning*. There is, as far as anything can be inferred, a constant succession of operations by fire and water. He took care to limit this remark to inorganic matter, asserting that there are proofs of a beginning of organic sub-

stances. He decorously and boldly maintained the propriety of pursuing the study without any reference to the Scriptures; and dexterously obviated the objection to the doctrine of the eternity of the world being hostile to the idea of a God, by remarking that the idea of a world which carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction is not that of the work of an all-wise and powerful Being. And geology suggests as little the idea of an end as of a beginning to the world.

May 13th. — Paynter * breakfasted with me. He was scarcely gone before Landor called. He arrived from Florence yesterday. A long and interesting chat on English politics. He had nothing to communicate on foreign matters. When he left me, I went to the Athenæum. It seemed the universal opinion — and yet I cannot believe it — that the Duke will, as Prime Minister, continue the very measure which he protested against in such strong terms but a few days ago. This I am unwilling to credit. The Ministry are not yet declared, and the King has postponed till Thursday the answer to the address of the Commons, and also of the City of London. To-morrow something will be known.

May 14th. — I went to the Athenæum, and read in the *Standard* an elaborate justification of the Duke, assuming that he was about to pass the Bill. Now I believe in the fact. Late at night I was told of the conversations in the House of Commons, from which it appears by no means improbable that the old Ministry will return to place. [N. B. — Paynter coming in at this moment confirms this, as the representative of the *Times.*]

May 15th. — Going to Jaffray's, I found them in high spirits on account of the declaration in Parliament this evening that the King had sent for Lord Grey, which leads every one to consider the return of the Whigs as certain.

June 4th. — This evening the Parliamentary Reform Bill passed the Lords, and was the same evening taken to the Commons! "Is the deed done, my lord?" said I to Bishop Phillpotts. He said "Yes"; and with great good-humor talked on the subject. He even praised the speech of Lord Grey this night as a very good one.

June 7th. — This day will form an epoch in the history of England. *The Royal Assent was given to the Reform Bill!*

* A barrister on H. C. R.'s circuit, and afterwards a police magistrate. He was of an ancient Cornish family. He was a valued friend of H. C. R They saw a great deal of each other, and were frequent correspondents.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

2 PLOWDEN BUILDINGS, July 13, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

. . . . Thinking of old age, and writing to you, I am, by a natural association of ideas, reminded of the great poet lately dead in Germany. As one of his great admirers, I wished but for one quality in addition to his marvellous powers, — that he had as uniformly directed those powers in behalf of the best interests of mankind as you have done. Deeply interested in your welfare, and fully aware that your continued health and activity of mind are the concern, not only of your private friends and family, but also of the country, and of the literature of our language, I have no other desire than that you may retain your powers as he did his. Goethe began his study of Oriental literature and wrote his "West-Eastern Divan" in his sixty-fourth year! He died in his eighty-third, in the full possession, not of his imaginative powers, but of his powers of thought; and he interested himself in all the current literature of Europe to the last. He was very animated in the discussion of some points of natural history the evening before his death, and died with a book in his hand. His last words were an expression of his enjoyment of the sunshine, and the return of spring. When Ludwig Tieck was in England, some eight years ago (he is incomparably the greatest living poet in Germany), I read to him the two sonnets, "On Twilight," and "On Sir George Beaumont's Picture." He exclaimed, "*Das ist ein Englischer Goethe!*" — (That is an English Goethe.)

July 23d. — I walked to Enfield to see Charles Lamb. I had a delightful walk, reading Goethe's "Winckelmann," and reached Lamb at the lucky moment before tea. Miss Isola was there. After tea, Lamb and I took a pleasant walk together. He was in excellent health and in tolerable spirits, and was to-night quite eloquent in praise of Miss Isola. He says she is the most sensible girl and best female talker he knows.

July 24th. — I read Goethe in bed. I was, however, summoned to breakfast at eight, and after breakfast read some Italian with Miss Isola, whom Lamb is teaching Italian without knowing the language himself.

September 24th. — I went with Landor to Flaxman's. Landor was most extravagant in his praise, — would rather have one of Flaxman's drawings than the whole of the group of Niobe.

Indeed, "most of those figures, all but three, are worthless," and Winckelmann he abuses for praising this sculpture, and Goethe, he says, must be an ignoramus for praising Winckelmann.

September 28th. — Landor breakfasted with me, and also Worsley, who came to supply Hare's place. After an agreeable chat, we drove down to Edmonton, and walked over the fields to Enfield, where Charles Lamb and his sister were ready dressed to receive us. We had scarcely an hour to chat with them; but it was enough to make both Landor and Worsley express themselves delighted with the person of Mary Lamb; and pleased with the conversation of Charles Lamb, though I thought him by no means at his ease, and Miss Lamb was quite silent. Nothing in the conversation recollectable. Lamb gave Landor White's "Falstaff's Letters."* Emma Isola just showed herself. Landor was pleased with her, and has since written verses on her.

Between nine and ten, I went by Landor's desire to Lady Blessington's, to whom he had named me. She is a charming and very remarkable person; and though I am by no means certain that I have formed a lasting acquaintance, yet my two interviews have left a delightful impression.

Lady Blessington is much more handsome than Countess Egloffstein, but their countenance, manners, and particularly the tone of voice, belong to the same class. Her dress rich, and her library most splendid. Her book about Lord Byron (now publishing by driblets in the *New Monthly Magazine*), and her other writings, give her in addition the character of a *bel esprit*. Landor, too, says, that she was to Lord Blessington the most devoted wife he ever knew. He says also, that she was by far the most beautiful woman he ever saw, and was so deemed at the Court of George IV. She is now, Landor says, about thirty, but I should have thought her older. She is a great talker, but her talk is rather narrative than declamatory, and very pleasant. She and Landor were both intimate with Dr. Parr, but they had neither of them any *mot* of the Doctor to relate to match several that I told them of him; indeed, in the way of *bons mots*, I heard only one in the evening worth copy-

* One of the earliest of Lamb's friends was his school-fellow James White. He was the author of a small volume entitled "Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff and his Companions." These letters are ingenious imitations of the style and tone of thought of the Shakespearian knight and his friends. The book was published in 1796. Lamb reviewed it in the *Examiner* after White's death.

ing. I should have said, there were with Lady Blessington her sister, a Countess Saint Marceau, and a handsome Frenchman, of stately person, who speaks English well, — Count d'Orsay. He related of Madame de Staël, whose character was discussed, that one day, being on a sofa with Madame Récamier, one who placed himself between them exclaimed : " Me voilà entre la beauté et l'esprit ! " she replied : " That is the first time I was ever complimented for beauty ! " Madame Récamier was thought the handsomest woman in Paris, but was by no means famed for *esprit*.

Nearly the whole of the conversation was about Lord Byron, to whose name, perhaps, Lady Blessington's will be attached when her beauty survives only in Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting, and in engravings. She, however, is by no means an extravagant admirer of Lord Byron. She went so far as to say that she thinks Leigh Hunt gave, in the main, a fair account of him. Not that she knows Leigh Hunt.

The best thing left by Lord Byron with Lady Blessington is a copy of a letter written by him in the name of Fletcher, giving an account of his own death and of his abuse of his friends ; humor and irony mingled with unusual grace. She says Lord Byron was aware that Medwin meant to print what he said, and purposely *hummed* him.

September 29th. — I walked out with Landor, in search of a conveyance to Highgate. We came eastward, took soup at Groom's, and then hired a cab, which took us to Coleridge's. We sat not much more than an hour with him. He was horribly bent, and looked seventy years of age ; nor did he talk with his usual force, though quite in his usual style. A great part of his conversation was a repetition of what I had heard him say before, — an abuse of the Ministry for taking away his pension. He spoke of having devoted himself, not to the writing for the people, which the public could reward, but for the nation, of which the King is the representative. The stay was too short to allow of our entering upon literary matters. He spoke of Oriental poetry with contempt, and he showed his memory by alluding to Landor's juvenile poems. Landor and he seemed to like each other. Landor spoke in his dashing way, which Coleridge could understand.

October 2d. — A day of great trouble. I shall not soon, I trust, suffer such another. By the post arrived a letter from Jacob Pattisson. His brother and the bride had been drowned in the Lac de Gaube, near Cauterets, in the Pyrenees.

This sad news had arrived through a Mr. Alexander, a gentleman accidentally on the spot.

*Rem.** — William Pattisson, the eldest son of my old friend, having been called to the bar,† married the sister of a partner in Esdaile's Bank, a Miss Thomas. Before the marriage, he informed me that his future wife wished that their marriage excursion should be to the Pyrenees, and he asked me for an itinerary. I lent him my journal. He showed it to the courier who attended them, and said that he had resolved to follow in the course pursued in that book, in a reversed order, beginning where I ended, at Pau. His intentions, however, were awfully frustrated. He and his lady proceeded through the South of France to Pau, and slept for the last time at Caterets. On arriving at the Lac de Gaube, they saw a broad boat lying by the shore; the fisherman who usually rowed the boat had died a few nights before, and there was no one to take the oars.

Pattisson and his bride stepped in. They had no servant with them. He rowed into the middle of the lake. Then some spectators on the shore saw him standing up, and a shriek was heard, and he fell back into the water. His wife, rushing towards him, fell over also. About the middle of the day, an English barrister, a Mr. Alexander, coming down the mountain, on the opposite side, saw something white on the water, and sent his guide to see what it was, while he was taking his luncheon. The guide came back saying that an English *mi lor* and *mi ladi* were drowned.

Alexander went to the shore, and was there when Mrs. Pattisson's body floated to the bank. He gave directions to some peasants to prepare a sort of raft, on which it was taken to the hotel. There he learned who the deceased were. He gave directions to have the body embalmed, and sent the fatal news to England. The distracted father spared neither trouble nor cost to obtain the other body, which, however, was not recovered till several weeks afterwards, when it rose to the surface. A monument is erected on the spot whence they embarked, and a marble mural bas-relief in Witham Church. My friend and his son Jacob came up to London when the fatal news arrived. I accompanied Mr. Pattisson on his return to Witham, and when the bodies arrived, I attended the funeral. The whole town manifested their sympathy with the unhappy family of survivors.

* Written in 1853. † See Vol. I. p. 295.

October 8th. — Looking over Lawrence's Life. The criticism on the picture of William and Jacob Pattisson does not appear to me unjust. The heads are exquisite, but the composition I always thought bad. There were amusing anecdotes accompanying the taking of the portrait, one of which I have been reminded of this morning. Jacob being restless, Mrs. Pattisson said, "I fear, Mr. Lawrence, Jacob is the worst sitter you ever had." — "O no, ma'am, I have had a worse." — "Ay, you mean the King," said the boy (Lawrence had been speaking of George III. as a bad sitter.) — "O no," said Lawrence, "it was a Newfoundland dog!" The boy was not a little affronted.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

FRANKFORT, October 20, 1832.

. . . . At Bonn I met Mr. William Schlegel. He resembles a little pot-bellied pony tricked out with stars, buckles, and ribbons, looking askance from his ring and halter in the market, for an apple from one, a morsel of bread from another, a fig of ginger from a third, and a pat from everybody. Among other novelties, he remarked that Niebuhr was totally unfit for a historian, and that the battle of Toulouse was gained by the French; a pretty clear indication that he himself will never rise into the place which (he tells us) Niebuhr ought not to occupy. He must surely be an admirable poet who can flounder in this way on matters of fact. The next morning I saw the honest Arndt, who settled the bile this coxcomb of the bazaar had excited. To-day I passed before the house of your friend Goethe, — the house where he was born. I lifted off my hat and bowed before it.

December 28th. — I called on the Countess of Blessington. Old Jekyll was with her. He recognized me, and I stayed in consequence a considerable time. I am invited generally to go in the evening, which I shall sometimes do, but not soon or frequently. The conversation was various and anecdotic, and several matters were related worth recollecting, but I made other calls afterwards, so that all have escaped me. Lady Blessington spoke of Lord Byron's poem on Rogers, which is announced. It will kill Rogers she says. It begins, —

> "With nose and chin that make a knocker,
> With wrinkles that defy old Cocker."

And his whole person is most malignantly portrayed. It concludes with a sneer. It being asked by what he is known, —

"Why, he made a pretty poem."

Lady Blessington says Lord Byron spared no one, — mother, wife, or friend. It was enough to raise his bile to praise any one in his presence. He would instantly fall abusing the friend that left him. Lady Blessington read a most ludicrously absurd letter from an American, giving an account of a Byron monument to be formed of brass and flint, and covered with great names. Lady Blessington was solicited to contribute an *Andenken*, and was promised that her name should have a prominent place.

CHAPTER XI.

1833.

JANUARY 31st. — I had a pleasant few hours in the Strand Theatre. Miss Kelly gave a performance by herself of dramatic recollections and imitations. She looked old and almost plain, and her singing was unpleasant, but some parts of the performance were very agreeable indeed. I am sure that the prologue and a great part of the text were written by Charles Lamb. Other parts, especially a song, I believe to be by Hood. What I particularly enjoyed were the anecdotes of John Kemble, and his kindness to her when a child. Her eulogy of him was affecting. Her admiring praise of Mrs. Jordan was also delightful. Less cordial and satisfactory her mention of Mrs. Siddons. She related that when as Constance Mrs. Siddons wept over her, her collar was wet with Mrs. Siddons's tears. The comic scenes were better, I thought, than the sentimental. I liked particularly an old woman, a Mrs. Parthian, who had lost her memory, and spoke of *Gentleman* Smith, whom she had known in her youth. "His name was Adam Smith. He wrote some pretty songs on political economy, and people used to whisper about his addresses having been rejected, — I forget by whom; but it was some one at Drury Lane." This I thought like one of Lamb's jokes; as well as another, in which the keeper of a caravan of wild beasts asks for orders, as being of the profession. She condescends to notice Miss

Kelly as the best in her line, but makes a comparison of her "beasteses" with actors in favor of her own. Is not this Lamb's?*

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

February 5, 1833.

. . . . I am come to that time of life when I must be prepared to part with or precede my dearest friends; and God's will be done. . . . . You mistake in supposing me an anti-Reformer; *that* I never was, but an anti-Bill-man, heart and soul. It is a fixed judgment of my mind, that an unbridled democracy is the worst of all tyrannies. Our constitution had provided a check for the democracy in the regal prerogative, influence, and power, and in the House of Lords, acting directly through its own body, indirectly by the influence of individual peers, over a certain portion of the House of Commons. The old system provided, in practice, a check both without and within. The extension of the nomination boroughs has nearly destroyed the internal check. The House of Lords have been trampled upon by the way in which the Bill has been carried; and they are brought to that point that the peers will prove useless as an external check, while the regal power and influence have become, or soon will, a mere shadow.

In passing through Soho Square, it may amuse you to call in upon Mr. Pickersgill, the portrait-painter, where he will be gratified to introduce you to the face of an old friend. Take Charles and Mary Lamb there also.

February 24th. — At the Athenæum, where I had an interesting conversation with Hudson Gurney. He talks freely of himself, and I am not betraying confidence in writing down the following minutes. His mother was a Barclay, and his grandfather a grandson of the famous author. By him he was brought up a Quaker, and his first opinions or feelings were High Tory. His grandfather, though a Quaker, had inspired him with a great hatred of the Presbyterians. His favorite pursuit, rivalled only by a love of leaping over five-barred gates, was heraldry; and his first hatred of the French Revolution was probably more stimulated by the decree abolishing liveries and arms than anything else. His great delight in London, when a boy, was looking at the carriages going to the

* It is afterwards mentioned that Reynolds, and not Lamb, was the author of the text of "Miss Kelly's Recollections."

levée or drawing-room. But he never saw the people within ; he looked only at the panels. However, about the year 1794 – 5, when at Norwich, he had for about sixteen months an interlude of Jacobinism and infidelity, inspired by the violent men of the day. From Jacobinism he was driven by observing what tyrants, without exception, all the heroes of the Liberty party were. He was cured of his infidelity by Butler's "Analogy." He had read before a great deal of metaphysics. Butler showed him how far he could go. He has made, he says, no advances ever since. He then forswore all metaphysics, and has kept his oath ; but he still has a great love for everything in the shape of an *experience*. He concurred with me in the praise of John Woolman, of whose writings he says he has thought of publishing an edition, with notes ; "But now," he added, "my mind is gone." In spite of his early religious education, he never liked the "Pilgrim's Progress," disliking allegory.

March 7th (Rem.) * — At the Society of Antiquaries this evening, Lord Aberdeen President, an incident occurred which greatly interested me at the moment, and which is worth being related in detail, if anything be which concerns myself. A few weeks before this time, John Gage, the Director of the Society, calling on me, I incidentally remarked to him that I found he had, in a late paper in the *Archæologia*, adopted the vulgar error that the Latin *Missa*, and all the cognate words, *Mass*, *Messe*, &c., were derived from the concluding words of the mass dismissing the congregation, — *Ite, missa est ;* I pointed out the absurdity of deriving a very important word from an insignificant part of a formal instrument ; the essence of the sacrament being the bread and wine, as he had himself acknowledged to be the fact. And I interested him by informing him how I first came to perceive this, by being told in Germany that *Kirmess*, a parish festival, was an abridgment of *Kirchmess*, or church feast, being the feast day of the patron saint. It flashed upon my mind at once that *Messe* must mean feast ; and I cited Michaelmas as proving it, being the feast of St. Michael, Christmas the feast of Christ, &c. From this moment I had but to seek for formal evidence to prove what was manifest. Mr. Director on this begged me to throw the matter of this new etymology into a paper, which, he said, the Society would be glad of. And this evening it was read. There is no doubt it was flippant in style, and it was read very

* Written in 1853.

badly ; but it gave offence, not because it was dull or obscure, but because it was said to be irreverent. Lord Bexley and the Bishop of Bath and Wells were there. Perhaps the evil was aggravated by there being an audible laugh at the closing words of the paper, "*Ite, missa est.*" *

March 10th. — I went on reading "Hermann and Dorothea," which I have just finished. I hold it to be one of the most delightful of all Goethe's works. Not one of his philosophical works, which the exclusives exclusively admire, but one of the most perfectly moral as well as beautiful. It realizes every requisite of a work of genius. I shed tears over it repeatedly, but they were mere tears of tenderness at the perfect beauty of the characters and sentiments. Incident there is none.

April 9th. — I reached the Lambs at tea-time. I found them unusually well in health, but not comfortable. They seem dissatisfied in their lodgings ; but they have sold all their furniture, and so seem obliged to remain as they are. I spent the evening playing whist ; and after Lamb and his sister went to bed, I read in his album (Holcroft's "Travels" pasted with extracts in MS. and clippings out of newspapers, &c.). Lamb says that he can write acrostics and album verses, and such things, at request, with a facility that approaches that of the Italian *Improvisatori ;* but that he has great difficulty in composing a poem or piece of prose which he himself wishes should be excellent. The things that cost nothing are worth nothing. He says he should be happy had he some literary task. Hayward has sent him his "Faust." He thinks it well done, but he thinks nothing of the original. How inferior to Marlowe's play ! One scene of that is worth the whole ! What has Margaret to do with Faust ? Marlowe, after the original story, makes Faust possess Helen of Greece !

April 16th. — Mr. Denman called with the news that Miss Flaxman died this morning about three o'clock. I was not surprised by this intelligence. Life had lost all its charms for her, and her constitution was entirely broken. An easy death was all her friends could wish for her, and that she seems to have been blessed with. She was an excellent person, and I sincerely regret her loss.

* The paper, which had really no value whatever, as actually read, appears now to more advantage in the "Archæologia," Vol. XXVI. p. 242. All the evidence was collected after the paper was read: and the collateral remarks on the German origin of Italian words, taken from the great Italian scholar of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (Muratori), and the incidental proofs cited, render the paper amusing as well as instructive. Scarcely a page is now what it originally was. — H. C. R.

April 25th. — I did not rise till it was time to dress to go to Miss Flaxman's funeral. It is worthy of notice that, in consequence of the mortality of the season through influenza, it was with great difficulty that a mourning-coach could be procured. The burial took place in St. Giles's Churchyard. It was a ceremony I felt to be a comfort in the respect shown to the very relics of humanity.

May 14th. — Went with Mrs. Aders to the Exhibition. Only three or four pictures which I wish to recollect. A monk confessing to another monk. A marvellous expression, singular contrast of feeling, in spite of similarity of dress and a like emaciation. The fingers of both skinny and cramped, all agitation and compression, but still most dissimilar. One of the most striking pictures I ever saw. This is by Wilkie. He has also a portrait of the Duke of Sussex, — a good likeness. No man comes near Wilkie this year, though both Uwins and Eastlake have fine pictures. Uwins tells very clearly the tale of a nun taking the veil, and Eastlake has a beautiful group of trembling Greeks on the sea-shore, — Turks hastening to massacre them, an English boat advancing to their rescue. There are some delightful landscapes by Callcott.

May 30th. — I went with Mrs. Aders to Pickersgill's, to see his portrait of Wordsworth. It is in every respect a fine picture, except that the artist has made the disease in Wordsworth's eyes too apparent. The picture wants an oculist. In the evening, being unsettled, I went to Drury Lane Theatre at half price. An opera, — "La Sonnambula." I saw Malibran. Her acting in the scene in which, after a sleep-walking (which was very disagreeable), she awakes and sees her lover or husband, was exquisite. Her love and joy were expressed by admirable pantomime. Such artless fondness I never saw on the stage.

May 31st. — I accompanied Mrs. Jaffray to the Marquis of Westminster's to see his pictures. The pleasure of seeing them was rather enhanced than diminished by my better acquaintance with the great masterpieces in Italy. There are some delightful specimens of Claude here, which are equal to any on the Continent. There are also capital Rembrandts and Rubenses. It is true there are but few of the great Italian masters, yet Guido's "Fortune" (a duplicate) is one of the most beautiful pictures I know. Westall was with George Young there, and I could hear him giving the preference in coloring to Sir Joshua's Mrs. Siddons over every picture in the

room. "The Blue Boy" of Gainsborough is a delicious painting. Wilkie was in the room, — a thorough Scotchman in his appearance.

June 9th. — (Liverpool.) At twelve I got upon an omnibus, and was driven up a steep hill to the place where the steam-carriages start. We travelled in the second class of carriages. There were five carriages linked together, in each of which were placed open seats for the traveller, four and four facing each other; but not all were full; and, besides, there was a close carriage, and also a machine for luggage. The fare was four shillings for the thirty-one miles. Everything went on so rapidly, that I had scarcely the power of observation. The road begins at an excavation through rock, and is to a certain extent insulated from the adjacent country. It is occasionally placed on bridges, and frequently intersected by ordinary roads. Not quite a perfect level is preserved. On setting off there is a slight jolt, arising from the chain catching each carriage, but, once in motion, we proceeded as smoothly as possible. For a minute or two the pace is gentle, and is constantly varying. The machine produces little smoke or steam. First in order is the tall chimney; then the boiler, a barrel-like vessel; then an oblong reservoir of water; then a vehicle for coals; and then comes, of a length infinitely extendible, the train of carriages. If all the seats had been filled, our train would have carried about 150 passengers; but a gentleman assured me at Chester that he went with a thousand persons to Newton fair. There must have been two engines then. I have heard since that two thousand persons and more went to and from the fair that day. But two thousand only, at three shillings each way, would have produced £ 600! But, after all, the expense is so great, that it is considered uncertain whether the establishment will ultimately remunerate the proprietors. Yet I have heard that it already yields the shareholders a dividend of nine per cent. And bills have passed for making railroads between London and Birmingham, and Birmingham and Liverpool. What a change will it produce in the intercourse! One conveyance will take between 100 and 200 passengers, and the journey will be made in a forenoon! Of the rapidity of the journey I had better experience on my return; but I may say now, that, stoppages included, it may certainly be made at the rate of twenty miles an hour!

I should have observed before that the most remarkable

movements of the journey are those in which trains pass one another. The rapidity is such that there is no recognizing the features of a traveller. On several occasions, the noise of the passing engine was like the whizzing of a rocket. Guards are stationed in the road, holding flags, to give notice to the drivers when to stop. Near Newton I noticed an inscription recording the memorable death of Huskisson.

June 14th. — (Ambleside.) I reached the Salutation Inn by a quarter after five in capital spirits, took tea in the common room, and then strolled up to Rydal Mount, where I met with a cordial reception from my kind friends; but Miss Wordsworth I did not see. I spent a few hours very delightfully; enjoyed the improved walk in Mr. Wordsworth's garden, from which the views are admirable; and had most agreeable conversation, with no other drawback than Miss Wordsworth's absence from the state of her health.

June 27th. — Went to Southey's, where I passed a very agreeable evening, — a compensation for the bad weather of the forenoon. I had a cordial reception from the Laureate, and found the whole family very amiable. There was a large party, — that is, for the country.

With Southey I had a long and amicable chat on all kinds of subjects. On politics, he was, if anything, rather more violent than Wordsworth. He spoke with indignation of the old Tory branch of the administration, such as Lord Palmerston, &c., and declared Stanley * to be the most dangerous man amongst them. On the whole, I could not greatly differ from him; his greatest fault being that, like almost all, he is *one-sided.*

June 28th. — Went to Southey's, and had a long and agreeable desultory chat with him. He read me copious additions to "The Devil's Walk," only too earnest. His articles in the *Quarterly Review* would make twelve such volumes as the two of moral and political essays already published. We went over many interesting subjects of discussion.

I am now looking over Miss Wordsworth's Scotch journal. She travelled with her brother and Coleridge. Had she but filled her volume with their conversation, rather than minute description!

One saying of Coleridge is recorded. Seeing a steam-engine at work, Miss Wordsworth remarked that it was impossible not to think it had feeling, — a huge beam moved

* The present Lord Derby.

slowly up and down. Coleridge said it was like a giant with one idea.

June 30th. — Spent an agreeable evening again with Southey. We read German, and had the same sort of political and moral conversation as before. Southey is a most amiable man, and everything I see in him pleases me. Speaking of the possibility of punning with a very earnest and even solemn feeling, he mentioned a pious man of the name of Hern, who, leaving a numerous family unprovided for, said in his last moments: "God, that won't suffer a *sparrow* to fall to the ground unheeded, will take care of the *Herns*."

July 4th. — Southey read me a curious correspondence between himself and Brougham, soon after the latter became Chancellor. Brougham (who, by the by, signed "H. Brougham") begged Southey to give him his opinion on the sort of patronage which, usefully and safely, might be given by the government to literature. Southey's answer was very good, — cutting, with all the forms of courtesy. Alluding to the new order, which was given at the time to some distinguished men of science, Southey wrote: "Should the Guelphic order be made use of as an encouragement to men of letters, I, for my part, should choose to remain a Ghibelline." This was repeated, as a good joke, by Sydney Smith to a friend of Southey's. Brougham probably, therefore, took the letter in good part. He is, in fact, a good-natured man. He did not reply to Southey's letter.

July 7th. — Lord Egremont, having lately set about making *a preserve* of the mountains, a petition was sent to him by the inhabitants, alleging (among other objections) that this would produce a race of poachers. Southey told me that he added to his name: "Who never carries a gun; and who thinks that this is not a time when it is expedient to stretch feudal privileges; especially in countries where they have never been exercised."

H. C. R. TO MISS WORDSWORTH.

October 16, 1833.

. . . . Bath is sanctified to my feelings. In one of the most delicious spots imaginable, fronting the glen, at the upper end of which is the uncongenial and ostentatious Prior Park, where Pope's Allen lived, but out of sight of the deforming ornament, is Whitcomb Churchyard. And there, more than forty years ago, were deposited the remains of my dearest, earliest, and,

to my affections, latest of kindred, — my mother, an admirable woman, whose image is as fresh now to me as it was when I took leave of her in January, 1793.

H. C. R. to Masquerier.

Plowden Buildings, 19th October, 1833.

I heard applied to you, the other day, by an invalid (George Young), very coarse words of abuse, which I ought, perhaps, to have resented. He said you were *insolent* or *impudent* in your *health*, I forget which. I overlooked the affront. The poor are the natural enemies of the rich ; we must therefore pardon the aged and the diseased if they vent their ill-will on us hearty young fellows. I, too, am swaggering with health, — some portion of it picked up in that blessed land

Where all, whom hunger spares, of age decay.

I was absent more than four months. It would fill up my paper were I to enumerate all the famous places I saw. Therefore, take my account in the form of a school lesson in geography. My journey was bounded by Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man to the west, by Inverness to the north, and Aberdeen to the east.

You cannot accuse me of hurrying this time through the country. I did not meet with a single unpleasant incident on the journey, and had a vast deal of enjoyment. First, I spent several weeks in Westmoreland and Cumberland. And Wordsworth accompanied me to Man, Staffa, and Iona. I copy you a sonnet, which even you and your Scotch wife (on account of the subject) will feel the beauty of.* It is, I think, the most perfect sonnet in the language. Every word is as a gem, from the *pathetic light* in the first, to the *soft Parthenope* in the last, line. It is composed with that deep feeling and perfection of style united that bespeak the master.

After seeing Staffa, and the Caledonian Canal, and wearying myself on the east coast of Scotland, — a frightful country, — I went down the Deeside to Braemar, an interesting country. And from Perth made a pedestrian tour through the Perth Highlands.† I stayed nine days at Edinburgh. In variety

* "On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott for Naples."

† A guide told me of the Marquis of Breadalbane's castle, that it was to have been built on a height, but an old woman remonstrated with the laird against the folly of choosing so cold and dreary a spot, where her own peat hut was. Being asked where, then, it should be, she answered: "Build where you hear the thrushes sing." The advice was taken. — H. C. R.

of interesting objects, I know no place equal to it, — not even Naples, though there is an intensity of feeling raised by the Italian cities, which the cold climate of Auld Reekie at once represses. There was no great feat in transporting the holy house from Palestine to Loretto; but it would be something to clap Edinburgh on the shore of the Adriatic or Mediterranean, per Bacco! professors and all, with their political economy and all other economies. The poor Italian would stand no chance with so acute and prudent a people.

The south of Scotland has also its beauties. Wordsworth's poems, "Yarrow Unvisited and Visited," made me quite long to see that district. Accordingly, after visiting a hospitable laird on the Tweed, I went over the mountain on a cygnet chase: —

> "The swan on *still* Saint Mary's Lake
> Floats double, swan and shadow."

But, alas! there were no swans to be seen. Wordsworth says they ought to have been there. But I did recognize the lines,

> "What 's Yarrow but a river bare,
> Gliding the dark hills under?"

I ought not to omit saying that, when at Edinburgh, I witnessed a manifestation of the spirit. I never heard antinomianism so outrageously and mischievously preached. It was in effect and tendency an exhortation not to be deluded by the folly of supposing that God liked any one the better for being moral. "So you think (do you?) that you can get God's peace by wrapping yourself up in the filthy rags of your own righteousness, do you? Eh!" This was a fellow named Carlyle, and he was interrupted by a maniac, who screamed out, "*There 'll be burnings!*" and he stamped with his feet, and put himself into the attitude of the fighting gladiator. And this lasted for a quarter of an hour!

21st. — I must close this letter in a tone very different from its commencement. I have sustained another loss. Dear Mrs. Collier died yesterday. I was not unprepared for the event. She died, as Mary Flaxman died, without any suffering whatever. She was one of the most amiable and estimable women I ever knew. Her crowning virtue was, that she lived for others; therefore all others loved her. Towards me she was all kindness: I owe years of comfort to her care. Her last years were the happiest of her life. She was perfectly satisfied with her children. Only the day before her death,

Mary said, "I hope my mother will live long to plague me; I cannot do enough for her. No one ever had such a mother." Mrs. Collier had often said to me, "My children are too good." These are consolations under affliction.

July 14th. — (Isle of Man.) At Bala-sala we called on Mr. and Mrs. Cookson,* esteemed friends of the Wordsworths (*vide* "Yarrow Revisited," p. 205). I had seen Mrs. Cookson at Kendal formerly: there is something very prepossessing in her person and manners. At Bala-sala are the remains of an ancient abbey (Rushen Abbey), a stream, and many trees, — a contrast to the nakedness of the adjacent country. Here we lounged more than an hour.† We arrived at dusk at Castletown, the legal capital of the island; but it is a poor little village in a bay, much less beautiful than Douglas. . . . . Turned over a book of the Mona Statutes, which much amused me, — the style original. Some expressions are worth recording. It is ordered that persons *outlawed* shall not be *inlawed* without the King's permission, whose title at one time was, "The Honorable Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, Lord and King of Man." The isle is divided into "sheddings" (German, *Scheidungen*, — boundaries or separations). The judges are called "deemsters," that is, doomsters, or pronouncers of judgment. The title of the King is "our *doughtful* Lord." The place of proclaiming the law is the "Tinwald." "Tin" is said to mean "proclamation," and "wald," "fenced round." This, too, is German; so that the Manx language seems to have some Teutonic affinities.

* Parents of the executor of both Wordsworth and H. C. R.

† And as the poet thought of his friend, and looked on the scene

> "Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,
> In ruin beautiful,"

the Sonnet, No. XX., of Poems connected with a tour in the summer of 1833 was suggested, —

> "And when I note
> The old tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
> Of *sunset ever there*, albeit streams
> Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
> I thank the silent monitor, and say,
> 'Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!'"

H. C. R. had pleasure in recollecting that he was present at the conception of this sonnet, for on the spot Wordsworth likened the color on the "old tower" to perpetual sunshine.

MRS. CLARKSON TO H. C. R.

October 23, 1833.

Miss Hutchinson tells me that Coleridge was at Cambridge at the late assemblage of *wise men*, and, though not able to rise till the afternoon, he had a crowded *levée* at his bedside.

Before I left home I had been reading over heaps of old letters. Dear Dorothy Wordsworth's contain the history of the family, and of her exertions. What a heart and what a head they discover! What puffs we hear of women, and even of men, who have made books and done charities, and all that, but whose doings and thinkings and feelings are not to be compared with hers! Yet one man deserves all the incense which his memory has received, — good Mr. Wilberforce!

October 24th. — Chatted at the Athenæum with Hare, who is returned from Rome. He preached a sermon that made a noise there, on the text, "What went ye out for to see?" which was thought absurd by many. It was an attack on the numerous visitors there for their idle conduct. He laughed at the anecdote I related to him from Mrs. D——, who overheard a couple of bloods going out of the church. "What did *you* come for?" — "O, damme, I came for snipe-shooting!"

December 2d. — (Cambridge.) My Italian friend, Mayer (to whom I have been showing some of the *videnda* of Cambridge), had an opportunity to-day of seeing what was to him more interesting, perhaps, than the College prayers at Trinity Chapel, at which Handel's music was performed. This was a row occasioned by an assault on the anatomical theatre. A body for dissection had been brought in, — and the mob have not yet learned, even here at a University, to respect anatomy. They were driven out of the field by the gownsmen, who would not suffer any superstition but their own; for an Oxford Don and a Cambridge Soph alike adopt the motto, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, and are not apt to let devotion to intellectual pursuits interfere with exercises of a robust description. The spirit of our undergraduates must have seemed to Mayer quite as natural, if not as laudable, as their piety, supposing the latter to be genuine, — and far better if it be conventional.

1834.

January 6th. — Breakfasted with Rogers and his sister by invitation. With them was Stuart Rose, a deaf and rheumatic

man, who looks prematurely old. He talks low, so I should not have guessed him to be a man of note. Rogers was very civil to me. He is famous for being a good talker. I can record nothing, perhaps, that deserves notice; but still his conversation was pleasant to recollect. His most solid remark was on literary women. How strange it is, that while we men are modestly content to amuse by our writings, women must be didactic! Miss Baillie writes plays to illustrate the passions, Miss Martineau teaches political economy by tales, Mrs. Marcet sets up for a general instructor, not only in her dialogues but in fairy stories, and Miss Edgeworth is a schoolmistress in her tales. We talked chiefly of literary and public men. Rogers praised Lord Liverpool for his liberality, which he learned, late in life, of Canning and Huskisson. When young, he was the butt of his companions. At Christ's College, Cambridge, there being a party at some gownsman's (I believe Canning), he broke in, "I am come to take tea with you." — "No, you are going to the pump!" And the threat was carried out. Yet he who suffered such indignity became Prime Minister. Rogers made inquiries about Wordsworth with obvious interest. He related an anecdote I never heard of, — that Wordsworth had an accident which drove entirely out of his head a fine poem, of which Mrs. Wordsworth unluckily at the same time lost the copy.

H. C. R. to Mr. Benecke.

January 26, 1834.

I have read your work* with mixed feelings of satisfaction and uneasiness, but in which the agreeable largely predominate. I have never attempted to conceal from you that my mind is very unsettled on the great points of religion, and that I am still what the Quakers call a seeker. I was very ill educated, or rather I had no regular instruction, but heard what are called orthodox notions preached in my childhood, when I, like other children, believed all that I heard uncontradicted. But before I was twenty years old, I met with anti-religious books, and had nothing to oppose to sceptical arguments. I sprang at once from one extreme to another, and from believing everything I believed nothing. My German studies afterwards made me sensible of the shallowness of the

* Probably "Der Brief Pauli an die Römer erläutert von Wilhelm Benecke." Heidelberg, 1831.

whole class of writers whom I before respected,—one good effect they wrought on me; they made me conscious of my own ignorance, and inclined me to a favorable study of religious doctrines. After this, your conversation awakened my mind to this very important and salutary doubt. It occurred to me that it might possibly be, that certain notions which I had rejected as absolute falsehoods were rather ill stated, erroneously stated, and misunderstood truths, than falsehoods. Or rather, that possibly there might be most important truths hidden. as it were, behind these misrepresentations. Now this impression has been greatly advanced and improved by your book, and I am in consequence most anxious to pursue this inquiry,—in which I flatter myself that you will kindly give me your aid,—and for that purpose I mean, if you will permit it, to come over and take up my residence for the summer in Heidelberg.

I will, however, advert to one or two of the main points, both in the history of my own mind, and of your book. Having originally heard the popular doctrines concerning the fall of man,—the sin of Adam,—justification by faith,—and the eternal damnation of all mankind except a few believers, merely on account of their belief, stated in the most gross way, the moment the inherent absurdity of such notions was made palpable to my mind, I rejected them without hesitation. Now it has been a great consolation to me, the finding in your work such a statement of the real import of the doctrines of the gospel as is entirely free from all those rational objections by which I was so strongly influenced in my youth, and the effect of which still remains. Your views concerning the fall of man *may be* true; the popular doctrine *must be* false. Your view concerning the ultimate purpose of the scheme of redemption is worthy the purest conceptions of the Divine nature. The popular doctrine of heaven and hell is Manicheism, with this worst of additions, that the evil spirit is more powerful than the good spirit; for only a few are to be saved, after all. Not less satisfactory to me is your explanation of the nature of faith,—as expressive of a purification of the heart (*Reinigung der Gesinnung*). The vulgar notion really represents the Supreme Being as actuated by feelings not very different from the pique and resentment of vain people, who punish those who disbelieve what they say. In a word, there is no one topic which as treated by you is repugnant to my feelings and wishes.

The one doctrine which forms at present an insurmountable

stumbling-block is that of the atonement, — the *doctrine* of justification through the merits of Jesus Christ. Now, I am not without hopes that I shall hereafter receive from you explanations as reasonable as on other points; and that I shall find here, too, that though you talk with the vulgar, you do not think with them. But do not mistake my object in writing this. I do not ask you to write me a book. And it is not in a letter that such a subject can be treated; but whenever I take my residence for a time near you, I shall request your aid in not merely this matter, but generally in the study of the great Christian scheme in all its bearings, about which I have been talking — and talking very idly, and sometimes very lightly — all my life, without ever studying it as I ought. I am anxious, as I said before, to remove this reproach from me; for, whether true or false, it is sheer folly on my part to have given it so little attention, or rather to have attended to it in so desultory a way. I ought to add that I find no impediment in the common notion of the Divine nature of Jesus Christ, as I am conscious of being both Soul and Body and yet *One*. I can see nothing incredible even in the notion of the Divine and human nature of the Redeemer, as he is called; but in what does that redemption consist? That is the great difficulty. Here, again, the vulgar doctrine expressed in such phrases as "the precious blood" of Christ, — his infinite sufferings, — the atoning sacrifice, — &c., &c., — these, like the doctrines which you have so well explained, excite nothing but disgust for the present. My wish and hope are, that you may be able to throw light on these also.

April 4th. — Dined at Gooden's, where I met among others Dr. Lindley, the Secretary of the Horticultural Society. He surprised me by saying he knew Goethe only as a botanist, in which character he thought most highly of him, he being the author of the New System of Botany; and that this is now the opinion of the most eminent botanists both in France and England. I rejoice at this unexpected intelligence.

July 7th. — Went to Miss Denman, with whom I had a long chat on business. She wishes that Mr. Flaxman's remaining works should be preserved together, — a reasonable and honorable object of anxiety.

July 9th. — In the evening at the Athenæum, where I found everybody agitated by the news of the day. The Ministry is broken up. I am far from thinking it certain that the

Tories will come in. It may end in the re-establishment of the Ministry as before the Reform Bill passed. The Irish Church Bill is the rock on which the weak administration has split. In fact the Ministry want courage to give up the Irish Church, and they are at the same time against the Irish Repealers. Between the two parties, they strive in vain to steer a middle and safe course.

July 10th. — I accompanied Miss Mackenzie, with Lady Charlotte Proby, to Wilkie's, where we saw the very interesting beginning of a painting, "Columbus showing his Plans to two Monks." Only the philosopher's head and the figure of an interesting youth were finished. It is a very promising beginning. But Wilkie is more interesting than his picture. A mild and sickly man, with an expression rather of kindness than of elevation of character; his gray little eyes are not without an expression of slyness.

July 25th. — Heard with sorrow of the death of a great man, COLERIDGE! Mrs. Aders brought the intelligence. He died with great composure, and fully sensible of his condition. Wordsworth declared to me (in 1812) that the powers of Coleridge's mind were greater than those of any man he ever knew. His genius he thought to be great, but his talents still greater. And it was in the union of so much genius with so much talent that Coleridge surpassed all the men of Wordsworth's acquaintance.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

[No date, but on the outside is written, "Summer, 1834."]

MY FRIEND! MY FRIEND! — What a dismal gap has been made within a little time, in the forest of intellect, among the plants of highest growth! Byron and Scott put the fashionable world in deep mourning. The crape, however, was soon thrown aside, and people took their coffee, and drew their card, and looked as anxiously as ever at what was turning up. These deaths were only the patterings of rain before the storm. Goethe, your mighty friend, dropped into the grave. Another, next to him in power, goes after him, — the dear good Coleridge. Little did I think, when we shook hands at parting, that our hands should never join again.

Southey is suffering from a calamity worse than death, befallen one dearer to him than himself. How is Wordsworth? It appears as if the world were cracking all about me, and leaving me no object on which to fix my eyes.

Visit to Heidelberg.

Left home *August 1st.* — Returned *November 10th.*

On my way I stopped at Bonn (August 3d), and spent an hour with Arndt. I had seen this distinguished patriot and popular writer only once before, — at Stockholm, twenty-seven years ago, — yet he recognized me at once. I found him in affliction; he had recently lost a fine boy, by drowning, through the unskilfulness of a servant. When he had disburdened himself of this sorrow, he talked with great animation on the public concerns of the day. Arndt was a violent hater of Buonaparte, and fled from his proscription. When the restoration was complete, he became obnoxious to the sovereigns he had so warmly served (not for their own sakes, but for the people), and was not suffered to lecture at Bonn, where he was a professor, though his salary was allowed him. Under these circumstances, I talked of all countries but Prussia; but he seemed to have forgotten the injustice done him by the government. He was greatly altered in his political feelings, and chiefly through the effect of one speculative opinion, and that is, the great influence of national character and race. It seemed to break in upon all the ordinary rules of justice. According to it, nations are doomed to a certain course by a sort of fatality superior to the influence of opinions or moral causes. He loved the Prussian character, and spoke slightingly of the Poles, — I suppose under the influence of this fixed opinion. He considered the Poles incapable of fidelity, and therefore of union. Compared with them, he spoke highly of the Russians. On the same ground, he justified the predominance of England in Ireland. The Irish, he said, have no foresight, no prudence; they cannot colonize, and are incapable of self-government. They are brave, but cannot make use of the effects of bravery. Of France he said, in spite of Napoleon's famous cry, "Ships, commerce, and colonies," it cannot become a colonizing state. The English would have already settled matters in Algeria. Neither the Russians nor the French could, he thought, ever be a great naval power. He asserted that the German character resists slavery. Even when the government is in form absolute, the administration cannot be arbitrary. In nothing that Arndt said could I more agree with him than in this. Some of his other assertions are perhaps fanciful; but there was a youthful vigor in a man of sixty-five which it was delightful to contemplate.

August 11th. — At a party at Madame Thomas's I met, among other old friends, Ludwig Tieck, his daughter, and the Countess. He is more bent, but with a fresher complexion, than when I saw him at Dresden, in 1829. He spoke of Coleridge with high admiration, and heard of his death with great apparent sorrow. I spoke of his *Dramaturgische Blätter*, and complained of his tone of depreciation towards the English stage. The most prominent person — he who talked the most and the best — was Grimm,* one of the *Gebrüder* Grimm, the authors of the *Volksmährchen*, and of the famous "German Grammar." He is a lively talker, with a very intellectual countenance, expressive rather of quickness than depth. He declaimed vehemently against the cheap literature of the day, — not merely on account of its injuring *the trade*, but because it gives only imperfect knowledge, excites pride, and draws people out of their proper sphere. He is *not* the correspondent of Hayward.

During my stay at Heidelberg much of my time was spent with my old college acquaintance, Frederick Schlosser of the Stift. Here (says my journal of the 17th August) I had a very friendly reception from Schlosser and his wife, and also from Senator Brentano, his wife, &c., &c. By the presence of so many acquaintances I was put into high spirits, and I have not for a long time been in a more delightful frame of mind. To this the singular beauty of the spot contributed not a little. The views up and down the Neckar, from the platform before this ex-monastery, are exquisite, and the amiable occupiers seem fully to enjoy them.

On a subsequent occasion Schlosser showed me a valuable collection of MSS. and old pamphlets, of and about Goethe.

September 2d. — An interesting afternoon. I dined with Madame Niese. The Beneckes and Schlossers there, and with them Görres, Professor of History at Munich, his wife, daughter, and grandchild. Görres has the wildest physiognomy, — looks like an overgrown old student. A faun-like nose and lips, fierce eyes, and locks as wild as Caliban's. Strong sense, with a sort of sulky indifference towards others, are the characteristics of his manner. I had little or no conversation with

* Mr. Howitt tells me that H. C. R. gave to the brothers Grimm the capital story of "The Fisherman and his Wife." Mr. Howitt says: "I had heard this was the case, and therefore asked H. C. R. whether it was true. He said 'Yes,' and told me how he found it. I think he had it from an old woman, but I cannot now precisely recollect. Of the fact, however, I am certain, that he said he discovered it somewhere in Germany." — ED.

him. The gentlemen went up to the vineyard, while I stayed with the ladies, and except a little talk, at last, about Jena and the Brentanos, I had no chat with him. I was in high spirits, and talked more than with such persons I ought. Görres is a rigid Catholic. He was once a sort of Radical, but is now a Conservative. His books are distinguished for their obscurity; his work on the *Volksbücher* is such as the *Volk* would never understand. Of his later works I know nothing. He found in me a strong resemblance to Franz von Baader, — a philosophic mystic! *

Walking home early I met Charles Kemble and his wife. I joined them, and chatted with them for an hour on the walk towards the Stift. He talked of German literature sensibly, and in a gentlemanly tone. He said he was very happy that he had now nothing to do with the stage. Charles Young has also been staying at Heidelberg. I went one evening to the theatre with him, to see *Goetz von Berlichingen*. He soon became tired. He has since dined at our table-d'hôte, and I have had a walk with him.

September 19th. — In the morning I had a call from the Kirchenrath Schwarz, a conscientious, good old man, who sent me a letter lately to apologize for having contradicted my citation of Kant's distribution of the Tree of Knowledge among the four polished nations of Europe, — to the French the blossom, the Italians the crown, the English the fruit, and the Germans the root. His letter contains less apt citations from Kant, but is still worth preservation.

In the evening I went to the Kirchenrath Schwarz, to tea and supper. A small party of serious persons, whom Benecke greatly likes. I was against the field in vindication of Goethe. And we had also religious talk. One circumstance was remarkable, — all the party, i. e. Uhlmann, with our host and Benecke, were against rationality in religious sentiment, and yet they all persisted that the government had no right to remove *even Paulus*, having once appointed him. Who shall be judge in such cases of what is, or is not, a true interpretation of the

* I have since read Görres' account of his persecution by the Prussian government in 1819. This book is neither mystical nor Jacobinical, but is full of high moral feeling. I translate one sentence, because I recollect that when very young I had the same thought: "He (i. e. Görres) bore this *Zurücksetzung* (setting back or check) with cheerful resignation, because he always deemed it a vain presumption in any individual, a member of a large and complex state, that he should be rewarded according to his deserts; considering merit, even when undisputed, as but a gift which is to be gratefully accepted, without asking, on that account, for an additional reward." — H. C. R.

Gospel? Paulus does not in terms reject the Gospel; he says: "We can only make spiritual advance on the road Jesus Christ has pointed out, — his Gospel we accept, — that is enough for us." Whether he believes in miracles, as we do, is not essential. The Reformation was not closed when the Protestant churches were founded, and we will not shut the door to further reforms. We are not bound to any creed! One of the party was for putting Herder above Goethe. This I did not allow, though I was willing to admit that an unconscious suspicion that Herder was in religious matters above Goethe might operate on the latter so as to make him feel unfriendly to Herder. Undoubtedly between these men there was no love lost.

September 20th. — Finished the fourth volume of Goethe's "Correspondence." Many most delightful things in these volumes. I was surprised by Goethe's favorable judgment of Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon." He calls Scott the best narrator of the age; and speaks of him as an upright man who has tried to get rid of national prejudices. He concludes by the shrewd remark, that "*such books show you more of the writer than the subject.*"

Dined with Madame Herder. I talked with her about her great father-in-law. She declares him to have been a Unitarian, and says he spoke the language of orthodoxy without being orthodox.

I left before four, and then went to Schlosser. Looked over some pamphlets about Goethe, — his correspondence with Klopstock. Klopstock admonished him for letting the Duke get drunk. Goethe answered rather coldly, but respectfully, and begged to be spared such letters. Klopstock thereon replied that Goethe was unworthy such an act of friendship. They probably never met again. Goethe nowhere alludes to this. The best answer to the charge is, that Goethe lived to the age of eighty-three, and the Duke to more than seventy. No ruinous sensuality could have been practised by them.

September 21st. — Read with Benecke, and afterwards walked with him and Mrs. Benecke to Madame Niese. The Schlossers came there. An interesting chat with Fritz Schlosser about the men of the last age, — our youth. He said that F. Jacobi anxiously wished to be a Christian, and would hail him as a benefactor who should relieve him from his doubts. In fact, Jacobi was a Sentimentalist and a Theist. He hated Kantianism because he thought it wanted life and feeling. He loved Spinoza's character, but thought himself wronged in being

treated as his follower. He was fond of quoting Pascal and Hemsterhusius.

Two subjects of frequent talk were the strange story of Kasper Hauser, about whom many pamphlets had been written and opinions had widely differed; and Goethe's "Correspondence." There was a great deal of cant about the want of respect shown to the public in giving to it Goethe's insignificant letters. A story by Zelter is applicable in this instance: "There goes Fritz," said one soldier to another, as the King went by. "What a shabby old hat he has on!" — "*Dummer Junge*," said the other, "you do not see what a fine *head* he has."

I had some conversations with Geheimerath Schlosser of the Stadt, the historian; and also with Paulus. The latter, in his *Sophronizon*, relates an anecdote which he had from my old and very honest friend Jung, of Mainz. The latter saw a poor old woman at a station of a Calvary in Bavaria. She was crawling on her knees up the hill. She told her story. A rich lady who had sinned was required by her confessor to go on her knees so many times up the Calvary; but she might do it by deputy. She paid this poor woman 24 kreutzers (8 *d.*) for a day's journey on her knees, "which," said the woman, "is poor wages for a day's hard labor; and I have three children to maintain. And unless charitable souls give me more, my children must go with half a bellyfull."

My object in making this stay at Heidelberg was to become sufficiently acquainted with Benecke's speculative philosophy, in which, certainly, I did not succeed. As one of the means of making that philosophy known to the English liberal public, he was desirous that I should translate the preface to his "Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans." I made a translation, with which he was moderately satisfied, but I never attempted to print it.*

In my journal of October 17th, I wrote: After dinner I was again with Benecke. He is very poorly; but we had an interesting conversation. He dwelt on two ideas which he deems of great importance, — the distinguishing thoughts of Necessity and Liberty; the one being such thoughts as are bound by, and altogether have their character from, that Ne-

* Now, after twenty years, not only that preface, but the whole work, has been translated and given to the public by his son William. — H. C. R. "An Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By William Benecke. Translated from the German." Longman, 1854.

cessity of which man partakes. Such are all the thoughts arising out of the contemplation of Nature. And the thoughts of Liberty are those which arise out of that self-determining power in man which constitutes his moral nature. To this class belong all moral ideas. Of Liberty he further explained, that this being a faculty liable to be abused, — and this inevitably, — the purpose of our being is so to improve this faculty, or exert it, that at least it is no longer capable of erring. When once man cannot abuse his freedom, — when he voluntarily and spontaneously does what the moral law requires, — then there is that synthesis or union of Liberty and Necessity which is the characteristic of God, and by attaining to which man partakes of the Divine nature, — the problem of human existence to be ultimately solved by all!

Let me connect with this a strange saying of Goethe's, being the *ne plus ultra* of progress, — "If there be not a God now, there will be one day."

I shall take no notice of my walks with Benecke in this glorious country, nor of my intercourse with his admirable wife who still survives, but refer only to his opinions. One of these, more remarkable than that on Liberty and Necessity, he gave me on the 19th of October, when he read to me something he had written on the Lord's Supper. He explained the meal as a symbol of the union of the Christian with God. It is by food that life is sustained, — that is, the union of the body and soul, or spirit. But had not the food a spirit, it could have no effect on the mind. The nutritive power of the food is distinct from its coarse material nature. And so St. Paul speaks of a *spiritual body*. Benecke did not succeed in making me comprehend his explanation of Christ's words: "This is my body." This reminded me of a fine saying by Coleridge, in the *Quarterly Review*, that "the Calvinists had volatilized the Eucharist to a word, — the Romanists ossified it to an idol." Benecke added, that, living in a Christian country, he should not be satisfied without partaking of the Lord's Supper, though he attaches no importance to it. Of course, the Roman Catholic idea of the reception being necessary to salvation is gross superstition. And he added, what my journal remarks had occurred to me before, that the text which says that he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and that he that believeth not shall be damned, does not say, "and he that is not baptized shall be damned." He approved of immersion as the primitive form of baptism.

*Rem.** — Of my admiration for Goethe, Benecke says, in his published letters: † "I agree with you in the judgment you express of what Robinson has thought of Goethe. He who so admires Goethe" (a just admiration, I think) "shows that he does not miss in him that without which there can be no true greatness. And he who does not perceive where it is not, cannot feel it where it really is." This is not altogether true in its application to me. If, by *not missing*, Benecke meant that I did not perceive where it was not, he did me injustice. The real difference between us lies in this, that I could perceive an excellence where the higher was not.

October 24th. — I met Frau von Arnim, and had a long talk with her about her book, — "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." She is highly and unreasonably dissatisfied with what has been done, or rather not done, in England. She had difficulty in getting it introduced in a way satisfactory to herself; and even at last she was so dissatisfied with the translation an English acquaintance had made for her, that she printed a translation of her own. This might be worth keeping in a cabinet of literary curiosities, but it never became sufficiently known to be an object of ridicule or censure. She told me that Görres declares this book will be the noblest monument yet erected to Goethe's memory.

At six I went with Charlotte Serviere to see the painter Veit, with whom and Madame von Schlegel I spent a very pleasant evening. Madame von Schlegel was the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn. She is the mother of Veit, and married as her second husband Friedrich von Schlegel. She is old, and has the appearance of a sensible woman. I talked with her chiefly on personal matters. She spoke with regret of Wilhelm Schlegel's having become so much of a Frenchman in his literary opinions. Certainly the learned Professor's affected disregard of German literature is not the least of his coxcombicalities.

By the by, I should have mentioned that the conductor of the diligence by which I came from Heidelberg, a well-looking man, though somewhat of a braggart, said that he had a brother on the Frankfort stage, who had been offered a salary of several thousand dollars to go to Stuttgart. "But," said he, "my brother will not go to Stuttgart, — at Stuttgart there is no public, there is only a Court!!" A genuine Imperial free-

* Written in 1854.

† "Wilhelm Benecke's Lebenskizze und Briefe." Dresden, 1850.

city speech. He said his father and family for a hundred years had been conductors of a diligence.

Passing through Dunkirk, I strolled into the large church, where there were three priests engaged in catechizing boys and girls. It was by no means an edifying sight. I understood only a little, but enough not to lament that I could understand no more. I heard who was the first man, and to the answer as to who was the first woman, I heard a "*Bon.*" "Had Adam a father?" seemed a puzzler to the boy, and how he answered I could not hear; neither did I hear the answer to a question which would have been a puzzler to me, — why man was made of the *limon de terre*, and not of some other *espèce de terre.* To a question which I could guess was, "Why was Eve said to have been made of Adam's rib?" I *did* catch the reply of the teacher, not of the boy, — "*C'est pour faire voir que la femme est en dépendance sur l'homme.*" And then the dirty fellow grinned with a leer and a wink to the *Messieurs les étrangers.* And some women grinned too. And this, says my journal, is religious instruction, and so Christians are taught! I might have added, — and so is society formed. This incident made such an impression on me that I have a vivid recollection of it now.

December 14th. — I dined with the Baldwins,* and had, as usual, an agreeable evening. He is in high spirits at the change of the Ministry. He seems to think that the Duke and Sir Robert Peel will be reforming Ministers, — a good sign certainly. The dissolution, it is supposed, will take place immediately. I had no difficulty in treating lightly, and as suits an after-dinner conversation, these serious matters. Feeling, as I do, so little of a partisan, if I could by a wish determine the character of the new House of Commons, it should contain a few Radicals, — merely enough to enable the party to say all they wish, and the Whigs should be just strong enough to resume their places, but with so very powerful a Tory Opposition as to be restrained from measures of destructive violence. In a letter to my brother I wrote: "There is such an equipoise of honor, integrity, and intelligence distributed among the conscientious Conservative alarmists on the one hand, and the generous and philanthropic Reformers on the other, that I have no strong feeling in any contest between them. I feel a passionate hostility against none but the Radicals. The old Tory party, if not dead, is forced to sham death."

* See Vol. I. p. 278.

December 27th. — (On a visit to my friends the Pattissons at Witham.) I took a walk with the Pattissons in the grounds. They have been planting trees near the rivulet in the meadow, as suggested by me two years age. To-day I planted three limes in a triangular position. Perhaps, as Jacob Pattisson half said, these trees will keep alive my memory longer than any other act of my life! Yet no child was present to witness the planting. At night I read Gregory's "Life of Robert Hall." The only passages that attracted me were the *mots.* His religious character had nothing peculiar in it. He had fine taste and great eloquence, but after all was not first-rate, — that is, not equal to Jeremy Taylor or Burke. But he was *facile princeps* of all the Dissenting preachers of the day. Of his sayings, here are a few: —

1. Being told that the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain came into the room to say grace, and then went out, he said: "So that is being great! His Grace not choosing to present his own requests to the King of kings, calls in a deputy to take up his messages. A great man indeed!"

2. "In matters of conscience, *first thoughts* are best; in matters of prudence, the *last.*"

3. Of Bishop Watson's life, — "Poor man! I pity him. He married public virtue in his early days, but seemed forever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife."

4. A lady saying she would wait and see, when asked to subscribe, — "She is watching, not to do good, but to escape from it."

5. Battle of Waterloo, — "The battle and its results appeared to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees."

6. Of Dr. Magee's *mot* about the Catholic Dissenters, that the Catholics had a church and no religion, and the Dissenters a religion and no church, he said: "It is false, but is an excellent stone to pelt a Dissenter with."

7. "The head of —— [a minister] is so full of everything but religion, one might be tempted to fancy that he has a Sunday soul, which he screws on in due time, and takes off every Monday morning."

8. Being told that his animation increased with his years, "Indeed! Then I am like touchwood, the more decayed, the easier fired."

1835.

January 1st.—(At Witham.) The New Year's post brought me a letter from Talfourd announcing the death of that "frail good man," — "a good man if a good man ever was," to use Wordsworth's affectionate expression, — *Charles Lamb.*

TALFOURD TO H. C. R.

TEMPLE, 31st December, 1834.

MY DEAR ROBINSON, — I am very sorry that I did not know where you were, that I might have communicated poor Lamb's death to you before you saw it in the newspaper; but I only judged you were out of town by not having received any answer to a note (written before I was aware of Lamb's illness), asking you to dine with us on Saturday next. I first heard of his illness last Friday night, and on Saturday morning I went to see him. He had only been seriously ill since the preceding Wednesday. The immediate disease was erysipelas; * but it was, in truth, a breaking up of the constitution, and he died from mere weakness. When I saw him, the disease had so altered him that it was a very melancholy sight; his mind was then almost gone, and I do not think he was conscious of my presence; but he did not, I believe, suffer any pain, nor was he at all conscious of danger. Ryle saw him the day before; *then* he was perfectly sensible; talked of common things, and said he was only weak, and should be well in a day or two. He died within two hours after I saw him. . . . . I doubt whether Mary Lamb will ever be quite herself again, so as to feel her loss with her natural sensibility. She went with Ryle yesterday to the churchyard, and pointed out a place where her brother had expressed a wish to be buried; and that wish will be fulfilled. The funeral will take place on Saturday, from the house where he died, at one o'clock. It will be attended by Moxon, Ryle, who is executor with me, a gentleman from the India House, who witnessed the will, and was an old companion there, Brock, Allsop, and, I believe, Carey. If you had been in town, we should, of course, have proposed it to you to attend, if you saw fit; but this is no occasion which should bring you to town for the purpose, unless for the gratification of your own feelings, as there

* Caused by a fall, which took place on Monday, and which made some slight wounds on the face.

will be quite sufficient in point of number, and Miss Lamb is not capable of deriving that comfort from seeing you which I am sure she would do if she were herself. . . . . Pray act exactly as you think best.*

January 12th. — I resolved to-day to discharge a melancholy duty, and went down by the Edmonton stage to call on poor Miss Lamb. It was a melancholy sight, but more so to the reflection than to the sense. A stranger would have seen little remarkable about her. She was neither violent nor unhappy; nor was she entirely without sense. She was, however, out of her mind, as the expression is; but she could combine ideas, although imperfectly. On my going into the room where she was sitting with Mr. Waldron, she exclaimed with great vivacity, "Oh! here 's *Crabby*." She gave me her hand with great cordiality, and said: "Now this is very kind, — not merely good-natured, but very, very kind to come and see me in my affliction." And then she ran on about the unhappy insane family of my old friend ——. It would be useless to attempt recollecting all she said; but it is to be remarked that her mind seemed turned to subjects connected with insanity as well as with her brother's death. She spoke of Charles repeatedly. She is nine years and nine months older than he, and will soon be seventy. She spoke of his birth, and said that he was a weakly, but very pretty child. I have no doubt that if ever she be sensible of her brother's loss, it will overset her again. She will live forever in the memory of her friends as one of the most amiable and admirable of women.

W. S. Landor to H. C. R.

[No date.]

The death of Charles Lamb has grieved me very bitterly. Never did I see a human being with whom I was more inclined to sympathize. There is something in the recollection that you took me with you to see him which affects me greatly more than writing or speaking of him could do with any other. When I first heard of the loss that all his friends, and many that never were his friends, sustained in him, no thought took possession of my mind except the anguish of his sister. That very night, before I closed my eyes, I composed this: —

* After long vacillation Mr. Robinson determined to stop at Witham, and not go to London for the funeral, — a determination which he always afterwards regretted.

TO THE SISTER OF CHARLES LAMB.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner! yet awhile
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, whose heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?
He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends, without a single foe;
Unequalled lot below!
His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
Shalt thou for these repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has: what then?
Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Though the warm day is over, yet they seek,
Upon the lofty peak
Of his pure mind, the roseate light, that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! From the Spirits of the Blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

If you like to send these to Leigh Hunt, do it. He may be pleased to print in his *Journal* this testimony of affection to his friend, — this attempt at consolation to the finest genius that ever descended on the heart of woman. . . . .

March 3d. — This was a busy day. I breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth (who are staying in town); Sir Robert Inglis called: something highly respectable in his appearance, benevolence and simplicity are strongly expressed in his countenance. Mr. Rogers also called; he invited me to dine with the Wordsworths at his house to-day. I then walked with the Wordsworths to Pickersgill, who is painting a small likeness of the poet for Dora. We sat there for a couple of hours, enlivening by chat the dulness of sitting for a portrait. At six o'clock I returned to the West, and dined at Rogers's with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. The very rooms would have made the visit interesting, without the sight of any person. The pictures and marbles are delightful. Everywhere the most perfect taste imaginable.

March 4th. — Dined at the Athenæum. A chat with Sheil and the Bishop of Exeter together, — an odd trio, it must be owned. The Bishop was the most of a courtier of the three. We all told anecdotes, — I, of the Irish padre in the mail with Sheil and me. Talking afterwards with Sheil alone, I declared to him my conviction that the Irish had a moral right to rebel if the continuance of the Anglican Church were insisted on.

March 8th. — It is certain that Fonblanque now writes for the *Chronicle*. But this week there is in the *Examiner* no symptom of exhaustion. One sentence I must copy, — it is admirable: "The pretence of the Tory Ministry that it is big with reforms, is like the trick of women under sentence of death, to procure a respite by the plea of pregnancy; but in these cases the party is kept under bolt and bar during the period for proving the falsehood of the pretence: and so must it be with our lying-in government."

March 14th. — I called on Wordsworth, by appointment, at Pickersgill's. The small picture of Wordsworth is much better than the large one. From Moxon I heard the gratifying intelligence that the Trustees of the India House Clerks' Fund have resolved to allow Miss Lamb £120 per annum. This I have written to Talfourd. All anxiety about her future subsistence is now at an end.

March 30th. — At half past seven, went to Lady Blessington's, where I dined. The amusing man of the party was a young Irishman, — Lover, — a miniature-painter and an author. He sang and accompanied himself, and told some Irish tales with admirable effect. One of King O'Toole, and one of an Irish piper. In both, exquisite absurdities, uttered in a quiet tone and yet dramatically, constituted the charm. Among the other guests were Chorley and the American Willis. Count D'Orsay of course did the honors. Did not leave till near one, and then went to the Athenæum, where I stayed till past two, chiefly talking politics with Strutt.* The issue of the debate on the Irish Church very doubtful.

Miss Burney to H. C. R.

22 Henrietta Street, Bath, February 18, 1835.

My dear Friend, — I will talk to you of a journey to town which I meditate undertaking towards the middle or latter end of May. I want to see my sister D'Arblay, and certain other old friends, and I had purposed applying to my niece, Mrs. Payne, for a little house-room during my London sojourn. But, behold! my charms, either bodily or mental, or both, have captivated the fancy of a gay gallant, aged only eighty, — a Rev. James ——, uncle to Miss C——. He has a snug bachelor's house in Pimlico, and has so set his heart upon having me under his roof, that when I at first declined the

* Now Lord Belper.

invitation, he looked so mortified, so like an unhappy Strephon, that finally my tender womanish heart was softened, and I promised him three weeks or a month of my engaging company. This has revived him, and he left Bath ten days since, the happiest of expectant lovers. Meanwhile, of all the birds in the air, who do you think is actually boarding with me in my present residence, and subscribing to all the ways and doings of a Bath boarding-house? Why, Miss C—— herself, the one you dined with at Mr. King's! Since that time she has been residing again with her father, near Liége; but longing and sighing for the pleasure of becoming a Carmelite nun, an' please you! Something or other, however, — I cannot well make out what, — has put her off from this very judicious plan for the present; yet, so excited had been her spirits, and so shaken her health, both of body and mind, that it was thought desirable for her to spend a few months in her own country, and amidst persons and scenes that might take off her thoughts from what had so long exclusively engrossed them. To Bath, then, she came, a little before Christmas, partly attracted perhaps by me, and still more by a certain Catholic Bishop Bains, residing at Prior Park, and her great friend. And a good friend too, for he is wholly averse to her becoming a nun; and, moreover, as she has been advised here by a medical man to observe a more nourishing diet, he (the Bishop) has given her a dispensation, whereby she may abstain from killing herself by fasting rigorously throughout the approaching Lent.

I return your Italian volumes, my dear friend, with many thanks, owning honestly that I have never looked into them; for the thread of my interest in Botta's "History" having been interrupted by my leaving Florence, I could not for the life of me connect it again; and I got hold of other books, — read no Italian for ages, — and at last pounced one fine day upon a good clear edition of Ariosto, and have been and am reading him with even more delight than when he first fell into my hands. Here and there he is a bad boy; and as the book is my own, and I do not like indecency, I cut out whole pages that annoy me, and burn them before the author's face, which stands at the beginning of the first volume, and I hope feels properly ashamed. Next to Ariosto, by way of something new, I treat myself now and then with a play of one William Shakespeare, and I am reading Robertson's "Charles V.," which comes in well after that part of Botta's "History" at which I left off, viz. just about the time of the Council of Trent. And as I

love modern reading, I was glad to find myself possessed of a very tidy edition of a biographical work you may perhaps have heard tell of, — Plutarch's "Lives." If you should ever meet with it, I think I might venture to say you would not dislike it.

I am with good and worthy people, who took much care of me when I was ill; and I like Bath better than *Lonnon*, as you cockneys call it; and, except once more to revisit the dear interesting Rome, I never desire to see Italy again in all my born days. Of Florence I had much too much. Adieu, dear friend.

Yours ever truly,

S. H. Burney.

April 5th. — At seven I dined with Rolfe. An interesting party, — in all twelve. Among them were Jeffrey, once editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, now Lord Jeffrey, a Scotch judge; Rand, an American lawyer, Empson, Sutton Sharpe, Duckworth,* Milne, a young barrister, &c. Jeffrey is a sharp and clever-looking man, and, in spite of my dislike to his name, he did not on the whole displease me. His treatment of Wordsworth would not allow me to like him, had he been greater by far than he was. And therefore when he said, "I was always an admirer of Wordsworth," I could not repress the unseemly remark, "You had a singular way of showing your admiration."

H. C. R. to Benecke.

2 Plowden Buildings, 27th April, 1835.

My dear Sir, — I am convinced that whenever the attempt is made to introduce into England such a scheme of theology as you have *ausgedacht* (thought out), the greatest difficulty of its being made accessible to English understandings will arise more from the neglect of the faculty of *severe thought* in this country, than from a want of sympathy in religious feeling. I believe that you would have found a "fit audience, though few," among the Puritans of the seventeenth century. Perhaps, too, among such Churchmen as Barrow, Cudworth, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor. By the by, I shall be anxious to know your opinion of the "Holy Dying." Perhaps Taylor is the least profound of all the great men I have mentioned. As an orator, he stands at the head. I will seek some other specimen of his composition. Eminent writers not

* One of the Masters in Chancery.

clergymen of the Established Church are Baxter, Howe, Law (the translator of "Jacob Boehme"). But the most awfully tremendous of all metaphysical divines is the American ultra-Calvinist, Jonathan Edwards, whose book on "Original Sin" I unhappily read when a very young man. It did me an irreparable mischief. But it is a work of transcendent intellectual power. I am sure you will find it has been translated. Its object was to display the Calvinistic scheme in all its intensity and merciless severity. The strict justice of punishing all men eternally for the sin of one man was insisted on as a consequence of the *infinite justice* of God; the possibility of salvation was deduced from the *sovereignty* of God's grace; and the absolute and invincible predestination to eternal suffering of all on whom that grace was not freely conferred (for whom alone the atoning sacrifice of Christ was performed) was most barbarously maintained.

I should like to know what is thought of Jonathan Edwards; I do not say by yourself, — for on a portion of that subject I am happy that you have explained yourself satisfactorily, — but by the reputed orthodox of the modern Evangelical Church. The other books, which I sent rather to Mrs. Benecke than yourself, have, I dare say, pleased you. I wish Mrs. Benecke would amuse herself, or procure some friend to do so, by translating Mrs. Barbauld's "Essay on Inconsistent Expectations." I hold it to be one of the most exquisite morsels of English prose ever written. And it had the most salutary effect on me. When a young man I met with it, and so deeply was I impressed with it, that I can truly say I never *repined* at any one *want* or *loss*, or the *absence of any good* that has befallen me. . . . .

You will have sympathized with us during the recent conflict between the *Reformers* and *anti-Reformers*. The Reformers have gained a temporary victory, but the battle is not yet over. There has been, certainly, a reaction towards Toryism. But to that degree is Toryism vanquished, that Sir Robert Peel could only gain a hearing by professing to be himself a Reformer. So that now it is a question, not of Reform and no Reform, but of *how much* Reform. . . . . My opinion is that great caution is requisite, in order to enable the Whigs to retain their very small majority. I believe that both Whigs and Radicals have seen their former error. Though that enormous abuse the Episcopal Church in Ireland must ultimately be sacrificed, yet the Whigs have for the present contented themselves with

asserting the right to apply the surplus of the Church revenue to the education of the Catholic poor of Ireland. And so much the Lords must yield. The Radicals will be wise enough to press for no more at present. . . . .

April 28th. — I wrote to Miss Denman to tell her of my having spoken to Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, about her collection of Flaxman's remains; he says that the suggestion that the whole should be deposited in the National Gallery is worth consideration. I am to remind him of this by letter.

April 30th. — Read the dedication to "Don Juan." Byron's wit and satirical talent of the highest order. Some of his small poems — the stanzas written on his birthday, just before his death — show that he was not wanting in true feeling, though there was with it a perverted and diseased sensibility.

Wordsworth to H. C. R.

[No date, but 1835 written on the outside.]

At breakfast this morning we received from some unknown friend the *Examiner*, containing a friendly notice of my late volume. It is discreditable to say that these things interest me little but as they may tend to promote the sale, which, with the prospects of unavoidable expense before me, is a greater object to me, much greater than it otherwise would have been. The testimonies, which I receive very frequently, of the effect of my writings upon the hearts and minds of men, are indeed very gratifying, because I am sure *they* must be written under pure influences, but it is not necessarily, or even probably, so with strictures intended for the public. The one are *effusions*, the other compositions, and liable in various degrees to intermixtures that take from their value. It is amusing to me to have proofs how critics and authors differ in judgment, both as to fundamentals and incidentals; as an instance of the latter, see the passage where I speak of Horace, quoted in the *Examiner*. The critic marks in italics, for approbation, certain passages, but he takes no notice of three words, in delicacy of feeling worth, in my estimation, all the rest: "He only listening." Again, what he observes in praise of my mode of dealing with nature, as opposed to my treatment of human life, which, as he said, is not be trusted, would be reversed, as it has been by many who maintain that I run into excess in my

pictures of the influences of natural objects, and assign to them an importance that they are not entitled to ; while in my treatment of the intellectual instincts, affections, and passions of mankind, I am nobly distinguished by having drawn out into notice the points in which men resemble each other, in preference to dwelling, as dramatic authors must do, upon those in which they differ. If my writings are to last, it will, I myself believe, be mainly owing to this characteristic. They will please for the single cause,

"That we have all of us one human heart."

Farewell!

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

2 Plowden Buildings, May 4, 1835.

. . . . It was I who sent you the *Examiner*. The article was written by Forster, the sub-editor. I sent it because it was written manifestly in a spirit of honest love. The praise was not grudgingly given. Indeed, it is pleasing to remark this everywhere ; I have not yet heard of a hostile review. I quite assent to your remarks on criticism. Among Goethe's significant poems, having much of the enigma in them, there is one called *Geheimnisse* (Secrets), in which there is a line that I have applied equally to his works and yours, —

"Das ganze Lied es kann doch niemand kennen."

(No one can know the *whole* song.) Portions are enjoyed variously by readers in their several stages of refinement. There is no one, — not even an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, — who cannot enjoy some. Who can presume to think he has comprehended all? I have only one wish as far as you are concerned, — that you would condescend occasionally to assist in the parturition, as Socrates said he did, borrowing the art from his mother.

My personal enjoyment of these new poems has been great, even beyond hope. You have all the peculiar graces which distinguish your early works ; and you, at the same time, have been making inroads on the walks of others.

June 26th. — The post brought me a very sad letter from Wordsworth. Miss Hutchinson * died on the 23d. She was thought to be the healthiest of the family, — their stay under the dangerous illness of Miss Wordsworth and of Dora.

* Mrs. Wordsworth's sister.

June 27th. — I went in the morning to Miss Denman, and introduced her and Miss Edgar to the London University. Brougham delivered the prizes in the Faculty of Arts; he made one of his flaming speeches, — very interesting to the general public, but rather prosy to me. He went over the old ground — about the not having religion taught, and the inutility of subscriptions — very satisfactorily, remarking that a university of infidels would not scruple signing any articles whatever. The speech was rapturously received. Lord Brougham, in the council-room, asked me to look over the proof-sheets of the German translation of his "Natural Theology."

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

2 Plowden Buildings, July 31, 1835.

. . . . This brings Mackintosh and his recent "Life" to my mind. Surely Mackintosh's letter to Hall is a masterpiece! That is not the word; for it is not a work of art, it is a manifestation of very fine moral tact. The book, on the whole, raises Mackintosh, not with respect to his powers of mind, but in point of morals. The index will enable you to get at the interesting matter easily. . . . . His humility is remarkable. His journals must be sincere. I was astonished to read two thoughts, which, though I have often *uttered* them myself, I did not think any one ever did before, or would again. He says that some one had a great dislike to him; and adds: "I think it more likely that I should have disreputable and disagreeable qualities, than that —— should have taken an unreasonable prejudice against me!" He adds elsewhere: "I should not respect my own character in another person." . . . .

July 7th. — Took tea at Jaffray's. He read me a letter from Bridport, about the chances of my being elected at that place. He would assist me personally, and perhaps secure me many of the second votes of Twiss's party; while, of course, I should have the second votes of Warburton's party in preference to Twiss. So that were here only Twiss, Warburton, and myself, I should have a fair chance. But I would not stand against Romilly; and Strutt, to whom I spoke after leaving Jaffray's, says he believes an offer will be made to bring in Romilly free of expense. If so, the idea must be given up.

November 22d. — I went to Sergeant Talfourd, with whom I had a long and friendly chat about Mary Lamb, Charles Lamb's

correspondence, &c. Talfourd says the letters are most delightful, though many of them cannot be published. The later letters, as well as writings, far superior to the earlier. Writing to Manning, Charles Lamb says: "—— says he could write like Shakespeare if he had a *mind*, — so you see nothing is wanting but the *mind*."

November 29th. — I breakfasted with Mr. Rogers *tête-à-tête*, staying with him from ten till one o'clock. A very agreeable morning, and I left him with feelings of enhanced respect. There was very little of that severity of remark for which he is reproached. Candor and good sense marked all he said. We talked about Wordsworth, Byron, and Goethe. He seems sufficiently prepossessed in favor of Goethe, and I have lent him Mrs. Austin's book. Of Lord Byron he spoke freely, especially of his sensitiveness as to what was said of him. He spoke very highly of Wordsworth, but with qualifications which would not satisfy Wordsworth's admirers. He thinks he is likely now to be over-lauded, as he was before to be underrated. I was least prepared for his affirming that Wordsworth is a careless versifier, — he thinks his blank verse better than his rhymes. On moral subjects and religion Rogers showed much seriousness. He spoke of the much greater distinctness with which he could recollect his faults than his kind actions: "Every man has his kind moments; of course I, as well as others, — and it is distressing I cannot recollect them." — "A Pharisee would," I replied, "and surely it is better *not*." Rogers produced a small volume, which he praised greatly, — "Clio on Taste, by J. Usher."

December 3d. — Went in the evening to Moxon's. With him was Miss Lamb. She was very comfortable, — not in high spirits, — but calm, and she seemed to enjoy the sight of so many old friends. There were Carey, Allsop, and Miss James. No direct talk about her brother. Wordsworth's epitaph she disapproves. She does not like any allusion to his being a clerk, or to family misfortunes. This is very natural. Not even dear Mary can overcome the common feeling that would conceal lowness of station, or a reference to ignoble sufferings. On the other hand, Wordsworth says: "Lamb's submitting to that mechanical employment placed him in fine moral contrast with other men of genius, — his contemporaries, — who, in sacrificing personal independence, have made a wreck of morality and honor, to a degree which it is painful to consider. To me, this was a noble feature in Lamb's life, and furnishes an admirable lesson, by which thousands might profit."

December 16th. — At night began Allsop's "Letters of Coleridge." It is full of odd things. Coleridge is shown more unreservedly than by his nephew. A capital expression, which will be misunderstood, is to this effect: "I asked Clarkson whether he ever thought of the fate of his soul hereafter. He said he had no time, he thought only of the slaves in Barbadoes. Wilberforce," it is added, "cared nothing about the slaves, provided he saved his own soul." (This was grossly unjust to Wilberforce.) "As there is a worldliness, or too much care for this life, so there is *another* worldliness, or *other* worldliness, equally hateful and selfish with this worldliness." This is admirable. One sentence in Allsop's book, given as Coleridge's, is worth quoting: "By priest I mean a man who, holding the scourge of power in his right hand, and a Bible translated by authority in the other, doth necessarily cause the Bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so produces that temper of mind that leads to infidelity, — infidelity which, judging of revelation by the doctrines and practices of established churches, *honors God by rejecting Christ.*"

December 19th. — I spent the evening at the Athenæum, and was industrious, for I wrote letters to Mrs. Clarkson, giving her an account of the Wordsworths, also of Coleridge's "Letters." I am going to send Mrs. Clarkson a present of Lamb's Works, — a memorial that I owed my acquaintance with Lamb to her.

From H. C. R. to Mr. Masquerier.

2 Plowden Buildings, Temple, December 22, 1835.

I feel that I ought to communicate to you any incident of importance in my unimportant life. I have at length reluctantly, and against my own judgment, yielded to my friends and resolved to give up my chambers at Lady Day. You have contributed to bring me to this determination, for you, like others, have said, "How uncomfortable you must be, living alone in chambers!" Now, in fact, I have never been uncomfortable, but have enjoyed myself, and only yielded to others under a notion that perhaps I should soon feel what others suppose I already feel. It is curious to recollect that I have always been troubled at every change in my mode of living. I have always said: "I shall never be so well off as I have been"; and yet, in fact, when settled, I have generally been better than before. So was it when I went to Germany,

— so when I came back, — so when I connected myself with Walter, — so when I went to and retired from the bar, &c., &c. And yet I cannot help fearing still, — I have this in common with Rousseau (we have nothing else in common), — that, as he says, he never regretted the past, but was always very anxious about the future. I have three months to prepare myself. That's one comfort. And part of that time will be spent in trying to impart amusement and receive profit from the society of my friends in the North. I set out for Wordsworth's on Wednesday morning. I shall remain with him a few weeks; and I shall take advantage of the being without a home to make another foreign trip, — the last, probably. I mean to go to Barron Field * in April, and after accompanying him into Spain, I mean to go either to Italy or Greece. I do not intend being absent more than a year. And then, — why, then, my grand climacteric will be approaching, and I must try to ward off the enemy by strength, if I can call up any, — if not, summon patience to endure pain. In the mean while let us hope that you and Madame will, like me, be meeting the approach of years with all practicable cheerfulness. "An impertinent fellow!" I hear Madame exclaim, "to compare *me* with himself. We are chickens to him, love! We are not between sixty and seventy, nor anything like it!!" That is true, and ought to enter into all calculations concerning the probabilities of life. It is equally true that hitherto I have had less cause of complaint. By the by, I am just now become again rheumatic. I am like Mother Cole, full of aches. My journey to Rydal Mount will do me no good, I fear. But then, if the disease continue, it will furnish an additional reason for travelling southward. I lost my former and worse rheumatism there. Why should I not also lose the new one?

Adieu, and a merry Christmas to you both! With my best compliments to all those who honor me by recollecting me.

December 23d. — Travelled to Manchester in the "Telegraph" coach. Travelled more rapidly than ever before, — going about 180 miles in one day. The great rapidity of the motion had, I believe, an effect on my spirits, for I felt no *ennui*, although the coach was ill built, and did not allow of my taking a comfortable nap. I had no companionable fellow-traveller, and the cold was so intense, that the breath of the passengers, being congealed on the glass, formed a blind which

* Then Judge at Gibraltar.

perpetual wiping could not effectually remove. We left London at half past five, and at half past eight were safely lodged at the Star, at Manchester.

December 25th. — Having breakfasted, I set out (from Kendal, which I reached yesterday evening) at eight, and arrived at Rydal at about half past ten. I was set down at a small house at the foot of Rydal Hill, kept by a Mrs. Atkins. Here I found a fire in the sitting-room intended for me. I was expected last night. Mrs. Wordsworth had left tea and sugar for me; and I saw an omen of comfort in these lodgings in the agreeable countenance of my landlady. Without waiting to dress, I ran up to the Wordsworths, from whom I had a very kind reception. They approve of my plan of spending my mornings alone. We dined — as they do usually here — very early. One is the dinner-hour. The rest of the day was spent within, except that Wordsworth and I took a walk beyond Dr. Arnold's house with the Doctor himself.

*Rem.** — This year's visit to Wordsworth, at a season when most persons shun the lakes, was succeeded by many others. Indeed there were few interruptions until old age and death put an end to this and other social enjoyments. The custom began in consequence of a pressing invitation by Mrs. Wordsworth, who stated — and I have no reason to doubt her perfect sincerity — that she believed it would promote *his* health, my "buoyant spirits," to borrow his own words, having a cheering effect on him. I gladly accepted the invitation, but insisted on this condition, — that lodgings should be taken for me in the neighborhood of Rydal Mount. In these lodgings I was to sleep and breakfast; the day I was to spend with the Wordsworths, and I was to return in the evening to my lodgings and a fire and a milk supper. I soon became known in the neighborhood, and was considered as one of the family. The family then consisted, besides themselves, of Miss Wordsworth (Dorothy, — the sister "Emily" of the poems, and our companion in the Swiss tour); but already her health had broken down. In her youth and middle age she stood in somewhat the same relation to her brother William as dear Mary Lamb to her brother Charles. In her long illness, she was fond of repeating the favorite small poems of her brother, as well as a few of her own. And this she did in so sweet a tone as to be quite pathetic.

The temporary obscurations of a noble mind can never

* Written in 1853.

obliterate the recollections of its inherent and essential worth. There are two fine lines in Goethe's "Tasso," which occur perpetually to my mind, and are peculiarly applicable here. I can give them only in this shape: —

"These are not phantoms bred within the brain;
I know they are eternal, for they are."

Wordsworth's daughter Dora * — *Dorina*, as I called her by way of distinction — was in somewhat better health than usual, but generally her state of health was a subject of anxiety. She was the apple of her father's eye. Mrs. Wordsworth was what I have ever known her; and she will ever be, I have no doubt, while life remains, perfect of her kind. I did not know her when she was the "phantom of delight." But ever since I have known her she has been

"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Because she is so admirable a person, there is little to say of her in detail.

The servants have been generally the same since I have known the family. The females excellent. One man-servant, *James*, I shall be able to characterize with more effect hereafter.

[The feeling with which Mr. Robinson's visit was looked for year after year at Rydal Mount is shown in many letters, from two of which a few words may be given here: "All look forward to your arrival," writes Quillinan, "as to the holly-branch, without which no Christmas will be genuine." — "I always sing the same song, — no Crabb, no Christmas! But you *will* come about the 18th of December. That is settled."]

December 26th. — What I have to say of to-day will probably be an anticipation of my days during my stay here. I read in bed for a couple of hours, for I awoke early. I sat within, —not till dinner-time, as it happened, for about twelve Mrs. Wordsworth, passing in a gig, proposed my taking Wordsworth out. I called on him, and we had a fine dry walk about Grasmere Lake, crossed the stream at the head, and returned on the western side. I stayed at Rydal Mount, as I generally shall do, the rest of the day, and in the dark hour I walked out with Wordsworth to Ambleside, — the excuse, to ask for a paper. We returned to our tea at six, and at nine I came home, having ordered a fire in my bedroom, at which I sat till twelve, and then read in bed till one. Such will probably be

* Afterwards Mrs. Quillinan.

my life for the next few weeks. My kind and agreeable landlady makes me excellent toast; I have my own tea; and a ham has been provided by Mrs. Wordsworth. In the evening I take a morsel of bread and ham, to keep off the foul fiend. Such is my home life. I have a small, rather dark sitting-room, near the road; it has the advantage of the stage to Keswick passing three days a week (it came five minutes ago). A cottage-like apartment, very comfortable; a similar bedroom behind. For this I am to pay, Mrs. Wordsworth says, 10 *s.* a week, and 3 *s.* 6 *d.* for fire. I must not, however, forget that I spent two hours this morning in looking over those letters of Charles Lamb's which Wordsworth did not choose to send to Talfourd for publication. There are several most delightful letters, which one regrets not to be able to print immediately. There are also some which Wordsworth will allow me to copy in part, and some from which notes may be taken.

December 28th.—A day of uninterrupted quiet enjoyment. I read in Southey's "Cowper," and continued Lamb's letters till one. After dinner I chatted with Wordsworth *de omnibus rebus*, and between three and four we set out for a walk, notwithstanding the bad weather, for it had rained all the morning, and threatened to rain again. We left a message at Dr. Arnold's house, and strolled on to the shore of Windermere. The angry clouds left Langdale Pikes a grand object,—more grand, perhaps, surrounded by black stormy clouds, than illumined by the sun.

December 29th.—I woke early and read in bed Crabbe's "Life." It did not much interest me. I take no pleasure in Crabbe's unpoetical representations of human life. And though no one can dispute that he had a powerful pen, and could truthfully portray what he saw, yet he had an eye only for the sad realities of life. As Mrs. Barbauld said to me many years ago, "I shall never be tired of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,'—I shall never look again into Crabbe's 'Village.' Indeed, this impression is so strong, that I have never read his later works, and know little about them."

CHAPTER XII.

1836.

JANUARY 3d. — At church. Dr. Arnold preached an impressive discourse, which excited feelings in me too serious to be more than adverted to here. The subject was a reconciling of the seeming contradictions of passages implying that God *will* listen, and *will not* listen, to the prayers addressed to him. But he could not unravel the knot which no divine has ever unravelled, that without grace no one can pray, and yet grace is to be imparted to those only who duly ask for it. That is, grace is granted only to those who have it already. How I should prize the Œdipus that would solve this riddle.

January 7th. — After an early luncheon I walked partly, and partly drove, with Wordsworth to Elleray, the residence of Lady Farquhar and Mr. Hamilton, the property of Professor Wilson. It stands above Windermere, and enjoys a very wide view of the lake, which I next morning saw, though disadvantageously, through a mist. We had a very agreeable afternoon. On our walk Wordsworth was remarkably eloquent and felicitous in his praise of Milton. He spoke of the "Paradise Regained" as surpassing even the "Paradise Lost" in perfection of execution, though the theme is far below it, and demanding less power. He spoke of the description of the storm in it as the finest in all poetry; and he pointed out some of the artifices of versification by which Milton produces so great an effect, — as in passages like this: —

> "Pining atrophy,
> Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
> Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums."

In which the power of the final *rheums* is heightened by the *atrophy* and *pestilence*. Wordsworth also praised, but not equally, "Samson Agonistes." He concurred, he said, with Johnson in this, that it had *no middle*, but the beginning and end are equally sublime.

January 8th. — An agreeable forenoon. Mrs. Wordsworth came at twelve, and with her I drove home. I dined with Dr. Arnold. I like him more the more I see of him. The Hardens there, also Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. Some of the party

were Tories, but they did not restrain the rest of us in the exercise of Whiggish habits. We talked freely. The Doctor certainly talks more freely than I ever heard a D. D. talk; and from the head-master of so great an establishment as Rugby School (where, I believe, there are 300 pupils), this is a significant sign of the times. The Doctor is to be one of the examiners in the London University. He has, however, required that he shall be at liberty to refer to Christianity as a system of divine truth, not a mere scheme of philosophy. But he says Christianity shall be referred to in a way that shall offend no sect whatever. The Doctor expressed (but that was on Sunday) an opinion against the Satan of Milton. He thinks the Satan too *good* a character; he is not enough of a devil, — not the personification of Evil. And the fight between the rebellious and obedient angels resembles too much the war of the Giants in Greek Mythology.

January 10th. — Read the notes to Shelley's "Queen Mab," as well as, here and there, bits of his poetry. His atheism is very repulsive. *The* God he denies seems to be, after all, the God of the superstitious. I suspect that he has been guilty of the fault of which I find I have all my life been guilty, though not to the same extent as he, of inferring that there can be no truth behind the palpable falsehoods propounded to one. He draws in one of his notes a picture of Christianity, or rather, he sums up the Christian doctrines, and in such a way, that perhaps Wordsworth would say: "This I disbelieve as much as Shelley, but that is only the caricature and burlesque of Christianity." There is much very delightful poetry in Shelley.

January 13th. — It may be worth mentioning, that Wordsworth has himself intimated, what many other friends have done, that I ought to leave in writing, if not myself publish, some account of my life. He is a severe and fastidious judge, and his recommendation is by far the most encouraging I have received. It has the more weight, because he has very restraining opinions on the limits to be set to the repetition of anecdotes and the publication of letters. He has, however, praised my anecdotes of Wieland, and says I should do well to give an account of Goethe.

Wordsworth's conversation has been very interesting lately, and had I not so bad a memory, that a few hours suffice to obscure all I have heard, I might insert many a remarkable opinion, if not fact. He gave an account of "The Ancient

Mariner" being written in Devonshire when he and Coleridge were together. It was intended for the *Monthly Magazine*, and was to pay the expenses of a journey. It was to have been a joint work, but Wordsworth left the execution to Coleridge, after suggesting much of the plan. The idea of the crime was suggested by a book of travels, in which the superstition of the sailors with regard to the albatross is mentioned. Wordsworth wrote many of his lyrical ballads at the same time. Coleridge wrote the first four lines of "We are Seven."

January 15th. — Having had no walk yesterday, Wordsworth was with me early this morning to walk to Ambleside, in spite of the snow, and I found a snow scene quite pleasant in this mountainous country. At five I accompanied Wordsworth to Dr. Arnold's. I had sent the Doctor Professor Malden's address of the Senate to the Council of the London University, which he warmly praised. Wordsworth had also spoken well of it.

January 17th. — After church to-day an agreeable chat with Dr. Arnold. The following are some notes of what he said: "The atonement is a doctrine which has its foundation in that consciousness of unworthiness and guilt which arises from an upright self-examination. All the orthodox doctrines are warranted by a humble spirit, and all that is best in our moral nature. There is internal evidence for all these doctrines, which are a source of happiness. And the difficulty of comprehending the mysteries of the Gospel is no sufficient reason for rejection. It is not necessary to define with precision the doctrines thus received, and the Church of England has encumbered itself by needless and mischievous attempts at explanation. The Athanasian Creed is one of these unhappy excrescences. Nor does the idea of the personality of the Spirit come with such authority, or claim so imperiously our adoption, as the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. The thought that an infinitely pure being can receive satisfaction from the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and accept them as a satisfaction for the sins of the guilty, is declared by Coleridge to be an outrage on common sense. It is a hard saying, nor can I explain it to my satisfaction. I leave this as an awful mystery I am not called on to solve. Coleridge used to declare that the belief in miracles is not a necessary part of a Christian's creed; but this is contrary to the express and uniform declaration of the Scriptures. And I have no difficulty in believing in miracles, since I consider as superstition the imagined knowledge

and certainty which men suppose they have as to the laws of Nature."

January 26th. — I wish I could here write down all that Wordsworth has said about the Sonnet lately, or record here the fine fourteen lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which he says are a perfect sonnet without rhyme, and essentially one in unity of thought. Wordsworth does not approve of uniformly closing the second quatrain with a full stop, and of giving a turn to the thought in the terzines. This is the Italian mode; Milton lets the thought *run over*. He has used both forms indifferently. I prefer the Italian form. Wordsworth does not approve of closing the sonnet with a couplet,* and he holds it to be absolutely a vice to have a sharp turning at the end with an epigrammatic point. He does not, therefore, quite approve of the termination of Cowper's "Sonnet to Romney," —

"Nor couldst thou sorrow see
While I was Hayley's guest and sat to thee."

January 27th. — Dined at Mr. Parry's, at Grasmere. The Arnolds, Lutwidges, Captain Graves, &c. At night the Doctor accompanied me back. We walked over *Old Corruption*, — for so the Doctor has christened in derision the original road between Rydal and Keswick. The first new road he has named "Bit-by-bit Reform," and the beautiful road by the lake, "Radical Reform." We found Old Corruption here, as elsewhere, perilous; and by night might have broken our necks in it.

January 29th. — I am sorry to recollect that the next page, if ever filled by me, will probably record my departure from this most delightful residence. By the by, I overheard Wordsworth say last night to the Doctor, that I had helped him through the winter, and that he should gratefully recollect it as long as he had any memory ! ! Wordsworth speaks highly of the author of "Corn Law Rhymes." He says: "None of us have done better than he has in his best, though there is a deal of stuff arising from his hatred of existing things. Like Byron, Shelley, &c., he looks on much with an evil eye." Wordsworth likes his later writings the best, and mentioned the "Ranter" as containing some fine passages. Elliott has a fine eye for nature. He is an extraordinary man.

January 31st. — It occurs to me that I have not noticed as I ought Wordsworth's answer to the charge that he never quotes other poems than his own. In fact, I can testify to the incorrectness of the statement. But he himself remarked:

* Yet several of Wordsworth's sonnets close with a couplet.

"You know how I love and quote not only Shakespeare and Milton, but Cowper, Burns, &c.; as to some of the later poets, I do not quote them because I do not love them. Even as works of mere taste there is this material circumstance,—they came too late. My taste was formed, for I was forty-five when they appeared, and we cannot after that age love new things. New impressions are difficult to make. Had I been young, I should have enjoyed much of them, I do not doubt."

February 1st.—I left Rydal about eleven o'clock. Of all my friends I took leave with feelings of great tenderness, my esteem for them all being greatly raised during this most agreeable visit. I will here add a note or two of Wordsworth's conversation. Talking of dear Charles Lamb's very strange habit of quizzing, and of Coleridge's *incorrectnesses* in talk, Wordsworth said he thought that much of this was owing to a *school-habit*. Lamb's veracity was unquestionable in all matters of a serious kind; he never uttered an untruth either for profit or through vanity, and certainly never to injure others. Yet he loved a quizzing lie, a fiction that amused him like a good joke, or an exercise of wit.* In Coleridge there was a sort of dreaminess, which would not let him see things as they were. He would talk about his own feelings and recollections and intentions in a way that deceived others, but he was first deceived himself. "I am sure," said Wordsworth, "that he never formed a plan of 'Christabel,' or knew what was to be its end, and that he merely deceived himself when he thought, as he says, that he had had the idea quite clearly in his mind. In my childhood," continued Wordsworth, "I was very wayward and moody. My mother, who was a superior woman, used to say she had no anxieties about any of her children except William. She was sure he would turn out an extraordinary man,—and she *hoped* a good man, but she was not so sure of that."

February 2d.—From Kendal I proceeded through Skipton to Leeds, where I spent two evenings with my Yorkshire friends. It was at this time that I first saw Wicksteed, the Unitarian minister there,—a man I at once took a fancy to. He is the son of an early friend of William Hazlitt,—the only *home* acquaintance I ever heard Hazlitt warmly praise. Of Wicksteed I have heard Archdeacon Hare speak in terms of warm praise, calling him a Christian, whether or not a Unitarian.

* See his letter to Manning, Vol. I. p. 254, "Lamb's Works."

H. C. R. to Benecke.

2 Plowden Buildings, March 2, 1836.

Every sentence of your letter is weighty, and would allow of a distinct notice from me. But the result of your various remarks on our English theologians is the renewal of a very old impression of the inherent and essential diversity in our English and your German *modes* of contemplating the great matters of religious philosophy. I say *modes*, not substance. For, since there is nothing *national* in the great topics which such philosophy involves, it would seem that there ought not to be so great a difference in the works of the several authors, — the great authors of the two languages. I do not at all wonder that you do not relish any of our writers, even of the highest reputation. It is ascribable to the same cause that renders the great masters of German thought unenjoyable by English readers. It is remarkable, that since the great change, introduced only by Kant, in your philosophical studies, not one single book has yet attracted the attention of our scholars or *soi-disant* thinkers. Of the metaphysicians, scarcely a book has even been translated. A few congenial minds (Coleridge, for instance) have announced that there is a something worth knowing; but the mass care little about it. It is only in connection with religion that an attempt has been made to draw attention to your great men. I have heard of a translation of the first volume of Neander's "Church History"; and also of a work of Schleiermacher on St. Luke; but I believe both have fallen dead-born from the press. It is asserted by our Churchmen, that German theology is either crypto-infidelity, or mystical fanaticism. Every attempt to recommend the Gospel to thinkers by the slightest departure from the authorized interpretation is received with scorn. Probably you have heard of the very recent clamor raised by the Tory High Churchmen at Oxford against a Dr. Hampden, on the ground of his being a Socinian. Now, I have been informed by a young clergyman, whom I know to be a serious believer in the orthodox doctrines, that his Bampton Lectures, which profess to treat of the relation of the scholastic philosophy to the Scripture, contain the most explicit and solemn assertion of the Doctor's belief in the doctrine of the Trinity; but he admonishes the clerical student to study the Scriptures more than the school-men. He insinuates his regret that Churchmen have presumed to be wise beyond what is written, and, instead of leaving the awful mys-

teries, as they are, objects of reverential faith and adoption, have tried to define and ascertain exactly what they infer must have been meant, though it has not been expressed. By the by, did I ever mention to you the famous Oxford Convocation a year ago, on the subject of matriculation? If I did, excuse me the repetition; if I did not, you will be interested by what I have to mention. On a matriculation at Oxford, the young man is forced to declare his "*unfeigned assent to every matter and thing contained in the Thirty-Nine Articles.*" This has long been a theme of reproach and derision, and therefore a proposal was made to substitute a declaration to this effect: That the subscriber is a member of the Church of England, as far as he yet understands its doctrines; that he will obey its precepts, and conform to its rites, during his period of study at the University; and that he will labor to understand its doctrines, that he may become an intelligent member of the Church. This was rejected with angry violence by five out of six; all the country clergymen coming up to vote!!! And these are the people who really feel contempt for German theology and German philosophy! . . . . To return to the great difference between our English and your German habits of thought. I am most deeply impressed with the conviction, that your profounder thinkers and writers are *beyond the comprehension of us*, because the thinking faculty is left with us in a half-uncultivated state. Whatever lies deeper than ordinary logic is out of our reach. Where we even concur in the result, the intellectual process is very different. And I never meet with a German book of the highest order in which I do not find a something at which I stand at a loss, — a thought I cannot be sure I thoroughly comprehend. It was so in the study of your preface, in which there was at the same time so much that I heartily relished because I fancied I understood it. . . . . Herr von Raumer, who was here last year, said everywhere that the pretensions of the English clergy to retain their Church in a country where they barely formed a tenth of the population was a subject of astonishment to all the thinking Protestants in Germany. . . . .

I am gratified by your obliging proposal to me to repeat my visit to Heidelberg. Be assured that if my health continues I shall not delay many years a renewal of the pleasure. . . . . Of all the friends I have, there is no one from whom I hear religious doctrines asserted with so strong an impression on my part that they deserve adoption. . . . .

March 12th. — I dined at the Athenæum with Sheil, and accompanied him to the Lyceum, where Liston afforded us a hearty laugh. He also played capitally an old coachman in another piece, but hardly better than young Mathews did a young coachee. This young man, whom I saw for the first time, promises to rival his father. His activity in dancing and singing is marvellous. The Tarantella dance and a Neapolitan song were delightful.

May 5th. — An interesting day. Landor and Kenyon breakfasted with me, and they enjoyed each other's company, and I that of both. They are very opposite characters. We did not break up till past two, and yet of a long-continued and varied conversation, I cannot now recollect a word. This is the water spilled that cannot be gathered. Yet water so spilled often fructifies. But not when it falls on exhausted soil! Heigh-ho! I walked out with Landor, and, *pour passer le temps*, we went into the National Gallery. There he amused me by his odd judgments of pictures. A small Correggio, with the frame, he values at 14 *s.* The "Lazarus" would be cheap at anything below £ 20,000.

May 6th. — Went to the play at Covent Garden. The pit is reduced to 2 *s.*, and the audience are reduced in like manner. I enjoyed Power more than any actor I have seen for a long time. Except Farren, I know none so perfect. He is the most delightful Irishman imaginable. He contrives to be the Irish peasant with perfect truth, — a droll, affectionate, rattling, drunken creature, and yet there is an air of gentility about him which distinguishes him from every other comic actor I am acquainted with. He is a man of talents too. I am told his travels in America are exceedingly well written, and show a spirit of observation and sagacity, and a power of description, creditable to an established writer. He played this evening Teddy the Tiler, and in "O'Flanagan and the Fairies."

May 8th. — In the evening called at Talfourd's. He was gone to dine with Lord Melbourne. I knew Talfourd when he was a young man studying the law, unable to follow the profession but by earning money as a reporter, and in other ways. He has now so risen that he dines with the Prime Minister. I must add that a more upright and honorable man never existed. A generous friend, and on public matters a sound and judicious thinker.

H. C. R. to WORDSWORTH.

8th May, 1836.

I felt much obliged by your kind reception of my former letter. I do not mean to revert to the subject of the relative merits or demerits of Dissenters, but I deem a Dissenting education highly favorable to integrity and veracity. I should say decidedly (speaking of the lower classes especially), that, though less amiable, they are more honest than those of their own class of the Establishment. In regard to this a very efficient lesson was taught me in my youth, while a sort of mild persecution — that of contempt — was in universal perpetration in our country towns. "Father, why are you not a Corporation-man? You are richer than Mr. Jackson." — "My dear, I cannot; nobody can be of the Corporation who does not take the sacrament in church." — "Well, and why do you refuse? Should you do any harm to any one by taking the sacrament?" — "To nobody but myself, — except to you, perhaps." — "How to me?" — "People would say, 'He 's the son of a man who pretended to believe what he did not believe, merely to get a vote for a member of Parliament, and so, perhaps, get a place.'"

I am quite sure of the salutary effects of the habit of integrity forced on Dissenters formerly. The Test and Corporation Acts forced the Dissenters into a sort of hostility against the Church. The repeal of those laws has already produced a formal separation of the three bodies amongst the Dissenters. They would be quite annihilated by their admission to the Universities. The worst enemies to the Church are those who have no religion whatever, and pretend to belong to it, merely from political motives. What with the fanatics of faith, — the Calvinistic evangelicals (to whom belongs my friend and your admirer) and the fanatics of High-Church formalism, — the persecutors of Dr. Hampden, for instance, — and the people who want to save their pockets and plunder the Church, merely from mercenary motives, the wise and conscientious Churchman will recognize conscientious and liberal Dissenters as enemies far less dangerous. Indeed, they ought not to be enemies at all. . . . .

May 16th. — A party at Miss Rogers's in the evening. Among those present were Milman, Lyell, and Sydney Smith. With the last-named I chatted for the first time. His faun-like face is a sort of promise of a good thing when he does

but open his lips. He says nothing that from an indifferent person would be recollected. The new *British and Foreign Review* was spoken of as being set up by a rich man, — Beaumont. "Hitherto," said Sydney Smith, "it was thought that Lazarus, not Dives, should set up a Review. The *Edinburgh Review* was written by Lazzaroni." He added, "It has done good." I said I disliked it for its persecution of Wordsworth. "By the by," said Sydney Smith, "I never saw Wordsworth look so well, — so reverend." And yet one fancies that a poet should be always young. Wordsworth was present this evening. I noticed that several persons seemed to look at him askant, as if the poet were some outlandish animal.

May 26th. — With a party of friends, — Wordsworth, Landor, my brother, the Jaffreys, &c., &c., — I attended the first performance of Talfourd's "Ion," at Covent Garden. The success complete. Ellen Tree and Macready were loudly applauded, and the author had every reason to be satisfied. After the performance he gave a supper, largely attended by actors, lawyers, and dramatists. I sat by Miss Tree, and near Miss Mitford. "Talfourd's health" was given by Macready, whose health Talfourd proposed after returning thanks.

May 31st. — Wordsworth introduced me to Strickland Cookson, whom I saw many years ago, but had forgotten.

*Rem.** — I now place him in the very first line of friends. He is one of the most able and safe counsellors, and shares with Edwin Field the confidence of the religious body to which they belong. Cookson was nominated by Wordsworth as his executor, by my desire and in my place. Among other excellences he has, in my estimation, this, — a due veneration for Wordsworth, without any superstitious fondness. In judgment among our common friends, I do not know his equal. In matters of law reform he takes an active part, as well as Edwin Field.

June 24th. — I rose early, and copied some curious marginal notes by Coleridge in Lightfoot's works. They are pious and reverential in thought, though sometimes almost comic in expression. He regrets that Lightfoot should *paw* the sacred mysteries, — an admirable expression, and one that came from Coleridge's heart, and might well continue to be employed.

Rem.† — It was at the very commencement of the Bible Societies, and just after Dr. Wordsworth had published a

* Written in 1853. † Written in 1853.

pamphlet about them, that I heard a word fall from Coleridge, more profound and significantly true than any I have since heard. "Ay, sir, there can be no doubt that these are good men, very good men, who are so zealous in widely spreading these societies. It is a pity they want sagacity enough to foresee that in sending the Bible thus everywhere among the uninstructed and the reprobate, they will be propagating, instead of the old *idolatry*, a new *bibliolatry*."

Will the forthcoming volume of the "Table-talk" contain a wiser word than the above? Perhaps not an acuter than those in the following: "That is not goodness," said Coleridge in my presence, to some one who was urging rather a commonplace and sentimental morality, — "that is not goodness, but should be called *goodyness*."

A proposal was made to me by my friends, the Masqueriers, to join them in a tour in Wales. This I gladly accepted, and I set out on the 19th of July, and returned on the 6th of September.

August 28th. — (Bristol.) After an hour's stroll, I found myself at the Lewin's Mead Chapel. A most respectable-looking building and congregation. Dr. Lant Carpenter performed the devotional part of the service with great effect. His countenance, voice, and manner quite saintlike. Mr. Acton, of Exeter, preached the sermon.

August 29th. — I called on Joseph Cottle, residing in a neat house with his maiden sister. I was expected, and the Cottles were prepared to show me every attention. I declined an invitation to dinner, but spent the evening with them. And I rendered him a service by strengthening him in his resolution to disregard all objections to his printing in his forthcoming "Recollections of Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c.," the letter of Coleridge to Mr. Wade, giving an account of his sad habit of opium-eating. This letter was given to Cottle by Coleridge, with the express injunction to publish it after his death as a warning. Equally clear was it to me that Cottle had not a right merely, but that it was his duty, to make known that De Quincey, in the generosity of youth, had given Coleridge £ 300. But I advised him to give the facts as they were, without the account he had drawn up respecting objections. He afterwards published a work, — more than a mere copy of the first, — and in this he published a letter of Southey's respecting Coleridge, by which the family of Coleridge were justly displeased. Cottle mistook his vocation when

he thought himself a poet. It was from his poem, "Malvern Hills," that, in 1808, Amyot and I, fatigued with the steep ascent of one of these hills, amused ourselves by quoting the lines: —

> "It needs the evidence of close deduction
> To know that I shall ever reach the top."

But, notwithstanding this weakness, Joseph Cottle was a worthy, and indeed excellent, man. For his poem entitled "King Alfred" his friends called him the regicide.

*Rem.** — On a subsequent visit to Cottle, I was shown a letter by Coleridge on the future state, with a strong bearing against the idea of eternal suffering. Cottle also read one from Coleridge, in which Wordsworth's Tragedy is called "absolutely wonderful." The publication of this Tragedy in the last volume of Wordsworth's works did not justify this judgment in public opinion. It has not been noticed by any critic, so far as I know.

Here too — that is, at Bristol — was living a man I became acquainted with through Flaxman, — Edgar. A man of accomplishments and taste. A merchant once, enjoying wealth. He was the patron of Flaxman when little known. Adversity befell him, and then, though he was a Conservative, and the Radicals were in power, they behaved, as he himself said, with generosity towards a political adversary, allowing him to retain the office of sword-bearer on terms more liberal than could have been required. He was an F. S. A., and possessed an unusual degree of antiquarian knowledge.

September 16th. — Read with no great pleasure the *Wassermensch*, a dialogue among L. Tieck's *Novellen*. The most interesting part was an exposure of the folly of the German Radical youth.

September 21st. — Read H. Bulwer's "France," which I thought wise and instructive. I copy two sentences respecting the government of Louis Philippe: "Every man is under the influence, not of the circumstances which placed him in a particular situation, but of the circumstances which resulted from it." He then pointedly remarks that, owing his throne to the people, Louis Philippe would be incessantly called on to yield to the people, and that it would be difficult to know when to yield and when to resist. This original blemish in his title would remain; but Bulwer adds: "There is a scar on the rind of the young tree, which, as it widens every year, becomes at

* Written in 1853.

once more visible and more weak; and, in the monarch of July, the time which displays, destroys, — which expands, obliterates its defects."

November 1st. — A special meeting at the London University, to receive from Lord Brougham a curious communication. An old lady, upwards of eighty, has announced her intention of giving £5,000 to the University. She declares her object to be the support of civil and religious liberty. She herself is a Roman Catholic. Her name is Flaherty. Lord Brougham said, that having ascertained to his satisfaction that she was in the full possession of her faculties, and that she had no near relations having a moral claim on her, he felt no scruple in accepting the gift. He had learned also that she spent very little on herself and devoted a handsome income mainly to acts of beneficence.

*Rem.** — I heard afterwards that when she went to the Bank to transfer the stock, she went in a hackney-coach, and was to return so or walk, I forget which. On being remonstrated with for not being more attentive to her own comfort, she said she spent no money on herself, and hence it was that she was able now and then to help others.†

H. C. R. TO H. N. COLERIDGE.‡

November 17, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR, — I return you the second volume of the "Table-talk," which I have looked over again with renewed pleasure and sorrow. Born among the Dissenters, and reckoning among them many highly esteemed friends, I regret that you should have given permanence to so many splenetic effusions against them. As to the single passage which you send underlined, as if it did not justify my construction, you will pardon my saying, which I do most conscientiously, that I found it worse than I had imagined. Mr. Coleridge says: "The only true argument, apart from Christianity, for a discriminating toleration, is that it is of no use to attempt to stop heresy or schism by persecution, unless, perhaps, by massacre!" Now, "apart from Christianity" by no means implies that Mr. Coleridge meant that Christianity is opposed to this discrimi-

* Written in 1853.

† The use made of this benefaction was to establish the well-known "Flaherty Scholarships."

‡ Mr. Robinson particularly marked this letter as "one of the few he wished to preserve."

nation, but rather, "independently of the arguments for it from Christianity." You must be aware that he who recommends "a *discriminating* toleration" rather recommends the discrimination than the toleration; and, of necessity, must approve of that being persecuted which is not tolerated. Now, what is that? In the preceding page, he insinuates that it is the *imperative duty* of the magistrate to punish with death the teachers of damnable doctrines. If so, the Romanists did no more than their duty in putting the Protestants to death; for they conscientiously think that damnation follows schism. As to the only true argument against persecution, that it is of no use, — "Of no use!" a Spaniard would truly say; "for three hundred years the kings of Spain have found it effectual in saving the souls of millions under their care."

There are, in this same article, equally palpable errors. Mr. Coleridge says, "A right to toleration is a contradiction in terms." If so, a right to liberty is a contradiction; for the famous formulary, "Civil and Religious Liberty," merely means that in certain personal matters of civil concern and conscience, the State must let the individual alone. But the most marvellous sentence is that in which Mr. Coleridge affirms that the Pope had a right to command the Romanists of England to separate from the National Church, and to rebel against Queen Elizabeth. I thought that the liberal and intelligent in all Christian churches were agreed in disclaiming this latter right, and conceding the former.

"The Romanist, who acknowledges the Pope as the Head of his Church, cannot possibly consider the Church of England as any Church at all." Mr. Coleridge, when he uttered this, forgot his own admirable and subtle distinction, that we ought not to say the Church *of*, but the Church *in*, England. Mr. Coleridge refers to the necessary criterion, but does not go on to state what it is. Yet, surely, he would not have denied, what Warburton so ably maintains, that Church Establishments are framed for their utility to the State, not for their truth.

I will relate an anecdote, which will show that a Roman Catholic priest will acknowledge what, it seems, Mr. Coleridge, on the 3d of January, 1834, had forgotten. I met with one in the Vale of Lungern, who, I afterwards found, was popular for his benevolence and liberality, being an anti-ultramontanist. I said to him: "All I contend for is, that a man has a right to be damned if he pleases, and that, therefore, no magistrate has a right to interpose to prevent it." He started; but, after a

pause, smiled and said, "If you mean this in a *legal* sense (*in einem juristischen Sinne*), I concede it." I replied: "I cannot mean it otherwise. It is the duty of the father, the friend, the philanthropist, and, above all, the Christian, to labor for the salvation of souls: but the sovereign, the magistrate, has nothing to do with it; for, if he can interfere, there will be nothing but persecution and murder everywhere. It is an accident what each sovereign believes, and every one will claim the same power." — "It is very true," he exclaimed. I rejoined, "When will you get his Holiness to subscribe to the doctrine?" — "Not yet," he said, "but we shall in time. We are on the way of Reform more than the Protestants imagine."

December 8th. — I finished and sent off a letter to Landor respecting a most unwarrantable publication sent to me by him, and entitled, "A Satire on Satirists and Admonition to Detracters." The greater part is an attack on *Blackwood*, and other satirists; but the detracter admonished is Wordsworth, who is represented as an envious and selfish poet. Goethe and Southey are represented as the objects of his ill-feeling, and he is introduced as present at the representation of "Ion," when, while every one else was affected, —

> "Amid the mighty storm that swelled around,
> Wordsworth was calm, and bravely stood his ground."

I thought it right to remonstrate with Landor. I was present on the occasion.* There was no sign of ill-will then, nor want of cordiality among the literary candidates for praise.

H. C. R. TO W. S. LANDOR.

2 PLOWDEN BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, December 7, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR, — On my return from my summer's tour, I proceeded to Gore House to inquire about you. I there heard of your rapid transit through town, and soon after received, or suspected I received, an amusing memorial of your enviable faculty of contemplating the follies of life with a free and cheerful aspect. For this I have to thank you; as also (more certainly) for your Satire, which I found at the Athenæum last night. Beautiful as many parts of this little poem are, I must say that it has given me pain. I hope I shall not be found to have relied too much on your unvaried kindness to

* See *ante*, p. 229.

me in stating why. This I may do with the less impropriety, as I feel myself personally connected with some portion of the offending matter. Among my obligations to Wordsworth is this, that I owe to him the honor of your acquaintance. Since then I have had the pleasure of enjoying the company of both of you together, when I remarked nothing but cordiality between you; and now I receive from you a very bitter attack, not upon his writings, but upon his personal character, — a portion of the materials being drawn, unless I deceive myself, from opinions uttered by him in the freedom of unpremeditated conversation in my presence. Wordsworth is admonished as a detracter, because he does not appreciate other poets as they deserve. I could admit the fact without acknowledging the justice of its being imputed to him as a crime. It seems to me that the general effect of a laborious cultivation of talent in any one definite form is to weaken the sense of the worth of other forms. This is an ordinary drawback, even on genius. Voltaire and Rousseau hated each other; Fielding despised Richardson; Petrarch, Dante; Michael Angelo sneered at Raphael. There is nothing in which Goethe is more the object of my admiration than in being utterly free from this weakness. He felt and acknowledged every kind of excellence. . . . .

I have no doubt that Lord Byron intended to cause a breach between Southey and Wordsworth by what Coleridge happily terms "an implement, not an invention, of malice"; hitherto, I believe, without any effect.

One word as to the imputed plagiarism.* Had Wordsworth published the passage recently, since he became acquainted with you, without making a due acknowledgment of your having supplied the fine fancy of which he made a serious application, I should have thought this unjust on his part, and your anger very reasonable. But he wrote this some twelve or fifteen years ago; and you, with a full knowledge, I presume, of the wrong, consented to overlook it, and to associate with him on terms of apparent cordiality. But with your feeling, I would either not have met him, or I would have told him what I thought.

December 8th. — I was interrupted last night. On perusing my letter, I think I have done injustice to Wordsworth. I

* That Wordsworth had borrowed from Landor's "Gebir" the image of the shell in the very beautiful passage in the fourth book of "The Excursion," p. 147: "I have seen a curious child," &c. Wordsworth denied all obligation to "Gebir" for this image. See *post*, p. 240.

seem to admit, much more than I intended, or ought, the charge so powerfully brought against both Wordsworth and Southey by Lord Byron in his admirable and infamous dedication of "Don Juan" to Southey, and which charge you have echoed. I do not think there is any unworthy vanity, or envy, in Wordsworth towards his contemporaries. His moral and religious feelings, added to a spice of John Bullism, have utterly blinded him, for instance, to the marvellous talent of Voltaire. [Your hint on French literature is very just.] But I have heard him praise Elliott quite as warmly as you do. It is at *his* urgent recommendation that Southey is now coming out with a complete edition of his poems. Let me remark, too, as to censure, that I do not believe I ever heard him speak against any one (except Goethe), whom I have not heard you attack in much more vehement langnage. Indeed I thought I had remarked a general concurrence in your critical opinions. Begging your pardon for the freedom of this letter, for which I implore a kind construction, and which I thought it my duty to write,

I am, with sincere regard,

H. C. R.

December 26th. — (Brighton.) This was a remarkable day. So much snow fell, that not a coach either set out for or arrived from London, — an incident almost unheard of in this place. Parties were put off and engagements broken without complaint. The Masqueriers, with whom I am staying, expected friends to dinner, but they could not come. Nevertheless, we had here Mr. Edmonds, the worthy Scotch schoolmaster, Mr. and Mrs. Dill, and a Miss Robinson; and, with the assistance of whist, the afternoon went off comfortably enough. Of course, during a part of the day, I was occupied in reading.

December 28th. — The papers to-day are full of the snowstorm. The ordinary mails were stopped in every part of the country.

December 30th. — Read in the *Quarterly* an article on Campbell, in which the nail is hit on the head in the saying, that he has acquired "an immortality of quotation," — a felicitous expression. His works are not distinguished by imagination, sensibility, or profound thought; but posterity will know him through happy expressions, such as "Coming events cast their shadows before."

December 31st. — I sat up late, as usual; and when the year expired I was reading Dibdin's "Life," — a significant occupation, for in idle amusement and faint pleasure was the greater part of the now closing year spent. Such are my frivolous habits, that I can hardly expect to live for any profitable purpose either as respects myself or others.

*Rem.** — I wrote this sincerely in my sixty-first year. My life has been more actively and usefully spent since I have been an elderly man.

CHAPTER XIII.

1837.

THESE reminiscences and the incidents I dwell on particularly tend to show that what concerns one's self otherwise than as a motive for action would form a difficult test of what is properly one's *own interest.* Excepting my journey with Wordsworth, almost all the objects of my active exertions this year were quite indifferent to me personally. Yet such are the incidents which chiefly dwell on my memory, and find a written record in my journal, and in the letters I have preserved.

January 5th. — Being too late for the omnibus at Kew, I walked on, and reached Lady Blessington's after ten. With her were D'Orsay, Dr. Lardner, Trelawney, Edward Bulwer. A stranger, whose conversation interested and pleased me, I found to be young Disraeli.† He talked with spirit of German literature. He spoke of Landor's "Satire" as having no satire in it. The chat was an amusing one.

February 9th. — (At Bury.) My brother related to me a curious incident, such as one reads of occasionally. There is a man living in the Wrangling Street, named ——, for whom my nephew made a will. The man was supposed to be at the point of death, and he produced from under his bed, in gold and silver, upwards of £ 300. My brother sent for a banker's clerk, and the money was secured. When the old wife of —— found out what had taken place, she scolded him with such fury that she went into a fit and died. My brother was sent

* Written in 1854.

† Afterwards the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli.

for again; and the man, in great agitation, produced an additional £ 208. But this he insisted on giving away absolutely to some poor people who were near him, and had served him. After this was done, his mind seemed more easy. He has even rallied in health, and has made a judicious distribution of his property. The money was tied up in old stockings and filthy rags. When he was informed of his wife's death, he eagerly demanded her pockets, and took from them a few shillings with great avidity. The accumulation was the result of a life of continued abstinence.

February 23d. — An agreeable day. I breakfasted with Samuel Rogers. We had a long and interesting chat about Landor, Wordsworth, Southey, &c. Rogers is a good teller of anecdotes. He spoke with great affection of Mrs. Barbauld. Of Southey's genius and moral virtues he spoke with respect; but Southey is *anti-popular*, — not a friend to the improvement of the people. We talked of slander, and the truth blended with it. A friend repeated to Rogers a saying by Wilkes: "Give me a grain of truth, and I will mix it up with a great mass of falsehood, so that no chemist shall ever be able to separate them." Talking of composition, he showed me a note to his "Italy," which, he says, took him a fortnight to write. It consists of a very few lines. Wordsworth has amplified the idea of this note in his poem on the picture of Miss Quillinan, by Stone. Rogers says, and I think truly, that the prose is better than the poem. The thought intended to be expressed is, that the picture is the substance, and the beholders are the shadows.*

February 24th. — Dined with Paynter to meet Valentine Le Grice, famous in his youth for his wit and talent. I found him to-day very pleasant and lively as a companion. He has the reputation of being a religious man, and a popular preacher.

Rem.† — A character. He is now a Cornish clergyman, advantageously known as being prohibited preaching within the diocese of Exeter. He was the son of a Bury clergyman, whom I heard of in my boyhood as a persecuted man. The father was certainly not well off, and for that reason obtained for his son Valentine a presentation to the Bluecoat School,

* The note referred to is among the additional notes at the end of "Italy," and is on the words, "Then on that masterpiece" (Raphael's "Transfiguration"). "Poetical Works," 18mo edition, p. 366.

† Written in 1855.

London. And here he was the companion of Charles Lamb and Coleridge. He was a wit and a scholar. Taking orders, he became tutor to a young man who suffered under a strange malady, — an ossification of the body. The mother of this young man married the tutor. Le Grice was notorious for his free opinions. Hearing my name and place of birth, he sought me out, saying my family had been his father's friends, as were all the Dissenters. His father was suspected of heresy. I will here note down two anecdotes of Valentine Le Grice which I heard from Charles Lamb, but which seem to me to have in them more impudence than wit. They used to go to the debating societies together. On one occasion the question was, "Who was the greatest orator, — Pitt, Fox, or Burke?" Le Grice said, "I heard a lady say, in answer to the question, 'Which do you like best, — beef, veal, or mutton?' — 'Pork.' So I, in reply to your question, say, 'Sheridan.'" Another time he began thus: "The last time I had the honor of addressing the chair in this hall, I was kicked out of the room."

[The following extract has its proper place here, for, though dated 1836, it had in view the Italian tour with Wordsworth in the present year.]

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

. . . . I am glad you have made a remark about expense, as this enables me to explain myself. Be under no apprehension that you may think it right to incur more expense than I should like. The fact is that I have contracted habits of parsimony from having been at one time poor, and because I have no pleasure in mere personal, solitary indulgence; but I am pleased when I am called on to spend at the suggestion of others. Unselfish economy has, I hope, been my practice as well as my maxim. I recollect being strongly impressed, at a susceptible age, by a passage in Madame Roland's Memoirs. Giving an account of her life in prison, she says: "I spent very little, but I paid all the servants liberally, so that I made friends while I lived sparingly." My personal expenses are perhaps smaller than those of most men, but I have no objection to double them, when the comfort of my companion requires it.

I once travelled with Seume, the well-known German author, and with Schnorr, the painter. I recollect the former laid down the rule, "The strongest of the party must accommo-

date himself to the weakest, and the richest to the poorest." If I am stronger than you in body, acting on Seume's principle, I shall not subject you to any inconvenience.

ITALIAN TOUR WITH WORDSWORTH.

*Rem.** — I shall content myself with very brief notes of the country we passed through, which was already familiar to me. I felt unable to record the interesting remarks which Wordsworth was continually making. It was *his* society that distinguished this journey from others; and to accommodate him I altered my usual mode of travelling. He could not bear night travelling; and in his sixty-seventh year needed rest. I therefore at once yielded to his suggestion to buy a carriage, and I obtained one from Marmaduke Robinson for £70. It was a barouche which had been considerably used; but it was effectually repaired. Moxon accompanied us as far as Paris.

The passage from London to Calais (*March 19th*) was about twelve hours. On our landing we had to pay 400 francs duty on the carriage, but we were to receive three fourths of that sum when we left the country. Posting to Paris, we arrived on the third day: sleeping the first night at Samer, and the second at Grandvilliers. Very little on the way to excite interest; yet I felt no *ennui*. With Wordsworth I did not fail to have occasional bursts of conversation. We spoke of poetry and of Landor. It may be not unworthy of mention that Wordsworth first heard of Landor's "Satire" from Quillinan, who was in Portugal. He said he regretted Quillinan's indiscretion, and felt much obliged to his London friends for never having mentioned the circumstance to him.† He had not read, and meant never to read, the "Satire." He had heard that a depreciation of Southey's genius was imputed to him; but as he had a warm affection for Southey, and an admiration for his genius, he never could have said he would not give five shillings for all Southey had ever written. Notwithstanding his sense of Landor's extreme injustice, he readily acknowledges his ability. As to the image of the sea-shell, he admitted no obligation for it to Landor's "Gebir." From his childhood the shell was familiar to him; and the children of his native

* Written in 1855.

† Quillinan noticed this "Satire" in "Blackwood," in 1843, in an article entitled, "Imaginary Conversation with the Editor of Blackwood." Kenyon told me that Landor said: "I understand a Mr. Quillinan has been attacking me. His writings are, I hear, Quill-inanities." — H. C. R.

place always spoke of the humming sound as indicating the sea, and of its greater or less loudness as having a reference to the state of the sea at the time. The "Satire" seemed to give Wordsworth little annoyance. In our talk about poets, Wordsworth said Langhorne * was one of those who had not had justice done them. His "Country Justice" has true poetic feeling.

In our way to Italy we passed through Lyons, Avignon, Nismes, St. Remi, Marseilles, Toulon, &c. Wordsworth was prepared to find the charm of interest in Vaucluse, and he was not disappointed.

From Avignon we drove into the valley, — a dreary and uncomfortable scene. Arid rocks, with a very little sprinkling of shrubs and dwarf trees, affording no shade, constitute nearly the whole of a scene which, from Petrarch's delicious verses, every one would imagine to be a spot of perpetual verdure. Our guide pointed out to us the reputed neighborhood of the poet's house. It is said to have been once a forest; now it is a mere mass of buildings. There is still, however, a very clear stream, and as it runs over cresses, it is of a green more delightful than I ever before saw. This "closed valley" (*vallis clausa*) derives its character from a spring of water which rises immediately under a perpendicular rock, 600 feet high.

A plain column is erected to the memory of Petrarch. The only sensible homage to his memory would be the destruction of the uncongenial workshops. Wordsworth made a lengthened ramble among the rocks behind the fountain; † and in consequence we were not at our hotel till after the table-d'hôte supper.

At Nismes (*April 6th*) I took Wordsworth to see the exterior of both the Maison Carrée and the Arena. He acknowledged their beauty, but expected no great pleasure from such things. He says: "I am unable, from ignorance, to enjoy these sights. I receive an impression, but that is all. I have no science, and can refer nothing to principle." He was, on the other hand, delighted by two beautiful little girls playing with flowers near the Arena; and I overheard him say to himself, "O you darlings! I wish I could put you in my pocket, and carry you to Rydal Mount."

* Langhorne, Rev. John, D. D. Born 1735, died 1779.

† "Between two and three hours did I run about, climbing the steep and rugged crags from whose base the water of Vaucluse breaks forth." Wordsworth's note at the beginning of the "Memorials of a Tour in Italy." "Poetical Works," Vol. III. p. 180.

At Savona there is a fort, and before it a greensward just at this season, which greatly delighted Wordsworth, — more than objects more extraordinary and more generally attractive. After breakfasting and rambling through the town, which is nicely paved with flagstones, and is agreeable to walk in, having a sort of college air about it, we ascended to a couple of monasteries, the one of Capuchins, with an extensive view of the sea, the other formerly Franciscan, but now desecrated. Wordsworth took a great fancy to the place, and thought it a fit residence for such a poet as Chiabrera, who lived here.

> "How lovely, robed in forenoon light and shade,
> Each ministering to each, didst thou appear,
> Savona, Queen of territory fair
> As aught that marvellous coast through all its length
> Yields to the stranger's eye!" *

April 26th. — We entered Rome in good spirits. We were driven to the Europa, where, till we procured lodgings, we contented ourselves with two rooms on a third story. Before sunset we took a walk to my favorite haunt, the Pincian Hill, where I was accosted by my name. It was Theed, who informed us of the pine-tree referred to in Wordsworth's poem as the gift of Sir George Beaumont.† Here, too, we met with Mrs. Collins, the wife of the R. A. As soon as I had fixed Wordsworth at a café, I called on Miss Mackenzie, from whom I had a most cordial reception. She is very desirous to give Wordsworth the use of her carriage.

April 27th. — This has been a very interesting day. To Wordsworth it must have been unparalleled in the number and importance of new impressions. He was sufficiently impressed with the Coliseum. The Pantheon seemed to him hardly worth notice, compared with St. Peter's. In the afternoon Miss Mackenzie took us in her carriage to St. Peter's, by which Wordsworth was more impressed than I expected he would be. To me it is, as it always was, an unequalled, — indeed an incomparable sight. We took only a cursory view of it, and then drove to the Villa Lante, whence there is a fine view of Rome, nearly, if not precisely, that of my engraving. The beauty of the evening rendered the scene very attractive. We looked also into the Church of St. Onofrio, where Tasso lies buried; also Guidi, the poet. Wordsworth is no hunter after sentimental relics. He professes to be regardless of places that have only an outward connection with a great man, but no influ-

* "Memorials": "Musings near Acquapendente," Vol. III. p. 190.
† *Vide* "Memorials," No. II.

ence on his works. Hence he cares nothing for the burying-place of Tasso, but has a deep interest in Vaucluse. The distinction is founded on just views, and real, not affected sympathy. We drank tea with Miss Mackenzie. She had sent messages to Collins and Kästner, but neither came. On the other hand, by mere accident seeing a card with Mr. Ticknor's name, I spoke of his being a friend of Wordsworth; on which she instantly sent to him, and, as he lived next door, he was soon with us, and greatly pleased to see Wordsworth, before setting off tomorrow for Florence.

April 28th. — The Sismondis were passing through Rome, and took a hasty dinner with Miss Mackenzie: Wordsworth and I joined them. Sismondi has the look of an intelligent man, but our conversation was too slight to afford room for observation.

May 4th. — I introduced Wordsworth to Bunsen. Bunsen talked his best, and, with great facility and felicity of expression, pointed out to us from his own window monuments from the history of Rome. I never heard a more instructive and delightful lecture in ten times the number of words.

May 6th. — We rose too late for a long walk, but, unwilling to lose the morning freshness, took a short lounge before breakfast. Looked at some pleasing pictures, recommended by Collins, in an obscure church adjoining the fountain of Trevi. After breakfast we made a call on Severn, who had a subject besides art to talk on with Wordsworth, — poor Keats. He informs us that the foolish inscription on his tomb is to be superseded by one more worthy of him. He denies that Keats's death was hastened by the article in the *Quarterly*. It appears that Keats was by no means poor, but considerably fleeced.

May 7th. — This forenoon was devoted to an excursion, which, though not perfectly answering my expectation, was yet a variety in our amusement. Mr. Jones had engaged to dine with a rich Campagna grazier in the neighborhood of Rome, and invited Wordsworth and me to be of the party. In fact we three were the party, for others who were to have joined us were prevented from doing so. We hired a *vettura*, and spent from half past eight to six on the excursion, alighting at the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. The most amusing circumstance was our *locale*. The hut where these wandering shepherds live is a sort of tent of reeds, — a rotunda (really an elegant structure in its form), poles meeting in the centre. I suppose about forty paces in circumference. Around are about twelve

recesses, in each of which two men sleep. Against the slanting room were hanging hams in abundance, saddles, and all sorts of articles of husbandry. In the centre was a fire, with no chimney, but the smoke escaped through the reeds. A pot, spacious but not inviting, hung over the fire, and near it sat an old man with a fine face, in a very large arm-chair. He did the honors of his tent with a kind of patriarchal dignity. And the numerous servants, or rather companions, seemed to mix respect with a sort of cordial equality in their tone towards him. After a few words of half-intelligible chat, we took a stroll, witnessed a sheep-shearing, and then walked to one of the aqueducts, enjoying a fine view of these interesting remains. The mountains of Albano, and the plain of the Campagna, were in agreeable verdure. On our return there was a party of shepherds at dinner. They took no notice of us, but, when they had done, a clean cloth and napkins were placed for us. No food was offered but two kinds of sausage. *Ricotta*, which we asked for, was excellent. But Mr. Jones had provided bread, cheese, and excellent wine. He expected a regular dinner, but I was satisfied with this luncheon. The day was splendidly fine, and our return drive was delightful.

May 8th. — Went to the Vatican. Gibson, Severn, and Mr. Jones accompanied us. We saw the marble antiques of the Vatican to great advantage, for Gibson pointed out to Wordsworth all the prime objects, — the Minerva, Apollo, young Augustus, Laocoön, Torso, and a number of others, the names of which I cannot now recollect. We did not attempt to see a picture, or, indeed, to enter all the rooms.

May 10th. — We rose early, and had a delightful walk before breakfast. We ascended the Coliseum. The building is seen to much greater advantage from above. Wordsworth seemed fully impressed by its grandeur, though he seemed still more to enjoy the fine view of the country beyond. He wishes to make the ascent by moonlight. Certainly no other amphitheatre (and I have seen all that still exist) leaves so deep an impression. Meeting Dr. Carlyle, Wordsworth and I took a drive with him to the Corsini Palace, which we found very rich in paintings. There are a few which are the most delicious with which I am acquainted. Above all, "A Mother and Child," a peasant girl, by Murillo. The *custode* had the rare good sense not to call this picture a Virgin and Child. The next is a "Holy Family," by Fra Bartolomeo. The "St. Joseph" has wonderful beauty. There are a greater number of excellent

pictures here than, perhaps, in any other palace. I dined with Dr. Carlyle at Bertini's. I found the dining at Ave Maria (quarter past seven) in this season not unpleasant; and it is recommended by the Doctor as a healthy practice, because it is precisely just before and just after the setting of the sun that in summer the dews fall, when it is peculiarly unwholesome to be in the open air.

May 12th. — An agreeable chat with Gibson. He pleased me by the account he gave of his professional life. He said: "I could gain more money in England by making busts and funeral monuments; but I would rather spend my life in reading the poets, and composing works of imagination. And I have been so fortunate as to sell all I have done. I do not submit to dictation, or make any alteration, except where my judgment is convinced." He said, in explanation, that he was not unwilling to execute an order for a specified subject, when he approved of it. He has been in Rome twenty years, and finds himself happy here, where he can do works which would not be required in England.

May 13th. — My birthday was most agreeably spent. I have now entered my sixty-third year. I shall hardly ever spend a birthday again in the enjoyment of *such* pleasure, i. e. in kind, though I may in degree. The day was most pleasant. A few clouds, during midday, tempered the heat. Both morning and evening were cool, not cold. Nor could any circumstance be changed for the better. Dr. Carlyle joining us, we set out at six A. M. precisely, and drove through the Campagna after sunrise. Our first important stopping-place was Adrian's Villa, which delighted Wordsworth by its scenery. After an hour and a half there, we went on to the Sibilla. After ordering dinner, we took the guide of the house, and inspected the old rocks among which the cascade fell, and the new fall, which has been made by a tunnel. The change was necessary, but has not improved the scene. The new fall is made formal by the masonry above. It runs in one mass, as in a frame, nearly straight; and but for the mass of water, which is considerable, would produce no effect. The old fall had the disadvantage of being hidden by projecting rocks, so that we could only see it by means of paths cut out, and then but imperfectly. This of itself would have been a great disappointment to Wordsworth; but he was amply compensated by the enjoyment the *Cascatelle* afforded him from the opposite side of the valley, from which you see two masses of what are called the

Little Falls (or, as Wordsworth called them, "Nature's Waterworks"), and, at the same time, the heavy mass formed by the body of the river. After dining, at five, we went to the Villa d'Este, but hardly allowed ourselves time to admire the magnificent cypresses. Enjoyed the Campagna on our return; I was rather sleepy, but the Doctor warned us against sleeping there, even thus early in the season.

May 15th. — Had a most agreeable chat with Dr. Carlyle, who read me some excellent memoranda of a conversation with Schelling. Wordsworth and I took tea with the Bunsens, who were very friendly indeed. Wordsworth was in good spirits, and talked well about poetry. I can see that he made an impression on Bunsen, for whom I copied the "Antiquarian Sonnet." * On politics and Church matters there is not the same harmony between them.

May 16th. — We dined with Bunsen. Mayer there. The Minister's eldest son is to become an Englishman, and take orders, and accept a living in England. Bunsen supposes *that* alone will serve to naturalize him; but even if an alien can accept a living, which I doubt, it certainly cannot give him the rights of a native. Bunsen took us to the Tabularium, and explained to us the Forum, as seen from this the ancient Treasury and Record Office of the Capitol. A very interesting exhibition to us. When this was over he dismissed us as sovereigns do. Instead of asking us to return, he told Mrs. Bunsen he was going to show us our way home.

May 17th. — This morning spent in preparations for our journey. With Severn looked into Thorwaldsen's studio. He has a very fine statue of Gutenberg, — fine for its significance. That of Byron has no value in my eyes. It is pretty rather than elegant. I am told it has been denied admittance into Westminster Abbey. It is too late to be particular on such an occasion. Surely a memorial to so anti-religious a poet as Byron may be admitted where the inscription is allowed to stand, —

> Life is a jest, and all things show it,
> I thought so once, and now I know it.

Bunsen told Wordsworth that Lord Byron had an impression he was the offspring of a demon. In a morbid moment such a thought may have seized him.

May 22d. — A busy day. Preparing for departure. Dined and took tea with Miss Mackenzie. Nothing can exceed her

* Probably "How profitless the relics that we cull." Vol. IV. p. 119.

kindness to Wordsworth and me. She seems to feel for Wordsworth the affection of a daughter. And he is much pleased with her. But for her house, his evenings would have been dull. He needs the cheering society of women. He has invited her to Rydal, and I have no doubt she will accept the invitation. We paid a farewell visit to the Vatican and the Capitol, and made a short call on the Bunsens. The Minister cordial and in high spirits. No diplomatic reserve in his manners. I went late to Dr. Carlyle. Dr. Thompson was with him. I had an interesting chat with them. Dr. Carlyle is a man whom I much like, and I have written to him what I strongly feel, that it would give me pain to think our acquaintance should now cease. We leave Rome to-morrow.

May 24th. — (Terni.) This has been a day of great enjoyment, in spite of bad weather. We had to walk between two and three miles to Papigno, because no ass-keeper is allowed to let out an ass on the Terni side of Papigno. I had seen the famous cascade before, but not to so great advantage. Then, however, I thought it the very finest waterfall I had ever seen, and Wordsworth also declares it to be the most sublime he has seen. From the mass of water, and the great extent of the fall, the rebound of the water produces a cloudlike effect, so that the well-known proverb, applied to a wood, may be literally parodied: "You cannot see the cascade for the water." The upper fall may be seen to advantage from various places. The two lower falls are of less importance. But there is one point from which a succession of falls may be seen, extending to more than a thousand feet. The last view from a cabin, which does not include the lowest fall, is the most beautiful.

May 25th. — (Assisi.) We looked into the famous church built over the house in which St. Francis d'Assisi lived. I saw it in 1831 with pleasure. The sacred house had then been recently painted by Overbeck, in fresco. It was a beautiful and very interesting object. Few of the sentimentalities of the Catholics have pleased me so much. But a few months afterwards an earthquake destroyed the interior of the church. It is now under repair. The old house seems uninjured, except that the greater part of Overbeck's painting is destroyed.

May 27th. — Left Arezzo about eight. Turning soon out of the high road to Florence, we were driven on good cross-country roads into the very heart of the Apennines, and especially into the Val d'Arno, — *superiore*, as I suppose; at least we soon came in sight of the Arno, and we had it long after-

wards, to the great joy of Wordsworth. It is not unqualifiedly true that the rose would smell as sweet by any other name, — at least not the doctrine which that famous expression is used to assert. We *do* feel the pleasure enhanced when, in a beautiful spot, we find that that spot has been the theme of praise by men of taste in many generations. This Vale of Arno which we saw to-day is more beautiful than the rich lower and broader vale near Florence. We went through a fine succession of mountain scenes till we reached the miserable little town of Bibiana, where, in a dirty and low wine-house, we consumed a portion of the cold provisions we had brought from Arezzo. Wordsworth mounted on a horse, and I accompanied him on foot, up a steep hill, through a dreary country, to the famous Franciscan convent of Laverna.* Laverna is a lofty mountain, on the top of which St. Francis built his house.† On entering, we were courteously received by the poor and humble monks. I thought it was Friday, and therefore did not venture to ask for animal food, but requested accompaniments to the tea and sugar we had brought. While our meal was preparing, we strolled through the chestnut forest to a promontory, whence we had a wild and interesting country at our feet. A monk we met in the forest told us some of the legendary tales that abound in a region like this ; such as, that the rocks, which are separated from the great mass, were shaken into their present position by the earthquake at the time of our Saviour's crucifixion. He showed a stone insulated from the mass, at a spot where a fierce chief of banditti confined and murdered his prisoners who were not ransomed ; and told us how this chief was converted by St. Francis, and became first a saint in the convent, and then a saint in heaven. We chatted with several monks, all dull-looking men and very dirty, but humble and kind. They gave us hot water, and bread and butter and eggs, and we enjoyed our tea. Our cells were small and cold, and our beds hard, but we slept well.

May 28th. — Continued our journey, with a diversion to the monastery of Camaldoli.‡ Here again Wordsworth took a horse, and I walked. The monastery lies delightfully in a secluded valley of firs, chestnuts, &c. ; and there is a mountain torrent. As we entered some men were singing, with Italian gesticulation, a song or hymn in praise of May. The monks

* La Vernia, or Alvernia.
† *Vide* "Memorials," XIV. "The Cuckoo at Laverna," Vol. III. p. 205.
‡ "Memorials," XV., XVI., XVII. Vol. III. p. 209.

were looking on. I regretted that I could not comprehend more than the animated looks and vigorous attitudes of the singers. We were received by a very different kind of monks from those of yesterday. They were dressed in white garments, and had shoes and stockings, — in fact they were Benedictines, the *gentlemen* of the monastic orders. While our dinner was preparing, Wordsworth and I strolled up the forest. We entered the Hermitage, where a few monks reside with greater severity of discipline. When they grow old, they come down to the monastery. Six years ago there was a painter here, with whom I chatted. He is in the monastery now. A picture by him was shown to us. I made inquiries, and expected to see him in the evening. But perhaps it was one of his silent days. We had a good dinner, and looked into the library, from which I borrowed a book, to amuse myself in the evening.

June 1st. — (Florence). Mayer took us to the Santa Croce, — a church of great interest, from the noble characters whose monuments adorn it, — Galileo, Dante, Michael Angelo, &c. The general appearance of the church is fine. Wordsworth afterwards walked out by himself. Going out by the Croce gate, he crossed the Arno by a suspension bridge, and then had a delightful walk up to the San Miniato. From this eminence there is a very fine view of the city, and the vale beyond. The old church in its solitude is an affecting object. It is one of the primitive churches in the Lombard style.

June 7th. — (Bologna.) I spent the day more pleasantly than Wordsworth. He has been uncomfortable owing to the *length* of the streets. He is never thoroughly happy but in the country.

June 12th. — One of the most agreeable days we have had. Wordsworth enjoyed it more than any other. Yet we had to encounter fatigue. We were called up a little after two, and at three were in an omnibus-shaped diligence, which was to take us (from Milan) to Como. A few loud talkers kept us awake. By the by, I think the lower class of Italians are greater talkers than the French ; yet the beauty of the Italian sounds makes the talking less offensive. Just before we reached Como the scenery became very grand. On our arrival I had just time to run to the cathedral, but all other feelings were for the time overpowered by the pleasure of meeting the Ticknors. A very fortunate occurrence, quite unexpected. They too were going up the lake by the steamboat, and thus

we united the pleasures of the scenery with the gratification of chat with a very clever family. Perhaps on this account I saw too little of the lake. Its beauties were not unknown to me. At all events, the day was a most agreeable one. The view of this most beautiful of lakes was a great delight. Wordsworth blended with it painfully pleasing recollections of an old friend, with whom he made the same journey in 1790, and who died a few months ago. He had also a still more tender recollection of his journey here in 1820 with his wife and sister, when he twice visited this place. Returned to Milan in the evening. As long as the light lasted I read Lockhart's "Life of Scott," which Ticknor had lent me.

June 13th. — Accompanied Wordsworth *up* the cathedral. A small sum of a quarter of a Kopfstück is required of each person, and no one accompanies the traveller. An excellent arrangement. And, as Wordsworth truly observed, the cheapest of all sights for which anything is paid. The view of the surrounding country is not to be despised; but that is the least part of the sight. Far more singular and interesting is the effect produced by the numerous pinnacles on the roof of the building itself. Three rows on each side, each surmounted by a figure, and all of marble. Wordsworth has thus described them, as seen by Fancy: —

> "Awe-stricken She beholds the array
> That guards the Temple night and day;
> Angels she sees, — that might from heaven have flown,
> And virgin-saints, who not in vain
> Have striven by purity to gain
> The beatific crown, —
> Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings,
> Each narrowing above each; — the wings,
> The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
> The starry zone of sovereign height,* —
> All steeped in this portentous light!" †

We looked into the crypt of the cathedral, to see the outside of the crystal coffin of St. Carlo Borromeo. A gaudy sight, not worth the *Zwanziger* (8 *d.*) given to the priest. Gold and silver, sculptured, and seen by torchlight, make but a sorry spectacle, though they may impose on the imagination.

June 14th. — (Bergamo.) This day to Wordsworth one of the best of our journey. At least it partook most of that

* Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.

† *Vide* "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820." "The Eclipse of the Sun," XXVII., Vol. III. p. 159.

character which suits his personal taste. A day of adventure amidst beautiful scenery. We arose early, and had a few minutes' conversation with the Ticknors, who left Bergamo at six. We then rambled up to the old town ; for our inn was only in the suburbs below. I was much pleased with the walk. I have seldom seen a more pleasantly situated provincial town in Italy, — or, indeed, in any country. We left our inn between ten and eleven, and drove through a pleasant country to the little town of Iseo, at the foot of the lake of the same name. The day being intensely hot, we kept in-doors after our arrival till evening, when a lad of the house took us to the lakeside. The view very grand. Several ridges of lofty mountains. The latter streaked with snow. Finding a conveniently retired spot, I had the luxury of a bathe. Wordsworth did not return till after dark, having enjoyed his solitary ramble.

June 15th. — Voyage to Lovere. Our boat the humblest vehicle in which gentlemen ever made a party of pleasure. A four-oared broad boat, with a sail. The company consisted of about four sheep, one horse, one ass, one cow, about ten steerage passengers, and four or five cabin passengers, besides Wordsworth and myself. We had the shelter of an awning near the helm ; but so ill-contrived as to allow of no comfort, our posture being between lying and sitting. The day intensely hot. At one time we were becalmed ; but there was no attempt to use the oars. We went near twenty miles in four and a half hours. On our arrival at Lovere, the country was so inviting that we resolved to explore the neighborhood, and we did so till dark. The views of the lake exquisitely beautiful. At twelve P. M. we re-embarked in our boat with bipeds and quadrupeds. It was about three A. M. when we arrived at Iseo, and we were glad to get to bed.

June 16th. — We reached Desenzano at dusk, and were put into good rooms facing the Lake Garda. A long slip of land which runs into the water divides the lake into halves, and ends in a knoll. This is the promontory of Sermione (Sirmium), where Catullus had a villa. Wordsworth had a strong desire to visit this point ; but the sight of it hence will probably satisfy him. A fine view towards the head of the lake determined us to make use of a small steamboat, which to-morrow morning goes to Riva.

June 18th. — (Riva.) A day to saunter about in. We walked out before breakfast, taking the road to Arco above

the lake. This lake is exposed to storms, of which Virgil has written alarmingly. Wordsworth soon left me, as he was annoyed by the stone walls on the road. I sauntered on, and found, on inquiry, that I was now in the Tyrol; but in this remote district no one asked for passport. On my return I breakfasted, and read Lady Wortley Montague, which formed my resource to-day; but I at length became anxious at Wordsworth's non-appearance. I remained in my room till half past one, and still he had not returned, though he said he should be back to breakfast. I became very uncomfortable, for I feared some accident had occurred. I could no longer rest, and went forth in search of him, feeling sure that, in case of accident, I should be informed of it, as I was dressed so much like him, that it would be taken for granted we were fellow-travellers. Thinking he would be attracted by a village and castles on the mountains, I took my direction accordingly, and after proceeding some distance, the sound of a waterfall caught my ear, and I felt sure that, if it had caught his, he would have followed it. Acting upon this clew, I came to a mill where I gained tidings of him. He had breakfasted there, and had gone higher up. I followed on, and found a man who had seen him near Riva. This relieved me of all apprehension. On my return to the inn, he had already arrived. A slight tempest on the lake in the evening.

June 19th. — Our drive to Verona was, like all the drives in this upper part of Lombardy, pleasing from the vicinity of the Alps. Of Lombardy I ought to say, that the nearly entire absence of beggars, except very old people, speaks well for the Austrian government. On the other hand, however, we were told by a German, on the steamboat to Riva, that there had been very recently two highway robberies in the neighborhood of Bergamo.

June 23d. — Venice impresses me more agreeably than it did seven years ago. The monuments of its faded glory are deeply affecting. We called on the Ticknors, and Wordsworth accompanied them to hear Tasso chanted by gondoliers.

June 24th. — We rose early, and our first sight was a view of the city, from the tower of St. Mark's, one of the most remarkable objects here. The ascent is by an inclined plane, and therefore more easy than by steps.

June 26th. — Among the pictures we saw to-day two especially delighted me, perhaps because they were not new to me. The Four Ages of Man, a favorite of dear Lamb's. He valued

an engraving of it. The second, a Deposition from the Cross. It is remarkable for the graceful curved line made by the body of Christ, under which is a sheet. And the red drapery of one of the men taking the body down, casts a light on it in a very striking manner. St. John, while he looks on the body with deep feeling, has his arm tenderly round the mother to support her. Deep humanity, — and, by the by, all the paintings of most pathos on this subject are those that keep the Divinity out of sight. Who can feel *pity* for God?

June 28th. — Left Venice, and took the new road to Germany, sleeping the first night at Lengarone, and the second at Sillian. The second day's journey one of the most delightful we have had for scenery. In the evening, while at our meal at Sillian, there was in the house a sort of religious service. One voice led, and the rest chanted a response. The words were unintelligible, but the effect of this little vesper service, which lasted some minutes, was very agreeable.

June 30th. — Wordsworth overslept himself this morning, having for the first time on his journey, I believe, attempted composition. In the forenoon, I wrote some twenty lines, by dictation, on the Cuckoo at Laverna. During the preceding, as well as this day, I was rendered quite happy by being among Germans. There is something about the people, servants, postilions, &c., that distinguishes them from the grasping Italians.

At the grand little lake, — the Königsee, — near Berchtesgaden, I left Wordsworth alone, he being engaged in composition. The neighborhood of Berchtesgaden and Salzburg greatly delighted him. He was enchanted by a drive near the latter place, combining the most pleasing features of English scenery with grand masses and forms. At Salzburg he wandered about on the heights, greatly enjoying the views, while I was attending to accounts, and reading a packet of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The fashionable watering-place of Ischl was not at all to his taste, and I soon found him bent on leaving it.

The peasantry of the Salzkammergut are exemplary in their manners, and, except in the frequent goitres, have the appearance of comfort. On one occasion, I perceived that I had left behind my silver eye-glass and a camel's hair shaving-brush. On returning to the place a day or two later, I inquired of the waiter whether he had found them. He knew nothing of them; but when I came to the bags, which had been set aside for us, I found the eye-glass carefully tied to my bag, and the

brush so fastened into a leather strap that I could not fail to see it. The most I should have expected would have been a careful delivery up of the articles, for the sake of thanks, and perhaps some gratuity.

We visited one very singular place, — the town of Hallstadt, on the lake of the same name. There is nothing like a street, nor indeed is there room for a street. The houses are built on the narrow shore and up the mountain-side, without order and with little regularity. Not a horse or carriage is to be seen, for the place is accessible only by water. Yet it has one thousand inhabitants. A rich salt mountain lies at its back, and on the height resides the Bergmeister. A very comfortable inn received us on the shore. And I liked much the people I saw. I had as nice a bedroom as could be desired, and we were supplied with excellent coffee. In the evening, Wordsworth being out for a walk, I got into an agreeable chat with the family.

July 12th. — In the only little opening like a square, in this curious town, I noticed a fountain. The form not unpleasant. The inscription I thought worth copying, as a sort of digest of Catholic orthodoxy, as to the person of the Deity and the Virgin Mary.* God the Father, having on a sort of tiara, is sitting; and in his lap he holds Christ. The Holy Ghost is also represented. Below, in relief, the Virgin, crowned, stands on the moon. The inscription is as follows: —

DEO
TER OPT : MAX :
TRINO ET UNO
Ἄλφα καί Ὦμέγα
PATRI INGENITO
FILIO UNIGENITO
EX
UTROQUE PROCEDENTI
SPIRITUI SANCTO
MARIÆ
VIRGINI MATRI
IMMACULATÆ
FĪLIÆ PATRIS
MATRI FILII
SPIRITUS SANCTI SPOSÆ
TER ADMIRABILI

* *July 20th.* — Görres says that Dante sanctions the idea given of the Virgin in this inscription.

SIT SEMPITERNUM
LAUS GLORIA ET HONOR.
EX VOTO
EREXERAT : ETC., ETC.
[Initials of the Founders.]

July 15th. — Read the decree of the King of Hanover, in which he said that he was not bound either in form or in substance by the *Grund-Gesetz* (the Constitution); that he would take into consideration whether he would utterly abolish or modify it; that his people were to have confidence in him, and obey him; and that they were bound to submit to the old system of government under which their ancestors were happy, &c., &c. The King had not caused the decree to be signed by his Ministers, except one, who had taken the oath of allegiance to him, leaving out that part of the oath by which the Minister was bound to adhere to the *Grund-Gesetz*, &c., &c. All comment is superfluous. Wordsworth related to me an anecdote that on one occasion, when the King, then Duke of Cumberland, intimated to the Duke of Wellington his intention to do a certain act, the Duke replied, "If so, I will impeach your Royal Highness."

(Of what remains of the diary of this tour two extracts in reference to Munich, and a concluding one, are all that need be given.)

July 17th. — My acquaintance Mr. Oldenburg took Wordsworth and me to the studio of Kaulbach, at which we saw a cartoon of great power, though not easily to be judged of at once, being a vision from the writings of Chateaubriand. This picture was recommended to us by Spence as one of the *Videnda*.

July 20th. — At the new church of St. Ludwig we were so fortunate as to find Cornelius, the designer of the great work which is being executed there. He was working at the great picture of "The Last Judgment." He recognized me civilly. Several of his pupils were at work in different parts of the church. By means of scaffolding we could go from one part to another. The artists were painting, sitting conveniently in arm-chairs. The pupils were of course executing the designs of their master, and he was enabled to judge of the effect from below.

August 7th. — We embarked at two A. M. from Calais, reached the custom-house in the Thames about three P. M., and had

our baggage all passed within two or three hours. After dining at the Athenæum, and taking tea at Jaffray's, I called on Wordsworth at Moxon's. I found him in good spirits, and certainly in as good health as when he set out: I think even better. And so ends this interesting tour. It will probably be not altogether unproductive, though the poet has for the present composed only part of a poem on the Cuckoo at Laverna.*

[As the reader is aware, the tour was *not* unproductive, Mr. Wordsworth having published "Memorials of a Tour in Italy." These poems were dedicated to his fellow-traveller in these words: —]

> "Companion! by whose buoyant spirit cheered,
> In† whose experience trusting, day by day,
> Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
> The toils, nor felt the crosses of the way.
> These records take, and happy should I be
> Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
> For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
> And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
> Far more than any heart but mine can know."

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

[No date.]

Do you take any interest in the battle royal of Whigs and Tories? I wish it were a less metaphorical one, and would terminate like the soldiery of Cadmus. Peel, I think, is the only man on either side who can do business. The Stanleys, &c., &c., are jennets that have mane and tail enough, and only want bodies. Poor Parigi‡ looks old. He often snaps at his

* The foregoing account of this tour may have disappointed the reader. "Wordsworth repeatedly said of the journey, 'It is too late.' 'I have matter for volumes,' he said once, 'had I but youth to work it up.' It is remarkable how in that admirable poem, 'Musings near Acquapendente' (perhaps the most beautiful of the Memorials of the Italian Tour), meditation predominates over observation. It often happened, that objects of universal attraction served chiefly to bring back to his mind absent objects dear to him."— H. C. R.'s letter to Dr. Wordsworth. *Vide* "Memoir of Wordsworth," Vol. II. p. 329.

† Wordsworth originally wrote the second line of the dedication, "*To* whose experience trusting," &c. Mr. Robinson suggested the substitution of "In" for "To," on which Wordsworth wrote: "My dear Friend, — I trust *in* Providence, I trust in your or any man's *integrity*, but in matters of inferior importance, as companionship in a tour of pleasure must be reckoned, I prefer saying '*to*.' But, when the lines are reprinted, I shall be most happy to defer to your judgment and feeling. Let me say, however, that my ear is susceptible of the clashing of sounds almost to disease; and '*in*' and 'trusting,' unless the 'g' be well marked in pronunciation, which it often is not, make to me a disagreeable repetition."

‡ The dog who used to escort H. C. R. as a body-guard from his master's house to the gates of Florence.

two sons, as old people are apt to do. He and Powers are on the best of terms. Unhappily, they have both taken a fancy to cool their sides upon my white lilies, so that where I expected at least two hundred flowers I shall hardly have twenty. Take the whole plant together, leaves and all, the white lily is the most beautiful one upon earth ; and her odor gives a full feast, the rose's only a *déjeûner*. It goes to my heart to see the tricks Powers and Parigi have been playing. It is well I am not a florist ; but, on recollection, your florists do not trouble their heads about roses and lilies ; they like only those stiff old powdered beaux the ranunculuses, &c. I have bought a few pencillings by Vandyke, — a boy's head on an account-book, — and a very fine Allori, three Cupids. Allori is as fresh after three centuries as after the first hour. Adieu !

August 17th. — I breakfasted with Rogers this morning ; Empson went with me. Wordsworth there. A very interesting chat with him about his poetry. He repeated emphatically what he had said to me before, that he did not expect or desire from posterity any other fame than that which would be given him for the way in which his poems exhibit man in his essentially *human* character and relations,* — as child, parent, husband, — the qualities which are common to all men as opposed to those which distinguish one man from another. His Sonnets are not, therefore, the works that he esteems the most. Empson and I had spoken of the Sonnets as our favorites. He said, " You are both wrong." Rogers, however, attacked the form of the Sonnet with exaggeration, that he might be less offensive. I regret my inability to record more of Wordsworth's conversation. Empson related that Jeffrey had lately told him that so many people had thought highly of Wordsworth, that he was resolved to reperuse his poems, and see if he had anything to retract. Empson, I believe, did not end his anecdote ; he had before said to me that Jeffrey, having done so, found nothing to retract, except, perhaps, a contemptuous and flippant phrase or two. Empson says, he believed Jeffrey's distaste for Wordsworth to be honest, — mere uncongeniality of mind. Talfourd, who is now going to pay Jeffrey a visit, says the same. Jeffrey does acknowledge that he was wrong in his treatment of Lamb.

* Dr. Channing spoke of him as " the poet of humanity." *Vide* " The Present Age; an Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia, May 11, 1841."

August 21st. — I must mention that this morning an act of carelessness on my part put my chambers in great peril. I had sealed a letter in my bedroom, and used a lucifer to light the candle. Some time after, Tom Martin called. He smelt fire; and on my going into the bedroom, I found it full of smoke. My black coat and silk waistcoat were both on fire, though not in flames. The cane chair was burnt; had the chair been in flames, the bedclothes would have caught. And *then!* I rejoice and am grateful for the escape. I hope it will be a caution and a warning to me.

August 23d. — I went down to Edmonton, and found dear Mary Lamb in very good health. She has been now so long well, that one may hope for a continuance. I took a walk with her, and she led me to Charles Lamb's grave.

*Rem.** — Though my journey this year abroad was so considerable, yet it terminated much before the ordinary time for closing journeys of pleasure. I therefore gladly availed myself of a proposal made by my late companion, that I should join him in a short journey to the West. Wordsworth's daughter was our lively and most agreeable companion.

September 9th. — On our arrival at Hereford, young Mr. Hutchinson took his uncle and cousin to his father's house at Brinsop. And John Monkhouse, hearing of my arrival, came for me, and took me to his farm-house at Whitney, sixteen miles from Hereford. I spent three days with this excellent man, and had an opportunity of observing how native good, moral, and practical sense can enable a man to extract comfort, if not happiness, in a condition seemingly affording few sources of enjoyment. He was blind: he had no educated neighbors, and was forced to bear the reading aloud of uneducated persons. His sister, Mrs. Hutchinson, lived fourteen miles off. He found occupation in the management of his farm, and in books. He had the consolations of religion, and was interested in theological controversies. We had too much matter for talk to feel in the least tired of each other's society.

Of the scenery of the place Wordsworth remarked: "There is too much wood here for so thinly peopled a country." It was one of his striking observations: "Solitude in a waste is sublime, while it is purely disagreeable in a cultivated country." Here the wanderer sees neither houses nor people.

* Written in 1855.

November 9th. — This was a memorable day, being the solemn entry of the Queen into the City of London. Between ten and eleven o'clock, I walked down to the Athenæum. The streets were already full, the windows filled with company, and the fronts of houses adorned with preparations for the illumination. I took my station at the south corner of the balcony, from which, after an hour's waiting, I saw the train of carriages. It was long, and, with the numerous guards, — horse and foot, — formed a splendid sight, more especially as Waterloo Place was filled with decently dressed spectators; but I could not see a single person, not even in the Queen's state carriage. As soon as she had passed, I ran up to the roof of the house, and had thence a full view of the long train of carriages in Pall Mall.

The Bishop of London told Amyot, that when the Bishops were first presented to the Queen, she received them with all possible dignity, and then retired. She passed through a glass door, and, forgetting its transparency, was seen to run off like a girl, as she is. Mr. Quayle, in corroboration of this, told me that lately, asking a maid of honor how she liked her situation, and who of course expressed her delight, she said: "I do think myself it is good fun playing Queen." This is just as it should be. If she had not now the high spirits of a healthy girl of eighteen, we should have less reason to hope she would turn out a sound sensible woman at thirty.

November 17th. — While making a call on Mrs. Dan Lister, Frend came in. He related some interesting anecdotes of his famous trial at the Cambridge University, for his pamphlet entitled "Peace and Union." I had always understood that this academical persecution ended in his expulsion from the University and his fellowship. But it appears that he retained his Fellowship until his marriage. Six voted against its being taken from him, and only four on the other side. They feared a bad precedent. He would have been expelled the University, for it was thought there was an ancient law authorizing expulsion on conviction of a libel; but he demanded a sight of the University Roll, and on reference to the original documents, it was discovered that there was an informality about the law in question, which made it invalid. The sole effect of the judgment against Frend was that he was rusticated. He might have returned to his college.

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

Athenæum, 11th December, 1837.

My dear Friend, — Miss Martineau informs me that it being objected in America (when the proposal was made to give copyright to English writers) that no English writers had manifested any anxiety on the subject, a petition or memorial was prepared and signed by very many English authors, for presentation to Congress; that only three writers of note refused to subscribe, — Mrs. Shelley, because she had never asked a favor of any one, and never would; Lord Brougham, because, first, he was a member of another legislature (no reason at all), and, secondly, because he was so insignificant a writer, which many will believe to be more true than the speaker himself seriously thinks; and W. W., Esq., whose reason is not known, but who is thought to have been misinformed on the subject. Notwithstanding these three blanks in the roll of English literati, the petition produced an unparalleled impression on the House of Representatives. A bill was brought into the House, and passed by acclamation unanimously, just as the similar measure of Sergeant Talfourd was received here. The session was a very short one, and the measure must be brought forward again. But Miss Martineau is assured that no doubt is entertained of its passing both Houses without difficulty. She could not find the printed bill when I was with her, but she says the privilege extends a long time. The only obligation laid on English authors is, that their claim must be made within six months of the publication in England.

Wordsworth to H. C. R.

December 15, 1837.

We were glad to see your handwriting again, having often regretted your long silence. To take the points of your letter in order, Sergeant Talfourd *did* forward to me a petition, and I objected to sign it, not because I was misinformed, but because allegations were made in it, of the truth of which I knew nothing of my own knowledge, and because I thought it impolitic to speak in such harsh and injurious terms of the American publishers who had done what there was no law to prevent their doing. Soon after this I had the pleasure of seeing a very intelligent American gentleman at Rydal, whom you perhaps have seen, Mr. Duer, to whom I told my reasons

for not signing the petition; he approved of them, and said that the proper way of proceeding would have been to lay the case before our Foreign Secretary, whose duty it would be to open a communication with the American Foreign Secretary, and through that channel the correspondence would regularly proceed to Congress. I am, however, glad to hear that the petition was received as you report. When I was last in London I breakfasted at Miss Rogers's, with the American Minister, Mr. Stephenson, who reprobated, in the strongest terms of indignation, the injustice of the present system. Both these gentlemen spoke also of its impolicy in respect to America, as it prevented publishers, through fear of immediate underselling, from reprinting valuable English works. You may be sure that a reciprocity in this case is by me much desired, though far less on my own account (for I cannot encourage a hope that my family will be much benefited by it) than for a love of justice, and the pleasure it would give me to know that the families of successful men of letters might take that station as proprietors which they who are amused or benefited by their writings in both continents seem ready to allow them. I hope you will use your influence among your Parliamentary friends to procure support for the Sergeant's motion. I ought to have added, that Spring Rice was so obliging as to write to me upon the subject of the American copyright, which letter I answered at some length, and, if I am not mistaken, that correspondence was forwarded by me to Sergeant Talfourd. . . . .

1838.

January 28th. — At Mr. Peter Martineau's I had a very agreeable chat with Samuel Sharpe.* One must respect a banker who can devote himself, after banking hours, to the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, although he is capable of saying that "every one of Bacon's Essays shows him to be a knave." Had he said that those Essays show him to be merely a man of intellect, in which neither love, admiration, nor other passion is visible, I could not have disputed his assertion.

* Nephew and partner of Mr. Rogers, and author of "The History of Egypt," "Egyptian Hieroglyphics," &c.; "Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments," and other works in connection with the Scriptures. Mr. Sharpe has also translated the Old and New Testaments. A new work by him is just published, entitled "The History of the Hebrew Nation and its Literature."

*Rem.** — He is now one of the friends in whose company I have the greatest pleasure, though I still think him a man in whom the critical faculty prevails too much. I once expressed my opinion of him to himself in a way that I am pleased with. "Sharpe," I said, "if every one in the world were like you, nothing would be done; if no one were like you, nothing would be *well* done."

February 5th. — Read an article by Dr. Pye Smith, who has ventured to apply a little common sense to the Bible, by denying the spiritual character of the Epithalamium in the Old Testament, —"Solomon's Song." He quotes from Robert Boyle a shrewd saying: "We must carefully distinguish between what the Scripture says, and what is said *in* the Scriptures." Pye Smith also quotes one Stowe, an American, who said: "Inspiration is just that measure of divine influence afforded to the sacred speakers which was necessary to secure the purpose intended, and no more." This is good sense.

I will here add an anecdote, though I cannot precisely say when it occurred. Seeing Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's, at the Athenæum, I related to him how an orthodox minister had threatened Pye Smith with a resolution at a meeting of Congregationalist trustees, that he should have no share in distributing charity money, because he had assailed the entirety of the Holy Scriptures. And I asked the Dean whether the Doctor's interpretation was a novelty to him. His answer was worth putting down: "In the first place, I must caution you against putting such questions to us clergymen. It is generally thought we are pledged to maintain the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. It is not true, by the by. However, as you have put the question, I will say that I never knew a man with a grain of common sense who was of a different opinion." A few years have greatly changed men's feelings on this point.

February 6th. — To-day, at the Athenæum, Milman quoted Sydney Smith, in regard to "a capital hit" with the squires in his parish: when any one is charged with Unitarianism, they think it has something to do with *poaching*. "To be sure, and so it has," I answered, "in all true Churchmen's eyes; for what is poaching but unqualified sporting without a license on the Church's manor?"

February 17th. — I went early to the Athenæum to introduce Professor Ewald, as I have procured an invitation for him for three months. His person and manners please all. His

* Written in 1855.

politics make him acceptable to many. His fine thoughtful pale face interests me, who can know nothing of his Oriental learning.*

February 21st. — I was nearly all the forenoon reading Ewald at home and at the Athenæum, where I went for the day and dined. I spent a couple of hours with Mr. George Young. I took courage to relate to him an anecdote about himself. Nearly forty years ago, I happened to be in a Hackney stage-coach with Young. A stranger came in, — it was opposite Lackington's. On a sudden the stranger struck Young a violent blow on the face. Young coolly put his head out of the window and told the coachman to let him out. Not a word passed between the stranger and Young. But the latter having alighted, said in a calm voice, before he shut the door, "Ladies and gentlemen, that is my father." Young perfectly recollected the incident, but not that I was present. I at first scrupled about relating the anecdote, lest it should give him pain; but, on the contrary, he thanked me for telling it him. He confessed that no one could have acted better. He said his father, who, like himself, was a surgeon, was a man of ability, and, had he been industrious, would have been a very distinguished person.

March 13th. — Read at the Athenæum a remarkable pamphlet by a remarkable man, — Frederick Maurice's "Subscription no Bondage." Admirable thoughts with outrageous paradoxes. Fine reflections on the disposition which takes in all things on the positive side, and disregards the negative and polemical. Those who take this view are the truly religious. The opposite class are the fanatical partisans of doctrine. He insinuates that all parties may be content to unite, each firmly adhering to his own positive doctrine, and overlooking the opposite doctrine. Some one affirming that the title of this pamphlet had no sense, I said: "O yes, it certainly has a sense, intelligible enough too." — "What do you mean?" — "Why, it *may* mean, *Subscribe! you are not bound by it.*"

April 29th. — I went with Mr. B. Austen† to call on Mr. Broderip, a wealthy solicitor and man of taste. He has some curiosities which are worth a journey to see, — among other works of art a marble bust of Voltaire. Imagine the old Frenchman in a full-bottomed wig, as natural as wax-work. Such an eye, such wrinkles, such curls! When the influence

* Professor of Hebrew at the University of Göttingen.
† A solicitor, uncle of the Right Honorable Austen H. Layard.

of his name was added to that of the work, it was impossible not to be filled with strong emotions of wonder, though not of admiration, — of fear, but not awe. It is one of the most remarkable objects — not of fine art, but of consummate skill — on a subject, like the work, not of delight, but of intense curiosity.

May 20th. — My breakfast-party went off very well indeed, as far as talk was concerned. I had with me Landor, Milnes, and Sergeant Talfourd. A great deal of rattling on the part of Landor. He maintained Blake to be the greatest of poets; that Milnes is the greatest poet now living in England; and that Scott's "Marmion" is superior to all that Byron and Wordsworth have written, and the description of the battle better than anything in Homer!!! But Blake furnished chief matter for talk.

May 22d. — A delightful breakfast with Milnes, — a party of eight, among whom were Rogers, Carlyle, — who made himself very pleasant indeed, — Moore, and Landor. The talk very good, equally divided. Talleyrand's recent death and the poet Blake were the subjects. Tom Moore had never heard of Blake, at least not of his poems. Even he acknowledged the beauty of such as were quoted.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

May, 1838.

I should have written to you some time since, but I expected a few words from you upon the prospects of the Copyright Bill, about which I have taken much pains, having written (which perhaps I told you before) scarcely less than fifty letters and notes in aid of it. It gives me pleasure that you approve of my letter to Sergeant Talfourd; from modesty, I sent it to him with little hope that he would think it worth while to publish it, which I gave him leave to do. He tells me as you do, that it was of great service. If I had been assured that he would have given it to the world, that letter would have been written with more care, and with the addition of a very few words upon the *policy* of the bill as a measure for raising the character of our literature, — a benefit which, Heaven knows, it stands much in need of. I should also have declared my firm belief that the apprehensions of its injurious effect in checking the circulation of books have been entertained without due knowledge of the subject. The gentlemen of

your quondam profession, with their fictitious rights, their public rights, their sneers at sentiment, and so forth, and the Sugdenian allowance of seven years after the death of the authors, have indelibly disgraced themselves, and confirmed the belief that, in many matters of prime interest, whether with reference to justice or expediency, laws would be better made by any bodies of men than by lawyers. But enough of this. My mind is full of the subject in all its bearings, and if I had had any practice in public speaking, I would have grasped at the first good opportunity that offered to put down one and all its opponents. Not that I think anything can come up to the judgment and the eloquence with which the Sergeant has treated it.

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

August 10, 1838.

. . . . I am beginning to breathe in comfort, after being for some weeks employed in getting up a writing in defence of our friend Clarkson against the Wilberforces. It will be out in a few days. Clarkson has ordered a copy to be sent to you; otherwise I know not that you would have had one.

I have heard of a lady by birth being reduced to cry "muffins to sell" for a subsistence. She used to go out a-nights with her face hid up in her cloak, and then she would in the faintest voice utter her cry. Somebody passing by heard her cry, — "Muffins to sell, muffins to sell! O, I hope nobody hears me." This is just my feeling whenever I write anything. I think it a piece of capital luck when those whose opinion I most value never chance to hear of my writing. On this occasion I must put my name; but I have refused everybody the putting it in the *title-page*. And I feel quite delighted that I shall be out of the way when the book comes out. It is remarkable how very differently I feel as to talk and writing. No one talks with more ease and confidence than I do; no one writes with more difficulty and distrust. I am aware, that, whatever nonsense is *spoken*, it never can be brought against me; but *writing*, however concealed, like other sins, may any day rise up against one. . . . .

August 16th. — The book came out to-day. And now I have the mortification before me, probably, of abuse, or more annoying indifference. Hitherto I have not had much of either to complain of.

August 21st. — Received a letter from Mrs. Clarkson, written in a satisfied and grateful spirit. No praise for fine writing or ability, but apparently perfect satisfaction, — Clarkson, after a second perusal, returning his very best thanks, and saying he considered me to have redeemed his character. This is indeed the best praise ; and Mrs. Clarkson concluded by saying that she felt it almost worth while to have undergone the martyrdom for the sake of the representation I have given of what Thomas Clarkson's services really were. This is all I wanted.*

Rem.† — The publication of Clarkson's "Strictures" relieved my mind from a burden. It was to a great degree my own work, and I was glad to have my attention drawn to other subjects. And at this time the state of Southey's health afforded an excellent occasion. It was thought by his physicians that he might be benefited by an excursion to Paris, and I, with others, was glad to accompany him. Our party consisted of my friend John Kenyon ;‡ his friend Captain Jones, R. N., an active, intelligent man, by birth a Welshman, who kept us in good-humor by his half-serious, half-jocular zeal for the honor of his countrymen the Welsh, and their poor relations the *bas* Bretons ; Robert Southey, Poet Laureate, *dignitatis causa;* his friend Mr. Sennhouse, *senectutis causa*, a very gentlemanly man, of great good-humor and good taste ; Cuthbert Southey, Jun., *juventutis causa* (being a sort of hobbledehoy, and Oxford undergraduate). It would be invidious to call these last the drones of the party, yet certainly we, the other three, were the laborers.

From the first we resolved that Southey should be our single object of attention ; we would comply with his wishes on all occasions, and we never departed from this ; but none of us, on setting out, were aware to how great a degree the mind of the Laureate was departed.

In jest, we affected to consider the three north-country gentlemen as a princely family, while we, the others, distributed among us the Court offices. Kenyon hired the carriages, ordered the horses, and did all that belonged to the *Master of the Horse.* Jones was *Chamberlain*, and, having examined the apartments, assigned to each of us his own, — consequently he managed always to take the worst himself. I was *Intendant*, and paid the bills.

On our journey from Boulogne to Paris, we went slightly out

* *Vide* NOTE at the end of the chapter.
† Written in 1855. ‡ See *post.*

of our way, in order to gratify the curiosity of the author of "Joan of Arc," who wished to see Chinon, where are the ruins of a castle in which, according to the legend, Joan recognized the King.

During our stay in Paris, I believe Southey did not once go to the Louvre; he cared for nothing but the old book-shops. This is a singular feature in his character. But with this indifference to the living things around him is closely connected his poetic faculty of beholding the absent as if present, and creating a world for himself. . . . . Southey read to me part of a pleasant letter to his daughter, in which he said: "I would rather live in Paris than be hanged, and could find rural spots to reside in in the neighboring country. The people look comfortable, and might be clean if they would; but they have a hydrophobia in all things but one. They use water for no other purpose than to mix with their wine; for which God forgive them." In this letter he said that the tour had been made without a single unpleasant occurrence; and that six men could not be found who agreed better.

One day, whilst we were in Paris, I dined with Courtenay. He is undoubtedly a man of strong natural sense, but applied in a manner quite new to me. There are many epicures in the world, — many rich men who spend a fortune in their kitchens; but Courtenay is the only man I ever met with who prides himself on his knowledge of good eating and drinking, and who makes a boast of his attainments in this science. . . . . "It is wonderful," said Courtenay, "how slowly science makes its way in the world. I was thirty-nine years old before I knew how to boil a fowl, and forty-five before I could . . . . " Shame on me, I have forgotten what this was in which he became late wise. "Among my earliest friends," said Courtenay, "was Major Cartwright, — a fine old aristocrat! When he was dying, I went to take leave of him. 'My boy,' said he, 'I have a great affection for you, but I have no money to leave you. I will give you two recipes.' One of these I have forgotten. The other was, 'Always roast a hare with its skin on: it is an invaluable piece of knowledge.'"

*Rem.** — During this year I was elected a member of the Committee of Management of the Council of University College. My colleagues were Romilly (now Sir John and Master of the Rolls); William Tooke; Goldsmid (afterwards Sir Lyon, and a Portuguese Baron); and Dr. Boott, M. D.

* Written in 1855.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

December, 1838.

. . . . As to my employments, I have, from my unfortunate attacks in succession, been wholly without anything of the kind, — till within the last fortnight, when my eye, though still, alas! weak, was so far improved as to authorize my putting my brain to some little work. Accordingly, timid as I was, I undertook to write a few sonnets upon taking leave of Italy. These gave rise to some more, and the whole amount to nine, which I shall read to you when you come, as you kindly promised before you went away that you would do, soon after your return. If, however, you prefer it, the four upon Italy shall be sent you, upon the one condition, that you do not read them to *verse writers*. We are all, in spite of ourselves, a parcel of thieves. I had a droll instance of it this morning, for while Mary was writing down for me one of these sonnets, on coming to a certain line, she cried out, somewhat uncourteously, "That 's a plagiarism." — "From whom?" — "From yourself," was the answer. I believe she is right, though she could not point out the passage; neither can I. . . . . Have you heard that a proposal was made to me from a committee in the University of Glasgow, to consent to become a candidate for the Lord Rectorship on a late occasion, which I declined? I think you must be aware that the University of Durham conferred upon me the degree of D. C. L.* last summer; it was the first time that the honor had been received there by any one in person. (You will not scruple, therefore, when a difficult point of law occurs, to consult me.) These things are not worth adverting to, but as signs that imaginative literature, notwithstanding the homage now paid to science, is not wholly without esteem. But it is time to release my wife, this being the second long letter she has written for me this morning.

NOTE.†

THE sensibilities of Clarkson were painfully excited, and many friends were made indignant, by references to him in the "Life of Wilberforce," which appeared during the present year; and he was still more hurt by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which it was expressly stated that he was remunerated for his services in behalf of the slaves, — the fact being that a sum of money was given to him by way of reimbursement. This article was soon known to

* In another letter by Wordsworth, the degree is spoken of as LL. D.

† See *ante*.

have been written by Sir James Stephen.* Clarkson immediately set about to prepare a full statement of facts, though he was in his seventy-ninth year, and in very infirm health. H. C. R. visited Playford while this answer was being prepared, and rendered all the assistance he could, and proposed himself to write an Appendix. Lord Brougham suggested that H. C. R. should also relieve Mr. Clarkson of the trouble of bringing out the work. This Clarkson at once assented to, and the work was published under the title: "Strictures on a Life of William Wilberforce, by the Rev. W. Wilberforce and the Rev. S. Wilberforce. By Thomas Clarkson, M. A. With a Correspondence between Lord Brougham and Mr. Clarkson: also a Supplement, containing Remarks on the *Edinburgh Review* of Mr. Wilberforce's Life, &c. London, Longman & Co. 1838.

In the following year, two volumes of "Wilberforce's Correspondence" were published, and in this work there was a note so disrespectful to Mr. Robinson, that he could do no otherwise than reply to it. This he did in a work entitled: "Exposure of Misrepresentations contained in the Preface to the Correspondence of William Wilberforce. By H. C. Robinson, Barrister at Law, and Editor of Mr. Clarkson's 'Strictures.' London, Moxon, 1840."

Both the "Strictures" and the "Exposure" called forth warm expressions of sympathy and approval from many of the most prominent men in literature and in politics; among others, Lord Denman, Wordsworth, and Talfourd. Macaulay, meeting H. C. R., requested him to tell Mr. Clarkson that he disavowed all participation in what had been said of him in the "Life." Lord Brougham said in his letter to Mr. Clarkson (*vide* page 13 of the "Strictures"): "Any attempt to represent you as a person at all mindful of his own interest would be much too ridiculous to give anybody but yourself a moment's uneasiness."

But the sequel renders it unnecessary to enter into the merits of this controversy, for the wrong done to one of the best of men was undone by those who alone could undo it. The *Edinburgh Review*† contained an article highly appreciative of Clarkson from the pen of Lord Brougham. And in Sir James Stephen's collected articles,‡ the one on Wilberforce's Life was much altered, and everything was left out of which Mr. Clarkson's friends could reasonably complain. So completely satisfied was H. C. R. with this *amende honorable*, that he invited himself to Sir James's house, and was received with a cordiality which put an end to all estrangement between them.

The Editors of the "Life," the Rev. W. Wilberforce, and the present Bishop of Oxford, wrote the following letter to Mr. Clarkson: —

THE EDITORS OF THE "LIFE OF WILBERFORCE" TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

November 15, 1844.

DEAR SIR, — As it is now several years since the conclusion of all differences between us, and we can take a more dispassionate view than formerly of the circumstances of the case, we think ourselves bound to acknowledge that we were in the wrong in the manner in which we treated you in the Memoir of our father.

We desired, certainly, to speak the strict truth in any mention of you (nor indeed, are we now aware of having anywhere transgressed it), but we are conscious that too jealous a regard for what we thought our father's fame led us to entertain an ungrounded prejudice against you, and this led us into a tone of writing which we now acknowledge was practically unjust.

It has pleased God to spare your life to a period far exceeding the ordinary lot of men; and amidst many other grounds for rejoicing in it, we trust that

* Son of James Stephen, Esq., Master of Chancery, and the earnest and efficient abolitionist. Mr. Stephen married a sister of Mr. Wilberforce.

† *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1838, p. 142.

‡ "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography."

you will allow us to add the satisfaction which it is to our own minds to have made compensation for the fault with which we may be charged, so far as it can be done by its free acknowledgment to the injured party.

We remain, dear sir,

With much respect,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Robert J. Wilberforce.

Thomas Clarkson, Esq. S. Wilberforce.

And in a letter dated 17th of November, in the same year, the present Bishop wrote to Mrs. Clarkson: "The object of that" (the former letter) "was the satisfaction of our consciences by the simple acknowledgment to the party injured of what (on full consideration of all which had been urged) appeared to us to have been the public expression on our part of an unfair judgment. . . . . We have no wish that our letter to Mr. Clarkson should be secret; rather it would be a satisfaction to us that it should be included in any Memoir of Mr. Clarkson."

H. C. R., in his zeal for his friend, criticised some expressions in the letter; but in Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson it produced warm feelings of satisfaction. That the sons of such a man as Mr. Wilberforce should, out of their very love and reverence for their father, have been led to see his labors in a light which threw the labors of others too much into the shade. can be easily understood; and, on the other hand, were it not for the known singleness of heart and genuine philanthropy of Clarkson, exception might have been taken to his "History of the Abolition," on the ground that honored names were left somewhat in the background, through the prominence given to those things on which he could speak from personal knowledge. Indeed, Southey said: "I wish that instead of writing the 'History of the Abolition,' he had written that part of his own biography which relates to it."

As to the public, they steadily refused to separate the names of the two men who stood foremost in the cause of the slave. Southey's lines expressed the general sentiment of this country: —

> "Knowest thou who best such gratitute may claim?
> Clarkson, I answered, first: whom to have seen
> And known in social hours may be my pride,
> Such friendship being praise; and one, I ween,
> Is Wilberforce, placed rightly at his side."

And let it not be forgotten in what high estimation these two great and good men held each other. Incidental expressions of Mrs. Clarkson's, which have already appeared in this work, may be regarded as conveying her husband's sentiment as well as her own. "One man deserves all the incense which his memory has received, — good Mr. Wilberforce." — "I remember a beautiful saying of Patty Smith's, after describing a visit at Mr. Wilberforce's: 'To know him all he is, and to see him with such lively childish spirits, one need not say, "God bless him!" — he seems already in the fulness of every earthly gift.'" Southey said: "It is not possible for any man to regard another with greater affection and reverence than Clarkson regarded Wilberforce." And Wilberforce wrote to Clarkson: "I congratulate you on the success of your endeavors to call the public voice into action. It is that which has so greatly improved our general credit in the House of Commons, for it is your doing, under Providence." And again: "I shall assign it" (a copy of the "History of Abolition," presented by Clarkson) "a distinguished place in my library, as a memorial of the obligations under which all who took part in the abolition must ever be to you, for the persevering exertions by which you so greatly contributed to the final victory. That the Almighty may bless all your other labors of love, and inspire you with a heart to desire, and a head to devise, and health and spirits to execute them and carry them through, is the cordial wish and prayer of your faithful friend, W. Wilberforce."

CHAPTER XIV.

1839.

*REM.** — My winter visit to the Wordsworths commenced on the 28th of December. One agreeable circumstance which marked it was my becoming acquainted with Miss Fenwick, an excellent lady. She is of a good family in Cumberland, and devotes her affluence to acts of charity and beneficence. She is warmly attached to the Wordsworths, and esteemed by them as their very dearest friend. She occupied a house at Ambleside, and Wordsworth, Dr. Arnold, and many others, made this house a frequent end of a walk. I found her enjoying good books and clever people of various kinds. Her catholic taste enabled her to admire the writings of Carlyle, whose "French Revolution" she lent me. She dined at Rydal Mount on New Year's Day. I lost way with her by stating that I occasionally visited Lady Blessington, but none by declaring Kehama to be John Calvin's God. We had all sorts of literary gossip. Wordsworth talks well with her, and she understands him. Harriet Martineau says: "Wordsworth goes every day to Miss Fenwick, gives her a smacking kiss, and sits down before her fire to open his mind. Think what she could tell if she survives him! His conversation can never be anticipated. Sometimes he is annoying, from the pertinacity with which he dwells on trifles; at other times, he flows on in the utmost grandeur, leaving a strong impression of inspiration!"

Another significant circumstance of this visit was my improved acquaintance and more frequent intercourse with Dr. Arnold, though he had since my last visit done an act which had brought more reproach on him than any other, — his resigning his place in the senate of the London University, because Jews might be members of the University.

January 2d. — Dined with Dr. Arnold. Wordsworth, being afraid of the cold, did not accompany me. Sir Thomas Pasley there. The Doctor was very friendly, though he is aware that I wrote against him in regard to the London University. He said: "I am no longer a member of the University; so we are no longer enemies. He talked freely about the religious con-

* Written in 1855.

troversies of the times; does not like the Oxford Tract men. Wordsworth rather friendly to them.

*Rem.** — During one of my visits Mrs. Arnold gave me some account of the family habits. On the first day of the year, the father and mother dined with the children in the school-room, as their guests, the children sitting at the head of the table. On that day also appeared the *Fox How Miscellany*, each member of the family contributing something to it.

January 3d. — Remained in my lodgings till Wordsworth called. We then went to Miss Fenwick's. He spoke of poetry. At the head of the natural and sensual school is Chaucer, the greatest poet of his class. Next comes Burns; Crabbe, too, has great truth, but he is too far removed from beauty and refinement. This, however, is better than the opposite extreme. I told Wordsworth that in this he unconsciously sympathized with Goethe.

January 4th. — Reading before six in bed, having a great deal of reading on my hands,† several volumes of "The Doctor," among other things. Wordsworth acknowledges this work to be by Southey. The fourth volume is better than the third. It contains at least a beautiful account of the pious Duchess of Somerset, and an interesting character of Mason the poet. I was engaged in reading this volume on my way to Harden's, — a snowy walk. I gave sweet Jessie a lesson in German. I had pleasure, too, in hearing good old Mr. Harden utter liberal opinions, political and religious.

January 6th. — Dr. Arnold preached a very sensible sermon. All the Wordsworths are suffering from cold. In the evening I read part of Gladstone's new book on the connection between Church and State. He assumes a moral duty on the part of the government to support what it deems the truth; but here a great difficulty is involved. What right has the government to compel a minority either to concur in or support a Church in which it does not believe? The State, as such, has no organ by which to distinguish between spiritual truth and falsehood. An assertion of infallibility leads to civil war.

January 7th. — Wordsworth sent for me at about two, and I

* Written in 1855.

† During this Rydal visit H. C. R. read, by no means in a skimming manner, Carlyle's "French Revolution," Arnold's "Rome," Isaac Taylor's "Physical Theory of Another Life," "Spiritual Despotism," and "Natural History of Enthusiasm," Gladstone's "Church and State," some part of Cicero's "Letters to Atticus," several things from "Ben Jonson," besides German with Miss Harden and some of the Arnolds.

remained at Rydal Mount all day. Dr. Arnold called. A very short walk with him, to see the ravages of last night's high wind. We had an agreeable evening, divided between whist, Carlyle, and Gladstone. There are an infinity of relations as well as of modes of viewing things, and all in their place and way may be true. It is a great defect when the mind begins to *ossify*, and to be so confined to certain fixed ideas as not to be able to shift its position, and see things from all sides.

January 8th. — Finished Isaac Taylor's "Physical Theory of Another Life." It strengthens belief in a future life by helping the imagination to realize it. It does not leave heaven to be thought of as a spot for ecstatic enjoyment in the love and worship of God, which to cold natures like mine gives no warmth; but a field is open on which the mind can rest with hope. O, how earnestly do I hope that I may one day be able to believe! But I feel the faith must be *given* me; I cannot gain it for myself. I will try, but I doubt my power energetically to will anything so pure and elevated. I went to Wordsworth this forenoon. He was ill in bed. I read Gladstone's book to him. A heavy snow still falling. Dined with the Harrisons. The Arnolds there. An agreeable afternoon. The conversation light and easy. The storm of last Sunday (the 6th) appears to have been very severe, and calamitous in many places. Within a circuit of a mile round Ambleside two thousand trees were blown down.

January 14th. — Walked to Ambleside in search of the *Edinburgh Review*, and on my return found at the Mount Miss Fenwick and Dr. Arnold. He challenged me to a walk up the mountain, behind the grounds of Lady Fleming. Held a serious talk with him on the subject of grace and prayer, and the dilemma in which we are placed. To him I put the difficulty raised so powerfully by Pascal's "Letters." Grace is given if prayed for, but without grace there can be no prayer. Therefore they only can ask for it who have it already. The Doctor denied the difficulty.* I was pleased both with his spirit and his liberal sentiments. He asserted the doctrine that the history of the Fall is to be interpreted mythically. He spoke also of the worth and importance of the prophetical writings of the Old Testament. The hortatory parts are valuable, even independently of the prophetical. The afternoon and

* Surely grace enough for us to pray may be given, without our supposing that we have no need to seek more; just as strength of body enough for activity is given us, though by exercise we may increase it. — Ed.

evening spent as usual, — whist and Gladstone. Wordsworth still laid up by a very bad cold.

January 15th. — To-day the Wordsworths all went to Miss Fenwick's for a few days' visit. I have accepted her invitation to dine with her as long as the Wordsworths are at her house. Southey, who was also to be her guest, came in the afternoon. We had but a dull dinner, partly owing to Southey's silence. He seeemed to be in low spirits, occasioned perhaps by his daughter's state of health.

January 16th. — Having a morning to myself, I called early on Dr. Arnold on my way to Ambleside. A short chat only. Mrs. Arnold lent me a letter in a provincial paper (*The Reformer*), signed F. H. (Fox How), on Church Government, in which the Doctor maintains that all who profess any form of Christianity should be allowed to be of the Church, quoting as an authority the contemporaneous baptism of many converts, on the ground that the admitted Christians might make advances when in the Church. Not satisfied with this by any means, but better pleased with his doctrine that he who wishes to believe is rather to be considered weak in faith, than an unbeliever.* The Arnolds dined at Miss Fenwick's. The Laureate in better spirits. Altogether the dinner passed off pleasantly.

January 18th. — On going early to Rydal Mount, I found the family returned. Miss Fenwick had taken Southey back to Keswick. My usual reading was interrupted by the newspapers. The argument in the Queen's Bench on the Canada prisoners of rare interest, but yet unfinished. I walked out with Wordsworth. We met with Dr. Arnold. We talked of Southey. Wordsworth spoke of him with great feeling and affection. He said : "It is painful to see how completely dead Southey is become to all but books. He is amiable and obliging, but when he gets away from his books he seems restless, and as if out of his element. I therefore hardly see him for years together." Now all this I had myself observed. Rogers also had noticed it. With Wordsworth it was a subject of sorrow, not of reproach. Dr. Arnold said afterwards : "What was said of Mr. Southey alarmed me. I could not help saying to myself, 'Am I in danger of becoming like him? Shall I

* "Mourning after an absent God is an evidence of love as strong as rejoicing in a present one." — ROBERTSON'S *Sermons*, Vol. II. p. 161. "Since I cannot see Thee present, I will mourn Thy absence; because this also is a proof of love." — *The Soliloquy of the Soul*, by THOMAS À KEMPIS, Chapter XX. — ED.

ever lose my interest in things, and retain an interest in books only?' " — "If," said Wordsworth, "I must lose my interest in one of them, I would rather give up books than men. Indeed I am by my eyes compelled, in a great measure, to give up reading." Yet, with all this, Southey was an affectionate husband, and is a fond father. I find that his distaste for London is as strong nearly as his dislike to Paris. He says he does not wish to see it again.

January 20th. — I read at night, in my room, the "Masque of the Gypsies metamorphosed," and several other things, by "rare Ben Jonson." He is a delightful lyric poet. Great richness mixed up with grossness in his masques, makes even these obsolete compositions piquant. But poetry produces a slight effect on me now. Wordsworth says Ben Jonson was a great plagiarist from the ancients. Indeed I remarked in one masque, "Hue and Cry after Cupid," the charming Greek idyl wholly translated and put into a dialogue without any acknowledgment.

January 22d. — I spent the whole forenoon reading, and went at four to Dr. Arnold's, to read German with his daughter, before dining there. She fully enjoys Goethe's odes and epigrams, and it is pleasant to explain the few things she does not understand. A party at dinner, — the Pasleys and Hardens. The afternoon went off very agreeably. I amused myself with Miss Arnold, while Wordsworth declaimed with Dr. Arnold and Sir Thomas Pasley. Wordsworth seems to have adopted something of Coleridge's tone, but is more concentrated in the objects of his interest. I am glad to find that neither he nor Dr. Arnold can accompany Gladstone in his Anglo-papistical pretensions. Indeed, of the two, the Doctor is the less of a Churchman. I find that he considers the whole claim of apostolical succession as idle.

January 24th. — A violent storm of wind last night, more disastrous in its effects than any that has occurred in this country for generations. Twenty thousand trees blown down in Lord Lonsdale's estate. Dr. Arnold, Wordsworth, and I walked to Brathay Wood to witness the ravages there. In the blind force of the elements there is a sort of sublimity, when it overpowers the might of man. Kant accounts for the pleasure which such a spectacle affords by the unconscious feeling, — "If this be great, the mind that recognizes it must be greater still."

January 25th. — I had an agreeable walk to Field Hall, to

Mr. Harden's, "that good old man with the *sunny* face," as Wordsworth happily characterized him. He had lately lost his wife. His beautiful daughter, Jessie, is a charming creature. Miss Arnold was there. I read Schiller to the young ladies, and Carlyle aloud to the whole family. Mr. Harden enjoyed Carlyle, as did the young ladies. I slept at Field Hall.

January 26th. — A day of very varied enjoyment. After prayers (read by Jessie) and breakfast, I stole out alone, and had a delightful walk to Coniston Lake, i. e. to the mountain that overlooks it. The day was fine, and I very much enjoyed the walk. The wild scenery of the bare mountains was improved, not injured, by the clear wintry atmosphere.

February 1st. — Read pamphlets written by Wordsworth against Brougham in 1818. They were on the general election, and are a very spirited and able vindication of voting for the two Lowthers, rather than for their radical opponent. They show Wordsworth in a new point of view. He would have been a masterly political pamphleteer. There is nothing cloudy about his style. It is full of phrases such as these, — "Whether designedly, for the attainment of popularity, or in the self-applauding sincerity of a heated mind." — "Independence is the explosive energy of conceit making blind havoc with expediency."

February 2d. — Left my excellent friends, after a visit of pleasure more abundant than any I recollect, though I have been able to preserve only these few memorials.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

RYDAL MOUNT, 19th January, 1839.

I meant to stay here only a month, but the Wordsworths seem so unwilling to let me go, that I foresee I shall not get away till the end of five weeks. In addition to Wordsworth and the ladies, from all of whom I receive almost overwhelming expressions of kindness, I have had the great additional pleasure afforded by Dr. Arnold's family. The Doctor, though he knows I wrote against his scheme of forcing scriptural examinations on the London University, is more attentive to me in every way than three years ago. I dine with him now and then alone; when we can riot unrestrained in Whig politics, and he talk freely on Church Reform. Besides, I have a plenty of new and very interesting books. There was a time when I used

to fill letters (and you too) with an account of one's reading. We have both left off the idle practice. I feel disposed to resume it on this occasion, as I really have some information to give you which you may probably be interested in. I have read to the family Gladstone "On the Relation of the Church to the State." It will delight the High-flying Anglo-papistic Oxford party, but only alienate still further the conscientious Dissenters and displease the liberal Churchmen. Even Wordsworth says, he cannot distinguish its principles from Romanism. Whilst G. expatiates with unction on the mystic character of *the Church*, he makes no attempt to explain *what is the Church of England;* though, to be candid, even Dr. Arnold is not able to make that clear to me.

I have read the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of Southey's "Doctor." A very pleasant, but a very unsubstantial book. There is a graceful loquacity in it, resembling the prose of Wieland, and, bating occasional bursts of Tory and High-Church spleen, very pretty literary small talk, with most amusing and curious quotations, — the sweepings of his rich library.

Then I am slowly reading Carlyle's "French Revolution," which should be called rhapsodies, — not a history. Some one said, a history in flashes of lightning. And provided I take only small doses, and not too frequently, it is not merely agreeable, but fascinating. It is just the book one should buy, to muse over and spell, rather than read through. For it is not English, but a sort of original compound from that Indo-Teutonic primitive tongue which philologists now speculate about, mixed up by Carlyle *more suo*. Now he who will give himself the trouble to learn this language will be rewarded by admirable matter. Wordsworth is intolerant of innovations. Southey both reads Carlyle and extols him; and this, though Carlyle characterizes the French noblesse, at the Etats Généraux, as "changed from their old position, drifted far down from their native latitude, like Arctic icebergs got into the equatorial sea, and fast thawing there"; and the French clergy as an anomalous class of men, of whom the whole world has a dim understanding, that it can understand nothing. . . . . I should have mentioned, before this book, Dr. Arnold's "History of Rome." A popular history, combining an interesting narrative taken from the *legends;* and from Niebuhr an exposition of the fabulous character of the History of Livy and other romance writers. I long for the continuation.

But the works which have most interested me are the writings of a man whose name you have, perhaps, not yet heard of, — indeed the books are all anonymous, — Isaac Taylor, of Ongar. Yet they are precisely of the kind that most interest you; and unless years have too hardly *ossified* your mind (to use a favorite image of Goethe), will renew the pleasure which Priestley's metaphysics afforded you forty years ago. At least, as for myself, I can say that they have delighted me as much as Godwin and Hume delighted me forty years ago, notwithstanding their highly religious and even orthodox character. His first work was entitled "The Natural History of Enthusiasm." I am reading the seventh edition of it, 1834. All his other writings are more or less popular; and yet he has been very little reviewed or talked about by other than his admirers. I think I can account for it. His great scheme was successively to develop the aberrations of the religious sentiment or character. And he has published volumes on "Fanaticism," "Spiritual Despotism," "Superstition," and means to write on the "Corruption of Morals," and on "Scepticism," as the aberration of the intellectual faculty. Now, in the course of this cycle, he avows himself dissatisfied with all parties. A Dissenter by education, he declares himself convinced of the Scriptural truth of Episcopacy, and utters a prayer for the perpetuity of the English Episcopal Church; but then he asserts his conviction that in that Church a second reformation is as necessary as the first was in the sixteenth century. In his book on "Superstition," he professes to show which of the superstitions of the Roman Church still survive in the *Anglican*. And in his "Spiritual Despotism," he says that while the Anglican Ritual retains before its Articles the declaration of the King, the Episcopalians have no right to reproach the Romanists with despotism. Of this series, I have read with great pleasure the "Spiritual Despotism." It involves most of the questions discussed by Gladstone and Warburton; and without saying that I concur with him in any of his great conclusions, I can say that I have read the whole with great pleasure. I am now reading, with more mixed feelings, his first work on "Enthusiasm," which shows, I think, an intellect less uniformly sharpened by exercise. But the book which has most pleased me, and which I particularly recommend to you, is a recent work, — "Physical Theory of another Life." It is a work of *pure speculation*, but rich in thoughts and in imaginations, which are not given presumptuously as truths; he does not reason *from* Revelation,

but *to* it; that is, shows that all he imagines as possible is compatible with it. He says it will not please those who think of heaven as a place where angels are engaged in ecstatic contemplations of God, for he supposes, in the other life, analogous occupations, and a scheme of duties arising out of an expansion of our powers. The leading thought of the whole book is contained in St. Paul's expression, there is *a spiritual body and a natural body*. He declares the whole controversy concerning matter and spirit to be idle and worthless, which men will soon cease to discuss. In the other world, we shall have still a body, but a spiritual body; and the whole speculation is a development of the distinction. You, who love metaphysics as I do, will enjoy this. Others, who think the present life affords sufficient matter for our investigation, may be better pleased with his "Spiritual Despotism," &c., &c. He has also written on "Home Education," and a work of a more devotional kind, called "Saturday Evening." Whenever you answer this letter, I wish you would tell me what Priestley says of that famous passage in the Corinthians about the *spiritual body*.

I wish you would write to me, but do not delay above three or four days, lest I should have left my present quarters. Can you tell me anything about the Clarksons? I am glad to have found Wordsworth quite pleased with the "Strictures."

February 8th. — An interesting rencontre in the studio of Phillips, R. A., where Dr. Arnold was sitting for his portrait. Bunsen was reading Niebuhr to him. Mrs. Arnold, Prof. Lepsius,* and Mrs. Stanley, wife of the Bishop of Norwich, came afterwards.

March 2d. — Called at Francis Hare's. Only Mrs. Hare's sister at home. Mrs. Shelley came in with her son. If talent descended, what might he not be? — he, who is of the blood of Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley! What a romance is the history of his birth!

April 15th. — A busy day. At two o'clock I accompanied the Clarksons to the Mansion House, where he received the freedom of the City. It was a delightful scene, and even pathetic. The mover and seconder of the resolution, Wood and Laurie, Richard Taylor, Sydney Taylor, Dr. Barry, Sheppard and his father, Haldane, and J. Hardcastle, and several ladies, with Mrs. Clarkson, were of the party. Short and neat

* The distinguished Egyptologist.

speeches were made by the Lord Mayor and Chamberlain (Sir John Shaw). Clarkson's reply was admirably delivered. A tone of voice so sweet as to be quite pathetic. There was a graceful timidity mingled with earnestness. An evident satisfaction, very distinguishable from gratified vanity. Everybody was pleased. We adjourned to the Venetian room and took luncheon.

April 26th. — This morning Aders's pictures were sold. Among my purchases were a Holy Family by Perugino, — so said, at least. W. S. Landor says it is by Credi, but Raphael did not paint better. I like it much. A St. Catherine by Francia, which I like next. Landor praises it. A copy of the Annunciation at Florence, a miracle picture. A Descent from the Cross, by Hemling, genuine German. A Ruysdael, and a Virgin and Child, on gold, by Van der Weyde. The last two were liked by Wordsworth, and I gave them to him.

May 1st. — I heard Carlyle's first lecture on "Revolutions." It was very interesting, though the ideas were familiar to me. A great number of interesting persons present, — Bunsen, Mrs. Austin, Lord Jeffrey, Fox, &c., &c.* Called at John Taylor's, where I found his aunt, Mrs. Meadows Taylor, who was Miss Dyson fifty-five years ago, and used to come to my mother's. She recollects that Henry was a lively boy.

Rem.† — My recollection was rather of her blue sash than of her. She was at Miss Wood's school, at Bury. She has now been long dead. Not many years ago, passing through Diss, I called on a daughter, Miss Taylor, who was then living in the house in which her father and his ancestors had practised as attorneys more than 130 years!

June 11th. — A most interesting party at Kenyon's. The lion of the party was Daniel Webster, the American lawyer and orator. He has a strongly marked expression of countenance. So far from being a Republican in the modern sense, he had an air of Imperial strength, such as Cæsar might have had. His wife, too, had a dignified appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor alone resembled them in this particular. There were present also at Kenyon's, Montalembert, the distinguished Roman Catholic author, Dickens, Professor Wheatstone, the Miss Westons, Lady Mary Shepherd, &c., &c.

June 27th. — In the evening went to a party at the Lindleys'. I went to meet Mrs. Daniel Gaskell. She drew upon

* H. C. R. sedulously attended the whole course.
† Written in 1858.

herself a great degree of notice from the leading part she took in public matters. She was unquestionably a character.

*Rem.** — In her youth she was a disciple of Godwin, as I was in mine; and he was among the objects of her especial interest in his old age. He was frequently at her house. She was also very kind to John Thelwall's daughter, and not the less so for her becoming a Roman Catholic. Indeed, it was said that any deviation from the ordinary rules of conduct was to her a recommendation rather than otherwise. A lady, being asked whether Mrs. Gaskell had called on her, said: "O no; she takes no interest in me. I have neither run away from my husband, nor have any complaint to make of him." Of her Liberal opinions she was proud, and she was generous and warm-hearted. One who had been speaking of her zeal in all matters of education and in public institutions, added, "She gets up regularly every morning at five o'clock to misinform herself." Mr. Gaskell was once in Parliament. He was universally respected and liked.

Wordsworth to H. C. R.

Rydal Mount, 7th July, 1839.

. . . . Relieve the *people* of the burden of their duties, and you will soon make them indifferent about their rights. There is no more certain way of preparing the people for slavery than this practice of central organization which our philosophists, with Lord Brougham at their head, are so bent upon importing from the Continent. I should have thought that, in matters of government, an Englishman had more to teach those nations than to learn from them. . . . .

July 9th. — Dined at Joseph Hardcastle's. Melvill, the popular preacher, there, and F. Maurice and others. John Buck, too, was there. I had not seen him for a long time. He smiled when he saw me. I said: "I can read your smile. It means, — What, Saul among the prophets!'" I took my place at the bottom of the table. The top was occupied by the Reverend Stars. One incident is worthy of mentioning. Some one spoke of the American sect called *Christ*-ians. "Ay," said one of the divines, "it is safer to lengthen a syllable than a creed!" This as a *mot* is excellent. I could not distinguish from whom it came.

* Written in 1858.

*Rem.** — I lately taxed Maurice with it. He disclaimed it. Not from disapprobation, he said. Yet I was told it was hardly likely to be Melvill's. But my journal speaks of him as cheerful and agreeable, and not at all Puritanical. And therefore let it be ascribed to him, if he likes to have it.

July 17th. — I joined my friends the Masqueriers at Leamington, and remained with them a fortnight.

*Rem.** — This excursion has left several very agreeable recollections. Among these, the most permanent was my better acquaintance with the Field family. I then knew Edwin Field chiefly as the junior partner of Edgar Taylor, who was at that time approaching the end of an honorable and a useful life. Mr. and Mrs. Field, Sen., were then living in an old-fashioned country house between Leamington and Warwick. He had long been the minister at Warwick, and also kept a highly respectable school. He was known by a "Life of Dr. Parr," whose intimate friendship he enjoyed. His wife was also a very superior woman. I had already seen her in London. I heard Mr. Field preach on the 21st. His sermon was sound and practical, opposed to metaphysical divinity. He treated it as an idle question, — he might have said a mischievous subtlety, — whether works were to be considered as a justifying cause of salvation, or the certain consequence of a genuine faith.

August 8th. — Breakfasted at Sam Rogers's with W. Maltby. There came in a plain-looking man from the North, named Miller, of free opinions and deportment. He had risen by his talents; and Rogers told us his history. "He called on me lately," said Rogers, "and reminded me that he had formerly sold me some baskets, — his own work, — and that on his showing me some of his poems I gave him three guineas. That money enabled him to get work from the booksellers, and he had since written historical romances, — 'Fair Rosamond,' 'Lady Jane Grey,'" &c.

August 29th. — After an early dinner, I walked to Edmonton, where I stayed more than two hours. Poor dear Mary Lamb has been ill for ten months; and these severe attacks have produced the inevitable result. Her mind is gone, or, at least, has become inert. She has still her excellent heart, — is kind and considerate, and her judgment is sound. Nothing but good feeling and good sense in all she says; but still no one would discover what she once was. She hears ill, and is slow in concep-

* Written in 1858.

tion. She says she bears solitude better than she did. After a few games of piquet, I returned by the seven-o'clock stage.

September 25th. — Left my chambers in Plowden Buildings, and went to my apartments in Russell Square, No. 30. I am to pay for this, my new domicile, £ 100 per annum. It gives me no vote, subjects me to no service. I have no reason to complain of my surroundings. Fellows* has the second floor.

October 7th. — A delightful drive to Ipswich, where Mr. Clarkson's servant was waiting for me. I reached Playford between twelve and one. Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson seemed much better in health than they were. During a three days' stay I enjoyed much of their company. Mr. Clarkson gave me to read a little "Essay on Baptism" he had written for his grandson. In this little tract he maintains, with great clearness, and, at least, to my perfect satisfaction, that Christ's commission to baptize was a commission to convert and make proselytes from other religions, and that it was not intended to baptize the children of Christians. Repentance is the condition of salvation; baptism a mere formal, and not an esssential, condition. Without pretending to have an opinion on a question of history, ignorant as I am, I would merely say this, that there is nothing unreasonable in combining with a spiritual change a symbolic act; but it *is* most unreasonable to maintain that the effect of baptism partakes of the nature of galvanism.

October 20th. — Dined with the Booths. A very pleasant man there, a Mr. James Heywood, from Manchester, said to be munificent towards Liberal institutions. A sensible man, too; so that I enjoyed the afternoon. I was perfectly at my ease.

Rem.† — He afterwards became the representative in Parliament of one of the divisions of Lancashire. He studied at Cambridge; but, not being able to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, could not take his degree. This gave him a sort of right to take up the question of University Reform, which he did boldly. He was the first to bring the matter before the House of Commons.

October 21st. — I dined at the Athenæum, where I heard from Babington Macaulay a piece of news that will excite sen-

* Sir Charles Fellows, the well-known traveller and antiquarian discoverer in Asia Minor. The Lycian Saloon in the British Museum is filled with the remains of ancient art, which he brought with him from Lycia. He had the valuable help of Mr. George Scharf in making drawings of the works of art discovered among the ruins of the ancient cities which they visited.

† Written in 1858.

sation all over Europe. Lord Brougham has been killed by the breaking of a carriage, — killed on the spot! I never remarked a more general sentiment of terror. Such power extinguished at once! I was accosted by persons who had seldom, or never, spoken to me before. Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, &c., &c. Some of us had doubted whether his political change would not take away his interest in our College, but Romilly said: "No, he would never have left us; he was strongly attached to the College. Death, for the present, at least, quits all scores. The good only will be remembered."

October 22d. — O, what a lamentable waste of sensibility! On my going to the Athenæum, Levesque accosted me with: "It is a hoax, after all. Brougham is not dead." I fear this is not an indictable offence. Those who had mourned most conspicuously were ashamed to rejoice.

November 11th. — A party at Masquerier's. Robert Thompson, an old man, an octogenarian, was the attraction. He was more than the *publisher* of Burns's Songs, — he occasioned the composition of many. He is a specimen of Scotch vitality. He fiddled and sang Scotch songs all the evening. A daughter attended him, the wife of an M. D., Dr. Fisher, older than her father. This sturdy vitality, bred in Scotland, is characteristic of the people.

*Rem.** — As Froude says in his history: "Whatever part the Scotchman takes, he is anything but weak." But, by way of comment, I add, that the fierce devotional character of the Scotch is purely national. They are the same in all things.

To continue the subject of national character. Some years after this, when the Dissenters' Chapel Act was under discussion, and Mr. Haldane and I tolerated each other, I met by chance, in his chambers, Sir Andrew Agnew, to whom I remarked: "I think an infidel Radical a mischievous character, but a Radical saint is more dangerous." He said, "Ay, he is more in earnest." But, in the same conversation, Sir Andrew showed a want of presence of mind. Not disputing the pure motives of the Scotch Sabbatarians, of whom Sir Andrew was the head, I said that I thought it fortunate that their society had no existence in the time of our Lord, "for they certainly would have persecuted him." He was silent. Perhaps he saw that I was incurable.

December 28th. — Read an admirable article on Voltaire, by

* Written in 1858.

Carlyle. No vulgar reviling. Voltaire's good qualities are acknowledged ; but he is represented in the inferior character of a *persifleur*, with dexterous ability in carrying out the conclusions of his mere understanding.

In the course of this year I called on Lord Brougham, and explained myself fully about Clarkson. He informed me of having received Clarkson's MSS. Quite unprintable in their present form. I told him of my wish to write Clarkson's life ; and he at once said no one else should have the MSS. Next day I wrote an account of this to Mrs. Clarkson, and I hope, therefore, that the result will be as I wish.*

1840.

March 11th.—I was distressed by a letter this morning, from Miss Mary Weston, announcing the death of Miss Mackenzie, at Rome, on the 26th ult. She was an excellent person, for whom I had a sincere regard, — warm-hearted, and endowed with fine taste. She had a love of all excellence, and was grateful to me for having enabled her to make Wordsworth happy for a month at Rome. I wrote to Wordsworth to-day, informing him of her death. He will deeply lament this.

Wordsworth to H. C. R.

March 16, 1840.

Poor dear Miss Mackenzie ! I was sadly grieved with the unthought-of event ; and I assure you, my dear friend, it will be lamented by me for the remainder of my days. I have scarcely ever known a person for whom, after so limited an acquaintance, — limited, I mean, as to time, for it was not so as to heart and mind, — I felt so much esteem, or to whom I have been more sincerely attached. I had scarcely a pleasant remembrance connected with Rome in which her amiable qualities were not mixed, and now a shade is cast over all. I had hoped, too, to see her here, and that Mrs. Wordsworth, Dora, and Miss Fenwick would all have taken to her as you and I did.

How comes it that you write to us so seldom, now that postage is nothing ? Letters are sure to be impoverished by the change ; and if they do not come oftener, the gain will be a loss, and a grievous one too.

* For some reason, which does not appear, this plan fell through.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

March 19, 1840.

You ask why I write so seldom. The answer is an obvious one, and you will give me credit for being quite sincere when I make it. It is but seldom that I dare to think that I have anything to say that is worth your reading. The feeling is not so strong as it was, because I have for some years been aware of a part of your character which I was at first ignorant of. Rogers, a few mornings ago, took up your "Dedication to Jones" to read to me. "What a pity it would have been had this been left out!" he said. "Every man who reads this must love Wordsworth more and more. Few know how he loves his friends!"

Now I cannot charge myself of late with having omitted to write whenever anything has occurred to any friend of yours, or, indeed, any one in whom you take an interest. To others I frequently write mere rattling letters, having nothing to say, but merely spinning out of one's brain any light thing that one can pick up there. I need not say *why* I cannot write so to you.

Formerly, and even now in a slight degree, I used to be checked, both in writing and in talk, by the recollection of the four sonnets, so beautiful, and yet beginning so alarmingly,

> "I am not one who much or oft delight
> To season my fireside with personal talk."

Now, after all, a letter — a genuine letter — is but personal talk. . . . .

April 2d. — I had invited Mr. Jaffray to meet me at the Non-cons, where I presided. I never presided at any dinner in my life before. In delivering the toasts, I playfully laughed at our having symbols of any kind, being Non-cons.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

. . . . Our three standing toasts are, first, "The Memory of the Two Thousand." And then it was that I took the club by surprise, by declaiming, as impressively as I could,

> "Nor shall the eternal roll of Fame reject," &c.*

The second toast is, "John Milton."

* "Wordsworth's Poetical Works," Vol. IV. p. 62.

On this I recited,

"Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind," &c.*

Our third toast is, "Civil and Religious Liberty all the World over."

Having unhappily no third sonnet, I made a speech, and took the opportunity to inveigh against the Parliamentary privilege, which I introduced by pointing out the vulgar error of confounding *popular power* with *civil or religious liberty;* showing that, though sometimes the power of the people is a means for securing liberty, yet often the people and their representatives are mere odious tyrants, hence *privilege!* . . . .

May 8th. — Attended Carlyle's second lecture. It was on "The Prophetic Character," illustrated by Mahomet. It gave great satisfaction, for it had uncommon thoughts, and was delivered with unusual animation. He declared his conviction that Mahomet was no mere sensualist, or vulgar impostor, but a real reformer. His system better than the Christianity current in his day in Syria. Milnes there, and Mrs. Gaskell, with whom I chatted pleasantly. In the evening heard a lecture by Faraday. What a contrast to Carlyle! A perfect experimentalist, — with an intellect so clear! Within his sphere, *un uomo compito.* How great would that man be who could be as wise on Mind and its relations as Faraday is on Matter!

May 12th. — Went to Carlyle's lecture "On the Hero, as a Poet." His illustrations taken from Dante and Shakespeare. He asked whether we would give up Shakespeare for our Indian Empire?†

May 22d. — This day was rendered interesting by a visit from one of the most remarkable of our scholars and men of science, Professor Whewell. He breakfasted with me and my nephew. The occasion of his visit was, that I might look over his translation of "Hermann and Dorothea" with the original, with a view to some suggestions I had made. His pursuits are very multifarious. To some one who said, "Whewell's forte is science," — "Yes," said Sydney Smith, "and his foible is omni-science."

Wordsworth to H. C. R.

June 3, 1840.

. . . . Hartley Coleridge is come much nearer us; and

* "Wordsworth's Poetical Works," Vol. IV. p. 61.

† H. C. R. attended the whole course; but it is not necessary to make any extracts, as the lectures themselves are familiar to the reader.

probably you might see as much of him as you liked. Of genius he has not a little ; and talent enough for fifty. . . . .

December 22d. — I went out early, to breakfast with Rogers. A most agreeable chat. He was very cordial, communicative, and lively ; and pointed out to us his beautiful works of art, and curious books. I could not help asking, "What is to become of them?" — "The auctioneer," he said, "will find out the fittest possessor hereafter. He who gives money for things values them.* Put in a museum, nobody sees them." I allowed this of gold and silver, but not of books ; such as his "Chaucer," with the notes Tooke wrote in it when in the Tower, with minutes of the occurrences that then took place. So Tooke's copy of the "Trial of Hardy," &c., with his notes. "Such books you should distinguish with a mark, and say in your will, 'All my books with the marks set out, to So-and-so.'" I fear he will not pay attention to this.

December 23d. — I called on Lord Brougham. It is strange that, in his presence, I forgot all my grounds of complaint against him.

My tour this year was to Frankfort. On the bridge there, on the 7th of October, I last saw my old friend Voigt and his amiable family. He always showed me great kindness, and I sometimes felt ashamed of myself for being too sensible of his harmless vanity. I must not forget to mention one fact, which he related to me in our last cosey talk, and which does honor to one of the first-class great men in Germany : "When I went first to Paris I was a young man, and had little money, so that I was forced to economize. A. Humboldt said to me one day : 'You must want to buy many things here, which you may not find it convenient to pay for immediately. Here, take a thousand francs, and return it to me some five or ten years hence, whenever it may suit you!'" Voigt accepted the money, and repaid it.

* H. C. R.'s feelings were exactly the reverse. He had the greatest anxiety that nothing which had belonged to him should be sold.

CHAPTER XV.

1841.

H. C. R. to Masquerier.

Rydal, 18th January, 1841.

Instead of telling you of him (Southey) in this sad condition, I will copy a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* by him when pressed to write something in an album. There were on one side of the paper several names; the precise individuals I do not know. One was Dan O'Connell. Southey wrote on the other side, to this effect. I cannot answer for the precise words, —

Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Vide the opposite page;
But do not thence gather
That I 'm of like feather
With all the brave birds in this cage, &c., &c.*

Surely good-humor and gentle satire, which can offend no one, were never more gracefully brought together. This reminds me of another story. It is worth putting down. A lady once said to me, "Southey made a poem for me, and you shall hear it. I was, I believe, about three years old, and used to say, 'I are.' He took me on his knee, fondled me, and would not let me go till I had learned and repeated these lines, —

A cow's daughter is called a calf,
And a sheep's child, a lamb.
Little children must not say *I are*,
But should always say *I am*."

Now a dunce or a common man would not throw off, even for children, such graceful levities. I repeated this *poem* to Southey. He laughed and said: "When my children were infants, I used to make such things daily. There have been hundreds such forgotten."

In the spring of this year, my nephew, who had long exhib-

* H. C. R. often told this story, with the concluding line, —

"Or sing when I 'm caught in a cage."

The point was Southey's unwillingness to write at all in an album.

ited signs of pulmonary consumption, became much worse. Change of air was recommended, and Clifton was the place selected. I went down on the 19th of April and returned on the 4th of May. Wordsworth was at the time staying with Miss Fenwick, at Bath, and I went over to see him. My nephew was placed under the care of Mr. Estlin, one of the most excellent of men, independently of his professional reputation. Dr. Bright preferred him to any other medical man in the place. My nephew returned to Bury, and on the 16th of June he died. The last few weeks were a salutary preparation, and he declared them to be among the happiest of his life.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

June 5, 1841.

One thing is quite certain, that the older we become, and the nearer we approach that end which we, with very insignificant diversities of age, shall certainly soon reach, our speculations about religion become more earnest and attractive. Hence the interest we feel in theological discussions of any kind. These supersede even the politics of the day.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

ATHENÆUM, 17th July, 1841.

My presentiment becomes stronger every day that I shall die suddenly, without previous illness, and not live to be very old. I often think of dear Tom's last weeks. The repose with which he looked forward to death, and the unselfishness of his feelings, add greatly to my esteem for his memory. Dining the day before yesterday at a clergyman's, I related some anecdotes of my nephew's last days, and ventured on the bold remark that I thought his conduct evinced a more truly Christian feeling than that diseased anxiety about the state of his soul which certain people represent as eminently *religious*. My host did not reprove, but echoed the remark; and he said the same day: "If I found Calvinism in the Bible, it would prove, not that Calvinism is true, but that the Bible is false."

Rem. — During Wordsworth's stay at Bath, he wrote to me (*April 18th*): "This day I have attended, along with Mary, Whitcomb Church, where, as I have heard from you, your mother's remains lie. I was there also the day before yesterday; and the place is so beautiful, especially at this season of

verdure and blossoms, that it will be my favorite walk while I remain here ; and I hope you will join us, and take the ramble with me. Some time before Mary and I left home, we inscribed your name upon a batch of Italian memorials, which you must allow me to dedicate to you when the day of publication shall come."

On the *3d of March* died my old and excellent friend J. T. Rutt, the earliest, and one of the most respected, of my friends. He was in his eighty-first year. About the same time died also W. Frend and George Dyer, "both," says my journal, "of the last generation." That is, they acquired note when I was a boy. My journal adds : "The departure of these men makes me feel more strongly that I am rapidly advancing into the ranks of seniority." I wrote this when I was nearly sixty-six years of age. I copy it when I am in my eighty-fifth year.

Alexander Gooden also died during this year. He was second son of James Gooden, of Tavistock Square, and one of the most remarkable and interesting young men I have ever known. He died suddenly, on the Continent, from inflammation, occasioned by rowing on the Rhine. His attainments were so extraordinary, and so acknowledged, that when Donaldson, of the University College, was a candidate for the mastership of Bury School, Alexander Gooden, then an undergraduate, was thought fit to sign a testimonial in his favor. His modesty and his sensibility were equal to his learning.

CHAPTER XVI.

1842.

H. C. R. to J. J. Masquerier.

Rydal Mount, 5th January, 1842.

. . . . Did you ever see this country, or district, in winter ? If not, you can have no idea of its peculiar attractions ; and yet, as an artist, with a professional sense of color, you must feel, far more intensely than I possibly can, the charm which the peculiar vegetation and combination of autumnal tints produce. Dr. Arnold* said, the other day : "Did you ever

* During this visit I had, for the last time, the pleasure of seeing Dr. Arnold. But there was no apprehension of his health giving way, and no

see so magnificent a Turkey-carpet? There are none like it now to be had; I have ascertained that the manufacturers of the East have broken up their old frames, and got new patterns." Here, on the mountains, there is such a union of light brown and dark yellow, with an intermingling of green, as produces a delicious harmony. Both, of all artists, comes the nearest; Berghem is too fond of the lilac. It would be absurd to say that this lake district is more beautiful in winter than in summer; but this is most certain, — and I have said it to you, I believe, repeatedly, — that it is in the winter season that the superiority of a mountain over level country is more manifest and indisputable. I brought down Mrs. Quillinan,* and we arrived here on Christmas eve; and I shall take her back about the 16th or 17th. This railway travelling is delightful, and very economical too. We made the journey for four guineas each, and in between sixteen and seventeen hours. A few years since, it was usual to be two nights on the road, and incur nearly double the expense. . . . .

January 6th. — Took a walk, with Wordsworth, under Loughrigg. His conversation has been remarkably agreeable. To-day he talked of Poetry. He held Pope to be a greater poet than Dryden; but Dryden to have most talent, and the strongest understanding. Landor once said to me: "Nothing was ever written in hymn equal to the beginning of Dryden's *Religio Laici*, — the first eleven lines." Genius and ability Wordsworth distinguished as others do. He said his Preface on poetical language had been misunderstood. "Whatever is addressed to the imagination is essentially poetical; but very pleasing verses, deserving all praise, not so addressed, are not poetical."

January 14th. — Read, at night, Dix's "Life of Chatterton": a poor composition. It contains some newly discovered poems. I never could enjoy Chatterton; *tant pis pour moi*, I have no doubt; but so it is. This morning I have finished the little volume. I do feel the beauty of the "Mynstrelles Songe in Ælla"; and some of his modern poems are sweetly written. I defer to the highest authority, Wordsworth, that

special attention was given to his conversation. He was a delightful man to walk with, and especially in a mountainous country. He was physically strong, had excellent spirits, and was joyous and boyish in his intercourse with his children and his pupils. — H. C. R.

* Dora Wordsworth married Mr. Quillinan, of whom see *ante*, p. 240, and more hereafter.

he would probably have proved one of the greatest poets in our language. I must therefore think he was not a monster of wickedness; but he had no other virtue than the domestic affections very strongly. He was ready to write for both political parties at once. I think Horace Walpole has been too harshly judged. Chatterton was not the *starving* genius he afterwards became, when Walpole coldly turned his back upon him. But certainly H. Walpole wanted generosity. He was a courtier; and showed it in his exceedingly polite letter, written while he knew nothing of Chatterton's situation. He showed no sagacity in the appreciation of his first communication; and the tone of his "Vindication" (against exaggerated censure) is flippant and cold-hearted. I asked Wordsworth, this evening, wherein Chatterton's excellence lay. He said his genius was universal; he excelled in every species of composition; so remarkable an instance of precocious talent being quite unexampled. His prose was excellent; and his power of picturesque description and satire great.

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

30 Russell Square, 22d April, 1842.

. . . . I left Mrs. Clarkson on Monday, after spending nearly a week at Playford. The old gentleman maintains an admirable activity of mind. He is busily employed writing notes on the New Testament, for the benefit of his grandson. And though these are not annotations by which biblical criticism will be advanced, yet they show a most enviable state of mind. With this employment he alternates labor on behalf of his *Africans*. He wrote lately a letter to Guizot, which has been circulated with effect in France.

Never was there a man who discharged more completely the duty of *hoping*. As I said in the Supplement to the "Strictures," as soon as he is satisfied that any measure *ought to* succeed, it is not possible to convince him that it *cannot*. Enviable *old* man! for this is not the habit of *age*.

23d April, 1842.

I am very busy to-day, but over my tea I read one poem (but one), so beautiful, that it must surely become a great favorite, — the "Musings at Acquapendente." It illustrates happily the poet's peculiar habit. His anticipations of unseen Rome occupy him quite as much as the reflections on the

already seen Northern Italy. What a delightful intermingling of domestic affections, friendship, and the perception of the beauties which appertain to home as well as to the country visited as a stranger! The poet's mind blends all, and allows of no insulation. I called on Kenyon this morning. He read me a charming letter from Miss Barrett, full of discriminating admiration.

April 29th. — Breakfasted with Sam Rogers, with whom I stayed till twelve. He was as amiable as ever, and spoke with great warmth of Wordsworth's new volume. "It is all gold. The least precious is still gold." He said this, accompanying a remark on one little epitaph, that it would have been better in prose. He quoted some one who said of Burns: "He is great in verse, greater in prose, and greatest in conversation." So it is with all great men. Wordsworth is greatest in conversation. This is not the first time of Rogers's preferring prose to verse.

May 12th. — Called on the Wordsworths. We had an interesting chat about the new poems. Wordsworth said that the poems, "Our walk was far among the ancient trees," then, "She was a phantom of delight," * next, "Let other bards of angels sing," and, finally, the two Sonnets "To a Painter" in the new volume (of which Sonnets the first is only of value as leading to the second), should be read in succession, as exhibiting the different phases of his affection to his wife.

Stayed at the Athenæum till I came to dress for dinner at the Austins'. I went to meet Mr. Plumer Ward. Found him a very lively and pleasant man, in spite of his deafness. He related that, soon after his "Tremaine" appeared, he was at a party, when the author (unknown) was inquired about. Some one said, "I am told it is very dull." On which Ward said: "Indeed! why, I have heard it ascribed to Mr. Sydney Smith." "O dear, no," said Sydney, "that could not be; I never wrote anything very dull in my life."

May 28th. — Dinner-party at Kenyon's. Wordsworth was quite spent, and hardly spoke during the whole time. Rogers made one capital remark; it was of the party itself, the ladies being gone. He said: "There have been five separate parties, every one speaking *above* the pitch of his natural voice, and therefore there could be no kindness expressed; for kindness consists, not in *what* is said, but *how* it is said."

* The poet expressly told me that these verses were on his wife. — H. C. R.

June 13th. — At Miss Coutts's party. "There were," says the *Post*, "two hundred and fifty of the *haut ton*." I had acquaintances to talk with, — Wordsworth, Otway, Cave, Harness, and Milnes. The great singers of the day, Lablache, Persiani, &c., &c., performed. But the sad information of the evening rendered everything else uninteresting. Milnes informed me of the death of Dr. Arnold, which took place yesterday, — a really afflicting event.

June 14th. — After breakfast called on the Wordsworths. They were all in affliction at the Doctor's death. He is said to be only fifty-two. What a happy house at once broken up! Bunsen's remark was, "The History of Rome is never to be finished."

June 26th. — I met at Goldsmid's, by accident, with the famous musician Mendelssohn, and his wife. She at once recognized me. She was the daughter of Madame Icanrenaud, and granddaughter of the Souchays. The conversation with him was very agreeable. He said he had been inconvenienced by the frequent mention of him in the "Correspondence between Goethe and Zelter." He had been Zelter's pupil. It was a curious coincidence, that this day I brought from Sir Isaac's a volume of the *Monthly Magazine*, containing a translation by me of a correspondence between Moses Mendelssohn, the musician's grandfather, and Lavater, — the Jew repelling with spirit the officious Christian, who wanted to compel him to enter into a controversy with him. I wished the Goldsmids to know how early I embraced liberal opinions concerning Judaism.

*Rem.** — I once heard Coleridge say: "When I have been asked to subscribe to a society for converting Jews to Christianity, I have been accustomed to say, 'I have no money for any charity; but if I had, I would subscribe to make them first *good* Jews, and then it would be time to make good Christians of them.'"

H. C. R. to T. R.

May 21, 1842.

. . . . Now as to my dinner, — a much humbler concern, but, being purely personal, it admits of a more copious statement. It went off very well. The parties were, primo, the host. Secondly, he himself (*αὐτὸς*), as one at the feast insisted on so referring to Homer, thinking, after the fashion of the

* Written in 1849.

Rabbis, that the name ought not to be profanely pronounced. 3 and 4, two reverend divines, both anti-Evangelical, both verse-makers and dabblers in polite literature, both professing orthodoxy in doctrines and High-Churchism in matters of discipline, but in whom the man of literary taste is more apparent than the theologian. 5, Rev. T. Madge, a lover of Wordsworth and his poetry. 6, W. S. Cookson, Esq., attorney-at-law, an intimate friend of the poet, and also a hearer of Mr. Madge's. By the by, I must go back again to 3 and 4, because I find I have omitted the names, 3 being the Rev. W. Harness, author of "Welcome and Farewell," and 4 being the Rev. Peter Fraser, whom you may recollect by a *sobriquet* given by me to him, and which you alone will understand, — Ben Cork. 7, The poet's son-in-law, Mr. Quillinan. 8, Thos. Alsager, one of the leading men in the conduct of the *Times*, being especially concerned in all that respects the collection of mercantile and foreign news. He was the intimate friend of Charles Lamb, and therefore Wordsworth was very glad to see him. 9, James Gooden, Esq., residing in Tavistock Square, an elderly gentleman, long an admirer of Wordsworth, and a good scholar; of which he gave me a proof in turning into Latin verse, "As the laurel protects the forehead of poets from lightning, so the mitre the forehead of bishops from shame." 10, My old friend, Thomas Amyot. The poet made himself very agreeable, talking at his ease with every one. Indeed, he has been remarkably pleasant during his visit to London; and has dined every day, except when he condescended to wander into the *terra incognita* of Russell Square, with bishops and privy councillors, peers and archbishops. . . . .

August 23d. — Called on Mary Lamb. She has not long been visible. I found her quite in possession of her faculties, and recollecting everything nearly. She was going to call on Thomas Hood, who lives in St. John's Wood, and I walked with her and Miss Parsons. We left a card at the Procters', and I deposited Miss Lamb at Hood's. I then called on the Quillinans, with whom I took tea, and had a pleasant chat about Faber, Hampden, and such contentious matters.

September 3d. — Went down to Bury, an account of my brother's illness.*

* This was the beginning of those attacks, first feared to be apoplectic, afterwards proving to be epileptic, from which Mr. Thomas Robinson suffered during the remainder of his life.

October 9th. — Read in bed at night, and finished in the morning, an old comedy by Porter, "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon," — a very pleasing thing, the verse fluent, and the spirit kept up. Charles Lamb ventured to prefer it to the "Comedy of Errors" and the "Taming of the Shrew," which I should not have dared to do.

H. C. R. to Mr. James Booth.*

November 18th.

Dear Booth, — I shall not be able to write to my satisfaction about your young friend's poems; and therefore I delayed writing. He has at all events secured my good-will by manifesting that he has studied in the schools that I like best. His sonnets show that he has accustomed himself to look at nature through Wordsworthian spectacles, and the longest poem that he has given a specimen of was probably planned after an admiring study of Coleridge's "Christabel."

But whether, after all, he has in him an *original genius*, which ought to be nourished to the rejection of all lower pursuits, or whether he has (the common case) confounded taste with genius, liking and sympathy with the instinct of conscious power, is more than I can venture to say after a perusal of these specimens. I do not see proof of the genius and power; but I would not dogmatically say that he has them not. The rhythm in this poem after "Christabel" is often very pleasing to my ear; but then the form of the verse is, after all, the easiest and most seductive to young composers, and some of the best lines are shreds and fragments of recollected verse.

There is more pretension in the sonnets, — perhaps I should say more ambition in the attempt. Wordsworth's sonnets are among the greatest products of the present day; but then they are perfectly successful. There is no allowable medium between the carrying out the idea and utter failure. Wordsworth has been able to exhibit already that harmony in nature and the world of thought and sentiment, the detection of which is the great feat of the real poet. To take one single illustration. In his poem on the Skylark, he terminates his description of the bird mounting high, and yet never leaving his nest over which he hovers, with

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

* This letter, which has only just come into the editor's hands, belongs to a somewhat earlier time; but its interest does not depend on the date.

Such a line as this is an acquisition ; for here is admirably insinuated the connection between the domestic affections and the religious feelings, which is important in moral philosophy, coupled with the fanciful analogy to an instinct in the bird. Wordsworth's poems abound in these beauties. Now, reading your friend's sonnets, one fancies he might have had some imperfect thought of the same kind, and regrets that one cannot find it clearly made out. If I were his friend, I would ask him what he supposes the sonnet No. 1 to have taught, for he calls the leaves "spirit-teaching garlands." It is a fact that the leaves fall gently in autumn, — what then?

No. 2 is a laborious attempt to show an analogy between the rising, the midday, and the setting sun, and the tree in spring, summer, and autumn. Now, I fear the analogies are far fetched, and if clearly made out, — what then? It is not enough to find an analogy between *two things;* they must harmonize in a *third.* And here there is no attempt at that. I can at least find out what was attempted in two ; but I cannot find out so much in No. 3. The theme is the repose arising out of certain combinations of light and shade. That is the heading or title, but the thing itself is wanting. No. 4 will serve to illustrate the difference between success and failure, if you will trouble yourself to compare it with Wordsworth's sonnet on "Twilight." For the thought is (as far as I can find a thought) the same.

"Hail Twilight, sovereign of our peaceful hour." III. 64.

No. 5, "On the Hawthorn," is one of the best. The poet has looked steadily on his object, and told us what he saw. But I do not understand the twelfth line. No. 6 is in the Italian taste, a mere conceit ; but a young poet, if any one, has a right to conceits.

No. 7 has the merit of *thought;* and it must be owned that to attempt such a sonnet as this, even when not successful, is better than success in mere trifles. This, and also the last, show a sincere and honorable love of nature, and a faculty, if not of finding, at least of looking for analogies and harmonies with the moral world.

The two songs are easier and more pleasing compositions.

December 6th. — The only incident of the day was my admission to the Antiquaries' Club. Sir H. Ellis in the chair, senior member ; Pettigrew, treasurer, vice. Sixteen present,

of whom one was a visitor, — Hardwick the magistrate. The only formality on reception was the stating one's birthday, — the year also, — except subscribing the book of laws, which are few and insignificant. The club was founded in 1774. The number limited to twenty-four.

December 30th. — (Rydal.) Engaged last night and this morning reading again Dr. Arnold's "Church Reform," in which I was interrupted by a call from Faber, with whom I took a very interesting walk to Easdale Tarn. The wind high, the sky overcast, but no actual rain, — ground wet; the Tarn more grand, from the gloom of the day, for the magnificent *wall* of rock to the west. On our return we called on Mrs. Luff, and chatted half an hour with her. So our walk occupied four hours. I was fatigued. Had a good nap after dinner, but enjoyed my rubber of whist, and sat up till near one, reading two *Evening Mails* and four *Times* papers. During the long walk of the morning we were engaged in a most interesting conversation, during which Faber laid down the most essential parts of his religious opinions. I will set down what I can recollect, without any attempt at order in my memoranda. Our conversation began by my declaring my strong objection to the persecuting spirit of his book. He maintained that I had misunderstood the drift of the passage in which the Stranger declares it to be the duty of the State to put to death the man whom the Church declares to be a heretic. He, of course, adverted to the great distinction between error, and the wilful and malignant assertion of it, — which, in fact, is no distinction at all, — and affirmed strongly his personal antipathy to all penal statutes in support of religion. He affirmed the right of the Church to excommunicate, but thought that no civil consequences ought to follow. Persecution is the inevitable consequence of the union of Church and State, and the first thing he should wish to see done would be their separation; but whether practicable, under present circumstances, is a hard question. He thought that the Church would gain, even by the sacrifice of its endowments, and could maintain itself by its inherent power. In the mean while, he disclaimed all right to assume authority over those who are *out* of the Church. He thought there ought to be a University for Dissenters alone, though he would not have a College (which I suggested) of Dissenters in either Oxford or Cambridge. He incidentally declared his indifference to Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, having no predilections; and so far from being hostile

to *born* Dissenters, as such, he thought any serious orthodox Dissenter ought to pause, and consider well what he did, before he departed from "the state into which Providence had called him"; and he exonerates all born Dissenters from the sin of schism. This same regard to the will of Providence influences him in his feelings towards the Church of Rome. He is certain he will never go over to Rome, though he rather regrets not having been born in that communion. He believes both the Roman and Anglican churches to be portions of the Catholic Church. On my objecting to the manifold corruptions of the Romish Church, he admitted these, but held that they did not invalidate its authority. They are trials of the faith of the believer. This same idea of the trial of faith he applied to other difficulties, and to the seeming irrationality of certain orthodox doctrines. A revelation ought to have difficulties. It is one of the signs of its Divine origin that it seems incredible to the natural man. On this topic, I confessed that I agreed with him, so far as obvious mysteries are concerned. As to the nature of Christ, for instance. I am no more repelled from belief in his double nature as God and man, by its inconceivableness, than from a belief in my own double nature, as body and soul; but I could not extend this to those pretended revelations, which are repugnant to my moral sense. Did I find, for instance, in the Scriptures, the eternal damnation of infants, this would, in spite of all evidence in their favor, make me reject the Scriptures; that is, I would imagine any falsification, or corruption of the text, rather than believe they contained a doctrine which blasphemed against God. To this he declared, that were even this doctrine in the Scriptures (but the contrary of which is there), he would believe it, because what God affirms must be true, however repugnant. I conceded the last position, but observed that it begged the question to say the Scriptures must, even in that case, be believed to be true. And as to the Scriptures, Faber's own notions should lead him to agree in this; for one of the most remarkable parts of his system is his placing the Church above the Scriptures. Coleridge, in a well-known passage in his "Confessions," exhibits them in a sort of scheme as thesis and antithesis, being *one* — essentially *one* — emanation; but Mr. Faber declared that, without the Church, the Scriptures would not suffice to convince him, — he should be an unbeliever; and he declared Bibliolatry to be the *worst of idolatries*. By the by, it is curious to remark how both parties in the Church

concur in offering an apology for the unbeliever. These Puseyites, or Faberites, must consider the infidels as better logicians than the Dissenters, who deny the Church, and yet are Christians ; and the Evangelicals must think the unbelievers better logicians than those who rest their faith on the Church, and according to whom the Scriptures are only a *record* of that which had been established, that is, the Church itself. On this subject Mr. Faber said : " This is the essence of my religion in a few words, — Man fell, and became the object of God's wrath ; but God, in his mercy, willed his redemption. He therefore became man, and made himself a sacrifice for man. But this alone would be nothing, for how is the individual man restored to God's favor ? How is it put in his power to be a participator in this redemption ? This is effected by the Sacraments. By the Sacrament of Baptism, the individual is purged of his Original Sin, and becomes a member of the Church of Christ. He is still obnoxious to the consequences of actual sin." But though he did not happen to say this, yet of course he would have said, if it had been called for, that preservation from sin, and from the fatal consequences, is to be secured only by Confirmation, and the participation in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. He did, in fact, in emphatic terms, assert the Real Presence, and that the Sacrament could only be validly administered by the clergy legitimately appointed by Episcopal ordination, in Apostolic succession. He also said : " I do not presume to declare all those to be lost who have not been partakers of these Sacraments. I say that those who have, have an *assurance*, which the others have not, concerning whom I affirm nothing." This, of course, is but a small part of what he said, and I would not be confident of having accurately reported everything. Nothing could be more agreeable than his manner, and he impressed me strongly with his amiability, his candor, and his ability. But I could agree with very little indeed.

CHAPTER XVII.

1843.

SUNDAY, January 1st. — The day was fine, and, after an early dinner, I had a delightful walk with the poet to the church lately erected on the road leading to Langdale, — a picturesque object in a splendid situation, but, within, a naked and barn-like building. A very interesting conversation, which I regret my inability to record. It was on his own poetry, and on Goethe and *his* poetry. He again pressed on me the drawing up of reminiscences of the great men I have seen in Germany; and, by the earnestness of his recommendation, has made me more seriously resolve to execute my long-formed purpose. He approved of the title, "Retrospect of an Idle Life," to which I object only because it seems to embrace my whole life; and I think it is only abroad that I can find fit materials for a publication. He thinks otherwise.

January 5th. — A walk with Wordsworth and Faber. Their conversation I was not competent altogether to follow. Faber attempted — but failed — to make clear to my mind the difference between transubstantiation, which he rejects, and consubstantiation, which he still more abominates. Wordsworth denied transubstantiation, on grounds "on which," says Faber, "I should deny the Trinity." Wordsworth declared, in strong terms, his disbelief of eternal punishment; which Faber did not attempt to defend.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

RYDAL (AMBLESIDE), January 29, A. M., 1843.

You will expect a sort of history of my goings-on here, but I find I have very little indeed to say. My faculty of noticing and recording good things is very poor; nor is the great poet I now see every day a sayer of good things. He is, however, in an excellent frame of mind, being both in high health and good spirits, and not over-polemical in his ordinary conversation; but we have no want of topics to dispute upon. The Church, as you are aware, is now, much more than Religion, the subject of general interest; and the Puseyites are the body who are now pushing the claim of Church Authority to a revolting excess.

The poet is a High-Churchman, but luckily does not go all lengths with the Oxford School. He praises the Reformers (for they assume to be such) for inspiring the age with deeper reverence for antiquity, and a more cordial conformity with ritual observances, as well as a warmer piety ; but he goes no further. Nevertheless he is claimed by them as *their* poet ; and they have published a selection from his works, with a preface, from which one might infer he went all lengths with them. This great question forms our *Champ de Mars*, which we of the Liberal party occupy to a sad disadvantage.

Last year we had with us an admirable and most excellent man, — Dr. Arnold, whom the poet was on doctrinal points forced to oppose, though he was warmly attached to him. Instead of him, we have this year a sad fanatic of an opposite character. I doubt whether I have mentioned him to you on any former occasion. This is Faber, the author of a strange book lately published, — " Lights, &c. in Foreign Lands." He is a flaming zealot for the new doctrines, and, like Froude, does not conceal his predilection for the Church in Rome (not *of* Rome *yet*), and his dislike to Protestantism. In his book of travels, he puts into the mouth of a visionary character a doctrine which in his own person he indirectly assents to, or, at least, does not contradict, — that whenever the Church declares any one a heretic, the State violates its duty if it hesitates in putting him to death ! ! ! This is going the whole hog with a witness. This Faber is an agreeable man ; all the young ladies are in love with him, and he has high spirits, conversational talent, and great facility in writing both polemics and poetry. He and I spar together on all occasions, and have never yet betrayed ill-humor, though we have exchanged pretty hard knocks. I think I must have mentioned him last year. We have met but once yet at a dinner-party, when we had not fighting room. He dines with us again to-day, and we shall be less numerous. You are aware that here I am considered as a sort of *Advocatus Diaboli*.

29th, P. M.

I have had a very pleasant chat with Mr. Faber, who, in spite of everything in his book, protests that he can never by any possibility become a member of the Church of Rome. He takes credit for having rescued a considerable number of persons standing on the brink of the precipice from tumbling down. But to introduce Popery into the Church of England is, I think, a much greater evil than joining the Church of Rome. Adieu !

H. C. R. TO MISS FENWICK.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, 6th March, 1843.

I have seen Mr. Faber here, — he is now at Oxford. He desired his very best remembrance to his Rydal and Ambleside friends, and especially named you. I got up a small dinner-party; being a little put to it whom to invite, as my connections do not lie among the apostles of religious persecution or the Anglo-papistical Church. But I managed to bring together a very small knot. And there was but one sentiment of great liking towards him, in the four I asked to meet him. They consisted of: —

1. A clergyman with Oxford propensities, and a worshipper of the heathen Muses as well as the Christian graces, — [Harness].

2. A Unitarian Puseyite, an odd combination, but a reality notwithstanding, — [Hunter].

3. A layman whose life is spent in making people happy, and whose orthodoxy is therefore a just matter of suspicion; but he has no antipathies to make him insensible to the worth of such a man as Faber, — [Kenyon].

And, 4. A traveller in the East, who professes that among the best *practical* Christians he has met with are the followers of Mahomet, — [Fellows].

H. C. R. TO T. R.

11th March, 1843.

By far the most interesting of my last week's adventures has been the attending the first two lectures of Lyell on Geology. He is a *crack man*, you probably know. I am profoundly ignorant of the subject, but, nevertheless, take a strong interest in his lectures, which will be continued twice a week till the 31st. They are rendered intelligible, even to me, by the aid of prints, diagrams, and specimens. The one thought which characterizes Lyell among the Geologists is this: *That the causes which have produced all the great revolutions in the earth are in incessant operation.* A pretty prospect this! But then the operation is not alarmingly rapid.

These speculations look back so many, many thousands of years, that one cannot help asking, "How came man so late — only yesterday — into the field of existence?"

H. C. R. to T. R.

April 7, P. M., 1843.

It seems as if all the malignant passions of our nature are now called into action by Church questions. Even doctrinal points are thrown into the background, and only come into play to strengthen a point of Church authority and discipline. The advocates of the *Church* do not hesitate to affirm that its existence as a body acting with power and authority is the great argument for Christianity, and that without it the evidence for the truth of revelation would be altogether inadequate. This Coleridge maintained. It is a plausible position, but a dangerous one, it must be owned.

I have just been looking over a book on Church discipline which Archdeacon Wilberforce has published. Its object is to show the necessity and duty of the state's abandoning all legislating on Church matters, and restoring the Convocation! It is but fair to my venerable friend to tell you, that he is willing to give up something for this; that while he would have the Church exercise the power of excommunication, he quite approves of taking from that act all civil consequences whatever. And this principle he consistently carries out by avowing his approbation of the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, inasmuch as those Acts led to a desecration of the holy rite. So it is that extremes meet, and that we Non-cons are in accord with the High Church divines. The great points of High Church doctrine now urged with such vehemence are, the Power of the Keys given to the Episcopal body, and the exclusive power it possesses of bringing men within the pale of Christianity by the sacrament of baptism, and keeping them there by the administration of the sacrament. Even the trinity, the atonement, and original sin are, compared with those, pushed very much out of sight. Now, sad as such a state of religion is, which makes of Christianity a sort of animal magnetism, yet it is still, to my apprehension, less frightful than Calvinism; and I own I find much to admire, and even to assent to, in the sermons of Newman on the nature of belief, which Faber gave me. Newman, you know, is the real head of this party; hence Sydney Smith's joke, that the doctrine should be called "Newmania!"

H. C. R. on Theological Polemics.

17th May, 1843.

I return you your book, which I have, in discharge of my

promise, read with serious and painful interest. It is long since I have fallen in with so stern — I had almost said so *fierce* — a statement of high Calvinistic doctrines. The author is a worthy descendant of the old Covenanters, a race of men I have always looked up to with mingled reverence and fear. I will not attempt to do so unprofitable an act as try to state *why* I cannot concur in the doctrine so ably laid down. I am both unable to do justice to the subject and unwilling to endanger the continuance of the kind feelings which induced you to put the book into my hands ; but I will state *why* I think it inexpedient, generally speaking, to put works of such a class into the hands of those who are of an opposite opinion. After a little consideration, and calling back to your mind how you have been affected by controversial writings, perhaps you will agree with me, that they for the most part seem composed to deter the unstable from going over to the other party, rather than to seduce and bring over the adversary. On the one they operate like the positive pole of the magnet, on the other like the negative. It attracts the one, it repels the other.

Suppose, for instance, that a believer in Calvinistic doctrines should be disturbed by the strong declaration of so good a man as Mr. Wilberforce, that he deemed them utterly antiscriptural, and by the avowed hostility of so large a proportion of the Anglican bishops and clergy, — such a person would be successfully met by a book like *this*. He would be told that the hostile notions were " prompted by the enmity of fallen men towards God " ; that these were the suggestions of the " natural man," &c., &c. But the same line of argument, and the very same texts, if directly addressed to the opponents, would appear to them mere *railing*, — a mere taking for granted the thing to be proved.

There is another reason why a good *polemical* is a bad *didactic* book. It is impossible not to distrust, I do not mean the *honesty* of the writer, but the fairness and *completeness* of his representation of the adversary's notions. You have occasionally been in a court of justice, and may have heard a speech on one side and not heard the other side; and you may have wondered how, after so plausible an argument, a verdict should be given against the orator. . . . .

There is one other sad, most sad, effect of such fierce controversial writing, — it generates feelings of uncharitableness among the disputants. They begin by pitying their adversaries ; with pity contempt is blended, and finally hatred, un-

less infinite pains be taken to avert so dreadful a result. Even where this consequence does not follow, the very object of the controversial writer, which is to make his opinions fully known, leads him to conceal nothing; but he brings prominently forward the most offensive and repulsive particulars. I was forcibly reminded of this in the perusal of the present book. We are told of certain doctrines being stumbling-blocks, and of certain *hard sayings*, &c., &c.; and we hear of strong meat which is not fit for children's stomachs. Now it has seemed to me as if the author of this book labored to pile up the stumbling-blocks; and yet I am sure he would not wish to impede the progress of any one in the right path. This is the natural effect of the polemical feeling; and, therefore, such books are dangerous to two classes of readers. Persons of weak nerves and timid, anxious natures have been driven into despair by such books, and they have destroyed themselves, or perished in a madhouse. Others, of little faith, have lost that little, and been driven into infidelity. That you had none but the kindest feelings in putting this book into my hands I am well aware, and I have none but the most respectful feelings towards you. I have confidence in your benignity, or I should not have ventured to write to you thus frankly.

March 19th. — Went to see dear Mary Lamb. But how altered she is! Deafness has succeeded to her other infirmities. She is a mere wreck of herself. I took a single cup of tea with her, to while away the time; but I found it difficult to keep up any conversation beyond the mere talking about our common acquaintance.

May 24th. — Looked over some letters of Coleridge to Mrs. Clarkson. I make an extract from one of a part only of a parenthesis, as characteristic of his involved style: "Each, I say (for, in writing letters, I envy dear Southey's power of saying one thing at a time, in short and close sentences, whereas my thoughts bustle along like a Surinam toad, with little toads sprouting out of back, side, and belly, vegetating while it crawls), — each, I say, — "

June 4th. — Breakfasted, by appointment, with Rogers; Thomas Moore was there. The elder poet was the greater talker, but Moore made himself very agreeable. Rogers showed him some MS. verses, rather sentimental, but good of the kind, by Mrs. Butler. Moore began, but could not get on.

He laid down the MS., and said he had a great dislike to the reading of poetry. "You mean new," Rogers said. "No, I mean old. I have read very little poetry of any kind." Rogers spoke very depreciatingly of the present writers. Moore did not agree. He assented to warm praise of Tom Hood by me, and declared him to be, as a punster, equal to Swift. But the article (poetry) is become of less value, because of its being so *common*. There is too much of it.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

PARIS, 29th June, 1843.

I am quietly sinking into the old man, and comfortably at the same time. I have told you the anecdote of Rogers's solemnly giving me the advice (and it was just five years ago, and here in Paris), "Let no one persuade you that you are growing old." And the advice is good for certain persons, and as a guard against premature indolence, and a melancholy anticipation of old age. But it is equally wise and salutary to impress the counsel, "Know in time that you are growing old." I do know it; and that the knowledge is wholesome is proved by this, that I feel quite as happy as when I had all the consciousness of youth and vigor.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

BELLE ISLE, WINDERMERE, July 23, 1843.

. . . . Miss Fenwick is more than a favorite with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, and I do not think they can now live in perfect ease without her. No wonder; she is a *trump*. There is more solid sense in union with genuine goodness in her than goes to the composition of any hundred and fifty good and sensible persons of every-day occurrence. . . . . Mr. Wordsworth ought to have been at Buckingham Palace, at the Queen's Ball, for which he received a formal invitation: "The Lord Chamberlain presents his compliments. He is commanded by her Majesty to invite Mr. William Wordsworth to a ball at Buckingham Palace, on Monday, the 24th July, — ten o'clock. Full dress." To which he pleaded, as an apology for non-attendance, the non-arrival of the invitation (query command?) in time. He dated his answer from this place, "The Island, Windermere," and that would explain the impossibility; for the notice was the shortest possible, even if it had been re-

ceived by first post. But a man in his seventy-fourth year would, I suppose, be excused by Royalty for not travelling 300 miles to attend a dance, even if a longer notice had been given, — though probably Mr. Wordsworth would have gone had he had a fortnight to think of it, because the Laureate *must* pay his personal respects to the Queen sooner or later; and the sooner the better, he thinks. I have been lately reading many of the old New Year and Birthday Odes, and nothing struck me so disagreeably as their *idolatry*. The Royal personage is not panegyrized, but idolized: the monarch is not a king, but a god. It has occurred to me that Mr. Wordsworth may, in his own grand way, compose a hymn to or on the King of kings, in rhymed verse, or blank, invoking a blessing on the Queen and country, or giving thanks for blessings vouchsafed and perils averted. This would be a new mode of dealing with the office of Laureate, and would come with dignity and propriety, I think, from a seer of Wordsworth's age and character. I told him so; and he made no observation. I therefore think it likely that he may consider the suggestion; but he certainly will not, if he hears that anything of that sort is expected from him. So do not mention it; he may do nothing in any case. . . . .

Quillinan to H. C. R.

The Island, Windermere, near Kendal, August 25, 1843.

Your letter, directed to Ambleside, would have come to me through Bowness to-day, had I not chanced to pass through Ambleside last evening, and to call at Mrs. Nicholson's, on my way to Rydal with my daughter, and a bride and bridegroom (who were married only a week ago, near Dover, and have come all this way on purpose to see *us* — not the lakes — previous to their departure for India). They start for Marseilles next week, go by steam to Alexandria, traverse the desert, &c. The bride is a very handsome person of twenty. Well, I rowed them yesterday to the Waterhead; walked then to Rydal, getting your letter by the way, and read your epistle, every word of it, to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, who were much pleased by the first part, and not a little entertained with most of the rest. Your friend, Mr. Paynter, I once breakfasted with at your chambers in the Temple. Of Mr. Faber we have heard a good deal. He has written several times to Miss Fenwick, and the Benson Harrisons; and the other day came a long yarn to Mr. Carr, in Italian, from Naples, which Faber abuses as utterly

uninteresting and detestable in climate, and far over-rated even as to beauty and position, — the bay being a very fair bay, but nothing incomparable! He sighs for his *Cara Roma*, which he left by medical advice, and so changed climate for the worse. From his *Cara Roma*, the first letter he sent to Miss Fenwick was dated Rome, and that one word was all the mention made of Rome; not another allusion to the Eternal City; it might as well have been penned from Geneva. But it was full of himself and his religious enthusiasm, — for his parish in England. He, however, got afterwards much among the cardinals, and seems to have been all but converted to the true faith. This between ourselves, and more of this hereafter: but he has rather retrograded; the Devil pulled him back a step or two from the Pope, and he stands again on the old new ground, if a man can be said to stand on a quicksand. What say you, who stand on the adamantine rock of d——n, on the farther shore, the indisputable territory of his Satanic Majesty? There is a little Popery for you, to pay you off for your heretical irreverence towards the Infallible Pontiff.*

What do you mean by my fierce mention of Macaulay, you Cross-Examiner of Gentleness! you Advocate of Paradox! you Gordian-knotter of Simplicities! you Puzzler of Innocence! Or does my protesting against the moral character of Pope being placed in invidious comparison with Addison's imply "hate of every one who differs in opinion"? &c., &c.† O ye Powers of Justice, listen to this cruel libeller of my patient, placable spirit; I forgive him, but you cannot! Your thunderbolts will avenge me. I will not enter upon the comparative moral worth of Pope and Addison. It is the very comparison by Mr. Macaulay at this time of day, — the begging of so ugly a question, — the lifting the skirts of one of his literary fathers, — that I object to, — that I should consider even odious, if my tender heart could, egg-like, be boiled hard. I will not reveal to you, for you could not comprehend, my idolatry of Pope from my boyhood, — I might almost say from my infancy; for the first book that ever threw me into a rapture of delight was Pope's "Iliad." I loved "The Little Nightingale," "The Great Alexander," from that day, and made everything concerning him my study; and I have never learned to unlove him, though there is not, I believe, any published particular of his history,

* Mr. Quillinan belonged to the Church of Rome.

† *Vide* article "Leigh Hunt," in Macaulay's Essays. Elsewhere Macaulay speaks of "the little man of Twickenham" in a tone which would naturally rouse the ire of Pope's ardent admirers.

whether discussed by friend or foe, that I have not read. My love of Pope was so notorious among my school-fellows, that when any malicious boy chose to put me into a fever for fun, he would point his popgun at Pope. When Lisle Bowles made money of Pope's brains, by publishing (in my boyhood) an edition of him, in which he had the face to deny that Pope was a poet of a high order, I thought the same Lisle a mean coxcomb.* I had been almost as much dissatisfied with Joseph Warton for the first volume of his Essay; but Dr. Joe's feeble elegance as a versifier was in some sense explanatory of his principles of taste, as well as of the mediocrity of his own talents (for *poetry*). I had written "genius," but thumbed it out, for he had none. My admiration of Pope, the man, the son, the friend, as well as the poet, in no degree diminished as I grew older, and is as vivid now as ever. The living presence of Mr. Rogers at his breakfast-table hardly more charms me than the Roubiliac bust, that is one of his precious *Lares Urbani*. Eight or nine and twenty years ago, at Malvern, I used often to visit the house of Sir Thomas Plomer's widow, in her absence, solely to gaze on an excellent original oil-portrait of Pope, that hung in her drawing-room. Little more than two years since, on the day before my marriage, the late Bishop Baynes, at Prior Park, pleased me much by his civilities, but most by showing me the little pencil sketch (often engraved) taken by stealth in that very house when it was Allen's, as Pope was standing talking carelessly, unconscious of the virtue that was stolen from him to make a little bit of paper a venerated relic. Pope, sir, taught me to read Montaigne, at an age when I found much of the matter far more difficult to my comprehension than its antiquated vehicle. (By the by, that need not deter any Englishman from making intimate acquaintance with him, while there exists so capital a translation as Cotton's, with copious notes.) Pope also taught me to read Chaucer and the "Fairy Queen," not in his indecent juvenile imitations, which I was unacquainted with in my youth, and would gladly cut out now. All this, which I know is utterly unimportant to any one but myself, I inflict upon your notice, that you may, in some slight measure, understand why I ought to hate Macaulay, or any flippant, flashy, clever fellow who demeans his abilities to the services of the Dunces in their war against Pope. Why, I *ought* to hate him (mind, I say), and should, but for the meek

* This edition of Pope by Bowles came into my hands while I was passing my holidays at Mr. Abbott's, my father's partner, in Gower Street, London; then a new street. — E. Q.

milkiness of my nature. Pope's character is as sacred to my estimation as the best and wholesomest fruit of his genius; both his moral worth and literary merit are bright enough to make me blink at his faults. His nature was generous. If, through "that long disease, his life," he was often more impatient of flies than a philosophical Brahmin, who can wonder if his high-bred Pegasus was impatient of them too, and flapped them down with his tail by dozens? What do you think his tail was given him for, if not to flap away the flies? That so sweet a bee as Addison, a honey-maker, whose Hybla murmurs are fit music for the gods, should have come in for a whisk of that formidable tail is lamentable; but why, then, did he insinuate his subtle sting into the fine flank of the soaring steed? "If you scratch not the Pope, you may fairly and brawly claw Brother Addison, Statesman Macaulay." (By the by, though there cannot be a greater contrast in style than between Macaulay's and Addison's, for Mr. Macaulay's is fussy and ambitious, I did and do very much admire his notice of the "Life of Lord Clive." He put more true and genuine stuff, I think, into those few pages, than was contained in the whole work that suggested the essay.) I cut out of the *John Bull* a letter which I have this moment fallen upon by chance. On Thursday last, the day after I had written to you, two letters came, one from Elton, the other from Brigham; the first alarming Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, who were with us, as to the state of Miss Hutchinson; the second, a summons for Dora. These disconcerted our plan of going to the Duddon, &c. Professor Wilson, and his daughter, Miss Wilson, dined with us on that day, and we found them very agreeable company; but the cheerfulness of the Professor, I fear, is rather assumed. I understand that he has never recovered the shock of his wife's death. He was in this country a few days only. He is no Bacchanalian now, if he ever were so. He drinks no wine, nor spirits, nor even beer, — nothing but water or tea or coffee. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth were very glad to meet so old a friend. Mrs. Wordsworth has always been an admirer and lover of Wilson. Don't be jealous; her husband is not. On Friday, Mr. Wordsworth accompanied Dora and me by water to Low Wood, whence Dora went to Rydal in a car, and thence to Brigham with James, in her father's phaeton. She went to take care of her brother's children, according to promise, while John and his wife are absent, or such part of the time as may be arranged. Very inconvenient and desolate for me is her

absence, but it was a duty that called her away. Had she been here, I should have thought I could not find time to write you such a "lengthy" prose.

H. C. R. TO QUILLINAN.

August 30, 1843.

Your last very entertaining letter reached me just as I was in the act of nibbing my pen to write to Mrs. Wordsworth. . . . .

You have amply apologized for the seemingly contemptuous language you used towards a man who is on no account to be despised. If he has wounded you in your hobby, you have a right to your revenge, and I allow it to you; only, feel the truth of Montaigne's fine saying, and keep within bounds. I want no more.

After all, Pope is, or rather *was*, as great a favorite with me as any one English poet. Perhaps I once knew more of him than of any other English classic.

Referring to an early period of my life, before I had heard of the Lyrical Ballads, which caused a little revolution in my taste for poetry, there were four poems which I used to read incessantly; I cannot say which I then read the oftenest, or loved the most. They are of a very different kind, and I mention them to show that my taste was *wide*. They were "The Rape of the Lock," "Comus," "The Castle of Indolence," and the "Traveller." Next to these were all the Ethic Epistles of Pope; and with respect to all these, they were so familiar to me, that I never for years looked into them, — I seemed to know them by heart. I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to confess that at that period I was much better acquainted with the *Rambler* than the *Spectator*. But warm admiration of Johnson has been followed by almost disgust, which does not extend to the Johnson of Boswell.

But I must not forget to say what I wanted to hear from Mrs. Wordsworth, and which in fact you will be able to tell me quite as well as she can, though neither of you can do more than state an intention and a probability. When are the Wordsworths likely to be again at Rydal? I have been asked by two persons to make the inquiry. One of these is a man of some rank in the world of German literature, — Ranke, the historian. It is a proof of eminence, certainly, that one of his great works, the "History of the Popes," has

been twice translated into English, and one of the translations (Mrs. Austin's) has gone into a second edition ; and yet this popularity has not been obtained by any vulgar declamation. He is a cool thinker, and much more temperate than religionists like writers to be. I find, on chatting with him, that he is seriously an *alarmist* on the occasion of the progress of the Papal power ; but it is rather a secular than a spiritual feeling. It is not from a fear that the Protestant religion would be undermined, so much as that the Protestant states would be disturbed by the usurpation of the priestly authority. . . . .

Your account of a tour to the Duddon quite fidgets me. Do you know I have never seen the Duddon ? Another fidgets-producing thought is, that of Wordsworth making a tour in Wales. My first journey was in that country ; I must go again, for I had not then learned to *see*. I fear I have not learned yet ; but I have learned to enjoy, which I know on the highest authority is better than understanding.

To go back to Macaulay. Of course you have read his article on the very book of Ranke I have been writing of ? There is one passage not above a page in length, which I have among my papers, and will send you if you are not already familiar with it. It begins with the remark (I quote from memory), that the Church of Rome alone knows how to make use of fanatics whom the Church of England proudly and foolishly repels ; and he concludes with a sarcastic summary. In Rome, John Wesley would have been Loyola ; Joanna Southcott, Saint Theresa ; Lady Huntingdon would have been the foundress of a new order of Carmelites ; and Mrs. Fry presided over the "Sisters of the Jails." . . . .

I must own, however, that in this very article Macaulay contrived to offend all parties, — Romanist, Anglican, and Genevan : a proof of his impartiality at least.

Thanks for your account of Faber ; it amuses me much. But what right has he to abuse the *second* city in Italy ? Certainly not more than Macaulay has to fall foul of one who, you will acknowledge, is far from being the second poet of England.

But Naples is an *uncomfortable* place, with all your admiration of it ; you never feel at home in it ; the sensations it produces are all centrifugal, not centripetal.

There is no accounting for the accidental feelings of men ; Herder, a great thinker, as well as a pre-eminently pious and

devout man, and no contemptible poet, could not be made to love Rome, but wished to live and die in Naples. . . . . If I have a pet in the South, it is Sicily. To speak again of Faber, and the like, I never feared that they would go over to the Church of Rome, but that they would do a much worse thing, — bring over the Church of Rome, or rather the Papacy, into England's Church; import all its tyranny and its spirit of persecution, and, without the merit of consistency, claim the same prerogatives. The Archbishop of Dublin (Whately) said to a friend of mine, "If I must have a Pope, I would rather have a Pope at Rome than at Oxford"; and I heartily join in this. . . . .

Quillinan to H. C. R.

The Island, Windermere, September 1, 1843.

. . . . You may propose a Welsh tour to Mr. Wordsworth. He is so fond of travelling with you that I dare say, once at Brinsop, he would say "Done!" to your offer. Dora is at Rydal now. Jemima, Rotha, and I go on Saturday next; and very reluctantly shall I leave this *perfect* island, — I mean this island that has no imperfections about or on it except ourselves. Even Rydal Mount is not so charming a "locality," as the Yankees say; and the house here is excellent, — a mansion. . . . .

Any friend of yours travelling in these regions, who, in the absence of the poet, considers it worth his while to look at his house and haunts, will be received with all kindness by the poet's daughter, for your sake; "a man of Ranke," — your pun, not mine, sir, — like the historian of the Popes, for his own sake, as well as yours. But *he* will scarcely climb the hill to look at the nest among the laurel-bushes whence the bird is flown.

H. C. R. to T. R.

Athenæum, 9th September, 1843.

. . . . I am glad you have mentioned as you did Martineau's Sermons. They delight me much; we seem to entertain precisely the same opinions of them. In consequence of your praise, I read out of their turn the two on the "Kingdom of God within us." They fully deserve your eulogy. If possible, there is another still better, at least it has more original and striking thoughts; it is VII., "Religion on False Pretences." Page 94 is especially noticeable. What a crushing remark is

that founded on the difference between *restraining others* and *self-submission!* Equally significant is p. 98, its comforts of religion, and "insurance speculations," on God's service. . . . . In p. 99, Martineau must have thought of Brougham, perhaps unconsciously; of whom else could *strange gambols* have been written? The Economists get a rap on the knuckles in the same page.

Sermon III. begins: "Every fiction that has ever laid strong hold on human belief is the mistaken image of some great *truth*, to which reason will direct its search, while half-reason is content with laughing at the superstition, and unreason with disbelieving it." I have been in the habit of saying, and I dare say I have written to you, "When errors make way in the world, it is by virtue of the truths mixed up with them." The interpretation of the doctrine of incarnation, which follows (p. 33), is in the same spirit, and most excellent. . . . . I was not aware that John Wesley had ever said anything so bold as your quoted words, that "Calvin's God was worse than his Devil." . . . .

In the yesterday's papers there was a long account of a very excellent and eminent person, with whom I lately became acquainted, Canon Tate, — a very liberal clergyman. He was a residentiary of St. Paul's, a great scholar, and a zealous abolitionist. He professed great esteem for Mr. Clarkson. By the by, that reminds me that I have made a purchase of a portrait of our old friend, which I believe is an original, — a repetition of the one now at Playford, and which was engraved in aquatint in 1785. It was taken when he was in his work, and therefore will be to posterity more valuable than the portrait of him in old age. I gave £10 for it.* I do hope you will come and see it this autumn. . . . . .

H. C. R. TO T. R.

15th September, 1843.

Miss Aikin gave me a little MS. poem, by Mrs. Barbauld, in answer to one by Hannah More. It is a severe attack on the Bishops. Hannah More had, in Bonner's name, affected to abuse the Bishops for no longer persecuting heretics. "Much thanks for little," say the Bishops, in this their answer to Bishop Bonner; "we would if we could." The following stanzas contain the pith of the whole: —

* Bequeathed by H. C. R. to the National Portrait Gallery.

1.

'T is not to us should be addressed
Your ghostly exhortation;
If heresy still lift her crest,
The fault is in the nation.

2.

The State, in spite of all our pains,
Has left us in the lurch;
The spirit of the times restrains
The spirit of the Church.

3.

Our spleen against reforming cries
Is now, as ever, shown;
Though we can't blind the nation's eyes,
Still we may shut our own.

4.

Well warned from what abroad befalls,
We keep all light at home;
Nor brush one cobweb from St. Paul's,
Lest it should shake the dome.

5.

Would it but please the civil weal
To lift again the crosier,
We soon would make those yokes of steel
Which now are bands of osier.

6.

Church maxims do not greatly vary,
Take it upon my honor;
Place on the throne another Mary,
We 'll find her soon a Bonner.

I took advantage of the day to call on ——, a very religious person, who invites me, though she must hold me to be a suspicious character at least. But she was evidently pleased with the attention. I have long remarked that the saints are well pleased to be noticed by the sinners.

H. C. R. to Mrs. Wordsworth.

30 Russell Square, 24th October, 1843.

. . . . I met yesterday Strickland Cookson, who informed me of the sudden death of Jane, — a new and very serious calamity. The death of an old and attached servant of her description is one of a very serious character indeed, and I fear, in a degree, irreparable. It shows the vanity of our

artificial classifications of society. How indignant you would feel were any one to say, by way of consolation or remark on your sorrow, that she was *only* your servant!

You have been sadly and often tried of late. Let us hope that you will, for a time, be spared any fresh attack on your spirits and domestic comfort.

You are not, you cannot be, so selfish as not, amid your own sorrow, to be pleased to hear good news of your friends. I was yesterday startled by a letter from my brother, announcing his intention to come up to London next Monday. This is a better proof of the state of his health than a doctor's certificate. He cannot travel without his servant, and that servant has been taken ill. But the illness is not thought to be serious. The loss of his Edward would be to him what the loss of your Jane is to you. These constantly occurring events make me feel so insecure, that I am habitually making that reservation to myself which, as a mere form of words, has become almost ridiculous, in the shape of a "Deo volente." But so it is; the veriest of forms originate in earnest feelings. Only one cannot always tell when the sentiment degenerates into the form; and, what is worse, the form is apt to become the hypocritical substitute for the feeling. But, as Mr. Wordsworth exclaims in his part of your letter, "Such is poor human nature!" . . . .

November 18th. — An idle day. Continued reading, as usual, and took a short walk with Mayer, and another with my brother. The single incident was dining with Miss Meredith, at Miss Coutts's." There I met Charles Young, who made himself very agreeable. He has great comic talent; took off Scotchmen admirably; and told anecdotes of the actors of his day with great spirit. I found that we agreed on all matters of taste as to the Drama, — Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Kean, Miss O'Neil, &c., &c., — no difference whatever. The conversation was very lively. Miss Costello also there. With her I chatted pleasantly enough about France; but she rather expects too much, for she wants us to read *all* her writings, — novels and travels.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

AMBLESIDE (Saturday night), December 9, 1843.

. . . . I have been dining at Rydal, after walking about a considerable part of the morning, through the waters and the

mists, with the Bard, who seems to defy all weathers, and who called this a beautiful, soft, solemn day; and so it was, though somewhat insidiously soft, for a mackintosh was hardly proof against its insinuations. He is in great force, and in great vigor of mind. He has just completed an epitaph on Southey, written at the request of a committee at Keswick, for Crosthwaite Church. I think it will please you.

They, — all the Rydalites, — Mr. Wordsworth, Mrs. Wordsworth, and Miss Fenwick, have been quite charmed, affected, and instructed by the Invalid's volume, sent down by Moxon, who kept his secret like a man. But a woman found it out, for all *that*, — found you out, Mr. Sly-boots! Mrs. Wordsworth, after a few pages were read, at once pronounced it to be Miss Martineau's production; and concluded that you knew all about it, and caused it to be sent hither. In some of its most eloquent parts it stops short of their wishes and expectations; but they all agree that it is *a rare book*, doing honor to the head and heart of your able and interesting friend. Mr. Wordsworth praised it with more unreserve — I may say, with more *earnestness* — than is usual with him. The serene and heavenly minded Miss Fenwick was prodigal of her admiration. But Mrs. Wordsworth's was the crowning praise. She said, — and you know how she would say it, — "I wish I had read exactly such a book as that years ago!"

I ought to add, that they had not finished the volume, — had only got about half through it, — as many interruptions occur, and they like to read it together; one, of course, reading aloud to the rest. It is a *genuine* and touching series of meditations by an invalid, not sick in mind or heart; and such, they doubt not, they will find it to the end. When I said *all* the Rydalites, I ought to have excepted poor dear Miss Wordsworth, who could not bear sustained attention to any book, but who would be quite capable of appreciating a little at a time. . . . .

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, 9th December. 1843.

. . . . I receive your congratulations about my University College occupations *as* you offer them. It is a satisfaction to me that I am conscious of growing more sympathetic, instead of becoming more selfish, as I grow older. And this is a happy circumstance, for what otherwise would life be? You have

heard me quote a fine motto by Goethe to one of the volumes of his Life: "What in youth we long for, we have plenty of in old age"; and he explains this by the remark *in* the volume, that in his youth he loved Gothic architecture, and stood alone in that taste. In the advance of life he found the rising generation had the start of him. "So it would always be if we attached ourselves to objects *un*selfish, and which concern society at large. We should then never be disappointed. . . . .

I have had a most interesting letter from Harriet Martineau, which I mean to send you next week. . . . . She has published anonymously a most admirable book, "Life in the Sick-Room." I mean to bring it with me when I come down next. It unfolds the feelings of those who are condemned to a *long seclusion* from the world by sickness. It does not apply to persons who, like you, have had sharp but short diseases. Nevertheless, it will excite you to comparisons between yourself and her. It has me, I am conscious.

I have seen Miss Weston again. She inquires very kindly after you. She is living in St. John's Wood. . . . .

Have you not remarked how much the style of the *Times* is changed now from what it was? One no longer sees those fierce declamations which caused Stoddart to get the name of *Doctor Slop*, and the paper the title of *The Thunderer*. It has become mild, argumentative, and discriminating. I wrote lately to Walter, to tell him that I thought the paper better than it has been ever since I have known it, that is, thirty-six years. He has thanked me most warmly for my *encouragement* and commendation. . . .

*Rem.** — I made a visit to Rydal Mount this year. It was uneventful, with one exception. Lodgings were taken for me in a neat cottage, where an old man and his wife lived. On the very first night, December 24th, just as I was on the point of getting into bed, I missed a volume I had been reading. I stepped to the landing-place to call to Mrs. Steele, when, being in the dark, I slipped down the stairs. I had a severe blow on the left side; then I fell head-foremost, and rolled down several stairs. I was stopped by two severe concussions, — one on my left shoulder, the other on my heart, or as near as may be to it. The good old couple were too much frightened to render me any assistance. I was in severe pain, and, they say, as pale as death. I managed, however, to get up to my bed, and would not allow

* Written in 1859.

any message to be sent to the Mount. I had a light in my room, and passed a night of pain and watchfulness.

December 25th. — I sent for James early; he came, gave notice to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, and they followed soon. I had from them every consolation that friendship and kindness can administer. They had sent for Mr. Fell, and with him came Dr. Davy (the brother of Sir Humphry, and son-in-law of Mrs. Fletcher), who was by accident with him. Mr. Fell felt my body, and declared there was nothing broken. That may be, but I am by no means sure that I have not received a very serious injury. I had a call from Quillinan in the evening, as well as several from Wordsworth. My second night was not better than my first, except that, by James's aid, I managed to have my pillows laid more comfortably.

December 26th. — In the forenoon Mr. Fell came again, and he induced me to allow James to dress me, and then I was put into Miss Wordsworth's carriage, and drawn up to the Mount. A room was given me adjoining James's sleeping-place. He is an excellent nurse, and here I have felt myself infinitely more comfortable than in the cottage, where the kind-hearted but feeble old couple only made me more sensible of my own helplessness. During the day I have found it difficult to talk. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth have therefore been short in their visits. I have learnt the practical meaning of what hitherto has been only a phrase, — *smoothing the pillow.* He who does it as James does is a benefactor.

December 30th. — This was, comparatively, a busy day. I had calls in my room from Miss Fenwick, then from Mrs. Quillinan, and Mrs. and Miss Fletcher; and, in the evening, hearing that Mrs. Arnold was below, I got James to dress me, and surprised them at their tea. I was cordially greeted, and in excellent spirits.*

1844.

H. C. R. to T. R.

Rydal Mount, 19th January, 1844, 8 A. M.

I must tell you something about James. He is forty-five years of age, and is really a sort of model servant for a country situation like this, as he is very religious and moral, as well as an excellent servant (Wordsworth's man-servant). He is a great

* H. C. R. did not continue his "Reminiscences" beyond this year; but he wrote a Diary till within a few days of his death.

favorite with the family, and will, I dare say, never leave them. He told me his history. He was brought up in a workhouse, and at nine years of age was turned out of the house with two shillings in his pocket. When without a sixpence, he was picked up by a farmer, who took him into his service on condition that all his clothes should be burnt (they were so filthy), and he was to pay for his new clothes out of his wages of two pounds ten shillings per annum. Here he stayed as long as he was wanted. "I have been so *lucky*," said James, "that I was never out of place a day in my life, for I was always taken into service immediately. I never got into a scrape, or was drunk in my life, for I never taste any liquor. *So that I have often said, I consider myself as a favorite of fortune!!!*" This is equal to Goldsmith's cripple in the Park, who remarks of his own state, — you will recollect what it was, — "'T is not every man that can be born with a golden spoon in his mouth." But James has acquired his golden spoon. He has saved up £150, which he has invested in railroad shares. He can both read and write, plays on the accordion, sings, has a taste for drawing, paints Easter eggs with great taste, and is a very respectable tailor. "I never loved company," said James, "and I cannot be idle; so I am always doing something." He is not *literate*, though he can read and write, for he seems hardly to know that he is in the service of a poet though he must know something of song-writing.*

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

AMBLESIDE. March 19, 1844.

I am going to write you a short letter about nothing for Mrs. Wordsworth, who has it on her conscience that she has not lately written to you, though she has nothing to say except what you know, that a letter from you is one of the most acceptable things her post-bag ever contains. How are you and your brother? Both well, we hope; and we never fancy you quite well when your brother is otherwise. We have had a roaring storm of wind here, which lasted two or three days, and did mischief among trees, but most at Rydal Mount. The two largest of those fine old cherry-trees on the terrace, nearest the house, were uprooted, and spread their length over the wall and

* When I took leave of him on this visit, I hung round his neck a silver watch. He was so surprised that he was literally unable to thank me. — H. C. R.

orchard as far the kitchen-garden ; two fir-trees also, both ornamental from their position, and one especially so from its double stem, have been laid prostrate. With proper appliances, these might be set up again, but the expense here and inconvenience would be greater than the annoyance of their removal. Such losses will sound trivial at a distance, but they are felt at home. Those cherry-trees were old servants and companions. Dora and the birds used (in *her* younger days) to perch together on the boughs for the fruit. . . . . Mr. Wordsworth has been working very hard lately, to very little purpose, to mend the versification of "The Excursion," with some parts of which he is dissatisfied, and no doubt justly ; but to mend it without losing more, in the freshness and the force of expression, than he will gain in variety of cadence, is, in most cases, I believe, impracticable. *It will* DO, in spite of my Lord Jeffrey and its occasional defects in metrical construction, &c.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

AMBLESIDE, April 7, 1844.

. . . . As to Article 3 in the *Prospective Review* on "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," it is about as bad as the wretched book itself. I wish wicked people (like you) were not so clever, or clever people (like you) were not so wicked. That volume of "Thoughts on the Vestiges of Creation" is a book of hypotheses grounded mainly on the modern discoveries in geology ; a grand and solid foundation, on which free-thinkers build nebulous towers that reach the skies, and from those airy observatories pry into the Holy of Holies, peruse the inner mind of the Almighty, and look down with pity on the ignorant multitudes who have nothing to help them in their heavenward aspirations but blind faith in the truths of revealed religion. "Leave me, leave me to repose!"

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

14th July, 1844.

. . . . Dr. Arnold's "Life" Mrs. Wordsworth has read diligently. The first volume she read aloud to me, and I have more than skimmed the second. He was a truly good man ; of too ardent a mind, however, to be always judicious on the great points of secular and ecclesiastical polity that occupied his mind, and upon which he often wrote and acted under

strong prejudices and with hazardous confidence. But the book, notwithstanding these objections, must do good, and *great* good. His benevolence was so earnest, his life so industrious, his affections, domestic and social, so intense, his faith so warm and firm, and his endeavor to regulate his life by it so constant, that his example cannot but be beneficial, even in quarters where his opinions may be most disliked. How he hated sin, and loved and thirsted after holiness! O that on this path he were universally followed! . . . .

August 28th. — (Bury.) Began a task which I set myself for my Bury visit, — that of looking over a few years' letters. I find difficulty in determining which I should preserve, and which destroy. Sometimes the friend is dead, and sometimes the friendship.

H. C. R. TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, 18th September, 1844.

. . . . My month there (at Bury) was broken in upon by a short visit to Playford, Yarmouth, and Norwich. Old Clarkson is really a wonderful creature, were he only contemplated as an animal. There he is, in his eighty-fifth year, as laborious and calmly strenuous in his pursuits as he was fifty or sixty years ago. By the by, I am afraid I am writing nonsense; for this is not an *animal* habit or quality. I meant to refer to that strength of bodily constitution, without which all the powers of the mind are insufficient to produce the effects by which a great mind or character is known. I have often applied this remark to your husband, in connection with another, — that I believe all the first-rate geniuses in poetry, the fine arts, &c., &c., have been strong and healthy, and might have been good laborers; while it is only the second-rate geniuses who are cripples, or deformed, or defective in their bodily qualities. What a digression this is! You 'll think I can have nothing to say. However, to go on: Clarkson was busy during the three days I was there, writing letters assiduously both to private friends and for the press, and all for his "Africans." He is happy in this, that he cannot see difficulties, or dangers, or doubts in any interest he has embraced, or in any act he has to do. No one ever more faithfully discharged the duty of *hoping* which the poet has laid down. He does not believe that Texas will be united to the

States. He will not see that France and America are doing all in their power to get rid of their reciprocal obligations to annul the slave-trade. However difficult the hill may be to climb, he toils on, and has no doubt of reaching the summit.

. . . . .

I returned to London on the 4th of this month, and was very soon pressed to join the British Archæological Association, which was to hold its first solemn meeting or sitting at Canterbury on the 9th. What a pity it is, that I cannot tell whether you, in fact, know anything about this learned body or not, or whether you in your, be it ignorance, or be it knowledge, care anything about it or not. You know, that is, you will in a second, that this is an imitation of the Scientific Association, which, in defiance of the penal statutes against vagrants, goes from place to place annually, haunting the great towns successively, and inflicting on the inhabitants tremendous long speeches — or rather papers, worse than speeches — on matters appertaining to Natural History and Science. The Antiquaries, on the other hand, discourse on antiquities; and their journeys will have a local propriety or object, because the Association assembles for the purpose of investigating the antiquities of the spot. They began very wisely with Canterbury, for this city and its immediate vicinity abound in almost every variety of antiquity; and the Association had the cordial co-operation of all the local authorities. The Dean and Chapter opened their cathedral to us without any restriction, — an act that had never been done before; and every part of that glorious structure was open to the freest inspection, without the annoying fee-exacting companionship of verger or attendant, male or female. The Mayor, in one of his speeches in public, declared that there are thousands of the citizens of Canterbury who have never seen the interior of the Cloisters. A change, there is no doubt, will now take place. I never saw any religious edifice to so great an advantage before. In every part it is a marvellous building.

On the second day we made a sort of supplemental pilgrimage. We explored barrows at two places, — one in Bourne Park, the seat of our President, Lord Albert Conyngham, who very hospitably entertained us at his mansion. I had now — what in one's seventieth year is not to be lightly prized — new impressions. Some half dozen barrows were opened, and most of them were productive. Standing round the diggers

into the chalk soil, my attention was revived by a cry, — "Take care! there 's something." I looked and distinguished a reddish spot in the chalk. The operator very carefully dug with his fingers all around, and shortly brought up a whole urn, filled, as such are, *really*, with ashes and bones. There had been before picked up teeth, fragments of glass, probably lachrymals, bits of metal which the learned alone can properly describe or even name.

Another barrow revealed to us a skeleton lying on its back.

Among our leaders at this meeting was an old acquaintance of yours, the Dean of Hereford. He presided over this very class of what is called the "Primeval Section," and finding that he was going to preside on one of the mornings, I bethought myself that I might contribute to the enjoyment of the audience, in the degree of their accessibility to such impressions. I wrote down from memory one of my favorite sonnets,

"How profitless the relics that we cull,"

and took it to him. He heartily thanked me for it, and read it with effect.

On the Thursday I accompanied a select party, led by Lord A. C., to look over the Castle of Dover, where we were admitted into the recesses of that *living* fortification (most of such buildings are mere antiquities) by the governor, who fêted us into the bargain.

The entertainment of another day consisted, among other things, in the unrolling of a mummy, — so that you will allow there was no want of a variety of objects to interest us; and we had a number of pleasant men. Dr. Buckland combines so much good-humor with his zeal, and mixes his geological with his antiquarian researches with so equal an interest, as to be quite unique among scholars and men of science. The whole went off very pleasantly, and I have no doubt wherever we go we shall spread the love of antiquities.

BARRON FIELD TO H. C. R.

MEADFOOT HOUSE, TORQUAY, 21st October, 1844.

You do me no more than justice in saying that I shall not be unhappy by being left without interruption to my books. I have here, for the first time, got my portion of my father's library, who was deacon of an Independent church, and am

devouring Baxter's "Life and Times." What a liberal though orthodox Christian was he! Why was not the Church reformed by him and the rest of the London ministers at the Restoration? Nothing has been done since, for now nearly two hundred years. What a noble passage is the following! — "Therefore, I would have had the brethren to have offered the Parliament the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Decalogue alone as our essentials or fundamentals, which at least contain all that is necessary to salvation, and hath been by all the ancient churches taken for the sum of their religion. And whereas they still said, 'A Socinian or a Papist will subscribe all this,' I answered them, 'So much the better, and so much the fitter it is to be the matter of our concord. But if you are afraid of communion with Papists and Socinians, it must not be avoided by making a new rule or test of faith which they will not subscribe to, or by forcing others to subscribe to more than *they* can do, but by calling them to account whenever in preaching or writing they contradict or abuse the truth to which they have subscribed. This is the work of government, and we must not think to make laws serve instead of judgment and execution; nor must we make new laws as often as heretics will misinterpret and subscribe the old; for, when you have put in all the words you can devise, some heretics will put their own sense on them, and subscribe them. And we must not blame God for not making a law that no man can misinterpret or break, and think to make such a one ourselves, because God could not or would not. These presumptions and errors have divided and distracted the Christian Church, and one would think experience should save us from them.'"

H. C. R. to Mrs. Wordsworth.

November 30, 1844.

Rogers said after his loss: * "I should be ashamed of myself if I were unable to bear a shock like this at my age. It would be an amusement to me to see on how little I could live, if it were necessary. But I shall not be put to the experiment. Let the worst come, we shall not be ruined."

[In a letter written about the same time, H. C. R. says:] "Rogers loves children, and is fond of the society of young people. 'When I am old and bedridden,' he says, 'I shall be read to by young people, — Walter Scott's novels, perhaps.'"

* The Bank robbery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1844.

DISSENTERS CHAPELS ACT, 7 & 8 VICT. CH. 45.

[MR. ROBINSON used often to say that, during his life, he had never done anything of the slightest use to his fellow-men, except in the cases of the Dissenters' Chapels Act, the Flaxman Gallery, and the establishment of the Hall (University Hall) in Gordon Square, for residence of students of University College, London.* He had collected and set apart large bundles of papers and letters relating to these subjects, meaning, no doubt, to use them if he should feel able to continue his Reminiscences. The passing of the Chapels Bill was to him the most interesting event of his life. "My interest in this Bill rises to anxiety"; "It is the single subject in which I take a warm interest"; and similar expressions now occur in almost every page of his diary and letters. Though not expecting that the subject can excite much general interest, the Editor still feels it his duty to give a few extracts from the papers so collected by Mr. Robinson, on a subject so very dear to him. To the end of his life, it was to him a matter of anxiety and perplexity to whom his papers should be intrusted, and it is believed that such anxiety arose mainly from a fear that all mention of his share in affairs such as those now coming under relation, and of his views on them, and on other matters not of popular interest, might be suppressed.

The debates on the passing of this Bill through Parliament, with a number of illustrative documents, were published in a separate volume. Mr. Robinson was one of its editors. The first of the extracts about to be given from Mr. Robinson's collections are from a paper, possibly of Mr. Robinson's composition, which seems to have been intended for an introduction to this volume: —

"Before this act was passed, the Law Courts had refused to recognize the possibility of men meeting for religious exercises, each unfettered as to his individual ideas of dogmas. They insisted that the mere words, *worship of God*, used by any religionists in their deeds, must essentially mean the annunciation of some peculiar metaphysical views of faith, and that the duty of the Law Courts was to find out and define these views, and to confine such religionists and their successors within them for all futurity. This act recognizes, in the clearest manner, the full Protestant liberty of private judgment, 'unfettered by the accident of ancestral creed, and protected from all inquisitorial interference.'"

"By the effect of the legal decisions in the cases of the Lady Hewley Trust Fund, and of the Wolverhampton Chapel, the Nonconformists of England and Ireland, who held religious opinions at variance with the doctrinal Articles of the Church of England, found that the title to the chapels, burial-grounds, and religious property which had been created by their forefathers, and upheld and added to by themselves, was bad."

"Though its invalidity had never been previously suspected, those decisions showed that it had been bad for nearly, if not quite, a century."

As it had been made illegal by the Toleration Act, and continued illegal until 1813,* to impugn the doctrine of the Trinity, no Unitarians could be entitled to retain possession of a chapel built before that time.]

* In this year Mr. Smith's Act passed, 53 Geo. 3, c. 160.

MARCH 12th. — I learned to-day that the Bill lately brought into the House of Lords for the relief of Dissenters by the Chancellor is intended for the benefit of Unitarians. It is hardly conceivable that the orthodox will not have power to throw it out.

March 23d. — How strange, that I should have actually forgotten till now a very remarkable incident! I was requested by Edwin Field * to accompany him and Mr. Thornley † on a deputation to Lord Brougham to secure his interest on behalf of the Unitarian Relief Bill. This, I believe, the Unitarians will have; but I have not the slightest hope of ultimate success. The orthodox will be too powerful. But I shall have opportunities of reverting to this subject, as I am requested on Tuesday to go to the Bishop of London.

March 26th. — A busy day and a memorable one, inasmuch as I found myself, *mirabile dictu*, in the study of the Bishop of London,‡ as one of a deputation to discuss with him the Unitarian Bill. There were nine of us.

. . . . .

The Bishop began by being strongly against us in principle. The only point made by the Bishop was the injustice of holding property intended for the promotion of one set of opinions, and maintaining the very opposite. At the same time, he allowed the utility of a limitation on litigation, and that it was not right to make orthodoxy the subject of litigation in secular courts.

[On the 25th of April, a very long and able letter of H. C. R.'s on this subject, signed "A Barrister," appeared in the *Times*. From it the last sentence only shall be extracted. Many other letters and papers of his were published, but space will not allow any enumeration of them.]

"The Unitarians maintain, certainly, very obnoxious opinions, and thereby expose themselves to obloquy; while their adversaries, in violation of all the professed principles of dissent, are striving to turn a penny by means of their pretended orthodoxy; and that after a silence, an acquiescence, a fellowship, an acting in concert with those they seek to plunder, of more than a century's duration. Is this to be permitted?"

June 6th. — I went as early as four to the Commons. There

* A solicitor under whose charge the Bill was chiefly placed, and afterwards one of H. C. R.'s executors.

† M. P. for Wolverhampton.

‡ Bishop Blomfield, son of H. C. R.'s old Bury schoolmaster. See Vol. I. p. 3.

I stayed till twelve, when I came home with Cookson. A most interesting debate, but a sadly one-sided one. For the Bill, Attorney-General * admirably luminous. Macaulay eloquent and impressive, but still not quite what I liked, — a want of delicacy. Monckton Milnes ingenious and earnest, — an unexpected speech. Gladstone historical and elaborate. Sheil wild, extravagant, and funny, especially in an attack on Sir Robert Inglis. Sir Robert Peel very dignified and conscientious. Lord John Russell, — not much in his speech, beyond his testimony to the merits of the Bill. *Contra.* Such a set! Not a cheer elicited the whole night. They consisted of Sir Robert Inglis, Plumptre, Colquhoun, and Fox Maule. Lord Sandon spoke, but it is not clear on which side he meant to speak. On the whole, it was an evening of very great excitement and pleasure, and I shall have now a few days of pleasure in talking over this business.

July 6th. — I went to carry papers to the Bishop of Norwich, on whom Mark Phillips and I had previously called. He received me with great personal kindness, but said: "I shall take no part in the measure. I cannot oppose a Bill which is to extend religious liberty, but I cannot assist a Bill which is to *favor* Unitarianism." — I gravely said, "I should have a very bad opinion of any bishop who did." — "How do you mean that?" he asked. — "Thus, my Lord. This bill will merely extend to Unitarians the same protection which all other Protestant Dissenters enjoy. To be relieved from persecution is a great blessing, but surely not a *favor*." — "Certainly not. And is that all that your Bill does?" — "Your lordship shall judge." I then put into his hands several papers, which, as I was the next day informed, kept him up all night, and ultimately he voted for and spoke in favor of the Bill.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

11th May, 1844.

. . . . I never felt so strong an interest in any measure of legislation. Not, if I know my own feelings, from any great interest I take in Unitarians, as such, but because they are standing in the breach in a case of religious liberty. Surely, if there be such a thing as persecution, it is that of saying that people are to be robbed of their own property because they have thought proper to change their opinions, or, be it, their faith. . . . .

* Sir William Follett.

June 24th. — I wrote to Mrs. Fletcher, giving her an account of the Bill. I ventured to remark on the single defect of Wordsworth's character. He has lost his love of liberty, not his humanity, but his confidence in mankind.

Wordsworth to H. C. R.

14th July, 1844.

I wrote to you at some length immediately on receipt of your last to Mrs. Wordsworth, but as my letter turned mainly on the subject of yours, — the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, — I could not muster resolution to send it, for I felt it was reviving matter of which you had had too much.

I was averse to the Bill, and my opinion is not changed. I do not consider the authorities you appeal to as the best judges in a matter of this kind, which it is absurd to treat as a mere question of property, or any gross material right or privilege, — say a right of road, or any other thing of the kind, for which usage may be pleaded. But the same considerations that prevented my sending the letter in which the subject was treated at length forbid me to enter again upon it; so let it rest till we have the pleasure of meeting, and then if it be thought worth while, we may revert to it. . . . .

H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

Bury St. Edmunds, 24th July, 1844.

I was delighted to receive a letter in your handwriting, though that pleasure was lessened by its bearing marks of being written with uneasiness, if not pain. I am not going to tease you by discussing a subject you wish to avoid, and therefore I shall leave entirely unnoticed the topic involved in your emphatic declaration that you dislike the Bill which has been the subject of my unremitted exertions for the last two, or rather three, months, and which exertions have been rewarded by a triumphant victory. I perfectly agree with you, that the great lawyers are no authority whatever on any other than a question of property, and of a gross material right. I shall therefore merely try to convince you, that you are under a mistake altogether about the *other question* which you allude to, and which you and I very well understand; that is, we know what is meant by it, and can allude to it without further statement. Your friend, Sir Robert Inglis, declared expressly, that he con-

sidered the Bill merely as a question of property, and the protest of the Bishop of Exeter went almost altogether on the ground that the law of trusts was violated by it. This was treated by the law lords with something like scorn, and you will allow that they are, on such a question, absolute authority.

But the other question which you have in your mind has for thirty years ceased to be a question arguable either in a court of law or in a legislative body; for, by Mr. Smith's Act, which passed in 1813, Unitarianism is put on a perfect equality with all other varieties of Protestant dissent. And in the Lady Hewley case, it was declared *unanimously* by the judges that, since that Act, Chapels for preaching Unitarianism may be legally endowed, and, by this declaration, all that stuff is at once disposed of which such men as Mr. Plumptre, Lord Mountcashel, &c., are continually repeating, that the assertion of anti-Trinitarianism (that is, Arianism as well as Socinianism) is an offence at common law. The only question, therefore, which the legislature was called upon to answer, had a reference merely to the material and gross interest in the old chapels built before Mr. Smith's Act.

The right to preach Unitarianism being ascertained by the statute law and the declaration of the judges on that point, viz., the mere question of property, Lord Lyndhurst, and every other law lord, with the concurrence of the Attorney-General (and Mr. Gladstone on High-Church principles), held that it was a monstrous injustice to take from the Unitarians, merely on a law fiction, the property they had held for several generations; that because, before 1813, Unitarianism was not tolerated, therefore it must be inferred that Trinitarianism was intended, the fact being beyond all contradiction, as Mr. Gladstone asserted, after a long historical investigation, that while the Independents (of William's and Anne's time) inserted in their foundation deeds a formal declaration of their doctrines, the Presbyterians, though the Arian controversy was then carrying on, refused to bind themselves to any faith whatever. In this they acted consistently, as Dissenters (the first principle of Dissent is self-government); and having left the Church because they would not submit to her dictation, neither would they call upon others to submit to *theirs*. Nor would they deprive themselves of the power to change, if they thought proper. Whether this was right or wrong in itself is not the question, but whether, they reserving to themselves the right, utter strangers, and even enemies (such as Independents

were), ought to have the power to strip them of their property for doing what they liked in the exercise of that right, even after Unitarianism had become perfectly legal. I do not at all wonder that you, and other orthodox Christians (before you troubled yourselves to learn what the facts were as to the present state of the law, as well as the history of Nonconformity, before and after the Act of Toleration), should be averse to the Bill; but I have met with very few indeed who, after investigation, did not declare themselves satisfied with the Bill.

. . . . . .

If you had lived when the writ *de hæretico comburendo* was abolished, I am sure you would not have resisted the abolition on the ground that it favored heresy; though, certainly, it was a great gain to heretics that they were no longer liable to be burned. . . . .

Whether or not it is right to allow Unitarianism as a form of Christianity is another question, — and this would be fairly met by a motion to repeal Mr. Smith's Act and re-enact the old penal statutes. And as you say you dislike this Bill, you ought in consistency to like such a Bill, which I am sure you would not.

. . . . . .

H. C. R. TO T. R.

27th December, 1844.

Yesterday I went down to Ambleside. There I called on Dr. Davy, and also on Mr. Carr, a very sensible man, whose company I like. He is, however, as well as the poet, a sturdy enemy to the Bill, — our Bill. I shall punish him for this iniquity, by making him read my articles in the *Times* on the subject. You may call this a cruel punishment, but he deserves no better. I have had a little sparring with the poet on the subject. He has not thrown any light on it; and, indeed, his erroneous conclusion arises from unacquaintance with the facts. On one point I agree with him, that no dissenter ought to be allowed to make endowments for the maintenance of particular opinions, that may make it their interest not to return to the Church. This, in fact, is quite in conformity with the view taken by the Unitarians in support of the Bill. Wordsworth, like most others of the orthodox, has an unreasonable dislike to Unitarians, but really knows very little about them. I have, however, told him that I am now a

member of the Unitarian Association, and he receives this kindly, for he really has no bitterness about him. And though he has Puseyite propensities, he by no means approves of the excess to which such ecclesiastical firebrands as —— and —— are now driving their adherents. He thinks that if there be not some relaxation, and if the Pusey or Popery party persist, a civil war is likely to be excited, and that it would break out in Scotland. This would be a sad prospect, if it were not pretty certain that these high Prelatists have already excited a reaction that will crush them.

CHAPTER XIX.

DECEMBER 26th. — (Rydal.) Slept in the room in which, after my fall, I was nursed last year by that excellent servant, James. Last night heard Wordsworth read prayers from Thornton's collection with remarkable beauty and effect. He told me, that the Duke of Wellington, being on a visit, was informed by his host that he had family prayers in the morning. Would he attend? "With great pleasure," said the Duke. The gentleman read out of this book. "What! you use *fancy* prayers?" The Duke never came down again. He expected the Church prayers, which Wordsworth uses in the morning.

Dined at Mrs. Fletcher's.* A party of eight only. Among those present were Mr. Jeffries, the clergyman, and Hartley Coleridge. Young Fletcher, the Oxonian, and future head of the house, also there, — a genteel youth, with a Puseyite tendency. H. Coleridge behaved very well. He read some verses on Dr. Arnold which I could not comprehend, — he read them so unpleasantly; and he sang a comic song, which kept me very grave. He left us quite early.

* Mrs. Fletcher was formerly a lady of great renown in Scotland. Her husband was a Scotch Whig reforming barrister, counsel for Joseph Gerrald in 1793, the friend of Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham in their early days. His lady was an English beauty and heiress. Brougham eulogizes her in his collected speeches. I knew her thirty years ago at Mrs. Barbauld's. There are letters to her in Mrs. Barbauld's works. She retains all her free opinions; and as she lives three miles from Wordsworth's, I go and see her alone, that we may talk at our ease on topics not gladly listened to at Rydal Mount. She is excellent in conversation, — unusually so for a woman at seventy-six. Her daughters are also very superior women. One of them has married Dr. Davy, brother to Sir Humphry. — H. C. R

1845.

January 5th. — Dined and took tea with the Fletchers. A very agreeable young man, a Swiss, son of a refugee, with them; also Mrs. Fletcher's grandson, the Oxonian. I was amused by a playful denomination of the Oxford parties. They consist of Hampden and the Arians, Newman and the Tractarians, Palmer and the Retractarians, and Golightly and the Detractarians. In other respects, it gives me no pleasure to see that the pro-Popery spirit is stirring in the young men at Oxford.

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, 31st January, 1845.

I dined this day with Rogers, the Dean of the poets. We had an interesting party of eight. Moxon, the publisher, Kenny, the dramatic poet (who married Mrs. Holcroft, now become an old woman), himself decrepit without being very old, Spedding, Lushington, and Alfred Tennyson, three young men of eminent talent belonging to literary Young England; the latter, Tennyson, being by far the most eminent of the young poets. His poems are full of genius, but he is fond of the enigmatical, and many of his most celebrated pieces are really poetic riddles. He is an admirer of Goethe, and I had a long *tête-à-tête* with him about the great poet. We waited for the eighth, — a lady, — who, Rogers said, was coming on purpose to see Tennyson, whose works she admired. He made a mystery of this fair devotee, and would give no name.

It was not till dinner was half over that he was called out of the room, and returned with a lady under his arm. A lady, neither splendidly dressed nor strikingly beautiful, as it seemed to me, was placed at the table. A whisper ran along the company, which I could not make out. She instantly joined our conversation, with an ease and spirit that showed her quite used to society. She stepped a little too near my prejudices by a harsh sentence about Goethe, which I resented. And we had exchanged a few sentences when she named herself, and I then recognized the much-eulogized and calumniated Honorable Mrs. Norton, who, you may recollect, was purged by a jury finding for the defendant in a *crim. con.* action by her husband against Lord Melbourne. When I knew who she was, I felt that I ought to have distinguished her beauty and grace by my own discernment, and not waited for a formal an-

nouncement. You are aware that her position in society was, to a great degree, imperilled.

BARRON FIELD TO H. C. R.

MEADFOOT HOUSE, TORQUAY, 16th February, 1845.

I thank you for your great friend's "Railway Letters" and "Sonnets.". . . . How can the man who has been constantly publishing poetry for the last forty years, and has at last made that poetry part of the food of the public mind, call himself a man of "retirement," if he means to include himself? And, if not, how can he complain that he has at last, by his Lake-and-Mountain poetry, created a desire for realizing some of those beautiful descriptions of scenery and elements in the inhabitants of Liverpool and Manchester, which may possibly bring them in crowds by railway to Windermere? My objection to the reasoning of the "Letters" is that, — 1. There is no danger. 2. It would be a benefit to the humbler classes, greater than the inconvenience to the residents, if there was any danger. Lastly, I have a personal argument against Mr. Wordsworth, that he and Rydal can no more pretend to "retirement" than the Queen. They have both bartered it for fame. As for Mr. Wordsworth, he has himself been crying *Roast meat* all his life. Has he not even published, besides his poems which have made the district classic ground, an actual prose "Guide"? And now he complains that the decent clerks and manufacturers of Liverpool and Manchester should presume to flock of a holiday to see the scene of "The Excursion," and to buy his own "Guide-book!" For I utterly deny that the holders of Kendal and Bowness excursion railway tickets would require "wrestling-matches, horse and boat races, pothouses, or beer-shops." If they came in crowds (which I am afraid they would not), it would be as literally to see the lakes and mountains as the Brighton holiday-ticketers go to see the sea.

March 13th. — Talked with Rogers of Sydney Smith, of whose death we had just heard. Rogers said, in answer to the question, How came it that he did not publicly show his powers? "He had too fastidious a taste, and too high an *idea* of what ought to be." But to that I replied: "He might have written on temporary subjects as a matter of business; — he might have written capital letters." Rogers spoke highly of

Mrs. Barbauld, and related that Madame D'Arblay said she repeated every night Mrs. Barbauld's famous stanza, —

"Life, we 've been long together."

April 25th. — Called on Wordsworth at Moxon's. The Poet Laureate is come on purpose to attend the Queen's Ball, to which he has a special invitation, and for which he has come up three hundred miles. He goes from Rogers's this evening with sword, bag-wig, and court-dress.

May 2d. — My second breakfast. Wordsworth was kept away by indisposition. I had with me Archdeacon Robinson, our new Master of the Temple, Quayle, S. Naylor, Dr. Booth, &c. The last mentioned a mot of one Sylvester: "When people tire of business in town, they go to *re*tire in the country."

May 13th. — This day I attained my seventieth year, and from this I consider old age is commencing; and I hope I shall be able to keep the resolution I have formed, from henceforth to be more liberal in expense to myself, and not fear indulgences which I may practise without harm to myself or others. As far as others are concerned, I less need this admonition.

H. C. R. to a Friend.

30 Russell Square, 2d June, 1845.

My dear Friend, — It would be an abuse of the privilege of friendship were I to say a word in reply to your letter as far as it is an explanation of your conduct; of that, indeed, all explanation is superfluous. It would be inconsistent with my sincere regard for you, to suppose for a moment that you do not precisely what you ought to do. But, in perfect consistency with this feeling, I am anxious to say a word on a suggestion in your letter, which seems to imply a general rule of conduct, which I should deprecate as tending to disturb all our notions of right and wrong, and even the relations of life. It is this: —

That a person in the enjoyment of a large income, which enables him both to accumulate a fortune, and hold a distinguished place in society, — forming, in fact, one of the aristocracy, and allowing himself all the indulgences of that class, and having at the same time considerable family claims on him, — is warranted in considering the consequent expenditure, *not as deductions from his income*, but as the objects of

that charitable fund which, in some proportion to their income, personal expenditure, and accumulation, all men set apart, as a self-imposed social tax. This has been the sense of the better part of mankind ever since there have been rich and poor, which sense Moses first, among legislators, formalized by instituting tithes, and so changed its character.

Now I feel strongly this, that if wealthy men *encourage* such an idea as this, they may be led to stand aloof from their fellow-citizens in works of beneficence, even those of a *local* description which seem to be most imperative; and these they may allow persons infinitely their inferiors in station, and of far smaller means, to perform alone. In a word, with them, charity would not only begin, it would end, at home.

My dear friend, I could not be comfortable until I had put this one thought into clear language; begging you again to be assured that I say this, not as bearing on the particular occasion of my former letter, but simply as an earnest protest against the general idea as a rule of conduct.

H. C. R. to Paynter.

30 Russell Square, 11th November, 1845.

. . . . Of your London friends I have very little to say. I shall breakfast to-morrow with Mr. Rogers, and I hope have a tolerable account of Miss Rogers to report. But she is becoming very feeble. Last week I called, and was at first told she was *out;* but the old German butler could not lie in German, whatever he could do in English, and confessed that it was her power of enjoying her friends' company that was not at home.

[Reference has already been made to Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, noted in his day, not only as a writer and a preacher, but also as a sayer of good things. "I can testify," says H. C. R., "that, half a century ago, in all Dissenting circles, the *bons mots* of Robinson formed a staple of after-dinner conversation, as now do in all companies the *facetiæ* of the Rev. Canon of St. Paul's, against whom Episcopal ill-will has been unable to produce any retort more pungent than the character of a facetious divine." During the year 1845, H. C. R. put on paper a few anecdotes, which had been "floating in his memory between forty and fifty years," and they were printed in a monthly periodical entitled the *Christian Re-*

*former.** He did not pledge himself for their authenticity, nor their verbal accuracy. The Editor has been repeatedly urged not on any account to omit these characteristic stories.]

When Robinson first occupied the pulpit of the Baptist meeting at Cambridge, he was exposed to annoyances from the younger gownsmen. They incurred no danger of rustication, being put out of sizings, or even suffering an imposition, for irregularities of that kind. He succeeded, however, in the course of a few years, in effecting a change, and, Mr. Dyer says, became popular with a large class. It was soon after his settlement there that a wager arose among a party of undergraduates. One of them wagered that he would take his station on the steps of the pulpit, with a large ear-trumpet in his hand, and remain there till the end of the service. Accordingly, he mounted the steps, put the trumpet to his ear, and played the part of a deaf man with all possible gravity. His friends were in the aisle below, tittering at the hoax; the congregation were scandalized; but the preacher alone seemed insensible to what was going on. The sermon was on God's mercy, — or whatever the subject might have been at first, in due time it soon turned to that, and the preacher proceeded to this effect: —

"Not only, my Christian friends, does the mercy of God extend to the most enormous of criminals, so that none, however guilty, may not, if duly penitent, be partakers of the divine grace; but also there are none so low, so mean, so worthless, as not to be objects of God's fatherly solicitude and care. Indeed, I do hope that it may one day be extended to" — and then, leaning over the pulpit, he stretched out his arm to its utmost length, and placing it on the head of the gownsman, finished his sentence — "to this silly boy!"

The wager was lost, for the trumpet fell, and the discomfited stripling bolted.

A well-known member of the Norfolk Circuit, Hart, afterwards Thorold, related to me, that he once fell in with an elderly officer in the old Cambridge coach to London, who made inquiries concerning Robinson. "I met him," said the stranger, "in this very coach when I was a young man, and when my tone of conversation was that universal among young officers, and I talked in a very free tone with this Mr. Robinson. I

* Then under the editorship of the Rev. R. B. Aspland.

did not take him for a clergyman, though he was dressed in black; for he was by no means solemn; on the contrary, he told several droll stories. But there was one very odd thing about him, that he continually interlarded his stories with an exclamation, *Bottles and corks!* This seemed so strange, that I could not help at last asking him why he did so, saying they did not seem to improve his stories at all. 'Don't they?' said Mr. Robinson; 'I 'm glad to know that, for I merely used those words by way of experiment.' — 'Experiment!' said I; 'how do you mean that?' — 'Why, I will tell you. I rather pride myself on story-telling, and wish to make my stories as good as they can be. Now, I observed that you told several very pleasant stories, and that you continually make use of such exclamations as, G—d d—n it! B—t me! &c., &c. Now, I can't use such words, for they are irreverent towards the Almighty, and I believe actually sinful; therefore I wanted to try whether I could not find words that would answer the purpose as well, and be quite innocent at the same time.' All this," said the officer, "was said in so good-humored a tone, that I could not possibly take offence, though apt enough to do so. The reproof had an effect on me, and very much contributed to my breaking myself of the habit of profane swearing."

Robinson was acrimonious against the supporters of what he deemed the corruptions in the Church and State, and especially intolerant of dulness. Arguing awhile with a dull adversary, who had nothing better to allege against Robinson's reasonings than the frequent repetition of, *I do not see that*, — "You do not see it!" retorted Robinson, — "do you see this?" taking a card out of his pocket and writing God upon it. "Of course I do," said his opponent; "what then?" — "Do you see it now?" repeated Robinson, — at the same time covering the word with a half-crown piece, — "I suspect not."

Among Robinson's most eminent qualities were his didactic talents, as well out of as in the pulpit. He was a great favorite with children. It is many years since I heard the following relation: —

"I went one morning into the house of a friend. The ladies were busy preparing a packet for one of the children at school. Betsy, a little girl between five and six years old, was playing about the room. Robinson came in, when this

dialogue followed: Well, Betsy, would not you like to send a letter to Tommy? — B. Yes, I should. — R. Why don't you? — B. I can't write. — R. Shall I write for you? — B. O yes! I wish you would. — R. Well, get me some pen, ink, and paper. — The child brought them. — R. Now, it must be your letter. I give you the use of my hand; but you must tell me what to say. — B. I don't know. — R. You don't know! though you love your brother so much. Shall I find something for you? — B. O yes! pray do. — R. Well, then, let 's see: *Dear Tommy, — Last night the house was burnt down from top to bottom.* — B. No! don't say that. — R. Why not? — B. 'Cause it is n't true. — R. What! you have learned you must not write what 's not true. I am glad you have learned so much. Stick to it as long as you live. Never write what is not true. But you must think of something that *is* true. Come, tell me something. — B. I don't know. — R. Let 's see — *The kitten has been playing with its tail this quarter of an hour.* — B. No, don't write that. — R. Why should not I write that? It 's true; I have seen that myself. — B. 'Cause that 's silly; Tommy don't want to know anything about the kitten and its tail. — R. Good again! Why, my dear; I see you know a good deal about letter-writing. It is not enough that a thing is true; it must be worth writing about. Do tell me something to say. — B. I don't know. — R. Shall I write this: *You 'll be glad to hear that Sammy is quite recovered from the small-pox and come down stairs?* — B. O yes! do write that. — R. And why should I write that? — B. 'Cause Tommy loves Sammy dearly, and will be so glad to hear he 's got well again. — R. Why, Betsy, my dear, you know how to write a letter very well, if you will give yourself a little trouble. Now, what next?"

This is part of a story told after dinner at the table of the late Mr. Edward Randall, of Cambridge, an old friend of Mr. Robinson, and one of his congregation. I have repeated as much as suits a written communication.* A pretty long letter was produced, and the little girl was caressed and praised for knowing so well how to write a letter; for she was made to utter a number of simple truths, such as an infant mind can entertain and reproduce. I recollect it was remarked by one of the company, that this little dialogue was

* In repeating the story, H. C. R. represented one of Robert Robinson's suggestions to be: "Brother —— has been very naughty, and would not learn his lessons." To which the little girl objected that it would be *unkind*. So the letter was to include nothing unkind.

in the spirit of Socrates; and it was added by another, what no one disputed, that such an anecdote, embodying such a letter, and found in Xenophon, would have held a prominent place among the Memorabilia.

In the days when Robinson flourished, an imputation of scepticism as to the existence of a personal Devil influencing the actions of men was fatal to religious character. It was at a meeting of ministers that Robinson once overheard one of them whisper to another, that on that essential point of faith he was not sound. "Brother! brother!" he cried out, "don't misrepresent me. How do you think I can dare to look you in the face, and at the same time deny the existence of a Devil? Is he not described in Holy Writ as the accuser of the brethren?"

On another occasion, a good but not very wise man asking him, in a tone of simplicity and surprise, "Don't you believe in the Devil?" Robinson answered him in like tone, "O dear, no! *I* believe in God, — don't you?"

Mr. Robinson was in the habit of delivering an evening lecture on a week-day, and on such occasions, after the service, enjoyed a pipe in the vestry, attended by a few of his hearers. It was from one of these, then present, a young aspirant to the ministry, that the following anecdote was derived. One evening the party was broken in upon by an unexpected visitor. A young Church divine, who had just descended from his own pulpit, came in full canonicals, in a state of excitement. He said he was threatened with a prohibition of his lectures by his bishop, on the ground that they led to acts of immorality; and he wanted to know from Mr. Robinson whether he had any cause, from his own observation in his own chapel, to think that there was any foundation for the pretence. Robinson, having answered his inquiry, took the opportunity of expatiating on the obstruction thus threatened against the preaching of the Gospel, and went so far as to exhort the young divine to relieve himself from such oppression and come out from among the ungodly; pointing out to him that the means would not be wanting; among the persons then present were those who would assist in procuring a piece of ground and erecting a building, &c., &c. The seed, however, was cast on stony ground and produced no fruit. The young divine departed, exclaiming as he left the room, *The Lord will*

provide! And, whether it came from the Lord or not, in the end there was an ample provision. In a few years he became the most popular preacher in Cambridge, — the founder of an Evangelical and Low Church party, which was for many years triumphant, but is now threatened with discomfiture by the successful rivalry of a youthful Arminian and High Church party, known by the name of Puseyites. The young divine was CHARLES SIMEON.

Robinson was desirous of repressing the conceit which so often leads the illiterate to become instructors of their brethren; yet on one occasion, in opposition to what seemed to him a disposition to undue interference, he said: "I have in my pigsty ten white pigs and one black one. The other morning, as I passed by, I heard the black pig squeaking away lustily, and I thought to myself, that 's pig language: I don't understand it, but perhaps it pleases the white ones: they are quiet enough."

CHAPTER XX.

1846.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

RYDAL MOUNT, January 2, 1846.

. . . . IT would answer no purpose to tell you day by day with whom, and where, I ate and drank, for it would be but ringing the changes on the same names, — the Wordsworths, Fletchers, Arnolds, and Martineaus, in a variety of combinations. And were I to tell you of my several walks between Ambleside and Grasmere, as you unluckily do not know the country, the names would not bring to your mind the images which they raise in the minds of all who do know it.

On Wednesday, H. Martineau dined here to meet Moxon, who has been on a week's visit, and leaves us to-day. She was very communicative on Mesmerism. On Monday, I took her to Mrs. Fletcher's. The friendship of these ladies ought to be strong, for it is tried as well by politics as by physics. Though both are Whigs, they embrace different sides on the last question of public interest. H. Martineau swears by her

friend Grey; Mrs. Fletcher is an out-and-out admirer of Lord John, and therefore cannot forgive the young Earl for breaking up the new-born Cabinet. Miss Martineau says, the *Spectator's* account of the breaking up is the true one. I hope you read the admirable article on Sir Robert Peel in last week's *Examiner*. If not, go to the Pigeons to read it. Even Wordsworth applauds it, because, he says, there is a substratum of serious truth in the midst of a profusion of wit and banter. H. Martineau, as well as H. C. R., is a sort of a Peelite, but the Wordsworths are utterly against him. However, you know that my love and admiration of the poet were never carried over to the politician. He is a Protectionist, but much more zealously of the Church than of the land. I go to London with great expectations of what the revived Ministry will effect. The Whigs will to a man support Sir Robert. The agricultural party will not succumb tamely. It will be the country against the town, and the contest will be to the full as much an affair of interest as of principle.

January 7th. — (Rydal.) This evening Wordsworth related a pretty anecdote of his cookmaid. A stranger who was shown about the grounds asked to see his *study*. The servant took him to the library, and said, "This is master's *library*, but he *studies* in the *fields*."

February 18th. — I spent an agreeable afternoon at Edwin Field's. A very rising and able man was there, just beginning to be one of the chiefs of the Chancery Bar. His name is Rolt. He has been employed by Edwin Field in the Appeal in the Irish case coming on before the Lords. I have seldom seen a more impressive person. I walked from Hampstead to town with him.

April 5th. — I went to the Essex Street Chapel, and heard a sermon on the sin against the Holy Ghost. I enjoyed it much, and thought with regret how much I have lost by not attending before.*

April 14th. — (Bury.) I had a three hours' walk with Donaldson, the head-master of the Grammar School. We walked

* H. C. R. became after this a regular attendant at Essex Street Chapel, and frequently expressed the great pleasure he had in the services of the Rev. T. Madge, the successor of the Rev. T. Belsham. Mr. Madge was at one time minister at Bury St. Edmunds, H. C. R.'s native place; and another ground of sympathy between the two was a warm admiration of Wordsworth, in the days when the appreciators of Wordsworth were few. When H. C. R. was on circuit at Norwich, he frequently used to call on the Rev. T. Madge, then minister of the Octagon Chapel, to talk about the productions of their favorite poet.

round by the Fornham Road, and back by the East Gate. Our talk was on religion. His liberality surprised and delighted me. He showed me the proof of his forthcoming article on Bunsen's "Egypt" in the *Quarterly Review*. He goes beyond Kenrick in liberality. He wishes Kenrick to know hereafter that the article was written last September, and finished and in print before the appearance of Kenrick's work on primeval history. In this article he has expressed himself strongly against plenary inspiration. He declares himself to be a believer in all Church doctrines, but avails himself of the glorious latitude which the Church allows. He maintains that only the Calvinist and the Romanist are excluded from the Church; the Calvinist on account of the doctrine of election and denial of baptismal regeneration. He referred to a Bampton Lecturer, Archbishop Lawrence, in proof that the Anglican Articles are not Calvinistic. He says many of the Anglican Articles are in the words of Melanchthon, whom Calvin hated. He declares himself a Trinitarian, but in his explanation he does not deny what is called Sabellianism; and regeneration is not sanctification. He blames Dissenters for needlessly leaving the Church.

June 4th. — I took the chair at a dinner, at which there were many of our friends. I must have spoken too much, for scarcely any one else spoke. I had at my right Booth and Field, at my left Robberds and James Heywood. I gave the Queen and Prince Albert with becoming brevity, and then the three toasts,* all at some length. I began by joking on requiring conformity to Non-con. toasts, and on our name; according to Goethe, the Devil being the old original Non-con. I eulogized the 2,000, not for their theology, but for their integrity alone. I was most at length on Milton. I stated why we had elected him to be our patron saint, not for his great poems (characterized), but for his labors for liberty. In the third toast, "Civil and Religious Liberty," &c., I asserted that liberty had nothing to do with popular power.

June 13th. — I dined at Raymond's† with a singular variety of notabilities, viz. Macready, Talfourd, Madge, Forster of the *Daily News*, Pettigrew, Ainsworth, Pryce, and, at the bottom, Sir Thomas Marrable, or something like it. What a mixture! — representatives of the stage, the bar, Unitarian preaching, the periodical press, and Newgate school of romance;

* See *ante*, pp. 286, 287. † Author of "Life of Elliston."

but, before that, I should have said, antiquarian and medical literature.

June 16th. — An interesting day. I breakfasted early, and at ten was at the White Horse, Piccadilly, and went by an omnibus before eleven, which set me down near Mr. Field's.* I spent seven hours with him. I was delighted with his *ménage* and his account of himself. He is living in a small house under the Duke of Northumberland, and leads a life of study. He has improved his income by making colors for painters, and all his philosophy has sprung out of his perception of the law of nature, — a triplicity in color as in sounds. He calls himself a Trinitarian, but his doctrine is perfectly philosophical. He gives no offence by explaining himself to those who could not but misunderstand him.

T. R. TO H. C. R.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Thursday, June 10, 1846.

I have now passed another night, and fully believe that I am stronger, but still liable any moment to a seizure, out of which I shall never recover. I contemplate death, and all its consequences, with perfect composure, and have certain conceptions of a *future existence*, which I imagine would not have arisen in my mind without foundation. I read with pleasure, unknown before, such sentiments as are expressed in the Psalms and other devotional parts of the Holy Scriptures. But still I feel no disposition to build any hopes of a hereafter upon a *book;* and without the experience of what has passed of a sort of revelation in my own mind, I should not think much of any *written words.*

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, 12th June.

The tone of the last three letters from you has been so serious, that I am now sensible that my last few letters have been of too light a character, and that I ought not to have dwelt so exclusively as I have done on the amusements of the current

* George Field is an elderly gentleman, a character, living in retirement at Isleworth, where he writes philosophical books. He is a metaphysician of the Greek school, and is a sort of unconscious partisan of the German philosophy, of which he in fact knows nothing. He has written practical works on Chromatics, and has earned an independence by preparing colors for artists. He is a man of simple habits, and lives a sort of hermit life. — H. C. R.

week. Whether this be so or not, I ought not certainly to go on in the same way, without answering especially your last letter. You remark on the serious convictions which, with unusual strength, have of late forced themselves on your mind, and add that, *without these personal convictions*, the truths or facts stated in a *mere book* could not produce any such effect.

Now, I believe that what you here state as a personal feeling is a general impression ; and that, in almost all cases, those ultimate impressions which have obtained the name of *faith*, or belief, are to be ascribed to the *correspondence* of the evidence or doctrine stated in revelation with the moral or religious sentiments which have grown up in each individual, and which constitute his personal character. And this fact it is which serves to explain the great diversity of opinion that arises in individual minds contemplating the very same external thing, be it called doctrine or proof of doctrine. It is otherwise quite incomprehensible how it has happened that so great a variety, amounting even to a contrariety, of opinion has been formed concerning the doctrines contained in the same work or book. All the Christian sects maintain that their peculiar doctrines are at least not at variance with the Scriptures ; some confess that their opinions are founded on the decision of the *Church*, in which are found doctrines that are developments of what exists only in a seminal or rudimental state in the Scriptures ; but most sects assert that all their opinions and doctrines are in the Scriptures. Now it seems at first very strange that two systems so opposed as Calvinism and Unitarianism should be founded on the same Scriptures. This can only be explained in this way, — that the Calvinist and Unitarian alike bring a mind strongly imbued with preconceived sentiments, and a predisposition to certain notions, which it is not difficult for a pliant, active, and predetermined mind to find in the Scriptures. In no case whatever can any book carry conviction, unless there be a correspondence or harmony between the book and the mind of the recipient. A man believes because his own heart beats in sympathy with the annunciations of the teacher ; and where this sympathy is strong and complete, the believer does not ask for evidence or proof. The doctrines prove themselves ; and hence that curious fact, that the most pious and devout of believers are those who never ask for evidence. To inquire for it is in itself the sign of an unbelieving or sceptical mind.

[In the autumn of 1846, H. C. R. made a tour to Switzerland and North Italy. The only extracts which will be made from his journal of this tour are two, in reference to the Rev. F. W. Robertson, whom he met at Heidelberg, and with whom he afterwards became intimately acquainted.]

October 23d. — (Heidelberg.) I had an interesting companion at the *table-d'hôte*, in a young clergyman, Robertson, who has a curacy at Cheltenham, and, not being in good health, has got a few months' holiday. He is now earnestly studying German literature. We were soon engaged in a discussion on the character of Goethe, as a man, and of most points of morality connected therewith. He intimated a wish to take a walk with me next day, and we have since become quite cordial. He is liberal in his opinions; and though he is alarmed by the Puseyites, he seems to dislike the Evangelicals much more. I like him much.

October 25th. — (Sunday.) Went to the English chapel, — a room in the Museum, where I heard an admirable sermon from Mr. Robertson; one much too good to be thrown away on a congregation of forty or fifty persons. The subject was the revolution in Judæa, when the people required a king, being tired of the theocracy, or government of the Judges. He accounted for this offence; and showed that the people were drawn to the commission of it by the corruption of the priests (who appropriated to themselves a portion of the sacrifice, — the fat, — which belonged to God), the injustice of the aristocracy, and consequent degradation of the people. All this he applied to the Irish, and ascribed their peculiarly oppressed condition to the English government, for enacting the penal laws. The picture he drew of the poverty even of the English was very striking, and even affecting. I was led to give twice what I intended.

December 15th. — (Bury.) In the afternoon took a walk by appointment with Donaldson and Donne to Horringer. A most entertaining walk; for we all three emulated each other in the narration of good things, epigrams, &c. But what I consider of real importance, enough certainly for a note in this book, is that I consider this day as the commencement of an acquaintance with Mr. Donne. (Cowper's mother was a Donne.) The following witticism was related by the latter. Being one day at Trinity College, at dinner, he was asked to write a motto for the College snuff-box, which was always circulating on the dinner-table. "Considering where we are," said Donne, "there could be nothing better than 'Quicunque vult!'"

I will add two or three anecdotes by Donaldson. Prince Metternich said to Lord Dudley: "You are the only Englishman I know who speaks good French. It is remarked, the common people in Vienna speak better than the educated men in London." — "That may well be," replied Lord Dudley. "Your Highness should recollect that Buonaparte has not been twice in London to teach them." — "There is no middle course," said Charles X. to Talleyrand, "between the Throne and the Scaffold." — "Your Majesty forgets the Post-chaise." A German professor gave this etymology of the terms *liberales* and *serviles* among the German politicians. The one party will *sehr viel* haben (have a great deal); the other "lieber alles" (rather everything).

December 20th. — Among my brother's papers I found a MS. by Capel Lofft, in these words, a very characteristic writing: "Rousseau, Euripides, Tasso, Racine, Cicero, Virgil, Petrarch, Richardson. If I had five millions of years to live upon this earth, these I would read daily with increasing delight. — C. L. January 4, 1807."

H. C. R. to T. R.

Athenæum, London, 26th December, 1846.

Though this is the season of festivity, yet you must not expect a gay letter, or an account of parties of pleasure. This will not be a melancholy, and yet it will be a grave letter, and I will give it the form of a diary, and so I shall bring in all I have to tell you.

Monday. — This was not a very disastrous journey (Bury to Cambridge), but still it was not one of prosperity; Beeton and the proprietor at Newmarket thought proper, in spite of remonstrances, so to overload the "Cornwallis" with turkeys, &c., that the horses could not get on, and we did not reach Cambridge till a quarter of an hour after the two o'clock train had left. We set off again at 3 P. M.; but as to what then occurred, — are they not written in the *Times* newspaper of the following Thursday? and would it not be a waste of good paper, good ink, and a good pen, to repeat for your private ear what is there recorded for the public?

Tuesday. — I called this morning at *young* John Walter's, who has taken a house on the opposite side of Russell Square, and I was induced to accept an invitation to join a family party there in the afternoon. In consequence of Alsager's death, it

has been necessary to make new arrangements in Printing House Square.

The next day I dined alone with John Walter, Sen., and his wife, in Printing House Square. I am sorry to say that Mr. Walter is visited by a very alarming malady, — a swelling under his chin. He has had the advice of several of the most eminent surgeons. It is a favorable circumstance that his sister some years back had a similar attack, and recovered from it. Walter reminded me of his having known me now within a few weeks of forty years, and intimated in a flattering way that he had had a confidence in me which he had not had in any other of his numerous literary acquaintance. Mrs. Walter thanked me warmly, and begged me to go and dine with them in the same manner next week, which I mean to do.

Walter and I are just of an age. Should this complaint prove fatal, it will be another memento arising from the rapid falling off of one's contemporaries.

But I will now vary with a cheerful subject this gloomy remark. You will receive with this letter a paper signed by my friend Dr. Boott, which he gave me to send to a surgeon at Bury. When you have read it, I will thank you to put it under a cover, and send it to Messrs. Smith and Wing. Assuming, what Dr. Boott seems to have no doubt of, that the discovery the paper gives an account of fulfils all that at the first appearance it seems to promise, this discovery will be felt by you, as it has been by me, to be a personal gain ; for, it would seem that, by so simple an expedient as the inhaling of ether, a person may be put into a state of stupor or intoxication, in which the most serious, and otherwise the most painful, of operations may be performed without any suffering to the patient. But read the paper and then forward it. I have done wrong in keeping it, for perhaps the news may have already reached the members of the faculty at Bury.

Yesterday passed very agreeably. My breakfast went off very well, though the omelette which my niece advised me to have was a failure ; I had a *partie quarrée*. To meet Donaldson, I had Sir Charles Fellows, the traveller, and Samuel Sharpe, the historian of Egypt. Fellows and I modestly retreated, and left the field to the two scholars.

I could not bear the idea of dining at my club on Christmas day, and therefore I invited myself to dine with Robert Procter and contribute my share to the doing justice to the turkey.

which was all one could wish. We had a party of eighteen at dinner, consisting of Procter and John Collier, and their wives and children.

There is no family not allied to me by blood that I feel so much attached to as that of the Colliers and Procters, and they deserve it. John is an excellent man, an enthusiast for literature. He labors for nothing, that is for no money, in the Shakespeare Society, of which he is the chief.

CHAPTER XXI.

1847.

[During the present and following years, two subjects especially occupied the time and thoughts of H. C. R. One was the foundation of some memorial of the passing of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill. An institution for college residents, which should be connected with University College, and at which the free study of theology should be promoted, seemed to be a fitting memorial of such a triumph of civil and religious liberty. On the 30th of January H. C. R.'s Rydal visit was cut short in order "to join Edwin Field in a mission in favor of a projected college. A whole week was spent between Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham." A visit to the West of England for the same purpose, and in the same company, was made later in the year. H. C. R. was on the committee to form and carry out the plan, and when trustees and council were appointed, he was included in both. The diary frequently has notes of conferences which took place. Only such extracts, however, will be given as are necessary to indicate the chief steps in the progress of the scheme. The other object of especial interest was the carrying out of Miss Denman's wish to have Flaxman's collected works preserved and exhibited to advantage in some public building. An application was made to the government, and communications took place on the subject with the Hon. Spring Rice: but the project fell through. The idea of having a Flaxman Gallery at University College, London, originated with H. C. R., and by his exertions chiefly, from beginning to end, was carried into effect. Nor was the undertaking by any means a light one. Before the offer to the college could be made there were some legal difficulties to be overcome; and after the offer had been made and accepted, a considerable sum of money — much larger than was at first expected — had to be raised to make the necessary arrangements at the college for the reception and proper exhibition of so fine a collection of art treasures. Not to weary the reader with details, the extracts given in this instance also will be simply such as will serve to report progress.]

JANUARY 4th. — Robertson, my Heidelberg acquaintance, took me by surprise at breakfast. A long and pleasant chat, — very pleasant indeed. He has given up his curacy at Cheltenham, but not renounced the Church as a profession.

I had at breakfast with me F. W. Newman, Empson, Don-

aldson, and Kenyon. It was one of the most agreeable breakfasts I ever had. Newman I was much pleased with, and proud to have at my table. He is an unaffected man, and has a spirituality in his eye, which his voice and manner and conversation confirm. I feel that Donaldson and I are forming a friendship.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

RYDAL MOUNT, 23d January, 1847.

You make a little mistake in quoting what I had said as if my words were that I preferred the Church to Dissenters. The point is lost by this. What I meant, — and I have said the same to Milman, — was, I prefer Dissent to the Church, but I like *Churchmen* better than *Dissenters*. He laughed, and said, "I believe that is the case with many." * I make a similar distinction between the parties in the Church. I am opposed to the pretensions of the High Church, but I like the Puseyites better than the Evangelicals. In this respect also I have no doubt you feel as I do; and this distinction between persons and principles is of great moment, and very sad mistakes are made when it is disregarded. We are perpetually misled when we suffer our dislike to persons to influence our conduct with respect to the principles which such persons profess. When I say *we*, I mean all men. I suspect that your dislike to the low-bred Rads of Bury, and mine to the intolerant Calvinistic Dissenters, has had somewhat more effect than it ought on both of us. Cookson, Grey, and the Fletchers constitute the liberal party here. They have had a casual reinforcement of two young clergymen of the Whately and Arnold school; one of whom has made this very remarkable declaration, that when he was about to receive ordination he told the bishop that he had difficulties. To me he made the declaration that he did not believe in the Athanasian Creed. The bishop said, he had only two questions to ask him: "Did he approve of an established Church as the means of training up men to be Christians?" He did! "Did he prefer any other Church to the Anglican?" He did not! "That was enough." To this I said that I could on those terms be myself a clergyman. We Dissenters are in the habit of abusing the laxity of principle that allows of this. Now, though I could not

* The saying of Charles II., that Presbyterianism was not the religion of a gentleman, has done more for the Established Church than a whole library of polemical writings. — H. C. R., 1852.

on such terms take orders, yet I rejoice that others can. Were all men rigidly scrupulous on such points, — I mean the points of heretical notions, — the Church would be filled by corrupt or infatuated men, who would alike profess orthodoxy, and the best men would be the most mischievous.

January 30th. — (Rydal.) I learned from —— that when ——* took orders in the Church, he delivered into the hands of the bishop who ordained him a protest, declaring his disbelief in the Athanasian Creed, to which no objection was taken.

This morning I had more talk with Wordsworth than on any day since I came. He had his usual flow of conversation. We spoke of literature. He delivered an opinion unfavorable to Hallam's judgment on matters of taste and literature in his great history. I have, to-day, read an equally low estimate of Hallam's judgment of Martin Luther, in a note in Hare's "Mission of the Comforter."

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, 25th February.

An old friend, who has had no slight effect on my course of life, is now lying dangerously ill, — John Walter, the controller rather than the proprietor of the *Times*. He suffers under a complication of complaints. He is an amiable man. I never saw any act that I could justly characterize as unprincipled. And as to the vulgar notion of bribery, that proves only a low state of moral feeling in those who, without evidence, are so ready to account for what they disapprove of.

March 18th. — (Devizes.) Mr. Murch's introduction has proved a very great pleasure, — I should say, is *proving;* for I am in the middle of the day, having spent a delightful morning, and being in expectation of an equally delightful evening. That introduction was to Dr. Brabant, a retired physician. After breakfasting, and taking a walk by the canal, dug since my school-days, I left my letter at Dr. Brabant's. I then walked to the Green, which brought to my mind seeing my mother on the stage-coach in the summer of 1788, and thinking her altered, and being for a moment pained.† In my

* A gentleman who now holds a distinguished position in the Church of England.

† See Vol. I. p. 8.

walks about the town I did not fail to notice the old houses in which Mr. Fenner and Mr. Crabb lived. Though everything seemed less to my eye, they are probably even better in reality.

It was about ten when I called a second time, and introduced myself to the Doctor; with whom I have become acquainted, in four hours, more intimately than with any other man in so short a time. He is about sixty-six years of age, — a slight man, with a scholar-like, gentlemanly appearance, and talks well. He followed my example, and gave me an account of himself. At fifty-six years of age he retired from his profession as a physician. After that he went to Germany, having, by Coleridge, been induced to study German theology. He seems to have known Coleridge well. We talked freely on many interesting subjects. Theology has been his study. In Germany he became acquainted with Strauss, of whom he speaks highly.

April 7th. — A day sadly spoiled by my growing infirmity, — absence of mind. After going to University College Committee, I went to J. Taylor's, to exchange hats, having taken his last night; but he had not mine there. I took an omnibus to Addison Road, drank tea with Paynter, and then went to Taylor's to restore his hat; and then I found that I had a second time blundered by bringing Paynter's old hat; and I lost an hour in going to and from Addison Road, and from and to Sheffield House. Is this infirmity incurable? I fear it is; though I record it here to assist me in becoming more on my guard. It is a wise saying of Horace Walpole's, "There is no use in warning a man of his folly, if you do not cure him of being foolish."

April 10th. — I had a day of exertion, — I might say fatigue. I went at ten o'clock, with Field and Davison,* to Donaldson,† and we had a conference about our College scheme.‡ Donaldson's account of the expense has, I see, a little damped Davison's hopes. Nothing can extinguish Field's, so sanguine is he.

April 14th. — Called on the Miss Allens, and then on Mrs. Coleridge, with whom I had a long chat about her father's poetry, philosophy, &c. Read Green's recent Hunterian Oration, which has been so much admired for its eloquence, and which is a more luminous exposition of some of Coleridge's principles than has been yet given to the world. I have been writing to Green

* Translator of Schlosser's "History of the Eighteenth Century."
† Professor of Architecture at University College.
‡ Scheme of building University Hall.

to-day, congratulating him on the work, and the prospect of public opinion in favor of the Master's notions.

April 26th. — I went early to Wordsworth, at his nephew's, in the West Cloisters, and sat with him while young Wyon took a model of his head, for a bas-relief medallion.

May 16th. — My brothers were together great part of the day. They are both old men in appearance, but Hab looks the oldest. What strangers may think of me, in company with them, I cannot tell. Our united ages are 225 years, viz. 77, 76, 72, — an unusual family life.

May 25th. — This day devoted entirely to Miss Denman's sad affair with her brother's creditors. I early received a note from her, stating that Flaxman's casts, &c., must all be sold. I went to her, and found her in a state of great distress. On this I accompanied Captain Sinclair to Erskine Forbes. I then went to Edwin Field, who took up Miss Denman's case with warmth. He took me to Mr. Bacon,* Q. C., who, as well as Field himself, from pure love of fine art, will, without fee or reward, do all that can be done for Miss Denman, or rather to preserve Flaxman's works for the public.

H. C. R. to T. R.

29th May, 1847.

Yesterday was a painfully interesting day. I attended the funeral of Mary Lamb. At nine a coach fetched me. We drove to her dwelling, at St. John's Wood, from whence two coaches accompanied the body to Enfield, across a pretty country; but the heat of the day rendered the drive oppressive. We took refreshment at the house where dear Charles Lamb died, and were then driven to our homes. I was fatigued and glad to rest before going to a feast. The attendant *mourners* (a most unsuitable word, for we all felt that her departure was a relief to herself and friends) were, — 1, Talfourd; 2, Ryal and Arnold (East India clerks), Charles Lamb's two executors; 3, Moxon, whose wife is residuary legatee of the property, which will consist of a few hundreds, perhaps a thousand pounds; and 4, H. C. R. (we four occupied the first carriage); 5, Martin Burney, a very old friend; 6, Forster, the clever writer of the critical articles in the *Examiner*, and author of "The Lives of Cromwell and other Republican Heroes of the Seventeenth Century"; 7, Allsop, author of two vol-

* Now Commissioner of Bankrupts.

umes on Coleridge, an old crony of S. T. Coleridge and Charles Lamb, — a worthy enthusiast and injudicious writer. The eighth place was intended for Procter, *alias* Barry Cornwall, but he failed to attend. His place was filled by a person I never saw before, an uninvited guest, — Moxhay, the person who has built the Commercial Hall near the Bank, an institution I have not space to write about. There was no sadness assumed by the attendants, but we all talked with warm affection of dear Mary Lamb, and that most delightful of creatures, her brother Charles, — of all the men of genius I ever knew the one the most intensely and universally to be loved.

MRS. ARNOLD TO H. C. R.

June 1st.

Dear Mr. Wordsworth comes forth occasionally to see his old friends, and yesterday morning, when I saw him slowly and sadly approaching by our birch-tree, I hastened to meet him, and found that he would prefer walking with me around our garden boundary to entering the house and encountering a larger party. So we wandered about here, and then I accompanied him to Rydal, and he walked back again with me, through the great field, as you can so well picture to yourself. This quiet intercourse gave me an opportunity of seeing how entirely our dear friends are prepared to bow with submission to God's will. No one can tell better than yourself how much they will feel it, for you have had full opportunities of seeing how completely Dora was the joy and sunshine of their lives; but, by her own composure and cheerful submission and willingness to relinquish all earthly hopes and possessions, she is teaching them to bear the greatest sorrow which could have befallen them.

June 5th. — Denman's bankruptcy case came on before Commissioner Goulburn. Field there. It was agreed that the casts, moulds, &c. should be delivered up to Miss Denman on the payment of £120 (or £130) to the official assignee, to abide the decision of the Commissioner. I paid the money. The official assignee behaved very kindly, said he thought the question of law very doubtful, and that the creditors would be well off if they got £120.

June 10th. — Had a call from Watson,* the sculptor, about

* Watson's statue of Flaxman is now at the entrance of the Flaxman Gallery.

Miss Denman's casts. I went with him to University College, and showed him the things there. He is a zealous admirer of Flaxman, and has made a statue of him, and would be glad to have it placed with the works of the master.

H. C. R. to T. R.

18th June, 1847.

. . . . I have spent more time than usual in reading at the Athenæum; and the book which is now interesting me is Mrs. Coleridge's new edition of her father's "Biographia Literaria." It has many additions, and is well worth reading by all the admirers of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Whoever admires one admires both. The criticism on Wordsworth's style is elaborate, and by no means unqualifiedly in favor of the poet; but it is, in the main, just. Coleridge and Wordsworth ought never to have been coupled in a class as Lake-poets. They are great poets of a very distinct, and even opposite, character. Southey, as a poet, was far below them both. Lamb had more genius than Southey, and, as a prose-writer, was even superior to the two great poets; for he wrote three styles, or rather, as I heard Dr. Aikin say, he excelled equally in the pathetic, the humorous, and the argumentative. Of that knot of great men only Wordsworth lingers, and he will not attempt to write any more. But there is an unpublished poem of great value.

June 19th. — Talking of Archdeacon Hare, Mrs. T——, in answer to my remark that he is prone to idolatry, said: "O yes; he acknowledges that. He says he has five Popes, — Wordsworth, Niebuhr, Bunsen, F. Maurice, and Archdeacon Manning." But how when the Popes disagree?

June 30th. — The most interesting occurrence of the day was one not looked for: I had an intimation that Mr. Walter was willing to see me. I called at John Walter's, and accompanied him to Printing House Square; and there I saw my poor old friend on a sofa in the drawing-room, his voice inarticulate, Mrs. Walter repeating what he said. He wished me to speak with Mrs. Walter, so that he could hear. He said he did not feel devout enough; my answer was that his fear proved him to be devout. I did not stay many minutes. I have a satisfaction in having had this kind leave-taking, for I have a very friendly feeling towards him, — indeed, towards the whole family. Went to a Non-con. meeting, held at the Star and Garter. It was a thin

meeting, — ten members and four visitors, — but it was agreeable. Madge was in the chair; he said but little, but that little was good. E. Taylor brought with him the German composer, Spohr, — a burly man in appearance, but his conversation was lively, and he professed liberal principles.

July 1st. — By eleven I was at Dr. Williams's Library, where a meeting was held of the subscribers to the proposed College, which takes the name of *University Hall.* The meeting was a successful one, inasmuch as all the resolutions proposed were in substance adopted, and there was very little speechifying. The actual subscriptions were announced to be eight thousand three or four hundred pounds. A council nominated, and trustees appointed for receiving subscriptions and buying land. I am both a trustee and in the council.

July 10th. — This morning I received a short note from Quillinan, dated yesterday: "At one A. M. my precious Dora — your true friend — breathed her last." Hardly a word more.

July 15th. — I was gratified by a call from J. E. Taylor, who brought with him the Danish romance-writer, Hans Christian Andersen, to see my Wieland.

July 19th. — Between two and three at Field's, where we were till six. An important meeting. We signed the contracts with the Duke of Bedford and the builder, for the hiring of the land (in Gordon Square) and erecting the University Hall. The signers were Mark Phillips, James Heywood, M. P., myself, James Yates, Le Breton, Busk, Cookson, E. Field, &c.

July 30th. — Read in the *Times* a long eulogy of my friend John Walter, who died on the preceding day. The article was eloquently written; with some exaggeration in the tone, pardonable on the occasion; but not widely deviating from strict truth. The topics were judiciously chosen; his integrity affirmed; his humanity eulogized; his active energy not unjustly represented to have been the source of the unexampled prosperity of the concern. Neither his age, nor any of the ordinary details of a life, mentioned. I certainly would add my testimony to his sincerity and his benevolence.

August 22d. — (Bury.) After dining with my brother, I took a long walk with Donaldson and Donne: they are two capital talkers, both scholars and Liberals. One *mot* Donaldson repeated, which I recollect. Some one peevishly complaining, "You take the words out of my mouth," Donaldson replied, "You are very hard to please; would you have liked it better if I had made you swallow them?"

September 30th. — I walked from Kew to Mortlake, where I found Miss Fenwick half expecting me. I dined with her and Mrs. Henry Taylor, and had a very interesting chat with her, partly a *tête-à-tête*. She spoke with great kindness of Mr. Quillinan, to whom she is going to give the notes on Wordsworth's poems which he dictated to her, for she had promised them to Mrs. Quillinan.

October 3d. — Heard an excellent sermon from Madge. It was the more remarkable to me, because the sermon was the expansion of a thought which I had extracted from Bunsen, so well expressed and so significant that it deserves to become an axiom: "Let it never be forgotten that *Christianity is not thought, but action; not a system, but a life.*"

H. C. R. to T. R.

October 14, 1847.

. . . . I have been closeted with Sergeant Talfourd, both yesterday and to-day, preparatory to his bringing out a new volume of Lamb's letters. They will include those he wrote to Coleridge, both before and after the dreadful act of his sister's killing his mother. They will enhance our admiration and love of the man. It appears, from these letters, that Lamb was himself once in confinement for insanity, which lasted a few weeks. Talfourd has doubted whether it is right to give publicity to these letters. I have given a strong affirmative opinion, and I have no doubt they will soon appear.

October 20th. — Met to-day my Heidelberg acquaintance, Mr. F. Robertson, and had a most interesting chat. He is as liberal as ever, and has already made himself popular; but he has become the object of denunciation by the High Church party. He told me of his having been engaged to preach at a church at Oxford; but having the offer of a chapel at Brighton, he, with permission of the Bishop, gave up his Oxford incumbency. The Bishop acted liberally in regard to the Oxford church. Before undertaking it, Robertson frankly told him his views on the question of baptism, and the Bishop took no umbrage, but said he liked a difference of opinion on some points.

October 21st. — I had a letter from Edwin Field, informing me that he had succeeded in buying off the claim of Denman's creditors to Flaxman's works. The sum to be paid £50. This I think an admirable compromise, and I did not grudge paying

for it £ 6 to the official assignee. I wrote to Field, to thank him for his successful exertions.

October 24th. — I had this morning a letter from Miss Denman. She is almost out of herself with joy at the idea of having her casts, &c. taken by the University College, which I told her I would endeavor to effect.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

10 WESTERN COTTAGES, BRIGHTON, 22d October.

. . . . Your letter was not written in your usual good spirits. . . . . There is no arguing against low spirits. They are very illogical, and never listen to reason ; so you must e'en let them have their way ; that is, you must not scold, or bully them ; there is no use in that. The best thing is to laugh them out of countenance ; but then that 's not my forte, as you once said of my forensic exertions : " Henry, you are always as unsuccessful when you are jocular as Storks is when he is serious." Not that I perfectly assented to your criticism. What poet, or orator, ever did to censure of any kind? . . . .

It gives me pleasure to hear that Mrs. Clarkson is in such good spirits. We must not forget that good spirits are a better test of health than low spirits are of illness. There is frequently a low state of the spirits, without a really bad state of health ; but good spirits — different from hysterical *high* spirits — are a sign of health not to be disregarded.

23d October.

. . . . The only incident belonging properly to Brighton has been my finding settled here, as incumbent of one of the Chapels of Ease, the Mr. Robertson of whom you will find an account in my letters written from Heidelberg when I was last there, — the eloquent preacher, who delivered a remarkable discourse in favor of the Irish. He is a most liberal man ; so liberal that I must apply to him the words he has used of Dr. Channing, of whose writings he is a great admirer : " I wonder how he can believe so much, and not believe more " ; only substituting " disbelieve " or " doubt " for " believe." I repeated to him yesterday words which I had uttered to Dr. Arnold : " I am as convinced as a man can be on any matter of speculation, that the orthodox doctrines, *as vulgarly understood*, are false ; but I have never ventured to deny that possibly there is an important truth at the bottom of every one of those doc-

trines of which they are a misrepresentation." He interposed between the first and second part of this assertion, "And so am I"; and he said nothing when I concluded. He might have said, and I am perplexed that he did not: "I go further than saying it is possible; I have no doubt that they are all substantially true"; but he did not. This Robertson has already made a sensation, and is popular. He says his popularity cannot last. He has already driven away some High Church ladies, — no men, — and he preached last Sunday in favor of the Irish, and against the Protestant English, in a way that must have given great offence. He will be a powerful rival to Sortaine.*

Mr. Estlin to H. C. R.†

Bristol, October 27, 1847.

. . . . I am very glad to learn from you Dr. Boott's opinion upon the slavery question. In the *infallibility* of Mr. Garrison's judgment I certainly do not place full confidence, but *unlimited* in his singleness of purpose, his noble disinterestedness and his indefatigable zeal in the anti-slavery cause. I am, however, compelled to confess that, as regards his *judgment* on this subject, what he has effected by his fifteen years of labor ought to plead for his wisdom; and those friends who have longest and most minutely watched his course are very accordant in their decision that his views have evidenced a *prophetic sagacity*. . . . .

H. C. R. to T. R.

28th October, 1847.

On Sunday I heard Mr. Robertson preach, and I was very much pleased with him. He has raised quite a religious tumult here. He is fully aware that his Liberalism will make many enemies; but he ought to rely on it, that for every enemy so raised he will gain two friends. His eloquence is such as to seduce a large class who will be neutral on all points of doctrine that require consideration and intelligence. He has been several times to see me, and there is no abatement of his cordiality.

* A very popular and eloquent preacher in Lady Huntingdon's Chapel at Brighton.

† On the outside of this letter H. C. R. has written: "One of the best of the Abolitionists, being a very able surgeon, besides an exemplary man in discharge of the common duties of life as well as the special obligations imposed by the possession of superior abilities in public matters. Son of Dr. Estlin, of Bristol, a Unitarian minister."

H. C. R. TO T. R.

5th November, 1847.

On Tuesday there dined at Masquerier's a clergyman, a man of family and fortune. He was connected with old Plumer, the Herts M. P., whom he visited as a boy, when he played with Charles Lamb, whose grandmother was the housekeeper.* I found him familiar with the name of Fordham, as that of a large Whig family, and in connection with one of whom he related a good electioneering anecdote. There was a Fordham who kept a shop, and who, being canvassed, stiffly refused his vote. And why? "Because you voted against the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts." It happened there was standing in the shop a journeyman with a pimply nose. Plumer called to him: "How long have you been here?" — "More than twenty years!" — "Tell me, don't you like a drop?" — "O yes!" — "And every now and then take a little more than is quite prudent?" — "O yes, now and then!" — "See, now," cried out Plumer, "how much better your master treats you than he does me; he has kept you for twenty years who every now and then have done what you ought not, and he turns me off for a single fault!" The appeal with either its equity or its humor was successful, and Plumer got forgiveness from the Non-con. My other acquaintance at Brighton you already have heard enough of. By far the most remarkable is the Mr. Robertson I have already named to you. Who would credit such a thing of me? — I heard three sermons last Sunday!!! I went in the evening to hear Sortaine. In the morning and afternoon I stood in the gallery of Robertson's church.

The morning discourse was one of the best I ever heard. It was on the deterioration of character, evidenced in the life of Saul, and excellently developed. His showy and popular virtues, which made him the people's favorite at first, had not their origin in any genuine and pure motive, and therefore they all left him. It was delivered without any apparent note, and was full of striking thoughts. The afternoon sermon was on the Prodigal Son. A good sermon, but in every respect inferior to that of the morning. I have, as emphatically as I could, advised him to adopt the practice of writing his second sermon; on the ground chiefly that otherwise he will again contract a serious illness from over-labor, and also

* See "Blakesmoor in H——shire," in the "Last Essays of Elia."

because he must not neglect the power of composing with rigid propriety, in conformity with the rules of art, while he cultivates that of immediate composition without the aid of pen.

November 6th. — I attended a University College council meeting. The Flaxman remains were mentioned by others, and I was therefore led to speak of Miss Denman's intended gift. There was but one opinion as to the value of the works.

November 17th. — I attended a University College Committee this morning, and there presented Miss Denman's letter, offering to the College Flaxman's works in sculpture, which we had agreed on. The offer was well received by the Committee.

November 18th. — I found occupation in the forenoon, in putting papers in order and in drawing up resolutions of the council accepting Miss Denman's gift.

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, 20th November, 1847.

. . . . On Wednesday I carried to the University College Committee a letter from Miss Denman, making an absolute gift of Flaxman's works to the College, imposing no condition; though, as she states that her object is the preservation of these works, and the keeping them together, an implied condition arises of carrying out this intention to the best of the power possessed by the College. . . . . .

I breakfasted yesterday with Sam Rogers, who has promised to be with me at two to-day, in order to see the works, as they are now *warehoused* in the College, that he may give an opinion how this warehouse may be converted into a gallery of exhibition. This done, our next and final step will be to raise, by subscription, the sum requisite for adapting the apartments to the reception of the works, and repairing them to be fit for the rooms.

On Thursday I attended the *other* body of functionaries of the College, that is, the *Senate*, being the Professors. You know that the Senate cannot legally meet but under the presidency of a member of Council. I am the first Vice-President nominated by the President, who, now that he is a member of the Cabinet, very seldom attends. I was detained late, and, as on this day the Professors dined together in the Coun-

cil-room, I invited myself to be of the party, though not as a guest. We had a very pleasant day. Our Vice-President was Dr. A. Todd Thompson, whom Sarah knows, the President being Newman,* whose lecture you read and liked.

One day recently I dined with Kenyon. A *partie quarrée* more agreeable than one larger or more genteel. Moxon and Hall, the Librarian of the Athenæum, were our companions. One *mot* was reported, so significant that I think it worth repeating. Some one at a party abusing Mahometanism in a commonplace way, said: "Its heaven is quite material." He was met with the quiet remark, "So is the Christian's hell"; to which there was no reply.

November 20th. — Attended a Council meeting at University College, with draft resolutions about the Flaxman works. The vote accepting the works passed without opposition, and the resolutions also, except that a few passages were struck out, and verbal alterations made, which I quite approved of. The business went off to my satisfaction. After taking a hasty dinner at home, I went to Miss Denman to inform her of the proceedings, and she was delighted. But I am afraid I shall have some difficulty in raising the money (i. e. for adapting the College to the reception of the works).

November 24th. — I went early to Lord Brougham, and told him the history of the Flaxman remains, and Miss Denman's exertions to have them duly preserved. He expressed a strong feeling about these works, and the value they would be to the College. He signed the resolutions.

November 30th. — Went with E. Field to Miss Denman's to tea, and there, with Atkinson,† we had a very pleasant evening in looking over Flaxman's drawings, and the casts, &c., in the house. I need not say that both Field and Atkinson had great enjoyment. At the same time we had a talk about the future work of putting up in the University College the things already given to the College, which is to be our immediate business, if possible.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

RYDAL MOUNT, December 31, 1847.

I have to state to you a fact which is worth knowing. Miss Arnold tells me that Madame Bunsen assured her that the

* F. W. Newman. † Secretary to the College.

Archbishop had distinctly told her that he had read the Bampton Lectures, in consequence of the charge against Dr. Hampden, and that he had found no heterodoxy in them. He found only a good deal of charity, and he did not think that could do a great deal of harm. Now, if you compare this anecdote with what the Dean stated to the Chapter, that he knew the Archbishop had written a remonstrance against the appointment, you will find there is no inconsistency whatever.* The Archbishop might very well say: "I see no heterodoxy, and I do not approve of the charge, which may have its source in party spirit; but still there *is* a charge brought by a very powerful body in the Church, and it is very indiscreet to make enemies of so pugnacious a set as the High Church clergy have in all ages shown themselves to be."

The Dean was very manifestly wrong in considering a remonstrance as equivalent to a protest. They are obviously very different in their character. You will have seen in the papers, that more than 700 members of Convocation have addressed Dr. Hampden very respectfully. And Julius Hare, Archdeacon of Surrey, has written a pamphlet in his favor, which I am in the midst of, and only laid down to write to you. It is admirable!

By the by, there is nothing of which you stand more in need at Bury than a *pamphlet* society. Pamphlets are things of the day, of the greatest interest at the moment, and yet of so transient an interest that one does not like to encumber himself with them. I think you might have a circulating subscription *pamphlet* society, not extending to books, which the public library may supply. When at Bury I will mention this to Donaldson and Donne.

If there must be an absolute power somewhere, I would much rather it should be in the King's Ministers than in the clergy or Churchmen (commonly, by a mischievous misnomer, called the *Church*).

We have more to fear for the liberties of the country from the clergy (and the more pious they may be in their habits, and the more orthodox in their pretensions, the more dangerous they are) than from any other body in the community.

* Dr. Hampden, whose appointment to the Bishopric of Hereford, at this time, met with the disapproval of a considerable party in the Church. The greater part of the episcopal bench joined in a remonstrance against it, and Dr. Merewether, the Dean of Hereford, went so far as to memorialize the Queen against it, and even to vote against him in the Chapter; but he afterwards withdrew his opposition.

What a blessing it is that there should be such a schism in the Church as to neutralize their efforts at dominion! You will, of course, understand that, when thus characterizing the clergy, I would comprehend among them the leaders of the Scottish Free Church, and give a prominent place to Jabez Bunting and other Methodistic and Congregational leaders.

[The visit to Rydal this Christmas was a melancholy one. Mrs. Wordsworth was anxious that it should not be omitted, as she hoped it might have a cheering effect. At the Birthwaite platform, H. C. R. fell over the side of a turn-table and was stunned, but suffered no serious injury. The poet seemed hardly able to bear the society even of those friends of whom he was most fond. One brief extract, showing James as a comforter, is all that will be given from the journal.]

January 8th. — I rose early and packed my things, before James brought me the hot water. Talked with him about his master's grief. James said: "It 's very sad, sir. He was moaning about her, and said, 'O, but she was such a bright creature.' And I said: 'But don't you think, sir, that she is brighter now than she ever was?' And then master burst into tears." Was a better word ever said on such an occasion?

CHAPTER XXII.

1848.

H. C. R. TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, London, 15th January, 1848, A. M.

I AM in a strait. I must either suffer the whole week to elapse without writing at all, and you to suppose that there is something wrong at all events, either in what has occurred to me, or in me, or I must hastily write a few lines in bed; for I must instantly set out on a melancholy journey, to attend the funeral of one of the oldest of my friends, whose name may possibly be recollected by you, William Pattisson of Witham. He was of my own age, an amiable man, and my attached friend; he was the father of the bridegroom who, with his bride, met with the sad accident in the Pyrenees on their wedding tour.

It will give me pleasure to learn that your son William, and his wife, have been able to communicate some cheerfulness to your sad abode. It quite vexed me, I came away without any leave taken of you, and from Mr. Wordsworth with one of tears, not words. Let us hope that the strong nature which Providence has blessed him with, both in his body and mind, will enable him to endure an infliction imposed on him by a Being he equally loves and venerates.

I have not heard what the Londoners say on the Hampden farce; but the last act I read a report of, by the actual confirmation in Bow Church. I have seen Murray, the Bishop's secretary: he was present. The scene was quite ludicrous. After the judge had told the opposers that he could not hear them, the citation for opposers to come forward was repeated, at which the people present laughed out, as at a play.

And this is the legal system which we Dissenters are reproached for attempting to reform; at all events, such monstrous absurdities can be no longer endured. The *Times* speaks of Dr. Hampden's "mission to expose the Church." But surely exposure is the necessary step to reform.

January 24th. — I went early to Talfourd's, where was a party, not large, but including Lord Campbell, Kelly, and Storks, who were met to see a performance of "Ion." A neat little theatre was formed in the large drawing-room. Talfourd's eldest son played Ion with a good deal of grace, and one Brandreth played the King very well indeed. Afterwards a "Macbeth" travesty was performed. The same Brandreth played Macbeth, and made good fun of the character. Talfourd, Jun., played Lady Macbeth.

February 5th. — Called on Talfourd, and gave him all those letters of Lamb to Wordsworth, &c., which I thought might without giving offence be printed. I found Talfourd at work on Lamb's papers, and I believe he will complete his publication of Lamb's letters with the love with which he began it.

February 8th. — Had at breakfast with me Professor Newman, James Heywood, and Edwin Field. They came to talk about our proposed University Hall. We obtained from Newman the declaration that he was willing to accept the office of Principal of the Hall, discharging as such the duties of a tutor at Oxford or Cambridge. He would require a dwelling-house.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

February 12, 1848.

. . . . Lately hearing a young man declaim very vehemently in favor of liberal notions, uttering all the commonplaces of the day, and he appealing to me, I quietly said, "I should have thought so fifty years ago, and I like you the better for not thinking as I do now"; and I evaded further explanation.

You and I must both smile and sigh, when we recollect with what ardor we looked forward in our youth to the great blessing that was about to be showered upon mankind by means of the free States of America, — glorious and happy land, without kings and lords and prelates, — the curses of mankind! A new era was to commence, — perfect equality and peace and justice. "Let thy servant depart in peace, for he has seen thy salvation." Then the next glorious event was the French Revolution; which made me blush for being an Englishman, in the face of an enlightened and wise nation, above all our vulgar and brutalizing superstitions, social, political, and religious. I do not view the relative character of the Englishman and Frenchman as I did fifty years ago; and yet I am not so old, after all, as to be entirely without hope that the apparently approaching crisis in the South and West of Europe may have a favorable issue. It *may* end well (I can use only the optative mood): I am by no means sure that it will. If Austria and France should dare to combine their forces, I fear England, Prussia, and Russia would look on, and *laisser faire*. But Austria *may be* deterred by the fear that the people of all Italy would be united against them; and that Hungary and Bohemia would avail themselves of the opportunity to reassert their claims. France may be deterred by the universal unpopularity of the King, and the fear that the army would not be stanch; Prussia might not be sorry to see her old rival dismembered; and Russia might think it prudent to leave the distant states to themselves, and attend to Turkey. Our Ministry would, I hope, be prudent enough to keep aloof; and they would have good reason, being assured that, in case of a war, Ireland would be in immediate rebellion.

There 's a dish of politics for you, all arising out of a rather low-spirited *old-man-ish* view of human life and society.

February 25th. — At the Athenæum, I found political ex-

citement stronger than any I have witnessed for years. Yesterday it was known that Guizot had resigned. To-day the report was general, and affirmed in a third edition of the *Chronicle*, but not in the *Times*, that Louis Philippe had abdicated; and there were various other reports, not worth repeating.

February 28th. — During all this day the French Revolution has nearly monopolized my attention. The *Moniteur* of the day announces all the proceedings of the Provisional Government as in the name of the *République Française*, and the narrative of the last day of the Chamber of Deputies reads like a continuation of the proceedings of the National Convention, as if fifty years were annihilated. It seems that the late nomination of the Provisional Government was the work of the mob.

H. C. R. to Mrs. Wordsworth.

7th March, 1848.

You are not to expect any news of *to-day*, in the stricter sense of the word; for I am not aware that this day's post brings any new fact of importance. But the present state of things on the Continent is tremendous. I may partake too largely of the cowardice of old age; but I cannot without intense anxiety look forward to what is likely to occur. Yet it is not a fear altogether, without an accompanying hope. It does seem that the great powers of the Continent have learnt this lesson, — that they will not attack France; which, in case of attack, would be united as one man. The difficulty will be to keep the French people from attacking the other states. As far as I can learn from several acquaintances, who allege a personal knowledge of the members of the Provisional Government, they are not *bad men*. In their personal character, they are respectable; that is, they are honest men. That may be true; but they may not therefore be the less dangerous. A fanatic, both in religion and politics, may be the more dangerous on account of the perfect integrity of his character, and the purity of his motives. In all these cases, as Goethe says of speculative theology, "The poison and the antidote are so much alike, that it is not easy to distinguish them."

I recollect once hearing Mr. Wordsworth say, half in joke, half in earnest: "I have no respect whatever for Whigs, but I have a great deal of the Chartist in me." To be sure he has.

His earlier poems are full of that intense love of the people, as such, which becomes Chartism when the attempt is formally made to make their interests the especial object of legislation, as of deeper importance than the positive rights hitherto accorded to the privileged orders. . . . .

March 12th. — I heard two sermons by my acquaintance, Mr. Robertson. The one in the morning was on the Temptation in the Wilderness. It was admirably practical. He held the Temptation to be a vision addressed to Christ's inner, not his external sense. His doctrine is substantially that of Hugh Farmer. As he expressed a wish to see that discourse, I have sent him that and the one on the Demoniacs, as well as Madge's two sermons on the Union of Christ with God. Robertson unites a very wide liberality in speculation with warm piety and devotional eloquence. He is very popular. His second sermon, being one of a series on the life of Samuel, was on the abdication of his government, and consequent choice of a king. Very decorously, and in a highly religious tone, he alluded to *the* abdication which still fills us with anxiety, and spoke of it with great earnestness, and with ardent Christian aspirations for liberty and peace and order. In this sermon he exhorted the rich and great to the discharge of their duties towards the lower orders. And I have no doubt that many thought he went too far; but I thought his sermon excellent, though not like that of the morning in felicity of application and in power of expression. I spoke to him in the vestry, and accepted his invitation to take tea with him. I had a very agreeable chat, both with him and Mrs. Robertson. I thought him looking thin, and again urged him to spare his strength, in which Mrs. Robertson joined. He is still very popular, and as liberal as ever.

March 15th. — The interesting call of the day was on Bunsen, who received me most kindly, and expects me in future to attend Madame Bunsen's Tuesday evening *soirées*. He quite comforted me by the assurance that Germany is in a healthy state as respects reform and revolution, — that there is no disposition to unite with France, but a strong determination to have political reforms. It is a pity that princes do not concede till the concessions are demanded by the masses. When the people demand no more than what is right, one cannot blame them.

March 22d. — In the evening at Madame Bunsen's first

soirée. I got into a disagreeable talk with an American, whom I left abruptly, because, in defence of slavery, he spoke of "Our Saviour." On this I bolted, saying, "There is no use continuing the subject"; and I added, loud enough, I fear, to be heard, "This is disgusting."

March 26th. — I breakfasted with Rogers, and met there, by my introduction, Layard, and also Moxon and Carrick, who has been making the most striking likeness I have yet seen of Wordsworth, — a miniature full-length; but it is too sad in expression.

March 30th. — I found "The Life of Erskine" one of the most agreeable of Campbell's lives, because it brought to my recollection my early admiration of that wonderful creature who shared my love with Mrs. Siddons.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, 22d April, 1848.

. . . . It was with a feeling of predetermined dislike that I had the curiosity to look at Emerson at Lord Northampton's, a fortnight ago; when, in an instant, all my dislike vanished. He has one of the most interesting countenances I ever beheld, — a combination of intelligence and sweetness that quite disarmed me. I was introduced to him. . . . .

May 2d. — I dined at the anniversary dinner of the Antiquarian Society. I took Emerson with me, and found he was known by name. I introduced him to Sir Robert Inglis, and afterwards to Lord Mahon. The evening passed off with great cordiality. There was mention of Amyot's retirement from the Vice-Presidentship. When, therefore, the Vice-President's health was given, I rose to respond, and, saying I had been his friend fifty-two years, delivered a short eulogy on him. Collier took the chair when Lord Mahon retired, and we were merry; good-natured sparring between Disney and myself; Dwarris took part. I gave the law to him. He was very civil. Emerson retired early, after responding to his health briefly and well.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

6th May, 1848.

I am particularly pleased with your illustration of the value of anecdotic letters, by imagining our enjoyment had we found a family record of that glorious old Non-con. De Foe, sharing

with Bunyan the literary honors of the sect, and acknowledging no other chief than John Milton. The extreme facility of printing, and consequent habit of making everything known in this age, will place our posterity in a different state from our own. They will be oppressed by the too much, where we suffer from the too little.

May 6th. — I had at breakfast Robertson and Joseph Hutton. When they left me, I called on Boott. I was deeply concerned at the opinion he expressed of Robertson's state of health.

May 13th. — I had a very agreeable breakfast this morning. My friend E. Field accompanied Wilkinson and Phillips (housemate with Wilkinson), and they stayed with me a considerable time. Wilkinson developed his Swedenborgianism most inoffensively; and his love of Blake is delightful. It is strange that I, who have no imagination, nor any power beyond that of a logical understanding, should yet have great respect for religious mystics.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, 9th June, 1848.

. . . . Tuesday, I heard Emerson's first lecture, "On the Laws of Thought"; one of those rhapsodical exercises of mind, like Coleridge's in his "Table Talk," and Carlyle's in his Lectures, which leave a dreamy sense of pleasure, not easy to analyze, or render an account of. . . . . I can do no better than tell you what Harriet Martineau says about him, which, I think, admirably describes the character of his mind. "He is a man so *sui generis*, that I do not wonder at his not being apprehended till he is seen. His influence is of a curious sort. There is a vague nobleness and thorough sweetness about him, which move people to their very depths, without their being able to explain why. The logicians have an incessant triumph over him, but their triumph is of no avail. He conquers minds, as well as hearts, wherever he goes; and without convincing anybody's reason of any one thing, exalts their reason, and makes their minds worth more than they ever were before."

June 27th. — I heard a lecture by Emerson on domestic life. His picture of childhood was one of his most successful sketches. I enjoyed the lecture, which was, I dare say, the most liberal ever heard in Exeter Hall. I sat by Cookson, and also by Mrs. Joseph Parkes. Those who have a passion for

"clear ideas," shake their heads at what they cannot reduce to propositions as clear and indisputable as a sum in arithmetic.

The frightful massacre at Paris has confirmed our worst fears. The government has succeeded, at a much larger expense of blood than it would have cost Louis Philippe to succeed also. How well Shakespeare has said the thing: —

> "We but teach
> Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventors."

July 20th. — This was a busy and interesting day. Were I forty or thirty years younger, it would be most interesting; for there are grounds for hoping that it will be a memorable day. It began to me by Madge, his wife, the two elder Miss Stansfelds, and Miss Hutton breakfasting with me. At half past twelve, we all repaired to Gordon Square, where the first stone of University Hall was laid. The actors were Mark Philips and Madge on the ground. Then an adjournment to University College, where Newman delivered an inaugural address, which seems to have conciliated every one. It will be printed. It resembled, as I told him, the egg-dance of Mignon, in "Wilhelm Meister." I was so impressed by the speech, that I moved the thanks of the meeting for it; and though what I said had nothing in it, and was very short, yet the warmth of my manner obtained it applause. There were several hours between the meeting and our dining, that is (about thirty of us) at the Freemasons' Tavern, and this time I spent at the Athenæum.

The dinner was also very agreeable. I was placed next Newman, who was next the Chairman, Mark Philips: Madge, and John Taylor, opposite; and next me, Busk. The dinner went off well, as, indeed, everything did, from the beginning to the end. The Chairman in his opening address at the ground, and Madge in his short address, and particularly in the prayer, were both what they ought to be, so that no one seemed to be disappointed. The excellence of Newman's address lay in the skill with which he asserted, without offence, the power of forming an institution open to all opinions whatever, even Jew and Mahometan. It will be curious, when the speech is printed, to look more closely at this than can be done when one only listens. At the dinner, I was called upon to propose the health of the Chairman; and that I did also feelingly. We had several visitors at the dinner, Madge, Newman, Davison, Atkinson, Donaldson, and Jay (builder). Dr. A. T. Thompson was also present. The speech-making was not wordy. I be-

lieve the general impression was, that the opening was a good augury.

July 21st. — While I was at dinner, Robertson from Brighton called. He is on his way to the lakes. I have given him a line to Quillinan, and shall write to Mrs. Wordsworth about him. Having engaged him to take tea with me, I also asked him to bring with him Mr. Roscoe, and two of the young ladies, which he did; and we had a pleasant cup of tea together. I like the conversation of Mr. Roscoe.* We talked of old times; and when they left me, I went to Hunter's, with whom I sat up late. He talks candidly about the University Hall. He, of course, thinks that our hall will be patronized only by the centrifugal Unitarians. He and Robertson differ much.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

LINCOLN, 28th July, 6 A. M.

. . . . We left London at half past eleven, A. M., and were here, at Lincoln, at five.† These rapid movements have already ceased to excite wonder. My drive was pleasant enough: I had companions I knew, — Britton, the author of "Ecclesiastical Antiquities"; Hawkins, of the Athenæum; and Hill, brother of the Sheriff of London, a bustling, good-natured man, who has taken the labor of managing off my hands, — a service I gladly receive.

We walked *up* the hill on which the glorious cathedral stands, the west front of which is much praised; but I have had pleasure in learning that it was to have been pulled down, if a *reforming* bishop had not died prematurely. This Norman front is quite incongruous, considered as one with the rest of the edifice.

Tuesday was the day of initiation, and of long speeches; we had only too much of them. The Bishop of Norwich resigned his post to the Earl Brownlow, as President, and the Marquis of Northampton was a frequent and very respectable speaker; and also the Bishop of Lincoln (Kay). These four were the matadores of the whole meeting.

There was also a public dinner, at which were 240 ladies and gentlemen. Here the same noble and prelatical orators. The Bishop of Norwich as playful as a school-boy, with a kindheartedness and social benignity that pleased me infinitely more

* See Vol. I. p. 455.

† To attend a congress of the Archæological Society.

than the religious tone of an after-dinner speech from the would-be Bishop, the Dean of ——, whose speech at such a time and place was cant.

On Tuesday the business of the meeting began. We had very learned and most interesting lectures on this marvellous cathedral, and these lectures will spread a taste for antiquarian studies, which will do good.

Yesterday we made our first excursion, viz. to Gainsborough, an ugly uninteresting town on the Trent. But it has an old mansion, famed in history for certain visits to it by Henry VIII., of which Hunter gave us an account in a paper.

But we had a double attraction: first, in a very interesting old church on the road; and on our return we were entertained at the seat of Sir Charles Anderson with a capital cold collation or luncheon. We had a merry party in a four-horsed carriage; for these excursions are by no means dry and pedantic parties, as you may imagine. I confess to all I meet, I make these journeys merely on account of the social pleasure I receive; and I perceive that it is because I give as well as take in this respect that I am well received, though certainly one of the least learned of the Archæologians who attend these meetings.

H. C. R. to Talfourd.

30 Russell Square, 3d August, 1848.

The "Final Memorials" were sent to me as I was setting out on the Archæological excursion to Lincoln, and I packed them up. But I thought it a profanation to expose them to a noisy, busy crowd. It was after I had spent hours in the cathedral that I first ventured to look into them, and I have read them through, in nearly entire solitude, with an enjoyment not weakened, but chastened, by tender recollections. Every page of your own composition exhibits the congeniality of spirit that qualified you to be the biographer of Charles and Mary Lamb.

Of your characterizations, I was especially pleased with those of George Dyer, Godwin, and Coleridge. In this part of your work, I thought I perceived a subtlety of discrimination which did not jar with that flow of sentiment in which you elsewhere indulge when brooding over the objects of your attachment.

Even when I could not respond to *all* the praise, I loved you the more for the *will* to praise; and recollected that you wrote on the principle which characterizes all Goethe's critical writ-

ings, — that of expatiating on the good, the positive, and of passing over in silence the defective, or the mistaken, as if it was a nonentity, — a mere negation. . . . .

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

LOUGHRIGG HOLME, August 12, 1848.

. . . . I devour newspapers with uncomfortable appetite. France, Italy, Germany, Ireland; what a mess! I wish Smith O'Brien had run away and escaped, for though he deserves to suffer the extremity of the law (if he is not of unsound intellect), it is not wise, if it can be avoided, to make Lord Edward Fitzgeralds, Emmets, &c. of Irishmen. Hanging in Ireland for political offences is a great glory, and endears the martyr to the millions. Yesterday, as I happened to be on the terrace at Rydal Mount, no less than fifty or sixty (I counted forty-eight, and then left off) cheap-trainers invaded the poet's premises at once. They walked about, all over the terraces and garden, without leave asked, but did no harm; and I was rather pleased at so many humble men and women and lassies having minds high enough to feel interest in Wordsworth. I retreated into the house; but one young lady rang the bell, asked for me, and begged me to give her an autograph of Mr. Wordsworth. I had none. "Where could she get one?" I did not know. Her pretty face looked as sad as if she had lost a lover. — Excuse great haste, for I am very busy working at Camoens; and though I do little, the day seems too short, there are so many visitors.

P. S. — When you see Mrs. Clarkson, tell her, if you like, that I remember well that week when she went more than once to sit by the bedside of the dead mother of my children.* It was a fancy of hers which touched me greatly.

August 24th. — Took a walk with Donaldson. An interesting chat on religion, he striving to reconcile conformity with extreme liberality of opinion. I know no man who more ingeniously explains the Trinity, which from him is harmless as an insignificant doctrine.

September 2d. — In the afternoon I was taken a drive by

* Quillinan's first wife was a daughter of Sir Egerton Bridges, and a few weeks after giving birth to her younger daughter,

"She died
Through flames breathed on her from her own fireside."

Donaldson, I riding with him on the box, Mrs. Donaldson, &c., within. The more I see of him, the more liberal I find him; and of his talents, my estimate rises. His book on the Greek Drama was written when he was twenty-four; he is now thirty-seven years old. Yet he lost five years in a lawyer's office, from fourteen to nineteen.

September 27th. — I heard a lecture on digestion (part of a course on the physics of human nature), by Wilkinson at the Whittington Club. I was very much pleased with him: his voice clear, manner collected, like one who knew what he was about; his style rich, a good deal of originality in his metaphors and a little mysticism, tending to show that there is in the universe a digestive or assimilative process going on, which connects man with nature, and the present with the other life.

October 9th. — I went out early and breakfasted with Rogers; a small and agreeable party, — only Samuel Sharpe, Harness * and sister, and Lord Glenelg. Samuel Sharpe said but little, but what he said was very good. The recent conviction of Smith O'Brien was a matter of doubt, but most thought an execution necessary, though Samuel Sharpe thought it would lead to murders of landlords.

October 17th. — I heard an admirable inaugural lecture from De Morgan, worth a more elaborate notice than I can take of it. Its object was to repress the system of carrying on college education by the aid of rewards, as only one degree less bad than the exploded system of punishments; and he represented as mischievous the system of studying for an examination. The students should be directed to the specific study by their sense of its worth, without the aid of fellowships, scholarships, or rewards. He affirmed that the best rule for a student would be, to disregard any expected or probable examination. The spirited style, the striking illustration, altogether rendered this a most remarkable exhibition. I whispered to Newman at the close, "Though the cholera is not contagious, yet boldness is." The lecture gave general satisfaction.

October 30th. — (Brighton.) I called on Robertson, Sen.,†

* The first time I dined with Harness was in 1839, and I met Babbage. Harness was preacher at Regent Square Church. In youth he was a friend of Lord Byron, and has himself written some elegant poems. He was and is a man of taste, of High Church principles, and liberal in spirit. Among our common friends were John Kenyon and Miss Burdett Coutts. — H. C. R.

† Formerly a lawyer in the West Indies, where he made his fortune. — H. C. R.

and Miss Levesque, and I had a long and very agreeable walk with Rev. F. Robertson. We talked to-day on religion; he spoke of the happiness he felt in being able freely to be a member of the Church of England, which implies a harmonious consent to all its doctrines. How he can be this, and yet entertain such liberal opinions, and, what is much better, liberal feelings, I cannot comprehend; but this is not, perhaps, of much moment. He was as cordial as ever, and seemed not at all offended by the freedom of my expressions. In this respect there is a correspondence between him and Sortaine, who is also quite liberal; but then Sortaine refuses to read the Athanasian Creed, and on baptism entertains opinions contrary to the Church. Still, Robertson is as liberal as he, — I should think even more so. I am not at all anxious to reconcile these seeming incompatibilities.

November 2d. — I called on Miss Goldsmid (the Baron being from home). An interesting chat with her. On my objecting to her that I could not respect a national God and a system of favoritism, her reply was, that the vocation of the Jews was to be the teachers of the unity of the Godhead, but the lesson was to be taught for the benefit of the whole world. There is no favoritism for the sake of the individual chosen to be the instructor.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

BRIGHTON, 3d November, 1848.

. . . . You have been led by the annual borough elections to express regret at the abandonment of the old system of self-election. Now in this I can by no means agree with you. Whatever inconveniences follow from the present system, it has at least the merit of inducing a large proportion of the people to give some attention to public matters, who would otherwise be absorbed by practices of the intensest and grossest selfishness, far exceeding in malignity all the evils that arise out of the present system.

This visit to Brighton has been somewhat shorter than usual, — of only nine days; but it has been quite as pleasant as ever. My time has been fully occupied. My kind host, Masquerier, is in very good health, though not quite so active as he once was. He is very much devoted to his wife, whose health he watches with anxious care, and who has shown the power of a strong constitution in resisting severe and dangerous chronic diseases.

On Friday I made some interesting calls, — one on the very clever preacher Sortaine, in Lady Huntingdon's connection, — a great favorite with the Haldanes, and at the same time with me. He combines zeal with liberality in an eminent degree. To-day also I called with Masquerier on Sam Rogers, who is here with his sister. She is wonderfully recovered from paralysis; that is, she can receive visits in her chair, and is amused by *hearing*, though she is scarcely able to hold a conversation. Rogers is very friendly, though he retains his powers of sarcasm. It has been said of him that he is the man of generous actions and unkind words.

On Sunday morning I heard Sortaine, and in the afternoon that very remarkable man, Mr. Robertson, of whom I have written frequently of late. He is an admirable preacher, and every seat in his chapel is taken. While he gives great offence to High-Churchmen and Conservative politicians, he has lately delivered an address to the Workingman's Association,* remarkable for the boldness with which he avoided all *courting of the people*, while he advocated their cause. He attacked the ballot and other popular delusions. I shall take to town some copies of his address. I spent one evening with him, and had several long walks. I have urged him in vain to give up his church, and go to Madeira. Dr. Watson, however, and Dr. Hall, say his lungs are not affected; and though his friends wish it, he will not go while he thinks he is able to do good. I used the strongest persuasive: I told him frankly I thought his sermons unequal in power to those I heard formerly.

H. C. R. to T. Paynter, Esq.†

Athenæum, 12th December, 1848.

I awoke early this morning, and thought at once of the *Times* article on Prison Discipline. I mused for a time on what I recollected of the paper, and brought myself to the conviction (confirmed by the perusal of the whole article), that, well written as it is, and well put as one or two points are, still as an investigation of the subject the whole thing is altogether worthless, — and that because the one or two leading ideas, of which the rest of the composition is a mere amplification, are left unproved, being mere assumptions and

* "An Address delivered at the Opening of the Workingman's Institute, on Monday, October 23, 1848." See "Lectures and Addresses," p. 1.

† A police magistrate. See *ante*, p. 173.

not going to the bottom of the subject. The one thought, indeed, on which everything turns, is that it is not prevention, or correction, which is the main rule or guide in the measure of punishment, but a *sense of justice;* and no attempt is made to ground this sense of justice on any law of nature, any abstract rule of right derived from the will or law of God; but this moral sense, or conscience of society, is in terms declared to be determined through regular legislative and judicial institutions! This is either very foolish or very monstrous. I will take one palpable example or illustration. In America, a Christian country, it is proclaimed by their "legislative and judicial institutions" that it is a crime to receive stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen; and therefore a man is sentenced to capital punishment who robs a slave-owner of his property by assisting the slave in stealing himself from his lawful owner. The law of the land declares that a man has a right to buy the child at the mother's breast, and sell it as soon as it is a valuable commodity; and the master punishes with cruel tortures the woman who will not breed children for his service, he having a right to the fruit of her body; though, when he bought her, he knew that she or her ancestor had been stolen.

I take this example, because it shows the extreme absurdity of resting the principle or measure of punishment on law.

We have, in our own country, enormously unjust laws, though none so atrocious as this. But we have atrocities of our own, more directly bearing on the subject of Prison Discipline, which show the worthlessness of the rule laid down by this writer.

To go back to the question. The writer maintains that we have a *natural sense of justice;* where there is guilt, there ought to be retribution, and we are more anxious for this than for either correction or prevention. For the sake of argument, let it be granted; but then the author of this rule ought to show us in what guilt consists, and how it is ascertained. What is the measure of the guilt of a poor child bred in a night-cellar, who has from his infancy lived only with thieves and prostitutes? Sympathy and imitation are instincts appertaining to our common nature. Your son was made happy by your and his mother's praises, when he brought home the certificates of his good character at school. A child such as I have mentioned, at his age, being sent out by his parents to beg or steal, is flogged if he comes home at night

without anything, and rewarded by their praises, or perhaps a dram or other luxury, when he brings home plunder. He has never heard property spoken of but as something which gentlefolks have got, and which he ought to get from them if he can. Of law and magistrates, and right and wrong, he knows nothing but what he has heard from thieves and prostitutes. It is sheer cant and nonsense to say that his natural conscience should have taught him better. The natural conscience of the clerical and legal slaveholder has not taught him the iniquity of slavery, which is a much greater iniquity than the thefts of the poor boy, and more opposed to natural justice. Yet the writer in the *Times* would condemn the boy to punishment, as just, and he would perhaps honor the American slaveholder. I say "perhaps," because I know not how he thinks. I know that I have heard you often apologize for and apparently justify, slavery, while you abuse abolitionists; and yet, in other respects, I believe you to be a conscientious and upright man. Therefore, I say, I cannot admit the force of the argument, that the child *ought*, in spite of his lamentable education, to be sensible of the wrong he does in thieving.

I, on the contrary, say, that whether the child be guilty or not, he must be stopped in his thievish habits, both for his own sake and the sake of society. In a case like that I have stated, — not a fancy case, but one which you know to be of daily occurrence, — I do not consider the child as at all guilty. The *act* is culpable, but the *guilt* is to be imputed to the mass of society, which has not given him an education. The *real* criminals are the legislators and the magistrates, who have made no provision for the masses.

I do not deny that cases may be imagined, in which we have a right to require a moral sense, even in the uneducated. Recollect, however, that *property* is a creature of the *law*, not founded on any *natural sense*, but on the experience of its necessity for the well-being of society. The law of nature is that of Rob Roy: —

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Society steps in, but it shamefully neglects its duty when it proclaims a law, and makes no provision for its being known, in order to its being obeyed.

The individual in whom a moral sense has never been generated (for it is not innate, at least it does not extend to the

rights of property) ought not to be tortured because he has not what he could not give himself, and society has neglected to give him.

The question of responsibility is the most difficult that is ever forced on our consideration; but the interests of society require that men should provide for the emergencies of life, and not wait till metaphysical problems are solved. In correcting the criminal, society does but supply a duty it had neglected before, when it permitted or caused him to become criminal. In preventing crime, it attains one of the great ends of social existence. We put a maniac into a strait-waistcoat, though we know him to be morally innocent. We restrain a wilful offender, without troubling ourselves to answer the question, how far his offence has been an act of necessity or free-will.

And we ought to persevere in the correction of all offenders, for the sake of themselves and of all mankind.

As to retribution, we may safely leave that to the only perfectly wise Judge. He judges not according to appearances. He who made the distinction between *the many stripes and the few stripes*, would, I am sure, not at all sympathize with the *Times* reviewer.

I have written with great rapidity, and have not time to read what I have written.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

RYDAL MOUNT, December 28, 1848.

On Tuesday I came to Westmoreland by rail. A dull but mild day. Riding in a first-class carriage, I was, as usual, nearly alone. But I had sufficient amusement in lounging over the "Life of William Collins, R. A.," the landscape-painter, whose acquaintance I made in Italy, when I was with Wordsworth. I was at Ambleside soon after nine the next morning, and rejoiced to find my friends far more cheerful than a year ago. In the two days I have spent here already, I have had more conversation with Wordsworth than I had during the whole of my last visit; and at this moment that I am writing, he is very copiously discoursing with a neighboring clergyman on the Irish character, as he found it on a visit to Ireland. I found him and all others deeply excited by the supposed danger of Hartley Coleridge, who was thought to be dying of diarrhœa; and we went to Grasmere to inquire about

him. The rest of the day I spent for the most part in calls, and I have seen nearly all my old friends. . . . .

Fox How is the head-quarters of Whiggery in this corner, as Rydal Mount is of High-Churchism. I am held to be a sort of anomaly among the varieties of goodness here, with the *licentia loquendi* which is given to the fool of the drama, or the old bachelor and self-willed opinionist of the novel.

The firm handwriting of your letter does not permit me to ascribe its being only half its usual size to weakness. In regard to what you say of health, I should, in your place, feel vexed at the announcement that I should survive my complaint. I know none on the whole less painful. The *euthanasia* of the Greeks — the beautiful death, that is, of mere old age — is not in the catalogue of maladies in any of our modern bills of mortality. Therefore I should well like to come to a compromise with the old enemy, and bargain for submitting to him, after *your* fashion, about five years and three months afterwards.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

1849.

JANUARY 2d. — I spent my night well by writing a long letter to Henry after I was left alone.† It was my first letter to him, and I have given it an extraneous value by asking Wordsworth to add his autograph.

January 6th. — After finishing Clough's poem in hexameters,‡ I heard from Dr. Green that Hartley Coleridge was just dead. He died between two and three o'clock. He was in his fifty-second year. Everybody in the valley pitied and loved him. Many a one would echo the words,

"I could have better spared a better man."

January 11th. — The funeral of Hartley Coleridge took place. His brother Derwent, Wordsworth, Quillinan, and Angus Fletcher were present, besides the medical men.

* H. C. R. was about five years and three months younger than his brother Thomas.

† H. C. R.'s great-nephew.

‡ "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich."

H. C. R. TO T. R.

ATHENÆUM, 12th January, 1849, P. M.

I took leave of the poet yesterday morning at twelve, when he attended the funeral of Hartley Coleridge. During the performance of the ceremony I sat with dear Mrs. Wordsworth, and had more than two hours' quiet chat with her. I barely caught a glimpse of Wordsworth on his return. It rained while the solemn service was read, and I shall be glad to know that the attendance did him no harm. I had observed before that his spirits were not, as I feared they would be, affected by the occurrence, and I left Rydal with the comfortable assurance that his grief is now softened down to an endurable sadness.*

I have no anecdotes worth reporting of my last week at Rydal.

I made the round of calls and visits. The last day I attended a grand party at Mr. Harrison's, the magistrate and squire of Ambleside. I am known generally there, and on the great poet's account noticed. But how soon will this end! how soon will everything end! at least everything of which we have *definite* knowledge. The *infinite* sphere belongs to our aspirations; the also infinite circles of our hopes, wishes, and feelings, certainly of higher character and deeper importance than our knowledge!

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

LOUGHRIGG HOLME, January 12, 1849.

You were unluckily gone before I returned to Rydal Mount after Hartley Coleridge's funeral. It was a bitter day. I hope you got home without accident or inconvenience. I dined at the Mount, and your cheering presence was much missed by your host and hostess, as well as by myself.

But I write to you now merely to thank you for having given me a great and unexpected pleasure, by leaving with me "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich," which Mrs. Arnold, too, had recommended me to read. I was very unwilling to commence it, for I detest English hexameters, from Surrey's to Southey's; and Mr. Clough's spondaic lines are, to my ear, detestable too, — that is, to begin with. Yet I am really charmed with his poem. There is a great deal of mere prose

* This was H. C. R.'s last visit to Rydal during Wordsworth's life.

in it, and the worse, to my taste, for being prose upon stilts; but, take it for all in all, there is more freshness of heart and soul and sense in it than it has been my chance to find and feel in any poem of recent date, — perhaps I ought to say than in any recent poem of which the author is not yet much known; for I have no mind to depreciate Alfred Tennyson, nor any other man who has fairly won his laurel.

Mr. Wordsworth, to-day, came to me through snow and sleet, and sat for an hour in his most cheerful mood. Some talk about his grandchildren led him back to his own boyhood, and he related several particulars which it would have done you good to listen to; for some of them were new to me, and, probably, would have been so to you. He talked, too, a good deal about the Coleridges, especially *the* S. T. C. If I had been inclined to Boswellize, this would have been one of my days for it. He was particularly interesting.

I hope all the Flaxmans will soon be lodged to your mind. You should tell your brother to make a bequest of the marble bust of yourself to the London University, to be placed in the same room with them, as a record that it was you who were mainly instrumental in securing them for the said University, or in getting them worthily installed there. The bust is excellent as a likeness, and more than respectable as a work of art, though it is not by a Flaxman.

H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick.

30 Russell Square, 15th January, 1849.

The account I have to give of our friends is so much better than that of last year, that I should certainly have sent it, even if I had not received a friendly intimation of your wish to hear from me.

I found Mr. Wordsworth more calm and composed than I expected. Whatever his feelings may be, he appears to have them under control. I feared that the visit to the churchyard last Tuesday with Mr. Coleridge, to fix on the spot where Hartley might be interred, would overset him; but, on the contrary, I returned with him alone, and he talked with perfect self-possession. Dear Mrs. Wordsworth is what she always was; I see no change in her, but that the wrinkles of her care-worn countenance are somewhat deeper. Poor Miss Wordsworth I thought sunk still further in insensibility. By the by, Mrs. Wordsworth says that almost the only enjoy-

ment Wordsworth seems to feel is in his attendance on her, and that her death would be to him a sad calamity. I thought our friend James a shade younger and more amiable than ever. He had an opportunity of rendering himself very useful, by his attendance on poor Hartley, during all my stay at Rydal. Derwent Coleridge spent a great part of his time with us at the Mount, and helped to keep off the sadness which seemed ready to seize its inmates. He has this advantage over his brother, — and, to a degree, over his father also, — that he has full power over his faculties.

Quillinan was, as usual, quietly poring over his laborious work, his version of Camoens's epic, from which he never can gain emolument or fame.

Dear Mrs. Arnold is supplied with daguerreotype representations of her three wandering boys, — the soldier, the sailor, and the colonist, — and seems to have an anxious enjoyment in dreaming over the possibilities of their condition in the varieties of their adventurous lives. Mrs. Fletcher is as lively as ever, and seems quite happy in her children.

Miss Martineau makes herself an object of envy by the success of her domestic arrangements. She has built a cottage near her house, placed in it a Norfolk dairy-maid, and has her poultry-yard, and her piggery, and her cow-shed; and Mrs. Wordsworth declares she is a model in her household economy, making her servants happy, and setting an example of activity to her neighbors. She is at the same time busy writing the continuation of Knight's "Pictorial History of England," and has just brought out a small volume entitled "Household Education," which has proved successful, and probably with good reason.

February 7th. — Finished Macaulay's delightful volumes today. One sentence I must here copy, as the wisest in the work. Commenting on the famous declaration of the Convention Parliament that the throne was vacant by the abdication of King James the Second, he says: "Such words are to be considered, not as words, but as deeds. If they effect that which they are intended to effect, they are rational, though they may be contradictory. If they fail of attaining their end, they are absurd, though they carry demonstration with them. Logic admits of no compromise. The essence of politics is compromise."

Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme, June 20, 1849.

. . . . I am much amused with the extract you have sent me from Southey's "Commonplace Book." Two or three months ago at a missionary charity sermon in a church in this neighborhood, I heard the preacher (a good and worthy man he is too) advocate the cause of the mission on the ground that if we did not Christianize the rising generation in the East, eight hundred millions of Oriental babies would infallibly be doomed to eternal perdition! What would Southey have said to this startling announcement? . . . .

July 19th. — (Bury.) A break in the uniformity of my Bury life. I read to the ladies at Sir John Walsham's Burke's letter on the Duke of Bedford's motion on his pension. I read it with the same delight I felt more than fifty years ago. It is unequalled for the union of wisdom and eloquence, pathos and sublime satire, and is as fascinating as it was when written in 1756. I believe my party of ladies enjoyed it too. I then accompanied Lady Walsham to Hardwicke House, and took a dinner-luncheon there.

I read early in bed Wordsworth's "Waggoner," with great pleasure. Donne had praised it highly. It used not to be a favorite of mine; but I discerned in it to-day a benignity and a gentle humor, with a view of human life and a felicity of diction, which rendered the dedication of it to Charles Lamb peculiarly appropriate.

July 26th. — I wrote a letter of congratulation to Mrs. Talfourd, the news having arrived that her husband had been appointed judge, — an appointment that seems to give general satisfaction. My ground of felicitation was, that the repose of judicial life harmonizes better than the wranglings of the bar with the temperament of the poet. Talfourd is a generous and kind man, and merits his good fortune.

August 11th. — I concluded the evening by a late call on Hunter. He was pleasant as ever, and his notions as odd. This evening he asserted, in the most absolute terms, that he considered baptism to be the only test of a Christian, and that, whatever the privileges were, they were conferred by the mere formal act. What is not Christianity made by such formalism?

August 28th. — I rose early, and packed up my few things

for my short journey (to Bear Wood), and then I breakfasted with Rogers. A small, agreeable party, — Luttrell, Dyce, Samuel Sharpe, and Moxon, all in good humor. To-day, or about this time, Rogers told us that Sydney Smith said to his eldest brother, a grave and prosperous gentleman: "Brother, you and I are exceptions to the laws of nature. You have risen by your gravity, and I have sunk by my levity." I went by the Southwestern Railroad to Farnborough, where I arrived before five, expecting to go off in a few minutes; but I had to wait there two hours and a half. I lounged into a gentleman's park, and took a luncheon at a small inn. I went by rail to Oakingham, and then had three miles to walk. I took the walk without inconvenience, and had a cordial reception from Mrs. Walter. She had almost given me up, not being aware of the change of hour for the train.

August 29th. — I spent the whole of the forenoon strolling about the grounds, which have been greatly improved by opening the woods, &c. I was engaged reading the "Summer in the Country," by the incumbent, Mr. Wilmott, — of whom hereafter, — a book of sentimental criticism. I also read part of Mr. Wilmott's "Life of Jeremy Taylor," also a book which I read through with interest. He came to dine with us. I had formed a very favorable opinion of him from his works. He and I were engaged in full talk all the afternoon. There were, besides, a Captain Ford and his lady at the house, genteel people and agreeable; but Mr. Wilmott was the object of interest on this visit.

August 30th. — This day, like the preceding, I kept upon the Bear Wood grounds. Mrs. Walter took me into the very pretty church. The funeral sermon by Wilmott, on Mr. Walter's death, which I am now reading, is in a tone of exemplary hope and cheerfulness.

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, 7th September, 1849.

. . . . Now to answer both your letters at once. I entertain no fears of the cholera, and do not think that here in Russell Square I am exposed to any greater danger than you are at Bury. It is only in *especial* quarters that this epidemic rages. But, in truth, there is no assignable reason why the cholera should visit one district rather than another. A calm submission to the will of Providence seems to be the frame of

mind most favorable even to a successful endurance of an attack, and is what is called for by reason as well as religious convictions. That in your eightieth year your mind is in so calm and happy a state, I rejoice. Those who have been brought up in a more gloomy creed, or who, trained in a happier school, have sunk into that wretched faith, would rather pity than envy you this state of mind. We may regret these diversified feelings, but it were unwise to mourn over them. In every age this variety of sentiment has prevailed. And this, as well as the more material and physical evils which afflict men, also belongs to the inscrutable dispensations of that Supreme Being in whom we believe, while we awfully recognize our incapacity to fathom his will. Submission to that will is our duty, not to attempt to comprehend it. . . . .

30 Russell Square, 15th September, 1849.

. . . . I had a chat with Gallenga last night. He thinks despairingly, as I do, of the affairs of the Continent. It is hard to say where they look worst, — in France, Germany, or Italy; or who have acted worst, the French, German, or Italian Liberals. Enthusiasts still say, "O, in the end the *people* will be victorious; the *good cause* will triumph!" Two follies lie hid in this pious sentiment: first, in supposing that the cause of the people, — that is, the masses, — and the good cause, mean the same thing, which is a *violent presumption;* the other is, referring to the *end*, as if the *end* were ever to be contemplated in our speculations. In our considerations of the past we look in vain for a beginning, of which we know nothing; in our anticipations of the future, we can take no care for the end. All we can do practically is to provide for that which is to follow *immediately*, — on which the remotely future must depend. All that we can ever know historically of the past, with any degree of certainty, is how the present has sprung out of the immediately preceding.

October 4th. — I walked to Westbourne Terrace, and dined with Gibson. Only his father and mother, Newman and Clough, were there. I enjoyed the afternoon much. Clough is modest and amiable, as well as full of talent, and I have no doubt that in him we have made a very good choice of a Principal for the University Hall.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

SUNDAY NIGHT, October 14, 1849.

Froude has been here this summer. He was lodged, as I was informed, — for I did not see him, — at a farm-house at or near Skelwith Bridge. Mrs. Gaskell, the author of "Mary Barton," was also, for some weeks, in that neighborhood, and I got Mr. Wordsworth to meet her and her husband (a Unitarian minister at Manchester). She is a very pleasing, interesting person. I cannot lay my hand, at this moment, on your former letter, to which I have only delayed replying for want of leisure, for we have been much occupied with taking visitors walks, and climbs interminable (as some of them seemed), ascents of Helvellyn, &c., &c. I wanted to talk to you on the subject of sonnets and *sonneteers*. What do you mean by that fling, Mr. Sneer? A sonneteer, you will answer, means a writer of sonnets. And you will not argue on high politics with a sonneteer. Indeed! yet it is just possible that a man may write sonnets, good or bad, and yet be as able as his neighbors to give, in plain prose, a reason for the political faith that is in him. But do you sit down, friend Crabb, and try your hand at a sonnet. That is the punishment I should like to inflict on you for your sauciness. But we will talk over the art and mystery of sonneteering at Christmas, the best season for cracking hard nuts. You are expected here, — *due* here as a matter of course. Mrs. Wordsworth has two or three times, and to-day again, charged me to remind you of this. As to me, I always sing the same song (for I, too, have my constancy), — No Crabb, no Christmas!! But you *will* come about the 18th of December, — that is settled. Mrs. Arnold, since her return from the seaside, has had several visitors. . . . . Poor Johnny Harrison (whose name was John Wordsworth Faber), poor child! was seized with his last convulsion on Monday morning, the 8th instant. Mr. Wordsworth and I attended his funeral at Grasmere, on Friday. He is buried close to Hartley Coleridge. Who would not wish to be as fit to die at any moment as that *sinless* Johnny? Faber used to call him one of God's blessings to that house of Green Bank, and he was right. He kept their hearts alive to love and pity and tenderness. His work was done, and he was removed. You will find your old and faithful friend, the poet, pretty much as he was on your last visit. The same social cheerfulness, — company cheerfulness, — the same fixed despondency (uncorrected). I esteem

him for both; I love him best for the latter. I have put up a beautiful headstone to Dora's grave. I wonder if you will like it. God bless you, friend Crabb!

October 16th. — A busy day. It began with an interesting rather than important occurrence. The University Hall was opened with a religious service by Dr. Hutton, — i. e. he read chapters from the Bible, and prayed. It was not a *public* occasion; but some dozen ladies were there, — Mrs. Follen and her sister, Miss Cabot, &c. There must be about eight or ten young men. Richard Martineau made a short opening address. James Yates, Gibson, Cookson, Le Breton, Charles Bischoff, &c., were present. Many complained afterwards that they had no notice of what was going to take place.

Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme, October 22, 1849.

. . . . All well, though some of us are sad enough. There is, however, a gracious melancholy about autumn. I wish you could see our golden woods just now. The country was never more beautiful. . . . .

November 5th. — I was led to give Mrs. C. for Mrs. S. ten pounds. I doubt whether I did right; and have since recollected a saying I heard Kenyon repeat of some one who said he could not afford to give in a *hurry!*

Quillinan to H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme, November 12, 1849.

. . . . Some one told me, or I somewhere heard, that Dr. Channing was a weak man. I know little of him and of his works but by his biography and the memoirs of his life, and I find him a strong, and sometimes almost a great man. I mean in intellect and in character, for he appears to have had but a feeble frame, and that makes his mental energy the more admirable. I hug to my heart such a Unitarian as that. More of my inconsistency, you will say. But though you and I have known each other so many long years, and though I trust we are long friends, you know me but cursorily, — by snatches, as it were, — or you would not think me so inconsistent. I am not the less nor the more a Papist for my cordial admiration of

Channing. He was really what he called himself, a liberal Christian, and thoroughly *consistent*, according to his views, from the commencement of his ministry to the end. The phrase uttered or written by him at a late period of his life, "I am little of a Unitarian," is but another proof of his consistency, though it has been interpreted to his prejudice. It merely meant that as he grew older he grew wiser in charity, that he was still more liberal than before to sincere Christians of all denominations, — not that he was the less a Unitarian in his theology. From him I have at last learnt what is meant by a Christian Unitarian. I am not going over to you, though. On that rock (of Pope Peter) my faith was built, and there it stands. But I owe you the above admission for a bigoted remark that I once made to you, which your good-nature will have forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth well, and the better for expecting you *soon*.

December 25th. — I know not that I ever spent a Christmas day before as an invalid, yet it has not been an unhappy one, but the contrary. Invalids constitute a privileged class of society. Charles Lamb called them "kings." I have been deeply impressed with the blessings I have enjoyed in life, compared with which its evils have been very few and insignificant.

[Towards the close of the year H. C. R. had a swelling on the back, which his medical attendant, Mr. Ridout, said would very likely become a carbuncle, if not attended to at once. Accordingly, on the 9th of December, the lancet was used, H. C. R. having taken chloroform, the beneficent effect of which he was never weary of lauding. He had accepted the usual invitation to Rydal, but his health was not regarded as in fit state for him to undertake the journey.]

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, 29th December, 1849.

It was a great relief to me to read in Sarah's letter that your hand was still too shaky to allow of your writing. And then her letter contained the agreeable notice of there being two, instead of one, of the third generation in your house, which gives me a lively image of your home. Your mansion is large enough to permit the young ones to be on occasion somewhat obstreperous. I did not forget dear Henry on his birthday. I

wished him heartily a long and happy series of them. And I have now certainly not a wish only, but a trustful hope, that he will have them. I celebrated my twelfth birthday at Devizes, — if a school birthday could be a celebration. O, what a different boy he is from what I was! In all points but one, how much my superior! A portion of that superiority appertaining to the age, unquestionably, more than to the individual. And yet my niece, I have no doubt, would rejoice to exchange a quantity of his mental gifts for my bodily advantages. But she must comfort herself with the recollection that it is not in the order of Providence that all blessings should be heaped on one favored head.

I hope I am duly grateful for those I enjoy, though I am sensible they are of a low order. My Pharisaism does not go beyond the body. I thank God that my body is not as other men's bodies are, and yet here am I at the end of an almost three weeks' seclusion, owing to a bodily ailment; and that does not look like an exemption from ordinary infirmities. Now, it seems strange to myself, on reflection, that, on looking back on these three weeks, they have none but agreeable reminiscences. They have been weeks of average enjoyment. . . . . That *carbuncle* is a frightful word! ay, it is the name of a fatal malady! Now, it has caused me no pain, owing to *California*, as the modern Mrs. Malaprop has it.

But it is not the absence of pain that surprises me so much as that I have had no *malaise*. I have felt well. So that when my friendly visitors look decorously grave, and begin, "I was very sorry to hear —" I cannot help stopping them by laughing in their faces. Nor have I felt the least impatience at the seclusion. It is true that I have had the *Times* sent me for an hour every morning. I expect it now. Could I have sat up, instead of being forced to lie down, I should have gone on with my Reminiscences. . . . . Paynter, who said, on my observing how well the people of the house had conducted themselves, and what a happy prospect it opened of our future bearing towards each other, — "Yes," he said, "*it has converted what was a lodging-house into a home.* . . . .

This day, however, unknown to my surgeon, but with the privity of Dr. Boott, I stole to No. 4 Bloomsbury Street.

[In comes the *Times*.]

Here I dined with Mylne,* one of the Lunacy Commis-

* Son of Professor Mylne, of Glasgow.

sioners. A small party. Dr. Arnott, the stove-inventor; a pleasant talker, whose social warmth I like better than his artificial heat. I lay for most of the time on a sofa.

Christmas day. — I conferred pleasure on Atkinson's children * by giving them a book each, which their father had chosen. And the family enjoyed their dinner off the turkey, which was highly praised. And I can bear witness to the excellence of the other turkey, of which I partook at Dr. Boott's. No party beyond the Doctor, his wife, and mother (amiable women), four daughters, the husband of one, and the *prétendu* of another. Here I was allowed to lie down and have my nap. Now, that these *escapades* have done no harm is evident from this, that Ridout dates the rapidity of the healing from the Monday. . . . .

CHAPTER XXIV.

1850.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

January 26, 1850.

LET me first congratulate you on your having entered a new decennium. Your eighty years are now completed. This is a rare privilege, — considered as such by the popular sentiment, — though *soi-disant* philosophers, some called holy also, treat length of years as length of sorrow. It is true that, as years advance,

> "By rapid blast or slow decline
> Our social comforts die away."

But is not the residue still a good? I should say it is, judging by my own experience, and adding my observation of you and others, my seniors.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

20 RUSSELL SQUARE, 2d February, 1850.

I agree with you in all your reflections on our old age, and on the *alleviations*, for which I trust we are duly grateful. Of its ordinary evils, I trust that in our latter days we shall all find that, though life must inevitably become *less*, it does not be

* Children of the house.

come *worse*. Our senses must become more obtuse, but what we still feel may be as agreeable notwithstanding. This I have said before, but it is one of the truths that will bear repetition. I thank you for the communication of the paragraph on Donne's lecture; I wish I had been there to hear it. It has more than once occurred to me that I might be easily induced, myself, to deliver a lecture on Wordsworth; but I fear I am now too old and too indolent. By the by, what is often called indolence is in fact the unconscious consciousness of incapacity; the importunity to overcome it is often as injudicious as to force an unwilling player to the whist-table, to the great annoyance of his partners. . . . .

You mention having read with pleasure Channing's Memoirs. I possess the book, but it is in constant requisition, and I have scarcely had time to look into it.

Dr. Arnold would not for a moment have hesitated in receiving Channing within the fold of his Christianity. The great influence of individual men in determining public taste and opinion is a remarkable fact. This is an unpleasant fact to those who cannot combine with it an assurance that the existence of these individual men is itself an arrangement of a special Providence, because *accident* ought not to have a wide influence over the welfare of nations and humanity at large. Imagine one single change, viz., that Goethe had been an Italian instead of a German. The literature of those two countries would have been at this day very different from what it now is; perhaps the nations also. . . . .

H. C. R. to Paynter.

Bury St. Edmunds, 12th April, 1850.

. . . . I should have had great pleasure in going with you to hear Mr. Scott. He is a man from whom you are sure to hear unusual matter. He is always suggestive; and his orthodoxy is never offensive. Amongst his constant hearers is Newman, the arch-heretic, who joins in the singing, and seems most devout. The audience consists of a very select few. You truly say: "The great defect of his views was that they seemed to have no place for evil, and offered no means of escape." I confine my adjective "*truly*" to the first member of the sentence. For, though he did not in his sermon elaborately bring forward his means of escape, it must have been implied. The Gospel scheme of redemption (which he never

repudiates) constitutes such means. As to the want of "a place for evil," that is not peculiar to *his* scheme. It is the puzzle of puzzles, from which no scheme of faith and no variety of denial of faith is exempt. Evil must be a part of the Divine economy, or God cannot be the perfect Being we assume him to be. But if it be, then the good and the bad alike are fulfilling — But I am unwilling to complete the sentence. . . . . To recur again to Mr. Scott, your remark, founded on a simple sermon, seems as if you expected, in that one sermon, to have a riddle at once propounded and solved. If you lived in his neighborhood you would, I have no doubt, seek his acquaintance. I have a high opinion — perhaps I should rather say a strong impression — concerning him. I cannot think that he is a stranger to those feelings of pain which you describe. Every man must have had them at one time or another; though the frequency, as well as the intensity, of such feelings, is often, I suspect, the mere result of physical organization. But I doubt whether any life can be so blameless, or any mind can be so pure, as to justify any one's fancying himself exempt from evil and inaccessible to temptation. Would not such a one belong to that Pharisaic class whom Christ seems to have ranked below publicans and sinners? It is against such self-righteousness that the Evangelicals seem successfully to oppose themselves; but, unfortunately, they ruin their cause by the opposite extreme, into which they are ever in danger of falling, — that of Antinomianism. I protest solemnly against the imputation of being rendered "insensible to the want of any healing or purifying process" from any Pharisaic self-esteem. It is one thing to be conscious of evil as inherent; it is another to be apprehensive, in consequence of that consciousness, of becoming the associate of devils to all eternity. In other words, I am equally unable to imagine among mortals a fitness for heaven and for hell. The classification is too coarse, and consequently imperfect. It provides only for the ideal extreme. It leaves the great mass of the imperfect without a settlement. I am half angry for suffering myself to be drawn into so unprofitable a discussion.

The accounts from Rydal are alarming. I fear that the great poet is approaching to what will be the commencement of his fame as a poet. For there seems an unwillingness to acknowledge the highest merit in any living man. . . . .

April 23d. — This day will have a black mark in the annals

of the age, for on this day died the greatest man I had ever the honor of calling friend, — Wordsworth.

Next day I received a letter from Quillinan, announcing the death of my great friend the poet, only an hour before. His sons were with him, and Mrs. Wordsworth had the comfort of having her nearest relations with her. Every consolation which death admits of was here, of which the chief was the full sense that the departure was after a long life spent in the acquisition of an immortal fame, — the reward of a life devoted to the service of mankind.

Several of the newspapers have excellent articles on the poet, but the best by far is that of the *Times*, which is admirable.

April 30th. — A letter had come from Quillinan informing me of the funeral. Mrs. Wordsworth herself had attended, and I was expected. I regret much I did not go, for in general it seems that it was thought I was there. Every one speaks as he ought of Wordsworth.

May 3d. — I read early a speech by Robertson to the Brighton Working-Class Association, in which infidelity of a very dangerous kind had sprung up. His speech shows great practical ability. He managed a difficult subject very ably, but it will not be satisfactory either to the orthodox or the ultra-liberal. I went to Mr. Cookson, who is one of the executors of Mr. Wordsworth, and with whom I had an interesting conversation about Wordsworth's arrangements for the publications of his poems. He has commissioned Dr. Christopher Wordsworth to write his Life, a brief Memoir merely illustrative of his poems. And in a paper given to the Doctor, he wrote that his sons, son-in-law, his dear friend Miss Fenwick, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Robinson, who had travelled with him, "would gladly contribute their aid by communicating any facts within their knowledge."

May 10th. — At the Athenæum, I fell in with Archdeacon Hare, who wished for my concurrence in a committee meeting, to concert a plan for a monument to Wordsworth, perhaps on Monday, at the Bishop of London's. Talked afterwards with Arthur Stanley and Dr. Whewell on the same subject.

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, 11th May, 1850.

. . . . You speak so strongly about the pleasure which my

history gives,* that I begin to think that the narrative gives as much pleasure as the passing through the events narrated. You may recollect that, once on a time, a German prince pensioned a literary man, to enable him to live at Paris among the *philosophers* and men of letters of the witty and profligate capital; and in return, the pensioner sent a long letter every day, giving an account of his *parties*, retailing all the *bons mots* and scandal of the day. Hence Baron Grimm's letters, — the best and most instructive account of French society in existence.

The Duke of Gotha, perhaps, did not think of the treasure he was collecting, — nor Grimm either, — and the buyer of the letters had as much pleasure as the writer.

Yesterday, I was accosted by Archdeacon Hare, who said he had been looking out for me several days. He has asked me to attend at a preliminary meeting on Monday, at the Bishop of London's, in order to deliberate on the means of doing fit honor to the great poet by a public manifestation, — that is, a *monument* of some kind or other. It is wished to have a representative of every class, and I suppose I am to represent the Liberals. It is remarkable that the most zealous of Wordsworth's admirers have been the Unitarians and High Church. The Evangelicals within and without the Church have been his despisers, in couple with the Rationalists of the Scotch school. I shall from time to time tell you how things go on. . . . .

May 13th. — Attended a meeting at Mr. Justice Coleridge's, to consider of a monument for Wordsworth. I made the thirteenth. Present, Bishops of London and St. David's, Archdeacons Hare and Milman, Mr. J. Coleridge, Rogers, Professor Scott, Boxall, and four whose names I did not learn. It was agreed that there should be a bust in Westminster Abbey, and a suitable memorial in Grasmere Church; and if there should be a surplus of subscriptions (not likely), it is to be considered what is to be done with that. The Bishop of Llandaff suggested a scholarship at St. John's College for a native of the Lakes. The Bishop of London wished for something connected with literature. Rogers was uncomfortably deaf, and understood little of what was going on.

* A part of H. C. R.'s letters to T. R. consisted generally of an account of his doings since the last letter, and this part frequently began with, "Now to my history."

H. C. R. to Miss Fenwick.

30 Russell Square, 20th May, 1850.

There is a sad imperfection in language, after all that men of genius and thought have done.

We want a distinct set of words, by which we may express our feelings at an incident by which pain is assuaged and suffering relieved, and an approach made to enjoyment. I felt this when I sat down just now, to address a few lines to you, for I felt the impropriety of saying that I was *glad* or *rejoiced* to hear of your arrival at Rydal Mount.

A considerable time must elapse before joy or gladness can be associated with Rydal Mount; yet I have at the same time felt, that the grief at the departure of the husband, the brother, the father, and friend, is, if not overpowered, yet modified by a sense of his greatness, and of the imperishability of such a mind!

> "For when the Mighty pass away,
> What is it more than this,
> That man who is from God sent forth
> Doth yet again to God return?"

H. C. R. to T. R.

May 24, 1850.

There will be conflicting opinions and tastes about the monument. One set of committee men would willingly make Wordsworth's name available for their sectarian purposes. This man says, "Devote the surplus to a *Church*"; "A *School*," says a second; "An *Almshouse*," says a third; "A *Scholarship* in an old University," says a fourth. Against all these my friend Kenyon protests with warmth: "I would give largely to do Wordsworth honor, but nothing to a Wordsworth institute."

H. C. R. to T. R.

May 24, 1850.

I am now going to startle you, by informing you of a scheme or project which has been formed by Masquerier and me; and if his and his wife's and my health all remain as they at present are, we hope to carry it into execution in about a week's time. And this scheme is to engage not more than eight or nine days of our time.

It is to take a trip — the final visit of both of us, probably — to Paris. Masquerier, you know, is of French origin, and

is more of a Frenchman in speech, and intimate knowledge of the country, than any other friend of mine, though he has no near friends or acquaintance there. He has survived most of his old associates ; yet he feels an interest in the country, and wishes to see it in its Republican state. And it has been for nearly a year the design of Masquerier and myself to take this journey, leaving Mrs. Masquerier in the mean while at Dover or Folkestone, where she is to be joined by Masquerier's niece, Fanny.

And lately Mr. Brown, the husband of Miss Coutts's former governess, has agreed to join our party. I suppose I am expected to supply *animal spirits*, and he, by implication, I presume, undertakes to watch over our bodies and health, and do his best to set us right if we go wrong. And, without a joke, it is really agreeable, in one's seventy-sixth year, to have a medical travelling companion. . . . .

[This visit to Paris was made ; the party set out on the 4th of June and returned on the 21st. A few extracts are all that will be given from the journal.]

June 7th. — Visited the Louvre. I saw many old acquaintance, but nothing new that was remarkable, excepting the Nineveh remains, which the French consul sent over. In size they are far superior to our importations. They are quite colossal, and throw ours into the shade. I speak only of the *first* importation. I dare say Layard brought what the consul would have despised, — small articles, remains in metal, &c. Layard's last excavations may have been more productive. I remarked with surprise the almost entire absence of English visitors. This was noticeable also in the streets. At our restaurant in the Rue St. Honoré, Poole, the comic writer, was pointed out to me ; but he looks a wreck.

June 8th. — On breakfasting in the Tuileries gardens, I learned that Mr. Brown had procured us tickets for the National Assembly, to which we were to go between one and two. We therefore did nothing but lounge over our breakfast, and saunter to the Assembly. We found a back place in the gallery, and sat there till past four. The Hall is spacious, and the spectator sees the whole at once. It was an interesting sight, and merely a sight, for, though I could distinguish a few sentences, I in fact understood nothing. A great deal of business was done. The Speaker (M. Dupin), a busy, active

man, had much to do. The house was not full, and the members were running about, though each had his seat and desk. Many were writing, and some reading the papers. The President was on an elevated seat or throne, and five or six persons were with him. Some notables were named, but I could distinguish no face. The question under discussion was whether the electoral law should be retrospective. The speech we heard was read from the tribune, which was under the President's seat, as a clerk's desk is under the pulpit; and the reader of the speech, a General ——, received shakes of the hand from his friends on descending from the tribune. On a later occasion (the 10th) I heard Emile Barrot.

June 11th. — It is worth mentioning, that on my inquiring for two of the most popular of George Sand's late works, I was told "they were not wanted now: in a time of revolution no one had leisure to read novels." This was repeated, and very gravely. Yet Paris was still the *old* Paris. The gayety of the Champs Elysées was quite exhilarating.

June 13th. — I went to the Théâtre Français and saw "Andromaque." I have no doubt Madame Rachel deserved all the applause she received in Hermione. Her recitation may be perfect, but a Frenchman only can be excited to enthusiasm by such merits. She wants the magical tones, and the marvellous eye, and the majestic figure of Mrs. Siddons. The forte of Rachel, I dare say, is her expression of scorn and indignation. It was in giving vent to these feelings that she drew down thunders of applause.

This journey afforded me the pleasure of meeting some of the most agreeable Americans I have ever seen, — two ladies, who are well known in connection with the antislavery movement, Mrs. Follen and Mrs. Chapman, both friends of Harriet Martineau. Mrs. Chapman is an enthusiast; and there is this drawback in the society of all enthusiasts, that they are discontented if you do not go all lengths with them, and they will seldom allow themselves to talk on any other than their own special topic. Mrs. Follen is going to Heidelberg, and I have given her a letter to Mrs. Benecke.

On Thursday, 15th of August, I set out on a visit to Rydal, where I remained a week. I went to see Mrs. Wordsworth, whom I found admirably calm and composed. No complaint or lamentation from her. I went also to talk with Dr. Wordsworth about the Memoir he is writing.

September 2d. — Miss Denman informed me of the death of one of the most esteemed of my friends, — George Young. He was one of the very best talkers I ever met with. His good sense and judgment were admirable. Without imagination or lively abilities, his judgment was perfect. I enjoyed his company, and I have sustained an irreparable loss.

September 16th. — At Mortlake took a luncheon-dinner with the Taylors and Miss Fenwick. Mr. Aubrey de Vere, a very gentlemanly as well as superior young man, was there; the conversation was of a very interesting character. De Vere is a poet and liberal, a thinker and a man of sentiment.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

October 11, 1850.

I will for once break through all order, by relating what I have heard since I began to write on this second side of my paper. I asked Babington Macaulay, the historian: "What is the fact as to the reputed secession of Henry Wilberforce from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic Church?" Macaulay answering, "I believe he has gone over," another gentleman said, "He has announced it himself to the Archbishop of Canterbury." Macaulay then added: "I can tell you this, — the Bishop of Oxford wrote to the Archbishop to inquire how he should behave towards his brother. The Archbishop answered, 'Like a brother.'"

H. C. R. TO T.

November 1, 1850.

There was a time when I could not comprehend how it could be possible for a length of time to feed on one's own thoughts, without any aid from books or conversation. I find that I have now a faculty of so amusing myself, of which I had formerly no conception. Thus much I will say, that I do not consider it so certainly a good thing to be able, without *ennui*, to pass hours and days in a dreamy and musing state. In a young man it would be evidence of an inert and torpid state of the mind, which is opposed to all useful labor and salutary energy. But there is a period in life at which when a man is arrived he may without reproach allow himself to indulge in this, which has been called a fool's paradise. And if it be allowed to fix an age, surely it may be settled to be that age, viz., threescore and ten, which the ancient Scriptures declare to be the bound-

ary of human life, or rather of human activity. So I have comforted myself, when I have been on the point of reproaching myself for inactivity: and so it is that I am inclined to consider all that I now do as a sort of posthumous activity. I should hold forth this doctrine with more satisfaction, if I could fall back on the recollection of an active life in youth.

November 3d. — I attended the University College Council. The members went up to the Flaxman Gallery, and were warm in its praise. Indeed, the casts look very beautifully; and I shall not be reproached hereafter, I am sure, for having drawn the College into this scrape.

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, 30th November, 1850.

Though you live very retired, and hear very little of what is going on in the world, yet I own I did expect you would tell me — or if not you, that Sarah would tell me — something of what is doing and saying in your town about the *Papal aggression* [that is the term]. What do the Evangelicals say who worship under the auspices of Mr. Kemp? and what the High and dry old Church of England, who follow the soberer counsels of Mr. Hasted or Mr. Pelew? I am curious in these matters, not on account of the individual men, but because they are the representatives of classes. For the same reason I should like to know whether your orthodox Non-cons follow the sterner Presbyterians of the North, who have lost none of their antipathy to the Pope; or whether they join the Anti-State-Church Association party, who avow that they see little or no difference between the Roman and the Anglo-Catholic Churches. To my judgment, this is the most mischievous of the sects now busy, as the most foolish is that of the men who think that an insignificant matter is made too much of. I confess myself to be an alarmist, and a very serious alarmist too. The Ministry are in a fix, — to use the Yankee phrase, — a pretty considerable fix; and they have an adversary who will not fail to take advantage of any mistake. Now the Scylla and Charybdis between which the helmsmen of the state have to steer are, on the one side, the triumph which would be given to the Papal government by submitting to its assumption; and, on the other side, the sympathy which would be excited by seeming persecution. Yet surely thus much might be done with safety, — an

absolute prohibition of any territorial title taken from any part of England and Wales. Lord Beaumont, the Roman Catholic, has pointed at this as the gist of the complaint.*

The Flaxman Gallery will at least shed a ray of beauty over the College. It will be in its way the most beautiful thing to be seen, perhaps, anywhere, and I shall not grudge the cost, whatever it may be to myself. I dare not hope that you will ever recover sufficiently to come up and see it. But I flatter myself that, some forty or fifty years hence, when you and I shall be dead and forgotten, except by a very few, Henry will look at the beautiful gallery and say: "It was an uncle of mine that was the prime mover in founding this gallery. It was through his influence that Miss Denman offered, and the College accepted, a gift of the casts."

H. C. R. TO T. R.

December 7, 1850.

I incline to think I should have agreed with Mr. Eyre,† rather than with Dr. Donaldson, on the subject of Papal aggression; for I am an *alarmist*, and fear that the Doctor is not sufficiently aware of the extent of the danger in which the country is placed. You also seem to me to belong to the class of indifferentists. I have begun an article on this subject, which has been on my mind for the last few days, almost to the exclusion of all others.

. . . . . .

Dear Charles Lamb once wrote to me, inquiring whether he had not a clear right of action against a certain C. L. for sending very stupid articles to the *Monthly Magazine*, signed C. L., because they were injurious to C. Lamb's literary reputation. I was forced to opine that, according to the English law, a fool does not, by being a fool, lose the right to the use of his own name, however obnoxious that use may be to a wise man having the same, and that this applies to initials.

* On this subject H. C. R. felt very strongly, and wrote a long letter, which was published in the *Christian Reformer*, Vol. VII. New Series, p. 9: "Protest against Unitarian Advocacy of Non-resistance to the Pope's Bull." In this letter H. C. R. says: "I do not presume to say — what none but a lawyer could dictate — what precise measure of prohibition the government should adopt. I rejoice to find that the Duke of Norfolk has adopted the wise declaration of Lord Beaumont, who, with admirable propriety, has asserted the important difference between appointing a bishop to rule over the Romanists dwelling within a given district, and erecting *Sees* within her Majesty's dominions; which these Catholic Peers acknowledge to be an insolence to which the Queen of England ought not to submit."

† A Bury clergyman.

MRS. WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

December 30, 1850.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, — Finding from an affectionate letter I have just received from our common friend, *now* Lady Cranworth, that you are in town, I cannot let *this*, to me, year of affliction pass over my head without expressing how much you have been in my thoughts at this *season*, which used to be cheered by your presence. I did not, as heretofore, — for I had not the wish, — claim a right to your company at our Christmas board. I need not explain why, — you would understand the feeling. But, dear friend, I trust it may not be very long before we may see you again as one of us, who for a time remain.

I have often said this last year has done more to make a *real old* woman of me than all the preceding *eighty* years of my life put together. However, I have good cause to be thankful for, in other respects, the enjoyment of perfect health and a multitude of blessings in this, my bereaved state.

God bless you, dear friend, for all your kindness to me and mine, and believe me ever to be sincerely yours.

1851.

At the beginning of this year my brother Habakkuk died. He died without pain. He had lost both his sight and his power of walking. Still, when I saw him, he was apparently happy. It is a subject for grateful satisfaction that we are able to accommodate ourselves to such deprivations. A chief gratification with him must have been musing. I have this faculty also in an eminent degree, and exercise it in a way that no one could imagine. And I believe it will be my resource hereafter.

On the 11th I went to Bagshot to be present at the funeral.

January 15th. — I was detained in town by the wish to attend a meeting of the committee of the Flaxman statue. It took place at half past two at Watson's studio. Peter Cunningham, Sir Charles Eastlake, Dr. Darling, and one or two others, were there. A gentleman, in the name of the executor, accepted the offer of the money raised, and to be raised, though it should amount to not much more than £300. Sir C. Eastlake produced an address to the public, soliciting further sub-

scriptions, and stating that the statue would be presented to the University College, in order to be united to the works in the Flaxman Gallery. This was objected to by Dr. Darling. He thought that should be left open. On this I interposed, and expressed a wish that the Doctor would see the gallery; and it was agreed that we should go there. The moment he entered the gallery he declared his scruples to be at an end. He expected nothing so beautiful. He only hoped it would be open to the public.

January 18th. — The business of the Wordsworth monument was gone into, but not much done, — £1,100 subscribed; and the secretaries are to address to artists a circular request for designs. The party was not large. The most interesting person was Ruskin, who talks well and looks better. He has a very delicate and most gentlemanly countenance and manners. We talked about the *Quarterly* review of Southey, and the demerit of the article.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, January 18, 1851.

. . . . Mr. and Miss Rogers are returned from Brighton. Both she and he are able to drive out every day. He gives up his *numerous* breakfast-parties, but wishes to have every morning one or two friends to come at half past ten. I am going to him to-day. His clever lad Edmund manages everything for him.

Yesterday I had at breakfast Dr. Donaldson, Dr. Boott, Sharpe the Egyptian, and Edwin Field. The morning went off exceedingly well. Dr. Donaldson made himself most agreeable. Boott said he had not for twenty years seen a man with such brilliancy and depth combined. Field I have not seen since, but he looked charmed. It is really a great advantage to have such a man to show to one's friends. He is a greater treat than *pâté de Périgord*. But it is time to get up and dress.

ATHENÆUM, P. M.

I have had an interesting two hours with Rogers. There were four of us: the others were Henry Sharpe and Moxon. Rogers talks as well as ever.

I am glad to find that you felt in harmony with my "Protest." Donaldson praises it. The difference of opinion on all writings (almost) is a subject of curious observation. It occurs

to me, however, that the opinion of the book is generally more influenced by the sentiment towards the writer than is generally supposed. We think that our opinion of literary men is formed by our estimate of their works. But we often mistake in this. As to myself, I think I can trace both praise to liking, and censure to dislike. Of course I would not establish this into a rule.

January 22d. — Amused myself by reading Godwin on Sepulchres. It did not give me the *old* pleasure. The gross materialism is an incurable blot. How monstrous to affirm that every particle of mould has once thought, and that the ashes are the real man! This is as bad physics as metaphysics.

Quillinan to H. C. R.

Monday, February 3, 1851.

. . . . I have some hesitation in sending you the enclosed, one of many unsuspected *suspiria* of mine; * for such things are almost too sacred for the light in one's own lifetime. These stanzas flowed into and out of my mind yesterday morning of their own accord, as, on looking out when I got up, I found our vale and mountains, as I have occasionally observed them before, a very miniature of the plain of Grenada and the Sierra Nevada, though Ambleside is but a poor substitute for the Saracen city with its Alhambra. You will hardly have time to look at such things now, at the opening of Parliament, when your head is full of war against the Pope.† . . . .

February 15th (Brighton). — I had a three hours' chat with Robertson. A very interesting talk, of course. He said: "I feel myself more comfortable in the Church of England than I did. I feel I have a *mission*, and that, if I live a few years, it will not be in vain. That mission is, to impress on minds of a certain class of intellect, that there is a mass of substantial truth in the Church of England, which will remain when the vulgar orthodox Church perishes, as probably it soon will." He used expressions very like those of Donaldson, and I have no doubt he is with perfect sincerity, and without any con-

* These *suspiria* were the *stanzas* in p. 262 of "Poems by Edward Quillinan." The stanzas are very beautiful, especially in the references to the death of Dora and her father.

† Quillinan tells me Landor's witticism about "Quillinanities (see p. 240) was not original.

straint, a firm believer in the doctrines he professes. It is true that he understands almost every orthodox doctrine in a refined sense, and such as would shock the mass of ordinary Christians. I told him of my notions on Papal aggression, and he so far agrees that he thinks the government does right in resisting the assumption of titles.

February 18th. — (At Masquerier's, Brighton.) We had calls soon after breakfast. The one to be mentioned was that of Faraday, one of the most remarkable men of the day, the very greatest of our discoverers in chemistry, a perfect lecturer in the unaffected simplicity and intelligent clearness of his statement; so that the learned are instructed and the ignorant charmed. His personal character is admirable. When he was young, poor, and altogether unknown, Masquerier was kind to him; and now that he is a great man he does not forget his old friend. We had a dinner-party, and an agreeable evening; Dr. King, Dr. Williams, Miss Mackintosh, &c. The interesting man of the party was Ross, the Presbyterian minister, with whom I had much talk on theology, more, indeed, than would seem right; but I am told that we interested the company. Ross is learned in German theology, and a great admirer, as well as friend, of Julius Hare. Therefore liberal beyond the ordinary measure allowed to the ministers of the Scotch Church.*

March 2d. — Heard Robertson twice. In the morning excellent, but his language too liable to be mistaken. For instance, he said: "That men were not to believe on authority, nor because the speaker was confirmed by miracles, or announced by prophecy, but because what Christ said was true; that Christ did not claim to be listened to but for his word's sake; that what he said was not true because he said it, but he said it because it was true." The point to be established was, that it is the habit of obedience and the will which give the power to know, not the understanding; that is, in spiritual concerns.

April 11th. — I received last night a copy of the "Memoir of Wordsworth." I have as yet read no part but that which respects my journey with him.†

March 4th. — At the Athenæum with Dr. Boott and Dr.

* Mr. Ross is now a clergyman of the Church of England.

† Mr. Robinson contributed to the Memoir a letter giving a brief account of his tour with Wordsworth in 1837, a fuller account of which has already been given in this work.

Donaldson. The term *sound Divine* being used, I said: "I do not know what is a sound divine," quoting Pope, —

"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

"But I do," said Donaldson; "it is a divine who is *vox et præterea nihil*."

March 14th. — I made several agreeable calls, one on Chevalier Bunsen, who was even kind, and talked with deep feeling on the sad events of the times. He is zealous in favor of German religion and philosophy; and while he honors the practical philosophy of the English, deplores that their religion is without ideas. He thinks highly of Kenrick, — more, I suspect, than of Donaldson; though he thinks, with Donaldson, that the root of the evil, in vulgar orthodoxy, is in the false notions of inspiration and bibliolatry. He quite frightened a poor Evangelical archdeacon by telling him that the Book of Daniel could not have been written earlier than the second century before Jesus Christ.

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, 6th April, 1851.

. . . . I never felt myself stronger, and polite people say I never looked better, than now; but it is continually occurring to me that one of these days the *Times* "obituary" may contain one of its *minion* paragraphs: "On the —th instant, after a few hours' indisposition, of a congestion of the brain, aged 7–, H. C. R., &c., &c., &c., &c."

You won't consider this as a melancholy paragraph, I am sure. The only part of it that I should wish to have otherwise is the substitution of the figure 8 for 7. You have already secured the eight; neither of us wishes for the 9 in his obituary. My attention is now naturally drawn to the condition, and particularly the *mental* condition, of my seniors; and I am led to observe a distinction between that *weakening* of the faculties which is universal and inevitable, — such as the loss of memory and slowness of comprehension, which are not particularly distressing, because not very mischievous nor humiliating, and which you and I are conscious of, without being saddened by it, — and those *aberrations* and *obliquities* of intellect which are by no means peculiar to old age, and from which indeed old age is generally free. They are a great affliction when they occur. May we be spared the endurance

of them, or (frequently the worse calamity) the witnessing them in those we love!

There is another incident frequent in old men, which I hope is not quite so bad, and that is the being prosy and long-winded in their talk and letters. I hear Sarah exclaim, "He gives us the specimen and the observation at the same time." And an impudent scamp at your elbow roars out, "Ay! that he does."

April 8th. — At three o'clock Prince Albert inspected the Flaxman Gallery. There were some half-dozen in attendance. The architect,* Wood, the Baron, Wyon, Cockerell. E. W. Field was there as honorary secretary. The Prince showed a familiar acquaintance with the works, and with Flaxman. He afterwards went into the library, chemical laboratory, &c. At first there were few, as he wished; but his presence gradually became known among the students. They all rose in the library; and when he left, they set up a shout. All went off well. This is the most agreeable incident that has occurred to us.

May 12th. — At the festival given to Kiss, Von Hofer, and other foreign artists, the P. R. A. gave the Flaxman Gallery as a toast, and my name with it, and asked me to make a little speech to the artists in German. I had a very agreeable talk with the great sculptors I have named. Kiss, from Berlin, is a fine fellow, sturdy and vigorous, like O'Connell. In my speech I addressed some remarks in German, on the reproach against the English as utilitarians. My praise of Flaxman was well received.

[In 1851 Mr. Robinson made a tour with his friends Masquerier and Brown to Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic, Frankfort, &c. At Berlin he saw Jacob Grimm, Ludwig Tieck, and Professor Ranke; but the passages which will be given relate chiefly to his interviews with the Savigny family, "Bettina," and the Arndts.]

June 8th. — (Berlin.) Between twelve and one o'clock I was at Savigny's, the great lawyer and Minister of Justice. I had written a short note to Frau von Savigny; but she being from home, I gave it to the servant, and in a few minutes he returned. Most cordial was my reception from Savigny, — "*Sind Sie der alte Robinson? Ich hielt Sie für stärker.*" (Are you the old Robinson? I thought you were stronger.) And

* Professor T. L. Donaldson.

when I left at night, his concluding words were, "*Ihre Ankunft ist eine frohe Ueberraschung.*" (Your arrival is a joyful surprise.) For more than half an hour, inquiries were exchanged and family histories related. Frau von Savigny said at night I was not altered in the least, and such I could honestly assure her was the case with her. As she has marks from the small-pox and is plain, she has been a gainer by old age, as is the case with all of us ugly people. After a talk of between one and two hours, I was invited to come in the evening, and on leaving at night was told that at nine they take tea, and I should be always expected at that hour. This is a most agreeable arrangement. In the evening came the celebrated Bettina. I had an impression that she would not feel very friendly towards me, but she gave me her hand cordially. Her manners are odd, — those of a self-willed person, — as her opinions are those of one who thinks for herself. She is plain, — as plain as one so intellectual can be. She lives in constant opposition to the Savignys in all matters of controversy. But they avoid controversy. I observed that when Bettina expressed herself strongly, "die Gundel," that is Kunigunda, was silent. And so when "die Gundel" spoke first, no direct contradiction came from Bettina, though opposite opinions were expressed. Frau von Savigny is a Conservative, holds Lord Palmerston in abhorrence, and thinks that he is the source of all the calamities of the time. Essentially her husband entertains the same opinion, but with a becoming moderation. The Minister thinks that the state of Prussia is not so bad as we imagine ; but his wife was unable to defend the King against the charge of abandoning the Schleswig-Holsteiners. Bettina is an oppositionist, and thinks the King misled. All represent him to be a well-intending man. Frau von Savigny speaks of Bettina's works with admiration. In spite of their differences of opinion, she has pride in her sister. Bettina says that the family are Italian, and that "die Gundel" is an apostate for not espousing the Italian cause. Italy will yet rise and become great. "Die Gundel" says Bettina is misled by her humanity, — she thinks the oppressed always in the right. On my admitting that England treated Ireland ill, Bettina said, "No nation can reproach England on that ground ; all have their Ireland." I recollect an eloquent defence of the Tyrolese by Bettina.

Bettina's daughters are charming girls. The eldest, who refused to marry one of the Princes of Prussia, a nephew of

the King, is a most interesting girl. And one of them has filled the Savignys' house with original paintings. They may have merit, but the coloring is not agreeable. I saw three of these daughters, — all interesting. I find them admirers of Macaulay and Dickens. They probably share more of their mother's than their aunt's opinions. I saw Savigny's eldest son. He is a handsome young man, as Savigny is a fine man approaching old age. Frau von Savigny, especially in the evening, appeared very agreeable, and revives my youthful impression of her. Her good-humor and vivacity are attractive. And Savigny is the same dignified person he was in youth. I should state that he resigned office as Minister of Justice at the Revolution, and would on no account resume it. He must, therefore, be discontented with the state of things, though rejoicing in the reaction, which indeed, he said, is the salvation of Germany. He praised the conduct of the soldiers. The day after he resigned his place he began again to write, — and in that he is great.

June 12th. — Between eight and nine o'clock at the Savignys'. There came Jacob Grimm and others ; amongst them the Von Arnims.

June 13th. — I called at Professor Ranke's, and first saw Mrs. Ranke, the sister of Graves, who lives near Ambleside, and also of our ex-Professor of Law at the University College, who married a daughter of William Tooke. Soon afterwards her husband came in, but I saw him for a few minutes only, as he had to give a lecture. I stayed a long time with Mrs. Ranke. She is a very superior woman. She praised with warmth Mrs. Wordsworth, thinking her almost greater than her husband. She is now a lover of Wordsworth's poetry, being a convert from Lord Byron. She is in religious matters very liberal, praising warmly Martineau's sermons ; and so little of a bigot that she allowed Frau von Savigny to be godmother to her child. And what she said on this matter was confirmed by Herr von Savigny, viz., that in baptism the Roman Catholics and Protestants become godfathers and godmothers indiscriminately. In spite of the strength of their assurance that this is the practice of the Roman Catholics everywhere, I believe this would not be permitted by either party in England.

Madame Ranke praised Savigny as warmly as he praised her ; but she sees them seldom, owing to her ill health. She lives a recluse life, and therefore my visit was quite an enjoyment to her.

June 13th. — Called on Ludwig Tieck. His memory put mine to shame, though he is more than eighty, and only just recovering from an alarming illness. He was on his sofa. He goes to bed very early, and would have received me in bed, which I should have allowed him to do in the evening, had I not procured the postponement of our journey.

I went again to Savigny's, walking first into the forest or pleasure-grounds (beyond the Brandenburger Thor), of which I had never heard, but shall, I expect, see more of. They seem to be the Kensington Gardens of Berlin. At Savigny's the same party, — that is, the Von Arnims. I am charmed with the young ladies, but the mother is as odd as ever. Frau von Savigny is too ill to go away to-day, as was intended, but I have formally taken leave.

June 15th. — I had a very interesting lounge and gossip with the second of the young ladies (Von Arnims), to whom I have promised to send a book under cover to Lord Westmoreland.

Her mother came down with her hands covered with clay. She is, with the assistance of Schönhäuser, working on the model for Goethe's monument, to be sent up at Frankfort. I saw a large painting of hers in the house. Of the merits of these works I do not pretend to have an opinion ; but she is unquestionably a woman of a great variety of talents.

June 16th. — (At Dresden.) Took a short walk after dinner, and found that I remembered much of the city, though a great part of it seems new, and not quite so gay as I had fancied it. In one respect we were very lucky. Schlegel's Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," called *Was Ihr wollt*, was played, and greatly to our satisfaction. The only mortification was, that I had such a faint recollection of Shakespeare. But Brown, who recollected more, could follow the translation throughout. It seemed to us admirably given. Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Malvolio, all seemed to us quite in conformity with the English conception of the characters. A Madame Baier Bürck played both Viola and Sebastian ; and, when personating the latter, she gave a manliness to her voice and step which would have almost deceived us as to her identity. There was, of necessity, a change in the text at last. Another person, who managed to conceal his face, came in as Sebastian.

July 6th. — (Bonn.) A fortunate day. Walked to Arndt's house ; there I was met by his son with a smiling countenance. The father was detained from home on business. Arndt, Jun., returned with me to the Star Hotel, and we met the old gentle-

man near the gate. He engaged me to come and take coffee at four. Accordingly at that time I returned to the Professor's, and had a most delightful talk with them till seven. Our conversation was diversified by the presence of two Schleswig clergymen, who have been banished because they refused to preach in Danish, and teach the Danish language, which the people will not learn, and *they* cannot teach. This is a barbarism worthy the ally of Russia, and which the *Times* has not censured as it ought. Our three hours' talk was in an arbor fronting the Rhine, and affording a view of the Siebengebirge, especially the Drachenfels. We had a second confab of two hours in the house. There were present two other sons of the Professor, his wife, an agreeable, unpretending old lady, and her only daughter, — a very pleasing girl.

I know not when I have had such a treat as in listening to Arndt, who, being eighty-two years of age, has a youthful vigor and animal spirits which are quite marvellous. The character of his mind is as youthful as his voice and physical qualities. He really inspires me with hope which I had lost for the human race. He acknowledges the sad condition of Germany at the present moment, owing to the follies and misconduct of the people, who abused the power of which they lost possession very soon. And he is not blind to the attempts made by a party to crush the struggling liberties of the people ; but he holds it impossible that this should be carried out, and is a most firm and zealous asserter that the civilized world is in a state of progress. He says that he can recollect between sixty and seventy years, and knows that in that interval, in Germany, men eat and drink, and in all respects live, better than they did. They are better dressed, are cleaner, and less corrupt and vicious in their lives. The higher classes cannot oppress the lower as they used to do, and humanity has advanced. This I rejoice to believe, and I try to think that it is all strictly correct, and not to any great degree the delusion arising out of Arndt's peculiar temperament.

Arndt also dwelt upon his favorite topic, the original diversity of races, to which he attaches so great an importance, and which goes far towards reconciling him to certain enormities in the history of civilization as inevitable and therefore pardonable.

He asserted at the same time his firm belief in God, immortality, and the essential truth of Christianity. He does not shrink from the language of orthodoxy, but it is clear that

he cares nothing for orthodoxy. Yet he feels the necessity of order, and holds the *freie Gemeinde* in contempt. He confirmed what I had heard before, that no one is questioned as to his creed, and all who contribute to the maintenance of the Church have a voice in the election of the minister. It is not necessary to take the Sacrament in order to be allowed to vote; and none but an open and scornful enemy would be excluded. Here on the Rhine, where the Protestants are a small minority, there is a legally established Presbyterian form of government. In the other provinces of Prussia, there are superintendents, another name for bishops, who, as the leaders of a clerical body, are acknowledged, — but not as a distinct class. These are merely each *primus inter pares*. Arndt speaks as contemptuously as Arnold himself did of the supposed Apostolic succession. I may hereafter, perhaps, recollect more of his conversation. I will merely now repeat a *mot* which he quoted from Luther: "He who is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, learned at forty, and rich at fifty, will not be handsome, strong, learned, or rich in this world."

Other notes of Arndt's conversation may be given here. Calling on him in the autumn of 1847, I found him reading Landor's works. Julius Hare had sent him a copy, as well as two volumes of his own sermons, lately published. Arndt was full of admiration of Landor's just perception of the Italian life and character, and was as enthusiastic as ever in his talk. I enjoyed highly the hours spent with him. A bust of Schleiermacher led to the information that Arndt's wife is Schleiermacher's sister. We spoke of the state of religion. Arndt said: "No good, except indirectly, will come of the new German Catholic Church; but a freer spirit is now stirring among the German Protestant clergy. They take the Bible as their *Norm*, but every man puts his own sense on it. So do I. I am a Christian. I believe in a sort of Revelation, — *einer Art von Offenbarung*. I do not believe that the Maker of heaven and earth was crucified, nor that the Holy Spirit is a person. I worship Christ as a holy person. He is the purest and highest form of humanity ever known; but I do not pretend to know anything of the mystery of his nature. That is no concern of mine. But I take the Scripture as the guide of life; and if I could only act up to one half of what it teaches, it would be well. I am for the Bible, and against the priests.". . . . On politics he spoke hopefully. He thinks the world improving. "We have no *Völker-recht* in Germany, but we have a *Prinzen-*

privat-recht. This Danish succession question concerns the princes, and they take it up; and it happens that the people and the princes are on the same side. The people won't let Germany be separated: that is all they care for, — not who is Duke of Holstein and Schleswig."

In 1856, when I was again in Bonn, old Arndt was living at 34 in the *Coblenzer Strasse*, a handsome suburb. I was recognized by Mrs. Arndt. The old patriot was attending a funeral. It suited all parties that I should be left to my after-dinner nap, from which he awoke me. He was the same as ever, and the more remarkable because of his age (eighty-seven).* His flow of talk, or declamation, was in quantity equalled only by Coleridge; the tone different, — Arndt having a sharp, loud, laughing voice; his topics always recurring, — the difference of race and the science of ethnology. A lover of liberty and justice, yet conscious of the necessity of submitting to power. He hopes for the future, but expects nothing from government. After a long and most interesting talk on these subjects, he proposed my accompanying them on a tea-visit, — in fact a supper like those of my youth. The hostess was a widow lady of the name of Hirt, — an excellent set of people of the middling class. Arndt talked incessantly, and was listened to with apparent admiration.

July 10th. — Called at Moxon's, where I heard of the death of Quillinan, which Mrs. Wordsworth's note had made me apprehend.† This is a severe blow to dear Mrs. Wordsworth, after her other losses.

* Ernest Maurice Arndt died January 30, 1860.

† A short obituary of Mr. Quillinan, from the pen of H. C. R., appeared in the *Christian Reformer* for August (1851, p. 512), some extracts from which will interest the reader: —

"July 8th, at Loughrigg Holme, Ambleside, aged 59, EDWARD QUILLINAN, Esq. Mr. Quillinan was of Irish birth, and educated in the Roman Catholic Church. His father was a wine-merchant, resident in Portugal, where his younger brother still carries on the business. He entered the army early, but withdrew on his first marriage with the daughter of the late Sir Egerton Bridges. On the marriage of Mr. Quillinan with Miss Bridges, he entered into an engagement (at one time generally, and still occasionally practised) that the daughters should be educated in the faith of the mother, and the sons in that of the father. And that engagement he most honorably fulfilled. After the death of his wife, Mr. Q. most scrupulously discharged his promise to Sir E. B., and never suffered a priest of his own church to enter his doors. When his daughters were of a suitable age, he insisted on their punctual discharge of the usual duties of social worship; and when he could not find elsewhere a fit companion, would himself accompany them to the parish church. To a friend who, half in jest and half in earnest, treated this as an act of unwarrantable, because inconsistent, liberality, he replied in a letter: 'If I had thought the salvation of my daughters endangered by such an education, no

H. C. R. to Paynter.

Bury St. Edmunds, August 5, 1851.

It will give me pleasure to hear from you, whatever you have to say, and very great pleasure if you can give me, or I can infer, a good account of your health, both of body and mind. For instance, I shall infer that you are in a more sound and sane state if I hear that you have seen and enjoyed the Crystal Palace, — one of the few consolatory and redeeming spectacles in this otherwise gloomy age. I am not sure I should be quite pleased had you attended the festival of the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in our colonies. I should be alarmed, as at a person in too high health, — in danger from plethora. But do tell me how you are and have been. I will set you an example. I was six weeks on my trip to Berlin and Dresden ; and I should have come back in despair if I had not an internal conviction which I am not able by reasoning to justify, that in spite of the triumph of the regal and military protectionists of Austria and Prussia, and of the ecclesiastical protectionists of Rome and Exeter, there is something imperishable in civil and religious liberty, and in humanity. But certainly there is a dark cloud which is covering the whole political horizon in Saxony. Men are imprisoned for not sending their children to be baptized, and newspapers suppressed for making extracts from Gladstone's letter to Lord Aberdeen. And the worst of all this is, that of late the popular party,

scruples originating in false notions of honor would have weighed with me. But should any priest dare to insinuate to me that either of the excellent women with whom it has been my happiness to be united was in a state of perdition because she had not been an acknowledged member of our Church, I should reply, in the indignant language of Laertes, —

> "'I tell thee, churlish priest,
> A ministering angel shall my sister be
> When thou liest howling.'

"Had his sudden and unexpected death not interposed, he would, probably, have undertaken the editorship of Mr. Wordsworth's 'Convention of Cintra' and other prose writings, for which he would have been eminently qualified: he possessed considerable critical talent, and excelled in the epigram, and in the familiar parlor style of fugitive poetry. He did not scruple to compose a satiric poem on the late Papal aggression, in which neither the Cardinal nor his opponents were spared: for he was one of a body, more numerous than is generously supposed, who thought the Papal movement impolitic in its consequences, as well as offensive in its manner. The freedom of his opinions being shackled by no restraints beyond those imposed by his kindly disposition, his shrewd common sense and good taste rendered him a universal favorite. He was a man of leisure, of lively social habits and activity of spirit; he was a medium of communication between those who were otherwise strangers to each other. — H. C. R."

whenever they have had power, have acted so foolishly as to make one dread even the destruction of the tyranny they resist. . . . .

I feel no *ennui*, for I find full employment in my Reminiscences, which make me live over again my very inactive and inert life; but still it is *my* life, — and home is home, be it ever so homely. I see scarcely any one here. . . . .

H. C. R. TO PAYNTER.

ATHENÆUM, 14th September, 1851.

. . . Whenever you go to your club, inquire for the letter from the Duke of Argyll to the Bishop of Oxford, entitled "The Double Protest." It is a gem! He is an extraordinary man, this Duke of Argyll, being a duke, a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, and yet a very able man, and still young, — an anomaly.

September 18th, A. M. — I am setting off for Mrs. Wordsworth.

This fine weather is marvellous. If this does not cure you of the *spleen*, — that 's your grandmother's name for the disease, — I dare say it is hereditary, and therefore no fault of yours. Talking the other day with Sam Sharpe on the complaints of the land-owners now, he made me a wise answer: "We all have it in our turn. A few years ago an Act of Parliament took away one half of our income by legalizing *joint-stock* banks. There was no use making a fuss about it. We submitted then; the squires must submit now. In the end everybody is the better. Individuals must suffer when the public gain." Sharpe is by no means an optimist, and on the Papal question is a great deal worse than you.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, 15th November, 1851.

As long as you continue to tell me that my letters give you pleasure, and I continue to have the use of my fingers, and my memory suffices, I shall go on writing, though a third mind, looking over what has been done, might wonder at the patience of both writer and reader. I do not mean to say that this remark is altogether applicable to my present letters; but this is the course of things. Of us seniors, I am the one who retains the most of youthful strength; but still the effects of

age on my habits are as manifest. My loss of memory becomes daily more distressing; and coupled with this is the additional evil, that instead of not being aware of it, I imagine it to be worse than it is. Lately I thought I had lost several stamped receipts, which were to entitle me to considerable sums of money from Baring's. One of the clerks there is a lover of Charles Lamb's works, and I have secured his attentions by giving him autographs. So I revealed my infirmity to him, and begged his assistance. He found that the receipts had never been delivered to me. At this moment I am in trouble, from not being able to find between twenty and forty volumes of the Shakespeare Society publications. They are *somewhere*, but *where?* I have no fear of their being lost; but what we cannot find when we want it is practically lost, though we may be quite sure that it will be found again. This is what Jeremy Bentham, in writing of evidence in law, calls *forthcomingness*, and he would make provision for it in his juridical institutions. With me nothing is forthcoming, and I am perpetually in danger of forgetting the most important and necessary things.

November 30th, Sunday. — (Brighton.) Heard Robertson preach an extraordinary sermon, reconciling philosophy with piety in a remarkable way, 1 St. Peter i. His subject was the resemblance between the revelation that had already appeared and that which is to appear. In the course of the sermon, he uttered a number of valuable philosophical truths, which I cannot reconcile with Church doctrines, though I have no doubt he does so with perfect good faith. He spoke of a divine system of education, in the same way as Lessing speaks in his works on "the Education of the Human Race." And his definition of inspiration and prophecy is precisely such as is contained in the *Prospective Review*, in an article by J. J. Tayler. I know not when I have heard a discourse so full of admirable matter; and this was the impression of others apparently. Yet he was full of Scripture allusions. I have been walking with him to-day. He is greatly improved in health, as his sermon showed, and does not appear to be materially altered in his notions. He acknowledges that he is surprised at being so long permitted to preach; he is aware how much he must be the object of distrust.

December 7th. — After breakfast an agreeable call from Dr. King, a sort of philosophical enthusiast. He is a free-thinker in the best sense of the word, but a conformist. He is a con-

stant attendant and a great admirer of Robertston, and calls himself a Churchman; yet to-day he spoke of the English clergy as men who had five millions per annum given them to misrepresent Christianity.

December 9th. — I heard Robertson both morning and afternoon, and had a conversation with him in the evening. My astonishment at this man increases every time I see him. This morning's discourse was a continuation of the last. He continued his illustration of the doctrine that Judaism indirectly taught what Christianity afterwards directly taught; that the teaching that one day in seven was to be holy, was not to intimate that the other days were to be unholy, but to lead to the recognition that all time was to be the Lord's. As he interprets even the words "without blood there is no remission of sins," they become inoffensive, for it means no more than this, — Christ died to exhibit the perfectest Christian truth, that the essence of Christianity is self-sacrifice. It is the Divine principle; God and man are united wherever this principle reigns. I have told him that on Trinity Sunday, if possible, I will go to Brighton, to hear him expound, in his way, the Trinity. He considered the Christian and Atheistic ideas of progress to differ in this, — Christianity teaches that man could not be progressive of himself, i. e. without Divine aid, whereas the Atheistic doctrine is, that man could do it of himself, and requires no aid.

CHAPTER XXV.

1852.

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, London, 10th January, 1852.

WHEN you write that, next to the pleasure I have in paying visits, is that you have in reading about them, you remove all temptation to abstain from writing an account. This feeling of yours proves that in whatever way the old age, to which you have arrived, beyond that of any of our known ancestors, may affect you, as it *must*, in one way or other, all of us, it does not affect your *moral feelings*, which are, after

all, the best part of man. It shows that you are free from envy. It never occurs to you, as it might, and the like does to others, — "There is my brother, younger by only five years and four months, able to go into company continually, without any apparent injury, while I lead a life of comparative solitude." When this does occur to me, there occurs to me at the same time, in the spirit of Mrs. Barbauld's famous essay, which Henry cannot too soon have impressed on him, that I and you chose diverse courses, each having its advantages and disadvantages. You have through life had the comforts of domestic life, — union for nearly thirty years with a very superior woman, by whom you were tenderly beloved. And you have had a son who, though it pleased Providence to deprive you and his family of him, while still young, yet lived long enough to be the object of general esteem, dying without an enemy. And he too was united to an affectionate and beloved wife. . . . .

To think of all this is no slight pleasure, dear Thomas; and I have nothing to set off against it but these inferior pleasures, of which I from time to time give you an account. And I am not without an occasional apprehension, that, whenever infirmity assails me, I may be without any other aid than the voluntary assistance of friends on whom I have no claim.

So on the balance of accounts we are more nearly on a par than might be thought; besides, what may not five years and four months bring forth? . . . .

H. C. R. to T. R.

Athenæum, London, 24th January, 1852.

You will receive this on your birthday, I trust and hope in good spirits. And if you are fully conscious of being insensible to many of the lower enjoyments of life, I hope you will at the same time not be forgetful of this, that you, on entering your eighty-third year, have attained an age which few live to reach, and with still fewer of the deductions from full vitality than are generally seen among the few octogenarians.

I should have added to the above an expression of my good wishes in the established form, — *many returns of this day*, — if I had not thought that you would probably protest against so undesirable a wish. This reminds me of my leave-taking of Mrs. Barbauld on my going to France, *anno* 182–, &c. She was suffering from a severe cold with a cough. "I hope I shall

find you better on my return." — "Why so?" — "That seems a foolish question; health is better than sickness." — "Not always; I do not wish to be better. But don't mistake me. I am not at all impatient, but quite ready."

She was, I believe, a couple of years older than you are now, when she died, — a few weeks after my leave-taking.

It was her brother who wrote the couplet she might have written, and which I make no apology for repeating as a pious wish: —

> "From the banquet of Life rise a satisfied guest,
> Thank the Lord of the Feast, and in hope go to rest."

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, 14th February, 1852.

. . . . My last week has not been so gay as the visiting-week was; but it has had its full variety of incidents of an amusing and relatable quality.

On Saturday we had a Council meeting of the University College. Our prospects are not bright, nor are they very gloomy; we have taken our place — humble indeed, but it is still a place — among the institutions of the country, and more in harmony with the principles you and I were trained in when young, and have not abandoned in age, than any other. And I am pleased that, in this respect, we have showed more constancy than most of our contemporaries. In the evening, after taking dinner and tea at home, I stepped in to Sergeant Byles's, and had a pleasant chat with them.

I dined in Regent's Park with Mr. Bishop, one of our University College Council, the patriotic patron of astronomy, in whose private observatory on his own grounds several *planets* have been discovered. What an age of discovery this is! As many planets as were known in the firmament before. The primitive bodies in nature infinitely multiplied. Antiquity acknowledged but four elements! And both the natural history of the earth and the civil history of mankind acquiring new features of marvellous interest perpetually!

I cannot help wishing I had been born a little later in the world's everlasting progress.

Tuesday I had at breakfast Dr. Boott, Edwin Field, Paynter, Rolleston (Miss Weston's cousin), and Nineveh Layard, whom the others came to meet. You perhaps, and certainly Sarah, will recollect your son's having spoken of this high-

spirited lad, whom he once dined with, and used to meet in my chambers. His uncle accused me of misleading him. I believe I did set his mind in motion, and excited in him tastes and a curiosity which now will not be matter of reproach, seeing that the issue has already been so remarkable. His adventures in Asia terminated in his discovery of the "Nineveh Antiquities," which have given him a place in the future history of art. But, more than that, he has had the means of developing such personal qualities, that he has been put into a place which *may* lead to his one day occupying a prime position in our political institutions. He has been appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: he will now show what is in him. This is a start that, of course, delights his hopeful, and alarms his timid, friends. On Tuesday I congratulated him on his then appointment to the office of Attaché to the Minister at Paris, which was first offered him.

On Wednesday I dined with F. Goldsmid, the Baron's eldest son. And in the evening was at the Graphic Society, which gives *éclat* to, and receives *éclat* from, our University College, in combination with the Flaxman Gallery. . . . .

February 25th. — I attended the general meeting of the proprietors of University College. Unusually interesting. A motion was made very ably by Quain, an M. D. of the London University, in favor of graduates being admitted to a share in the government of the University, and assented to universally, with the exception of Samuel Sharpe and James Yates. Sir James Graham filled the chair both here and at the previous meeting of the council, and very ably. Richard Taylor brought the Lord Mayor Hunter, and into his hands was put the resolution thanking the Miss Denmans for the gift of the Flaxman Gallery. He did it decently, considering he knew nothing about the subject, and the motion was very well seconded by Joseph Hume. It was carried by acclamation. On this I rose to return thanks for Miss Denman, which I did so-so. I praised Miss Denman warmly for her attachment to Flaxman's name; and, referring to the mover, mentioned the group of Athamas at the Marquis of Bristol's, near Bury, and I eulogized Mr. Hume for not being a vulgar utilitarian. After this, Tagart rose and said that, if it were not indecorous, he would move thanks to me for having assisted Miss Denman in her work. There was a cry of "Move!" on this, and he made the motion. It was seconded very kindly by Samuel Sharpe.

I was gratified by the circumstance, and returned thanks in a few words.

March 1st. — I dined with Miss Coutts; a most agreeable day. Sir Charles Napier, a burly man, with the figure of an alderman, but a strong face (I should not have guessed him to be the fighter he is); Gleig, Chaplain-General to the Forces, a much finer countenance, with his Peninsular ribbon with three stripes; Babbage, the militant man of science; Barlow, &c.

March 11th. — I dined with Miss Coutts; a large and very interesting party; twenty-two at table, and in the evening there came a great number. At the dinner-party were Sir James Graham * (I told him of Lamb's legacy to our hospital); Bunsen, who said he had three doses of comfort for me, but I could not catch his ear afterwards; Lord and Lady Edward Howard, — an interesting young man, were it only on account of his having induced his wife to marry him, and so saved her from the convent. Sidney Herbert was there, and Dr. Brewster, and the Earl of Devon, *cum multis aliis.*

H. C. R. TO T. R.

May 7, 1850.

. . . . On this day died Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, aged forty-nine. An excellent woman, whom I highly esteemed. She was the poet's only daughter, and the larger portion of his spirit descended on her. She retained her composure of mind to the last. She borrowed of me, in her last illness, a large-print edition of Shakespeare. She had no scruples of conscience on that point. Her head and heart were both better than her creed. . . . .

On Wednesday I went to a *soirée* at Professor De Morgan's, at Camden Town. Mrs. De Morgan was a daughter of Frend's. His son was there, and he heard me relate with great pleasure what Sergeant Rough told me,—that he, together with Copley, afterwards Lord-Chancellor Lyndhurst, and a future bishop (name forgotten), was chased by the Proctors at night, in the streets, for chalking on the wall, "Frend forever!!!" The future bishop alone was caught. Even High Church Tories are not ashamed of the liberal freaks of their youth. . . . .

August 4th. — I walked this morning to —— and found

* Sir James Graham was an active member of the Council of University College.

Lady C. very agreeable. I find her quite consistent in her liberality, for, on stating that there are three tests in Christianity,— those of the sacraments, creed, and character,— she exclaimed, "The last is the only one I care about." This is the really essential doctrine. On matters of taste she is firm. She has also had the courage to declare, in company, that she sees nothing to be frightened at in the book imputed to Dr. Donaldson.

H. C. R. to T. R.

30 Russell Square, September 25, 1852.

. . . . His death (the Duke of Wellington's) has occasioned an expression of national sentiment which does the country honor; and the public funeral is not wanted to prove the sincerity of the universal language. In spring, when I last dined with Miss Coutts, he did not come to dinner, but was there in the evening. He held the arm of his hostess as he walked up and down the drawing-room; and it was difficult to determine which supported the other. Dr. Boott has been telling me that, since I saw him, he was at the American Minister's, when the Minister introduced the Doctor's mother to him as, in one respect, his (the Duke's) superior, being several years *older*. The Duke cordially shook hands with Mrs. Boott.* . . . .

October 6th.—Dined at home, and at eight dressed to go to Kenyon. With him I found an interesting person I had never seen before, Mrs. Browning, late Miss Barrett,— not the invalid I expected; she has a handsome oval face, a fine eye, and altogether a pleasing person. She had no opportunity of display, and apparently no desire. Her husband has a very amiable expression. There is a singular sweetness about him.† Miss Bayley and Mrs. Chadwick were there.

October 22d.— After dining at home, I went to Mrs. Bayne's, meaning to go to Mrs. Reid's afterwards; but Kenyon was coming later, and this seduced me to stay till eleven. And a very pleasant evening we had, telling *bons mots* and repeating epigrams. The following is from Kenyon: "What is dogmatism?" asked some one of Douglas Jerrold. "Puppyism full grown."

October 23d. — Heard a *mot* of Donaldson's. Lady C——,

* Mr. Leslie painted about this period the Duke as he appeared at an evening party. The picture, it is believed, was for Miss Coutts.

† Mr. Browning was a relation of Mr. Kenyon's.

offering a wager, was asked what it should be. "A feather from one of my wings when I am an angel." — "I would recommend your ladyship," said Donaldson, "to abstain from such wagers. There is great danger, if you do not, that you may be *plucked*."

November 8th. — Called on Boott.* He reproached me with inconsistency, because I was intolerant of those who upheld slavery in order to save the Union, and yet was tolerant towards the governments of Europe who kept the people in slavery. I love Boott, and must avoid the subject, if it endanger our friendship.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

20th November, 1852.

. . . . This day week I dined with Mrs. Bayne. A table of six persons cannot be said to hold a *party*. They consisted of Mrs. Bayne, our hostess, a Mr. and Mrs. Whitbread, — he 's the great-nephew of the great brewer who, fifty years ago, was, with Grey and Burdett and Lambton what Cobden and Bright and Hume are now, — Kenyon, whom you know, and Thirlwall, the Bishop of St. David's. The Bishop was the bosom friend of Dr. Bayne, and is one of the liberal and most learned of his order; with Archdeacon Hare, one of the patrons of the German school of philosophy in the study of biblical criticism, and author of a voluminous "History of Greece." He abandoned the law for divinity, and when at the bar went the Chelmsford Sessions with William Pattisson; he is one of the half-dozen who, at different times, have honored me with a touch of the holy hand, though not for the purpose of consecration. A very agreeable afternoon. . . . .

I believe I should have stayed at home on the Thursday, if I had not read the first volume of Thackeray's new novel, "Esmond," which has greatly interested me; and I humbly recommend it to the novel-reading portion of your household. It is far more pleasant than "Vanity Fair," and does not exhibit in disproportion all the *parties honteuses* of our mixed nature. The female characters are well contrasted. I had read little more than one volume, and, meaning to go to Brighton to-day, I wished to finish it. I breakfasted by candlelight, and was at the Athenæum soon after eight. This being the day of the Duke's funeral, the house was already nearly occupied; seats had been erected for the ladies in front. The

* Boott himself was an American.

library, having not even a side-view of the procession, was nearly empty till towards two, when, all being passed, company came in till their carriages could be brought to them. I sat reading by the library fire from half past eight till near six. Once or twice I took a peep from the drawing-room window, and had a glimpse of the tawdry car, — enough for me; but the noble troops, and the mourning-coaches, and the banners, had an imposing effect. . . . .

November 21st. — (Brighton.) I heard a sermon from Robertson, marked by his usual peculiarities, he speaking of imputed righteousness as the righteousness to be obtained in an advanced state of excellence, and of man being reconciled to God, and therefore God reconciled to man. Samuel Sharpe told me that people here complain that he unsettles men's minds. Of course, no one can be awakened out of a deep sleep without being unsettled. An eloquent eulogy of the Duke, as exhibiting a perfect devotion to duty. He concluded with the declaration that he was proud of being an Englishman.

November 28th. — The wet weather continued and kept me within to a great degree. I was at Robertson's, and heard a sermon full of striking thoughts, on the relation of Christianity to Judaism, — being abolition by expansion, as the Judaic Sabbath is abrogated when every day is devoted to the Lord.

November 29th. — I went to Robertson's, and had two hours of interesting chat with him on his position here in the pulpit; also about Lady Byron. He speaks of her as the noblest woman he ever knew.

December 27th. — A singular and unexpected occurrence took place to-day, which is the more remarkable because my first occupation was to write a long letter to Mrs. Clarkson, giving her an account of my visit to the Haldanes.

At the Athenæum, Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's, came up to me and said: "Mr. Crabb Robinson, the Bishop of Oxford wishes to have the pleasure of being introduced to you." I had scarcely time to say, "The Bishop does me honor," before the Bishop presented his hand, and said: "I have long wished to have the pleasure of being known to you. Long ago there was *one* subject on which we differed, but that has been long forgotten on my part." * I, of course, took his hand and said,

* See *ante*, p. 269.

in a tone which implied acquiescence: "I hope your Lordship knows that I was led to take the part I did by being in my childhood very intimate with Mrs. Clarkson. I am now her oldest friend." He said he was aware of that. I then spoke about her health, &c.

1853.

January 4th. — Continued at home, reading till past one, when I went to Hampstead. I could only leave a card at Mrs. Hoare's, and then had a long and agreeable chat with Tagart. He was in good-humor, as, indeed, he always is; and he and I think alike on the Popery question. He seemed heartily to enjoy "The Bridge of Sighs," by Tom Hood. Tagart's residence, called Wildwood, is a charming spot.

February 4th. — My first reading was "Loss and Gain," since finished, — a book admirably adapted to its purpose: an insidious picture of the several states of mind of one possessing natural piety, living at Oxford, and finding no comfort till he is received into the bosom of the Church. But one thought *touched* me: it is easier to believe in the authority of the Church than of the Scriptures. Yet I could answer it. What the Church affirms is incredible and indescribable. What I understand the Scriptures to teach is most desirable; and, if not true, it ought to be. It carries with it its own authority.

March 5th. — Dr. Donaldson repeated a pun of his own. It was said at table: "If you can give me at dinner a good dish of fish after soup, I want no more."— "That is not my doctrine," said Dr. Donaldson. "On such a theme I am content to be held *superficial*."

April 6th. — After breakfast I discharged a debt of long standing, and carried to Archdeacon Hare, at Kingston, a drawing of his sister, by Miss Flaxman, sent him by Miss Denman. He is recovered from a long illness, and returns to Hurstmonceaux. I was glad to receive a few words of kindness from a man I much like. He is consistent, to a degree I envy, in his faith that all will end well.

April 7th. — I read to M—— an excellent article on Wordsworth's life, by Lady Richardson, in *Sharpe's Magazine;* only Lady Richardson praises the written life by mistake, when she ought to have eulogized only the actual life.

May 3d. — I had a narrow escape in the evening, on my way

to hear a lecture by Kinkel; as I was crossing the top of Torrington Square, with my umbrella up, I was knocked down by a cab-horse, and, luckily, was knocked out of his path. I fell flat, and was not run over; so that I may venture to say no serious injury has arisen. The splinters of my umbrella have cut my hand; and my knees are bruised. I was stunned, but in a few minutes recovered. I went on to the University College; heard part of the lecture; but was conscious of being very muddy, so I stole out again.

May 24th. — At Mrs. Reid's between three and four. There were assembled, Mrs. Beecher Stowe and some twenty or thirty of Mrs. Reid's acquaintance, to be introduced to the object of general curiosity. She looks young, and quite unpretending. She had been with Mrs. Clarkson. Lady Byron was also present, to whom Mrs. Jameson introduced me, and with whom was Dr. King. Lady Byron echoed my praise of Robertson, who has consented to take a curate. A special subscription of £ 200 has been raised; and the subscribers force him to promise that he will give the curate only £ 100 per annum. Mrs. Bayne was there, as well as Estlin, and the most intelligent-looking negro I ever saw. It was Craft, whose escape from slavery has been before the public.

June 24th. — An interesting evening at Boott's. The star was Loring,* the friend formerly of Webster. Loring broke with Webster on account of his conduct respecting slavery. The pro-slavery party flattered him, and made him hope for the Presidentship, on which he had set his heart, and represented that, by supporting the compromise, he would be as great a benefactor to America as Washington had been, for otherwise the Union would be broken. Ultimately, however, they abandoned him; and it was remorse that killed him. Still, Loring thinks that Webster has been harshly treated. I have seen no one who judges seemingly with so much candor as Loring. My interest in the conversation was increased by finding that his wife, an interesting woman, was the widow of the brother of my old acquaintance, Goddard.

August 17th. — Dr. King wrote to me, informing me of the death of Robertson, of Brighton. Take him for all in all, the best preacher I ever saw in a pulpit; that is, uniting the greatest number of excellences, originality, piety, freedom of

* He rose to the head of the bar at Boston; his death took place in 1867. During the late American war he published a correspondence with H. C. R.'s executor, E. W. Field, on the English feeling and conduct respecting the war.

thought, and warmth of love. His style colloquial and very scriptural. He combined light of the intellect with warmth of the affections in a pre-eminent degree. I had thought of him continually, reading Maurice's "Essays"; and when I wrote to Dr. King, inquiring about Robertson, I asked whether Robertson could read works requiring thought, meaning to send Maurice's "Essays" to him..

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

August 17, 1853.

. . . . Robertson's theology had an air of grandeur and truthfulness about it, which won all hearts, — the hearts of all who filled his chapel; while he had to pay the common price of following truth which his Master paid, viz., to endure envy, jealousy, and malignity.

PAYNTER TO H. C. R.

KENSINGTON, 7th September, 1853.

. . . . For my own part. I have for some time come to the firm conviction that the Church of England is a mere secular institution, highly valuable to the government as an instrument for the preservation of peace, order, and decent morals, but having no more necessary connection with Christianity and real religion than the hare has with the currant jelly; our Church *may*, indeed, be auxiliary to the spread and maintenance of the Gospel; but so may all churches which acknowledge the Bible as an authority, as the Roman, the Greek, the Presbyterian, &c.; but such is not the real end and essence of such institutions. Ignorant people often speak with similar inaccuracy of a window, as being made to *let in the light;* but we put in the window, both frame and glass, not to let in the light, which would come in more freely without either, but to keep out the wind and the rain. And so a Church, though it render little help to Christianity, which wants not such aid, may serve to keep out the cold blasts of infidelity and the damp pestilential vapors of dissent; but it is in Spain only that these objects have been effectually attained.

September 13th. — (Brighton.) Dr. King called, and in the evening I called by desire on Lady Byron, — a call which I enjoyed, and which may have consequences. Recollecting her history, as the widow of the most famous, though not the

greatest, poet of England in our day, I felt an interest in going to her; and that interest was greatly heightened when I left her. From all I have heard of her, I consider her one of the best women of the day. Her means and her good-will both great. "She lives to do good," says Dr. King, and I believe this to be true. She wanted my opinion as to the mode of doing justice to Robertson's memory. She spoke of him as having a better head on matters of business than any one else she ever knew. She said: "I have consulted lawyers on matters of difficulty, but Robertson seemed better able to give me advice. He unravelled everything and explained everything at once as no one else did."

H. C. R. to T. R.

London, 30 Russell Square, 17th September [1853].

. . . . I was informed that Lady Byron wished me to call on her; which I did last Tuesday. She had seen me at Mrs. Reid's, and wished to consult with me about the forthcoming biography of Robertson. We had a long talk; and as I was on the point of leaving Brighton the next morning, she wrote to me, proposing that the "Life" of her friend should be published in the same form as that of Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, the American philosopher, to which some writers of eminence have contributed, — Emerson being one, — and she wishes me to add my contribution.

I was much pleased with Lady Byron. She is a very remarkable woman, and is most generous and high-minded. . . . . She places Robertson, as I do, at the head of all the preachers we have ever known. He does not, I dare say, differ essentially from Maurice and other liberal Churchmen in his opinions. He is one of the men who, in this stirring age, have been giving *a shake* to opinions and systems, which will be sorely tried thereby. . . . .

Lady Byron to H. C. R.

Esher, October 2, 1853.

It will be my endeavor to circulate as many copies as possible of the article you have so kindly sent me;* and allow me to suggest that it should be printed on a separate sheet of letter-paper for that purpose. The good effects which the perusal appears to me likely to produce are,—

* An obituary of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, written by H. C. R., and printed in the October number of the *Christian Reformer* for this year, p. 661.

(1st.) To enlarge the views both of Churchmen and Dissenters, and to expose the folly of making, as it were, a brazen horizon to any Christian Church, instead of a soft, melting, aerial boundary.

(2d.) To show by the example, even of one whose ministry was so short, and under many unfavorable circumstances, the *power* of such expansive charity to obliterate sectarian distinctions, — a power we cannot suppose separable from Truth. You will see the argument better than I could state it. These are consequences apart from the *personal* object, with reference to which I can only say that, as a friend of Robertson's, I thank you.

September 28th. — Edward Dighton * is dead! — one of the finest men I ever saw; a sort of cross of the Hercules and Apollo.

Let me supply an omission. At Talfourd's some months ago, I met C. Kemble. In my anecdotes of old times and my love for Mrs. Siddons he expressed great pleasure. He spoke of his brother as a greater artist than his sister.

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23 MONTPELLIER ROAD, BRIGHTON, 19th October, 1853.

Many thanks for your two letters; the first with the enclosure, — the notice of Robertson. I have lent it to several, who have had great pleasure in the perusal of it. It says as much as can be said of him in that compass. You say, *De minimis non curat lex;* I say, *De minimis curat rex.* If he did not care *de minimis*, how could I exist? . . . .

I agree with you, — your memoir raises doubts rather than satisfies them; but that is all that can be done at present. We are tired of the old, and looking for the new. Time is an element in all human changes. A church is a stepping-stone in the great ladder which men are climbing, to answer the primeval question, What is God? All the systems from the beginning are the answers to this question in their generations. When Dr. —— proclaims a hell of eternal punishment, that is *his* answer. He thinks it is in THE Gospel, i. e. *his* gospel: it is his conception of God. . . . .

Dr. Parr was a step in advance. He thought the Unitari-

* A painter, who died young, shortly after his return from the East, — a man who had, in a most remarkable degree, the faculty of winning the love of all who came under his influence. One of his later works will be found highly praised in Ruskin's "Modern Painters." Vol. II. pp. 223, 224.

ans might be saved, but they must be *scorched* first. He delighted in drinking hob-a-nob with a man who was sure to be scorched before he could be fit company for him. The fact is, we conform the Gospel to our minds, and not our minds to the Gospel. That is Churchdom. . . . .

I think the time has gone by for considering whether Robertson would be injured in the opinion of any one. If anything he wrote or thought could make others think, that would do good. The opinion of any one in this world, except the wise and good, who do not aspire to be even tolerant, — who are too *modest* to be tolerant, since toleration implies superiority, — is of little consequence. The only true "Toleration Act" is that of God, who tolerates all. But yet, God does not *tolerate*, he *educates*. The educator expects his pupil to be imperfect. He professes to cure imperfection. So God, as educator, professes to cure sin; and, as a means, he sends his Son, the model man, to explain what he means by human perfection; and he says, "This is what I mean to bring all mankind to.". . . .

It appears to me that the intention of Providence is to elevate the people, — the million. But this is a work of time, and WE are too impatient. We want all to be done in our lifetime; but we forget that a thousand years are with him as a day. Then it appears to me that the despotic form of government is most suited to savage life and early civilization, and the constitutional form to a more advanced state. But if the despot was enlightened, that would be the simplest form for all states.

Then again, I think that moral improvement is the real end of man, and that all society is really contrived for that; but this is far more difficult to attain than intellectual improvement.

How this end is to be brought about is hidden from us. But I look upon the first promise, however made or supposed, as prophetic, — "Thou shalt bruise his head," i. e. sin shall ultimately be abolished.

When this period arrives, it will be a demonstration that the credit is to be given to God, and not to man. This was the object for which Christ died. This made Paul despise all things in comparison with Christ. . . . .

October 26th. — At the Athenæum. A talk with Sir James Stephen. We had a satisfactory chat about the charge

brought against Maurice by Jelf, which, though hardly credible, is really, as far as is definite, confined to a doubt raised about the eternity of hell. Stephen spoke highly of Robertson. Maurice praised him. And more significant was the unintended praise of another, who said, "Robertson made me sad; his words seemed a message from God to myself."

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23 MONTPELLIER ROAD, BRIGHTON, 27th October, 1853.

. . . . The proper question is, not why Christianity has done so little, but why have not men attained to common sense? But then that would resolve itself into other questions: why are not all men mathematicians or chemists, &c.? to which the answer is supposed to be very simple. But it is easier for a man to be a great astronomer than a great Christian. It is easier to be a learned man than a good man. Why morals should be so difficult stirs another and a deeper question; for we must suppose that there is a wisdom in the fact. A question of creeds is but a petty question at any time. The real question lies deeper. . . . .

DONALDSON TO H. C. R.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, 31st October, 1853.

Many thanks for your interesting letter, and the little sketch of Mr. Frederick Robertson, which is to be counted as a testimony worth thousands of those memoirs of insignificant piety with which the religious press has been teeming. Whatever conclusion may be arrived at by the "pauvre homme" and his assessors, the principles of the "broad Church," so well propounded in the last *Edinburgh Review*, will, I am sure, prevail in the long run. If not, Christianity is in peril. The world will not much longer permit the most ignorant class of theologians to invest their own opinions with *sacro-sanct.* infallibility. Above all, I do hope that the pernicious hypothesis of mechanical inspiration is beginning to be felt untenable. We have just had a notable proof of this in a book on the Genealogies, published by Lord Arthur Hervey, who used to be strong for the Low Church view of this matter. He has been induced to make a great number of conjectural emendations of the sacred text, and has come to the conclusion that biblical chronology is full of blunders! What will the *Recordites* say to this?

Dr. King to H. C. R.

23 Montpellier Road, Brighton, 4th November, 1853.

. . . . I have come to a conclusion with respect to the existence of evil which is somewhat different, or appears to be so, from what I have anywhere seen, but which, perhaps, is only stating the same thing differently. It is this : that, with such a being as man, he can only be convinced of sin or folly by suffering its consequences. He is not an *a priori* being (which the Deity is), but a being of experience. We see in every action, from the cradle upwards, that he takes little or nothing upon trust. He must make his experiment, and prove that the fruit is bitter by its taste. No sooner has one generation done this and satisfied itself, than another arises which must be satisfied in the same way. Thus the effect of the experience of one generation upon the next is an infinitesimal one ; but it is something : and so after many ages, even in this life, sin may be conquered : and as to the next, the circumstances will probably be so changed that it is impossible to reason about them at present.

Dr. King to H. C. R.

23 Montpellier Road, Brighton, 8th November, 1853.

My dear Sir :—

. . . . I hear Maurice is excommunicated. Now I honor him. I shall criticise him no more. I hear some one at Oxford of the name of Gibert has pronounced the funeral oration of the Church of England i. e. I suppose, of the intolerant party in it. The last dying speech and confession of Intolerance ! Then new Robertsons and new Maurices will arise. *Novus sæclorum nascitur ordo.* These things must be done gradually ; we must not pull her down before we have something better to put in her place, " lest a worse fate befall us." I admire that fixedness in England. We have made wonderful progress in fifty years. . . . .

November 7th. — It is seldom, if ever, I have written in these journals after so long a delay. The cause will appear, and it will be justified by the circumstances. My dear old friend, Mrs. Clarkson, had often expressed a wish to see Mrs. Wordsworth, were it possible ; but her paralytic attack put it out of her power to travel. And Mrs. Wordsworth, after the

death of her husband, had resolved not to come to the South again; though she repeatedly said that, were she to be in London, she should hope to go as far as Playford. They did not write to each other, but I every now and then communicated to the one letters from the other to me, and so the wish was kept alive; and when it was resolved by Mrs. Wordsworth to come to Miss Fenwick's, I took care to press on her, that now she should go to Playford. And to render that practicable, I promised to accompany her. The result of all was, that this morning I met Mrs. Wordsworth and her son John's daughter, Jane, at the Shoreditch Station, and we proceeded to Ipswich. When we arrived there, to our annoyance, there was no carriage from Playford; and I began to fear that I had omitted to write, which it turned out was really the case. After waiting a quarter of an hour, to make sure that the absence of the carriage could not be through any slight mistake as to time, I took a fly, and about a mile and a half before reaching Playford, we met Mrs. Clarkson and Mrs. Dickenson. They were taking a drive. I was in confusion, and the two ladies were also agitated. Mrs. Clarkson said she would come into our fly, forgetting that she could not move, and Mrs. Dickenson got out to speak to us; but she was a stranger to the ladies. When I had accompanied the ladies into the dining-room, I returned to see the luggage taken out, and pay the postilion.

On my going into the room again, the two old friends had recognized each other, and were in all the imperfect enjoyment of a first interview after melancholy privations on both sides. I saw at once that Jane and I were only in the way; I therefore proposed to her that we should take a walk. In a few minutes Mrs. Dickenson followed our example, and we walked out for more than an hour, looking at the gardens, parsonage, &c., &c., and did not come back till dinner was nearly ready. Mrs. Clarkson keeps an excellent table, and the Wordsworths care less than most people for creature comforts, so that Mrs. Dickenson declared that the want of notice really was a great relief to Mrs. Clarkson, and I was forgiven for my omission. A mistake arising from anxiety is a very different offence from the forgetfulness of indifference. We dined between four and five; the evening passed off rapidly. I hardly spoke to Mrs. Clarkson, leaving the two ladies as much as might be to themselves. They remained below, and Jane, Mrs. Dickenson, and I went up stairs, where we were joined by Mr. Dickenson, and

we drank tea together, the two old ladies taking theirs below. We went down a short time before they retired, between ten and eleven, and I sat up a little time longer alone.

November 16th. — Before we left Playford this morning, Mrs. Clarkson sent for me into her bedroom. We had an interesting chat. I rejoiced to find that both the dear old widows felt grateful to me for having brought about this interview. I have promised to take Jane to Playford next spring, and then on to Rydal.

MRS. CLARKSON TO H. C. R.

December 20, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

. . . . You never before gave so much pleasure (though the greatest part of your life has been spent in acts of kindness), as in bringing Mrs. Wordsworth here, and I believe she feels it as much as I do. . . . .

November 23d. — A heavy fog, and consequently a remarkable day. Returning from a meeting of the Senate of University College, Professor Key and another professor very kindly took me in charge. I should, otherwise, have had a difficulty in crossing the New Road. They also accompanied me to John Taylor's. I thought he, as well as myself, might be going to dine at Mrs. Sturch's. After staying with him a few minutes I went on alone to Mrs. Sturch's and dined with her *tête-à-tête.* Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tayler, Mr and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Lee, and Miss Knight were all unable to keep their engagement, owing to their inability to find a conveyance.

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

BRIGHTON, December 15, 1853.

. . . . I have read Maurice's letter to Jelf. I admire the spirit of the man much. There is an indescribable sweetness in some of his expressions, especially about the love of God, which go to the heart — except of a theologian.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

December 31, 1853.

Mr. —— I never heard of. There was a gentleman at Brighton of the same name, who was rich and saintly, and whom I once visited. I would not go again. Of all the combinations, the most unreal and spurious is that of gentility and Evangelicism. I hope you are aware of this, for I hold it to

be an important fact at this moment. I shall never forget hearing from a fine lady, in such a rapid manner that the two members of the sentence could with difficulty be separated: "We never omit having family prayer twice a day, and I have not missed a drawing-room since the King came on the throne."

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

December 31, 1853.

DEAR MR. CRABB ROBINSON: —

. . . . I have an inclination, if I were not afraid of trespassing on your time (but you can put my letter by for any leisure moment), to enter upon the history of a character which I think less appreciated than it ought to be. Men, I observe, do not understand men in certain points, without a woman's interpretation. Those points, of course, relate to feelings.

Here is a man, taken by most of those who come in his way either for Dry-as-dust, Matter-of-fact, or for a "vain visionary." There are, doubtless, some defective or excessive characteristics which give rise to those impressions.

My acquaintance was made, oddly enough, with him twenty-seven years ago. A pauper said to me of him: "He 's the *poor man's* Doctor." Such a recommendation seemed to me a good one; and I also knew that his organizing head had formed the first District Society in England (for Mrs. Fry told me she could not have effected it without his aid); yet he has always ignored his own share of it. I felt in him at once the curious combination of the Christian and the cynic, — of reverence for *man*, and contempt of *men*. It was then an internal war, but one in which it was evident to me that the holier cause would be victorious, because there was deep belief, and, as far as I could learn, a blameless and benevolent life. He appeared only to want sunshine. It was a plant which could not be brought to perfection in darkness. He had begun life by the most painful conflict between filial duty and conscience, — a large provision in the Church secured for him by his father; but he could not *sign*. There was discredit, as you know, attached to such scruples.

He was also, when I first knew him, under other circumstances of a nature to depress him, and to make him feel that he was unjustly treated. The gradual removal of these called forth his better nature in thankfulness to God. Still, the old

misanthropic modes of expressing himself obtruded themselves at times. This passed in '48 between him and Robertson. Robertson said to me, "I want to know something about Ragged Schools." I replied, "You had better ask Dr. King; he knows more about them." — "I?" said Dr. King. "I take care to know nothing of Ragged Schools, lest they should make *me* ragged." Robertson did not see through it. Perhaps I had been taught to understand such suicidal speeches by my cousin, Lord Melbourne.

The example of Christ, imperfectly as it may be understood by him, has been ever before his eyes; he woke to the thought of following it, and he went to rest consoled or rebuked by it. After nearly thirty years of intimacy, I may without presumption form that opinion. There is something pathetic to me in seeing any one *so* unknown. Even the other medical friends of Robertson, when I knew that Dr. King felt a woman's tenderness,* said on one occasion to him, "But we know that you, Dr. King, are *above all feeling*."

If I have made the character more consistent to you by putting in these bits of mosaic, my pen will not have been ill employed, nor unpleasingly to you.

Yours truly,

A. Noel Byron.

1854.

January 5th. — At the Athenæum, and had an agreeable talk with Talfourd. I also chatted with Layard, about politics. I came home, to dine at Samuel Pett's. I was able to walk there and home, in spite of the imperfect thaw; and I had an agreeable afternoon. I was in spirits, though I felt old; and now my friends treat me as if I were an old man; but, on the whole, their intentions are gratifying as evidence rather of just feelings than of any particular respect for me. A party of ten: Mrs. Sturch, Tagart, Wansey, Hunter (of Wolverhampton), &c.

H. C. R. to T. R.

London, 30 Russell Square, 27th January, 1854.

I did not forget you on Wednesday. I knew that that was

* The Editor happened to know an aged lady at Brighton who, for many years, was bedridden, and whose declining life was cheered by the unfailing Sunday afternoon visits of Dr. King. His long, friendly talks were looked forward to as the event of the week.

your birthday, and that you would then enter on your eighty-fifth year. I was then dining with Henry Foss and his brother Edward, a magistrate for Kent. I drank your health in silence, giving the toast in a whisper; but I varied from the ordinary birthday language, and instead of saying, "Many returns of them," "May all his future days be days of enjoyment, or comfort, at least, be they few or many." If I live to the 13th of the next May I shall, in like manner, enter my eightieth year. I wish for no other birthday congratulation.

You ask for an account of my second dinner; confessing that you are not entitled to the account, having neglected to acknowledge the first. Had this dinner been a failure, I might have been glad to avail myself of this excuse for not recording my disappointment. The second was more successful than the first, though it was — or perhaps I should say because it was — one of those dinners more creditable to the guests than the host, — that is, there were more good things said than eaten. . . . . This was the party: the host, Sergeant Byles, Dr. Donaldson, Edwin Field, John Kenyon, Samuel Sharpe, J. J. Tayler, J. W. Donne.

The Sergeant has repeated to me this evening what he said before to his wife, that since he has known London he has never enjoyed a company dinner so much as he has done this, in London itself.

And Kenyon said at parting, "I won't say, 'It has been a good party'; it has been a *glorious* afternoon." Of course, one makes a reasonable allowance for compliment in all such cases.

Donaldson talked his very best, and was delightful. Kenyon also charmed Byles; and probably the pleasure and liking were reciprocal, as they generally are. . . . . On the whole, everybody seemed satisfied. . . . . .

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23 MONTPELLIER ROAD, BRIGHTON, 2d February, 1854.

. . . . Lady Byron is now quite recovered. She is always feeble, and obliged to husband her strength, and calculate her powers; but her mind is ever intact, pure, and lofty. It seems to pour forth its streams of benevolence and judgment even from the sick-bed; a perennial fountain. Her state of mind has always given me confidence in her severest illnesses. Yet her power of bearing fatigue occasionally, as during the illness and death of her daughter, is as wonderful. . . . .

H. C. R. to T. R. and S. R.

London, 30 Russell Square, 25th February, 1854.

. . . . I have long detested the system of our English Universities, and, had I had a son, I would never have allowed him to reside in one, unless he had had a mother, or near female relation, to be his house, or at least his table companion.* . . . .

H. C. R. to Paynter.

30 Russell Square, 28th April [1854].

Your last, like your former letter, — and, like your letters, written in an earnest spirit, — is full of excellent sentiment, and as much illumination as the topic can receive, perhaps; for of these transcendent matters one may say, in Milton's language, that which you can cast on them is "not light, but rather darkness visible." It was wise advice, therefore, in Bishop Horsley, in his charge to country clergymen, to shun so perilous a subject as that of predestination or necessity; or, in measured words, —

"Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

For even when the sincere inquirer does not merit the poet's sentence of condemnation,

"Vain wisdom all and false philosophy,"

yet it would be well if he could forego the investigation, — not as impious, but as profitless. If he could! But he cannot always, — you cannot, — I cannot. Where we feel an urgent longing after knowledge, the consciousness of our own incapacity to solve the riddle is not enough to make us *give it up*. I have always felt that all speculations concerning *matter* and its laws, whether in the movement of its masses, which constitutes mechanics, or in the internal workings of its insensible portions, whether fluid, solid, or gaseous, which include several sciences, are insignificant compared with what belongs to the spiritual element in men, whether it appertains to conscience or the discernment of spiritual nature. But why am I going on in a style which, when I sat down, I resolved to repudiate altogether?

I have more interest in speculations which can only end in a deeper sense of incapacity, than in the acquisition of worth-

* Early in life H. C. R. regarded his own want of a University education as an irreparable loss.

less knowledge. Nevertheless, I recur to them only as a magnetizer — Let the above stand as an evidence of the state of one's mind. I was overpowered by drowsiness and left off, and, after a nap, go on again. But I will not go on with a subject which may set you asleep as well as myself.

The practical bearings of speculative matters are such as we do not much differ upon, — indeed we cannot. The intolerance of governments, — the vulgar ignorance of the sectarians, which matches the proud and hypocritical pretences to authority on the part of the priesthood, who have got the arm of the law in their support, are alike objects of our hatred or contempt.

And I can assent to all you say, and have so happily illustrated by your image of the beholders from the house-top. And also I am as convinced as you can be, that whether we are in possession of it or not, there is *a* truth to be had. . . . .

MISS DENMAN TO H. C. R.

74 UPPER NORTON STREET, May 11, 1854.

. . . . It is to you, my ever-kind friends, Robinson and Field, that the University, as well as myself, are indebted for the good that must accrue from the possession of those works [of Flaxman], not only in the present, but in future ages ; and I trust we may all be spared to see the completion of the whole. . . . .

April 4th. — Coming from Lord Monteagle's, I suffered myself to be swindled. A fellow with a bad grinning countenance, very dirty in appearance, accosted me by my name. I said I did not recollect him. "You knew my father." — "It is young ——, Julius, I suppose?" He said "Yes." And then a scene like that in a comedy followed, I playing fool, and he knave ; confirming all I said by assent, and saying himself nothing. "Are you going home now?" — "Why, no ; I am going to the Athenæum." — "Had you been going, I should have asked you to accommodate me with a sovereign. It would save me a walk to the custom-house, where I want to fetch some articles from abroad." Ass! this ought to have opened my eyes. I should be farther off the custom-house here than there. I was infatuated. "You are a clergyman?" — "Yes." — "But why in such a dress?" — "O, I would rather follow any other profession." I could fill a page with recounting all

the circumstances that ought to have told me the fellow was a knave. Opening my purse, he said: "Could you let me have two?" I gave him one sovereign and a half, and the moment he left me, saying he would bring it in the morning, I saw my stupidity.

May 29th. — I was left alone with Paynter, and had an hour and a half's cordial talk with him. Our convictions seem to be pretty much the same. They are of the nature of assurances arising out of the affections, — not scientific demonstrations, — and are more comfortable by far than the ostentatious and affronting creeds which have an exclusive character, and seem intended to set up a Pharisaic superiority over those who are less bold in their pretensions.

June 12th. — Sortaine related an amusing tale of an Evangelical clergyman, whose church being attended by a rather prudish Lady H——, felt himself bound, on her leaving Brighton, to discharge his duty by admonishing her, that he trusted she had repented of the sins of her early life. She was astounded at such an address, and requested her husband to show *that man* the door at once. Nor would she allow him to explain his having confounded her name and title with that of a lady who had once been an actress.

August 25th. — Walked to Hampstead Heath, and there had an agreeable chat with Mrs. and Miss Hoare. Mrs. Hoare is just a year older than Mrs. Wordsworth. She has a sweet motherly face; and both she and the daughter are women of sense and high worth. They are great lovers of Wordsworth, and never failed to invite me to their house when he was a visitor there. I have been occasionally invited since his death. Mrs. Hoare was, by birth, a Quaker and a Sterry; and I gratified her (on a former occasion) by telling her of the generous conduct of, I believe, an uncle of hers.

November 14th. — Took tea with Miss Weston, at six, with roast turkey. I went to meet Mr. Plumptre. Mrs. Plumptre is Maurice's sister. I like both husband and wife. They understand me, and that is a main point. We had an agreeable evening. A known diversity of opinion, with kind feeling, does no harm. But there must be a charitable temper.

Lady Byron to H. C. R.

Brighton, November 15, 1854.

The thoughts of all this public and private suffering have

taken the life out of my pen, when I tried to write on matters which would otherwise have been most interesting to me: *these* seemed the shadows, — *that* the stern reality. It is good, however, to be drawn out of scenes in which one is absorbed most unprofitably, and to have one's natural interests revived by such a letter as I have to thank you for, as well as its predecessor. You touch upon the very points which do interest me the most, habitually. The change of form and enlargement of design in the *Prospective had* led me to express to one of the promoters of that object my desire to contribute. The religious crisis is instant, — but the man for it? The next best thing, if, as I believe, he is not to be found *in England*, is an association of such men as are to edit the new periodical. An address delivered by Freeman Clarke at Boston, last May, makes me think him better fitted for a leader than any other of the religious "Free-thinkers." I wish I could send you my one copy, but you do not *need* it, and others do. His object is the same as that of the *Alliance Universelle*, only he is still more free from "Partialism" (his own word) in his aspirations and practical suggestions with respect to an ultimate "Christian Synthesis." He so far adopts Comte's theory as to speak of religion itself under three successive aspects, historically, — 1. Thesis; 2. Antithesis; 3. Synthesis. I made his acquaintance in England, and he inspired confidence at once by his brave independence, — *incomptis capillis*, and self-*un*consciousness. J. J. Tayler's address of last month follows in the same path, — all in favor of the "Irenics," instead of Polemics.

The answer which you gave me so fully and distinctly to the questions I proposed for your consideration was of value in turning to my view certain aspects of the case which I had not before observed. I had begun a second attack on your patience, when all was forgotten in the news of the day.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

BRIGHTON, December 25, 1854.

With J. J. Tayler, though almost a stranger to him, I have a peculiar reason for sympathizing. A book of his was a treasure to my daughter on her death-bed.*

I must confess to intolerance of opinion as to these two points, — *eternal* evil in any form, and (involved in it) *eternal* suffer-

* Probably the "Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty." Mr. Tayler has also written "A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England."

ing. To believe in these would take away my God, who is all-loving. With a God with whom omnipotence and omniscience were all, evil might be eternal, — but why do I say to you what has been better said elsewhere?

1855.

Lady Byron to H. C. R.

Brighton, January 31, 1855.

. . . . The great difficulty in respect to the Review * seems to be, to settle a basis, inclusive and exclusive, — in short, a *boundary question.* From what you said, I think you agreed with me, that a latitudinarian Christianity ought to be the character of the periodical; but the depth of the roots should correspond with the width of the branches of that tree of knowledge. Of some of those minds one might say, "They have no root," and then, the richer the foliage, the more danger that the trunk will fall. "Grounded in Christ" has to me a most practical significance and value. I, too, have anxiety about a friend, — Miss Carpenter, — whose life is of public importance; she, more than any of the English Reformers, unless Nash and Wright, has found the art of drawing out the good of human nature and proving its existence. She makes these discoveries by the light of love. I hope she may recover, from to-day's report. The object of a Reformatory in Leicester has just been secured at a county meeting. . . . . Now the desideratum is, well-qualified masters and mistresses. If you hear of such by chance, pray let me know. The regular schoolmaster is an extinguisher. Heart, and familiarity with the class to be educated, are all important. At home and abroad, the evidence is conclusive on that point, for I have for many years attended to such experiments in various parts of Europe. The *Irish Quarterly* has taken up the subject with rather more zeal than judgment. I had hoped that a sound and temperate exposition of the facts might form an article in the *Might-have-been* Review.

Lady Byron to H. C. R.

Brighton, February 12, 1855.

I have at last earned the pleasure of writing to you, by having settled troublesome matters of little moment, except

* The *National Review.*

locally, and I gladly take a wider range by sympathizing in your interests. There is, besides, no responsibility — for me at least — in canvassing the merits of Russell or Palmerston, but much in deciding whether the "village politician," Jackson or Thompson, shall be leader in the school and public-house.

Has not the nation been brought to a conviction that the *system* should be broken up? and is Lord Palmerston, who has used it so long and so cleverly, likely to promote that object?

But whatever obstacles there may be in state affairs, that general persuasion must modify other departments of action and knowledge. "Unroasted coffee" will no longer be accepted under the official seal, — another reason for a new literary combination for distinct special objects, — a Review in which every separate article should be *convergent*. If, instead of the problem to make a circle pass through three given points, it were required to find the centre from which to describe a circle through any three articles in the *Edinburgh* or *Westminster Review*, who could accomplish it? Much force is lost for want of this one-mindedness amongst the contributors. It would not exclude variety or freedom in the unlimited discussion of means towards the ends unequivocally recognized. If St. Paul had edited a Review, he might have admitted Peter as well as Luke or Barnabas. . . . .

Ross gave us an excellent sermon yesterday, on "Hallowing the Name." Though far from commonplace, it might have been delivered in any church.

We have had Fanny Kemble here last week. I only heard her "Romeo and Juliet," — not less instructive, as her readings always are, than exciting, for in her glass Shakespeare is a philosopher. I know her, and honor her for her truthfulness amidst all trials.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

BRIGHTON, March 5, 1855.

I recollect only those passages of Dr. Kennedy's book which bear upon the opinions of Lord Byron. Strange as it may seem, Dr. Kennedy is most faithful where you doubt his being so. Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator I have always ascribed the misery of

his life. . . . . It is enough for me to remember, that he who thinks his transgressions beyond *forgiveness* (and such was his own deepest feeling), *has* righteousness beyond that of the self-satisfied sinner; or, perhaps, of the half-awakened. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ("I love the virtues which I cannot claim") would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the Creed which made him see God as an Avenger, not a Father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight, and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that *idée fixe* with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be "turned into a curse" to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realize themselves. "The worst of it is, I *do* believe," he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of Predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why "The Deformed Transformed" is too painful to me for discussion. Since writing the above, I have read Dr. Granville's letter on the Emperor of Russia, some passages of which seem applicable to the prepossession I have described. I will not mix up less serious matters with these, which forty years have not made less than present still to me.

Dr. King to H. C. R.

23 Montpellier Road, Brighton, March 22, 1855.

It would appear unkind in me to pass over the death of our friend Masquerier without notice. He was a man I had spent many agreeable and instructive hours with, — and never more enjoyable than when alone. Then he could speak with less reserve, and was never at a loss for anecdote of many characters whom I knew only historically. He had a large acquaintance with the world. It had not soured his temper, — it had only increased his caution and prudence. I think this is the effect produced upon men in public situations. One mistake or one dishonest man may ruin a well-concocted scheme or plan of operations; their caution is therefore a matter of necessity. During the last year I had seen more of him than usual. . . . .

I think, as a man approaches the great change, an interest in the nature of that change may well be the uppermost feeling in a *rational* being. Surely the absence of this feeling is a man's own loss peculiarly, whatever may be its connection with the unknown future upon which we are about to enter. How many are deterred from this subject by the perverted subtleties of theologians, I will not pretend to say. After as wide a survey of human knowledge as my faculties permit, I find no rest but in the character of Christ, of which I still consider I have but an imperfect conception. He forms the under-current in which float all the hopes of the world for rising out of its present chaos. What *we* call chaos is, I doubt not, a step in the wisdom of that Power which we worship as real, though incomprehensible. . . . .

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

BRIGHTON, April 8, 1855.

. . . The book which has interested me most lately is that on "Mosaism," translated by Miss Goldsmid, and which I read, as you will believe, without any Christian (unchristian ?) prejudice. The missionaries of the Unity were always, from my childhood, regarded by me as in that sense *the* people ; and I believe they were true to that mission, though blind, intellectually, in demanding the crucifixion. The present aspect of Jewish opinions, as shown in that book, is all but Christian. The author is under the error of taking, as the representatives of Christianity, the Mystics, Ascetics, and Quietists ; and therefore he does not know how near he is to the true spirit of the Gospel. If you should happen to see Miss Goldsmid, pray tell her what a great service I think she has rendered to us *soi-disants* Christians in translating a book which must make us sensible of the little we have done, and the much we have to do, to justify our preference of the later to the earlier dispensation. . . . .

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

BRIGHTON, April 11, 1855.

You appear to have more definite information respecting the Review than I have obtained. . . . . It was also said that the Review would in fact be the *Prospective* amplified,— not satisfactory to me, because I have always thought that periodical too Unitarian, in the sense of separating itself from other

Christian churches, if not by a high wall, at least by a wire-gauze fence. Now, separation is to me *the αιρεσις*. The revelation through Nature never separates; it is the revelation through the Book which separates. Whewell and Brewster would have been one had they not, I think equally, dimmed their lamps of science when reading their Bibles. As long as we think a truth *better* for being shut up in a text, we are not of the wide-world religion, which is to include all in one fold; for that text will not be accepted by the followers of other books, or students of the same, and separation will ensue. The Christian Scripture should be dear to us, not as the charter of a few, but of mankind, and to fashion it into cages is to deny its ultimate objects. These thoughts hot, like the roll at breakfast, where your letter was so welcome an addition.

July 9th. — Spent the forenoon at home reading, till two. Read two long articles in the *National Review*, with which I am content.* They are above the average. And, as the *Chronicle* says, if the *Review* can be kept at that pitch, it will succeed. At all events, it ought. I admire the article on "The Church, Romanism, Protestantism," &c., of which I think Martineau must be the author; also an excellent one on "International Duties," — an able defence of the war, not the conduct of it.

July 11th. — Went on with the *National Review*, and read with great pleasure the article on "Administrative Reform." Full of excellent sense.

September 8th. — I am returned from a more than three weeks' excursion to Bayonne, having achieved more than I expected with less trouble than I feared. I have no wish to see France again. A similar visit to Frankfort and Heidelberg is all I desire. On my way, I had the satisfaction of meeting Robert Brown, the great botanist, and we were together as far as Boulogne. There I was cordially greeted by William Brown and Alcock, who were to be my travelling companions. After visiting Bayonne we returned to Bordeaux, to meet Mrs. Brown and Miss Coutts. My journey with Brown and Alcock then ceased, and I joined Sergeant and Mrs. Dowling. I remained at Paris a week, visiting the *Exposition Industrielle*. In my visits to old Mrs. André I saw Tholuck and Sir Culling Eardley. At the Exhibition I had walks with Mr. and Mrs. Plumptre,

* H. C. R. was one of those who were consulted about the establishment of this *Review*, and who supported it by counsel and money.

and some English acquaintance. Among the latter, I had the good luck to fall in with John Taylor, whom I had as my companion the chief part of the journey home. I left him at the London railway station, with a sense of thankfulness for his company. He is a clever and excellent man as a doer, — a worker.

October 19th. — My first call, on my return from Bury, was on Atkinson. I was delighted to find that of the Flaxman Gallery nothing remains to be done but the inner room. We have about £16 in hand. The completion will not exceed my means, if I have to contribute the whole. The Gallery is now out of danger, and this gratifies me.

October 22d. — The day began ill. A letter from Alcock. Brown dangerously ill, at Montpelier. Miss Coutts was desirous that I should not hear the news abruptly. Whenever Brown's death takes place it will be, to me, a real loss.*

December 18th. — The incident of the day is the death of Rogers, — long expected. It took place early in the morning without any pain. At ninety-two or ninety-three, pain is not to be feared.†

December 25th. — Engaged in reading "The Life of Sydney Smith," which I finished. An excellent man, certainly. He was neither martyr, nor hero, nor saint, but, with all his infirmities, an amiable and admirable man.

[During this year H. C. R. was called upon to act as arbitrator in a case of the most honorable kind to those concerned. Lieutenant Arnold, son of Dr. Arnold, had been engaged by Lady Byron as tutor to her grandson. For reasons into which it is unnecessary to enter, the tutorship came to an end in a way which involved an unforeseen pecuniary settlement; and Lady Byron proposed to pay just double what Lieutenant Arnold thought it right to receive. The award of the arbitrator satisfied the conscience of the one, and the generosity of the other. — ED.]

1856.

January 6th. — Read a sermon preached before the Queen, in Scotland, and by her ordered to be printed. It will do

* On the 14th of November, on H. C. R.'s return from a visit to Torquay, he writes: "The only letter I regretted not receiving in time, was one inviting me to attend poor Brown's funeral on the 7th."

† The funeral, which was a private one, took place at Hornsey, where there is a family vault.

good, being anti-sacerdotal. It is little more than an expansion of a saying by Dr. Arnold: "I wish there were fewer religious books, but that all books were in a religious spirit."

January 10th. — Dined with Mrs. Bayne, — a dinner I enjoyed; made agreeable by Boxall. There were two friends from the country and a liberal clergyman. There was not much talk, but a sort of battledore and shuttlecock fight between Boxall and myself.

January 24th. — At breakfast I had John Wordsworth and Derwent Coleridge. They made themselves agreeable to me and to each other. We looked together at the Flaxman Gallery, and this they seemingly enjoyed. This visit occasioned my writing a longish letter to Mrs. Wordsworth, though chiefly giving an account of the sad state of so great a number of our friends, especially Miss Fenwick and Mrs. Clarkson.

February 1st. — This proved a melancholy day. Its most material incident was Mrs. Dickenson's announcement of dear Mrs. Clarkson's death, early in the morning of the day before. At her age, with her excellent character, and with no hope of permanent improvement in health, life could be of no value, and death hardly an object of dread.*

February 12th. — It was on this day that dear Henry Hutchison Robinson died, at half past four, A. M. It was long expected, and yet we felt it for a moment as sudden.† This telegraphic mode of giving intelligence is far from satisfactory. Dear Henry was a beautiful blossom; he afforded hopes; and I never knew a sweeter, a purer, or a more amiable and interesting youth. He was altogether an object of love. I had looked much to him in the future. This is a source of sadness, but is nothing to the grief of a mother. John Kenyon, writing a note of sympathy, on the 25th of February, says: "Only live on, and this once smiling world is changed into a huge cemetery, in which we ourselves hardly care to linger."

March 21st. — I finished reading in bed this day the cor-

* A short notice of Mrs. Clarkson appeared in the *Bury Post*, February 6, 1856. This was probably from the pen of her old friend, H. C. R.

† His death took place at Torquay. H. C. R.'s Diary shows how deeply he sympathized in all the alternations of hope and fear in his grand-nephew's long illness, and how ready he was to go anywhere in England or abroad, if change of climate were advised, and his attendance were desirable. The body was placed in a vault in the burying-ground attached to the New Gravel Pit Chapel. "The service was read in a solemn and suitable manner, by Mr. Knott," formerly minister at Bury, and highly respected by Mr. Thomas Robinson.

respondence of Goethe and Knebel, a book that had deeply interested me, and which exhibits the condescending love of the superior and the reverential admiration of the inferior most honorably towards both parties. My personal recollections added to my enjoyment, and though the mention of me is not flattering in the way of praise, yet I feel it as an honor to have my name even but written by the great man of his age, accompanied by the expression of, or an implied, good-will.

April 12th. — E. Field told me he should be going to-day, for the last time, to Mr. S. Rogers's house; and, therefore, I went also. The pictures I may see again, but the house I shall, probably, never more enter. This is one of the many recent losses.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

BRIGHTON, April 12, 1856.

. . . . This *National* winds up the volume honorably to its projectors. The last article interests *me* much from special causes; and I think I understand it. Indeed some theological fictions seem to me to be more completely exposed than ever before: the two atonement theories, for instance. And yet the Reviewer does not appear to me to come to the point at last, nor entirely to have dismissed the mysterious efficacy doctrine. My own belief would at least be stated more simply thus: to follow Christ is the way to be reconciled, or put into a relationship of peace and harmony with the will of God; a man so reconciled becomes a *sound* man, if he was not before. If some say that the same end might be obtained in *other* ways, I am not anxious to refute them; only grant this way to be successful. Did Jesus say, "I am the *only* way," &c.? It is inferred that he meant it, however from the condemnation of him who "believeth not," in St. John. This is thought a parenthesis of the writer's by a superior critic; but, taking the common reading, I see in it no more than the assertion, that belief in the truths proclaimed by Christ was an absolute condition of salvation; and all experience shows it to be so *in fact*. The believer in those principles is saved from the hell of "malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness." I need not *try* to believe this; I can't help it. It is a question whether Mrs. Wordsworth is more "enviable" from her belief in a "future" than from her belief in the present; or, more explicitly, I should ascribe her happiness to her consciousness of this world's moral government, rather than of her expectation of

immortality. Her "atonement" is perfect. The author of the article on Goethe appears to me to have the mind which could dispel the illusions surrounding another poet without depreciating his claims (not fully acknowledged by you) to the truest inspiration. Who has sought to distinguish the holy from the unholy in that spirit? — to prove by this very degradation of the one how high the other was? A character is never done justice to by extenuating faults; so I do not agree to *nisi bonum*. It is kinder to read the blotted page. . . . . I thank you for the proof you have given me of a just confidence in my sympathy, by telling me of your being *left*. I had wished to know whether your relative still lingered. *You* will never be alone in the human world.

April 20th. — I had a new man at breakfast, the great Robert Brown, as he is considered by many the first botanist in the world. I know him only as a man of fine humor. He is known by his travels in the New World, and his importation of thousands of new species of plants. He is now feeble in body, but an unaffectedly great man in character. There were present, also, Boott, Stock, and Charles Murch.

May 4th. — This day has been marked by a variety of impressions which would admit of amplification, if I were so disposed. After reading Ruskin, and hearing, at Essex Street, a peace sermon, and lunching with Sarah, I went out on a melancholy walk. The first fact I learned was the death of a very estimable person, Miss Weston.* I next called on Kenyon. I found Procter there, and afterwards Hawthorn came. Miss Bayley received me with tears, considering Kenyon's case hopeless. I was sent for to him. He was sitting in his arm-chair, and received me with a hearty shake of the hand and a smile. From his manner of speaking I should not have supposed him to be suffering from dangerous disease. He thanked me for calling, and spoke in terms of warm friendship. He said: "Remember me to good Dr. Boott. Give him that [putting a small seal into my hand], and tell him I always loved him." He added, "The seal is not worth a penny." I smiled,

* I first saw the Miss Westons in 1839. They once lived at Bury, and, my name being mentioned, I was introduced by Miss Weston's desire. She told me afterwards that her father spoke of my brother as the most sensible man he used to see at the Angel Club. The Miss Westons went to Rome, and I gave them a letter to Miss Mackenzie. On their return our acquaintance became more intimate. Miss Weston was a woman of superior understanding and attainments. She was an admirer of Wordsworth; Kenyon and I brought them together. Wordsworth professed great respect for her.

and said I would give it to Dr. Boott with pleasure. It is a triangular little seal, of a sort of amber.

May 10th. — I dined again at Miss Coutts's. I was kindly received, and had a very pleasant evening. An interesting subject to talk on was the sale of Rogers's pictures, of which Miss Coutts has been a very large purchaser; and she gains credit by the good taste she showed in her selection. Some half-dozen of my favorites were there: "The Mob-capped Girl"; "The Lady Sketching"; "The Cupid and Psyche" (the only picture I dislike of Sir Joshua's); the Raphael, — "Christ in the Garden"; the Paul Veronese "Festival." There would be no end should I go on. I was glad to find that the works of Flaxman sold very high. The marble "Cupid" and "Psyche" Miss Denman had some idea of buying; but she rejoiced when she heard that the "Cupid" fetched £115, and the "Psyche" £125!!!

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

1 CAMBRIDGE TERRACE, July 18, 1856.

I have a mind to say something more about the "manifestations." I omit "spiritual" designedly, as in that word the question is begged.

It appears to me that no one who has accepted the resurrection as an *historical* fact can refuse assent to the accumulated evidences of these *reappearances.* I do not like the associations commonly formed with the word "resurrection"; as if that body which was laid in the grave were reorganized. St. Paul states that the body is "new"; and all the expressions respecting Christ's reappearance are reconcilable with that supposition.

But though I should reject *the* resurrection if it had no claim to belief except from testimony in a remote age, and by no means completely satisfactory, I accept it with a strong persuasion of its probability, on the ground, first, of its being *the fulfilment* of the life; secondly, of its having been the assured expectation of Him who was all truth as regarded human nature in its *embodied* state, and therefore most likely to know about its *disembodied;* thirdly, of the harmoniousness of the objects of the risen Christ (as narrated) with those of his earthly career: "Feed my sheep," &c.

Having rested tranquilly in that faith from a very early age, I could not be troubled by Middleton or Strauss. You will observe, however, that not one of the *three* reasons given above applies to the "manifestations," for —

1. There is no life-course so unique and so defined as to point to "a fulfilment" (as far as I know), — the point to which all the rays converged.

2. The beings who are said to have reappeared had not, as men, shown Christ's unerring knowledge of "what was *in man*."

3. The statements made concerning the reappearing of *known* personages have not that seal of truth impressed by self-likeness. We should not say, "He is like himself," as we could say of Jesus Christ, when presented to us by those whose "hearts burned within them" to see their Master again.

August 26th. — Donne walked with me to Dr. Boott's. We met there Bartlett, formerly an actor, and the maker of his own fortune. He is praised by Boott as a man of exemplary goodness and integrity, a clear-headed, sensible man, seventy-three years old. The talk was chiefly about the drama, actors, &c. He was the friend of Jack Banister, also lauded by Boott as a pre-eminently good man; and I, being older than either, could join in talking of old actors. Bartlett is naturally a praiser of the old school of actors. Indeed he spoke kindly of most men. I enjoyed the evening much.

September 9th. — I dined at home, and then went to the theatre, merely to see Robson; and that I did to my perfect satisfaction. His variety of power is beyond all my expectation. I could not at first recognize him in the florid, smooth-faced Baron. The green-eyed monster, Jealousy, is admirably represented by him. His expression is marvellous. Afterwards I saw him in a parody of "Medea." A gentleman who sat near me in the pit-stalls told me that his burlesque imitation of Ristori was excellent.

H. C. R. to T. R.

October 1, 1856.

Professor Scott related a *mot* of Talleyrand to Madame de Staël on occasion of her "Delphine," which was thought to contain a representation of Talleyrand in the character of an old woman. On her pressing for his opinion of that work, he said: "That is the work — is it not? — in which you and I are exhibited in the disguise of females."

November 13th. — A letter from Mrs. Reid. Speaking of Harriet Martineau, she says: "She can write a fine leader,

and plan something useful for her neighbors, while her voice is lost from debility."

December 3d. — The morning has been anxiously spent, and marked by bad news. Miss Allen sent a messenger to inform me, that, by telegraph, the news came of Kenyon's death. It was expected. For the present, no more of this sad event. He was a prosperous and munificent man.

December 18th. — I have this morning been looking at the portrait of W. S. Landor, sent me yesterday by Booth. A present from him and Miss Bayley.*

December 31st. — I closed the year in good spirits, though I feel my faculties are declining. Yet, as I am now far in my eighty-second year (in less than three months it will be completed), and being fully sensible of the loss of memory, I shall not be remiss in making all the necessary preparations for securing others from harm. After Dr. Aikin had suffered his first attack of paralysis, he said: "I must make the most I can of the salvage of life."

1857.

January 15th. — I found enjoyment in the cleverness of two numbers of the *Times* and the last *Examiner*. In a letter by Holyoake, the atheist, is an epigram by his friend Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer, which settles the question, — What is a communist? — One who has yearnings for equal division of unequal earnings. Idler or bungler, he is willing to fork out his penny and pocket your shilling. He who is not satisfied with this will not be satisfied with any elaborate reasoning on the subject.

March 30th. — My evening with Miss Bayley as agreeable as the preceding. She has lent me a list of the legacies given by Kenyon, of which I will make mention hereafter, when copied by me. I can only say now, that it shows on the part of Kenyon great anxiety to do good wherever he could.

[On a paper in which H. C. R. has copied out this list of legacies, he has written: "John Kenyon, an excellent man, a native of the West India Islands. He left more than £ 140,000 in legacies to individuals.† A generous man, and fond of literary

* [Kenyon's residuary legatees.] It is not the portrait by Boxall, but more striking as a likeness. It was the work of a young man, named Fisher, in whom Kenyon took interest. — H. C. R.

† Mr. and Mrs. Browning received legacies amounting to more than ten thousand pounds; and B. D. Procter between six and seven thousand.

society, and that of artists. He wrote elegant verses, and printed volumes of poetry for his friends." Elsewhere there are remarks of H. C. R. on his friend, which may aptly have a place here: "John Kenyon has the face of a Benedictine monk, and the joyous talk of a good fellow." "He is the author of a 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' and he delights in seeing at his hospitable table every variety of literary notabilities, and therefore he has been called 'a feeder of lions.'" — "He is more bent on making the happy happier, than on making the unhappy less unhappy, — a distinction I do not remember to have seen noticed." — "It was only a few days before his own departure, and while he happily retained possession of a disposing mind, memory, and understanding, that he received notice of the death of his brother, to whom he was tenderly attached. As there was no relation sufficiently near to have formed expectations, which are sometimes thought to constitute rights, he devoted the last few days of his life to the dictation of codicils, promoting with conscientious discrimination the happiness of numerous friends, — a few literary, but the greater number known only in private circles, — and so among eighty legatees, including annuitants, nearly exhausting his ample means."] *

April 7th. — I had several interesting matters before me today. The one most agreeable is the recent appointment of Donne to the Examinership of Plays, which he has held as deputy to John Kemble. I called on him to congratulate him.

April 28th. — The only incident of the day was my dinner at Mocatta's, Jun. A small party of eight. There came, in the evening, a larger party. I was accosted in a pleasant way by

* The following extract is from a sketch of Kenyon, by G. S. Hillard, which appeared in the *Boston Daily Courier*, and of which H. C. R. distributed many copies printed in a separate form: —

"He was at that time about sixty-six years old, a man of an ample frame and portly presence, — with a florid English complexion, a pleasant, companionable blue eye, a bald head, and an expanded brow which looked as if it had never been darkened by a frown. He had the aspect of a man who had enjoyed life wisely, but not too well: and who had breathed no air but that of cheerfulness and happiness. There were no lines of care, no scars of conflict, no stains of struggle, upon his serene and gentle front; but all gave evidence of a warm heart, a good digestion, a sunny temper, and an enjoyable nature. But there was no overlaying of the intellectual by the physical: the stamp of the scholar and the gentleman was as marked as that of the other elements I have noted. There was something peculiarly winning in his manner, the tones of his voice, and the expressions of his face. You were at ease with him in a moment. The very grasp of his hand had something cordial and assuring in it, as if you felt the pulse of the heart beating through it. In addition to the 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' he wrote 'A Day at Tivoli,' and many other poems, — three volumes in all."

Frank Stone, the painter of Quillinan's daughter. Wordsworth wrote a beautiful Sonnet on the picture.

May 3d. — At the Athenæum, read in the new *Edinburgh Review* an amusing paper on Boswell. The reviewer thinks that Macaulay despises the biographer too much, while he too highly praises the biography, as if it did not require a certain sense of what ought to be selected in order to produce a work superior to any other in existence of the class. Johnson advised Boswell not to speak depreciatingly of himself. The world will repeat the evil report, and make no allowance for the source. Unusual candor! N. B. — It would have been well for me had I distinctly recognized this truth before. It is too late for me now to change my practice.

July 19th. — Lady Cranworth quoted a saying of Lord Lyndhurst: "A Chancellor's work may be divided into three classes: first, the business that is worth the labor done; second, that which does itself; third, the work which is not done at all."

September 9th. — Why time appears to fly more rapidly in old age than youth is ingeniously accounted for by Soame Jenyns. Each year is compared with the whole life. The twentieth at one time is the seventeenth at another, and that, of course, appears less; but in fact there is, perhaps, this real difference, that in a given time one does less in old age. All this day, for instance, was spent in reading less than a hundred pages of Froude.

H. C. R. TO PAYNTER.

September 10, 1857.

When you use the word "Christian," you, I know, do not, as many do, or once did, think that Christianity consists in the idolatrous belief of the presence of the Deity in a piece of bread, or in the five points of metaphysic faith. These are the sad shells which enclose the kernel. I would say, as you doubtless think, that Christianity is not destroyed by its vehicle. It is found more or less damaged everywhere. I did not mean to set up my speculation against yours; and, though what I write would be a heresy which deserved the fagot in a past age, yet I do not use it to attack anybody.

[Two other extracts on the same subject may be given here, though not actually written in this year: —]

I am not anxious to make converts to dogmas, but I am very

anxious that serious men of other *isms* should be willing to receive us as members of the one Catholic Church, and I think that among the Churchmen of the Whately school this may not be hard to obtain.

The religious enthusiasts will make sacrifices, which the religious thinkers will not. It does not follow that the thinkers are not sincere in their professions; but it is, I suppose, the same turn of mind which makes them think, and produces a coolness of character. This is a sad experience; but it does not affect one's convictions.

H. C. R. to James Mottram, Jun., Esq.

September 12, 1857.

It is a reasonable request you make me, that, having put into your hands Wordsworth's Poems, I should give you some assistance in setting about to read them; otherwise you might be alarmed at the undertaking. Much, indeed intensely, as I love Wordsworth, — acknowledging that I owe more to him than any other poet in our language, — yet when I look at the single volume which comprehends the whole collection, I feel some apprehension that any young person who may open it will be inclined to shut it again, and look no further than the title and a few pages beyond. All poetry, except the narrative, requires an effort to get on with; and ballads are popular from their brevity and ease. But a poem is worth nothing that is not a companion for years, and this is what distinguishes Wordsworth from the herd of poets. *He lasts.* I love him more now than I did fifty years ago. You will see few men advanced in life who will say the same of Lord Byron, even though they once loved him, — that is, as I did Wordsworth, from the beginning. You have, I dare say, heard that Wordsworth was, for between twenty and thirty years, utterly decried, and mainly through the satire in the *Edinburgh Review.* In my youth, I fell in with those of his works then just published, and became a passionate lover. I knew many by heart, and on my journeys was always repeating or reading them. I made many converts. Wordsworth had to create his public. He formed the taste of the age in a great measure. Even Byron, who affected to ridicule him (and Wordsworth laid himself open to ridicule), nevertheless studied and imitated him. The third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold" were written under Wordsworth's inspiration, that is, as to style; in mat-

ter, nothing can be more opposed. The cause of the opposition, and the pretext for the satire, lies in the *simple style*, on which every abuse was lavished. Wordsworth was of opinion that posterity will value most those lyrical ballads which were most laughed at. He may be *partial* in this opinion; certainly they are the most *characteristic*. This he said to me when I remarked that no metrical form of his various poems afforded me so great pleasure as the Sonnets. "You are quite wrong," he replied. But I forget that my object is not to dissert on Wordsworth as a poet, but to give you my opinion as to *the order* in which the poems should be read, and which of them may be altogether passed over. I would not recommend you to begin with the Preface, wise and convincing as it is; I would wait a little before entering on the controversy. I enjoy these prose writings much; indeed, I hope one day there will be a collection of his prose compositions.

I shall now go over the contents of the volume, and put down the titles of those poems that are to be read at all events, and those that are to be read first. I go over the single volume regularly: —

"*Poems written in Youth.*" — (Pass them over, unread.)

"*Poems referring to the Period of Childhood.*" — Among them read: "Lucy Gray"; * "We are Seven"; * "The Longest Day." This may be enough on a first perusal. On a second nearly all are good. "Alice Fell" is the one least worthy, and which caused most reproach.

"*Poems founded on the Affections.*" — * "The Brothers"; "Michael"; "Louisa"; "The Armenian Lady's Love"; * "She dwelt among the Untrodden Ways"; "'T is said that some have died for Love"; [* "Let other Bards of Angels sing"; and * "Yes, thou art fair," &c.] (These, I know from Wordsworth himself, were made on his wife.) In this section is found one of the poems about which most controversy has been held, — "The Idiot Boy." Lord Byron's joke was that the subject of the poem must have been the poet. Let it be read hereafter, not yet. Wordsworth would not permit a selection to be published which did not include this.

"*Poems on the naming of Places*" are founded on feelings so personal, that, with all my admiration of them, I would not recommend any for a first perusal of Wordsworth.

"*Poems of the Fancy.*" — One of the least clear of Words-

* For explanation of asterisks see the end of the letter.

worth's disquisitions, and in which he differed from Coleridge, is his distinction between Fancy and Imagination. Hereafter it will be seen that Imagination is the higher, and Fancy the lower power. I can only set out a few in either class: * "To the Daisy"; "To the same Flower"; * "To the Small Celandine"; "To the same Flower."

"*Poems of the Imagination.*" — * "To the Cuckoo"; [* "A Night Piece"; * "Yew Trees"] (in Wordsworth's own opinion, his best specimens of blank verse). "She was a Phantom of Delight" (Mrs. Wordsworth). "O Nightingale, thou surely art"; * "I wandered lonely as a Cloud"; "Ruth"; "The Thorn"; * "Resolution and Independence"; * "Hart-leap Well"; * "Lines composed above Tintern Abbey"; * "Laodamia"; "Presentiments"; * "A Jewish Family." The fourteen poems set down in the class of Imaginative Poems are of such characteristic quality, that whoever has read them without enjoyment should not be teased with any recommendation to read more. I could have added to the number, but should have rendered the selection too numerous. "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner" are among those I could best spare, and do not recommend.

"*Miscellaneous Sonnets.*" — "Wordsworth," says Landor, his bitter enemy, "has written more fine Sonnets than are to be met with in the language besides." I can only put part of the lines: I. "Nuns, fret not"; IX. "Praised be the Art"; XXIV., V., VI. "Specimens of Translations from Michael Angelo"; XXXIII. "The World is too much with us."

Part Second. "Scorn not the Sonnet"; ["To Lady Beaumont"; "To Lady Mary Lowther."] (No Court ever produced anything more graceful.) XXII. "Hail Twilight"! Repeating this, and another on a Painting, to Tieck, he exclaimed, "This is an English Goethe!" XXXIII. "Pure Element of Waters"; XXXVI. "Earth has not anything," &c.

Part Third. XXXII., III. Two on a Likeness; XLVI. "Proud were ye, Mountains." I have found the selecting hard.

"*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803.*" — "Rob Roy's Grave"; "The Matron of Jedborough"; * "Yarrow Unvisited"; * "The Blind Highland Boy."

"*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814.*" — * "Yarrow Visited"; compare with "Yarrow Unvisited."

"*Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty.*" — I abstain from selecting any from this class. *Let it all be read*

in due time. Southey echoed a remark of mine, that whoever strips these poems of their poetry will find the naked prose to be wisdom of a high character. The "Thanksgiving Ode" closes this set.

"*Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820.*" — These should be read in connection also, but for the present may be selected, "Was it to disenchant or to undo"; "O for the Help of Angels"; "Elegiac Stanzas" (H. C. R. was the *friend*, and he supplied the Introduction).

"*Memorials of a Tour in Italy.*" — These may be read in connection, otherwise they do not belong to the best of his works, but are very wise. "The Egyptian Maid" may be read hereafter. It is gracefully romantic.

The "*Duddon Sonnets*" are exquisitely refined; to be studied hereafter. It is not easy to separate any by exalting or excluding.

"*The White Doe of Rylstone.*" — Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, declares this to have the distinction of being *the very worst poem ever written.* In a certain technical sense, and with reference to arbitrary rules, it may be. If so, I would rather be the author of Wordsworth's worst than Jeffrey's best. It is not Wordsworth's best, certainly.

"*The Ecclesiastical Sonnets*" ought to be studied by him who would favorably appreciate the Church of England; and in connection with the "Book of the Church," by Southey. No. xx. is recommended for its wise and liberal conclusion. I repeated it to O'Connell, and he acknowledged its excellence. All the varied charms of religion are collected in these Sonnets. Though accused falsely of bigotry, Wordsworth shows that he can do justice to the Non-cons. In *Part 3, VI., "Clerical Integrity," Milton has justice done him, — Milton, the Non-con.

"*Yarrow Revisited*" is not equal to the other two on Yarrow. But the Sonnet on Sir Walter Scott, "A Trouble not of Clouds," is among the very best.

"*Tour in Scotland, 1831,*" should be read after the other Scotch Tours.

"*Evening Voluntaries.*" — This is one of the later poems (1832). It is the characteristic of these to be less striking and remarkable, and less objectionable, — more like the poems of other men.

"*Poems on a Tour in 1833.*" — I made this journey with Wordsworth. The remark made before applies to these. I would notice only, though others may be equal, "Lowther, in thy majestic pile are seen."

"*Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.*" — * "Expostulation and Reply"; II. "The Tables turned"; * III. "Lines written in Early Spring"; V. "To my Sister"; * VI. "Simon Lee"; * VIII. "A Poet's Epitaph"; * X. "Matthew"; * XI. "Two April Mornings"; XII. "The Fountain"; * XIII. "Three Sonnets on Personal Talk"; * XVIII. "Fidelity." These last poems are the most characteristic, and therefore most decisive of the reader's taste. The "Ode to Duty," and the "Happy Warrior," on the other hand, among the most correct and dignified.

"*Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order.*" — The remark made on "Poems dedicated to National Independence" applies equally to these. Indeed, one does not see why the classes are separated. These should be studied hereafter.

"*Sonnets on the Punishment of Death*" have more truth than poetry.

"*Miscellaneous.*" — "The Horn of Egremont Castle."

"*Inscriptions.*" — "Hopes, what are they?" A sort of continuation of "The Longest Day." All these Inscriptions deserve perusal hereafter.

"*Chaucer Modernized*" may be passed over.

"*Referring to Old Age.*" — * "The Old Cumberland Beggar." One of the very best.

"*Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces.*" — All excellent. I can select only "Elegiac Stanzas"; "To the Daisy."

"*Ode — Intimations of Immortality.*" — This is the grandest of Wordsworth's smaller poems, as it is perhaps the grandest ode in the English language. But let it be passed over for the present. It is, as some say, mystical. It treats of a mystery, certainly.

"*The Excursion*" is to be studied with attention, as it will be read with delight by all who have perused with love the poems already recommended.

This applies also to the *Prelude.*

This list has swollen to such a size that I have been forced to go over it again, and put a * to those which I think might be first read. If, when this is done, the reader has not already acquired a taste for Wordsworth, it would be loss of time to go on.†

† In another letter on the same subject, H. C. R. says: —

"I owe much of the happiness of my life to the effect produced on me, first by his works, and then by his friendship. I am by no means a general reader of poetry, and require a substantial and moral drift in all. . . . . There are two idyls, or pastoral poems, which dear Charles Lamb used to place after the Gospels, which should appertain to a *second course* of Words-

September 15th. — I have gone over Goethe's opinions translated by Winckstern. The charm gone. There are a few admirable specimens, which I here insert, having finished the little volume. They are the best, as well as the shortest: "Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance." — "I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself; I have plenty of my own." — "Great passions are incurable diseases; the very remedies make them worse." — "Our adversaries think they refute us when they reiterate their own opinions, without paying attention to ours." — "The world cannot do without great men, but great men are very troublesome to the world." — "Water is not indicative of frogs, but frogs are indicative of water."

CHAPTER XXVI.

1858.

JANUARY 1st. — The new year opened ominously. There was on my table, near my bed, a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Mrs. Byles, informing me that her husband is to be the successor of Cresswell, who is become the Judge of Probate. I heartily rejoice at this. A better man could not be found, and he will prove one of the best of the judges.

February 16th. — This is what I wrote in F. Sharpe's album, which filled the little page, the left side being uniformly left to be filled up by the owner: "Were this my last hour (and that of an octogenarian cannot be far off), I would thank God for permitting me to behold so much of the excellence con-

worth. . . . . To me they seem perfect, — they are 'The Brothers' and 'Michael.' . . . . One of the lady revilers of the eighteenth century expressing great contempt for Wordsworth, but being a good Christian at heart, I begged permission to read to her 'Resolution and Independence.' She was affected to tears, and said, 'I have not heard anything for years that so much delighted me, but, after all, *it is not poetry.*' *N'importe*, we will come to a compromise — verses, not poetry, but giving great delight. Wordsworth said the same of Kenyon's 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' sent him anonymously: he said, 'I cannot say it is precisely *poetry*, but it is something as good.' Kenyon was by no means displeased."

Mr. Robinson was remarkable for the extent to which he could repeat Wordsworth's poems from memory; and this use of them he retained till the end. At ninety and ninety-one he quoted them with perfect ease. This rich possession, which he speaks of as a great source of happiness to him, had doubtless no small part in making his character what it was.

ferred on individuals. Of woman, I saw the type of her heroic greatness in the person of Mrs. Siddons ; of her fascinations, in Mrs. Jordan and Mdlle. Mars ; I listened with rapture to the dreamy monologues of Coleridge, — 'that old man eloquent'; I travelled with Wordsworth, the greatest of our lyrico-philosophical poets ; I relished the wit and pathos of Charles Lamb ; I conversed freely with Goethe at his own table, beyond all competition the supreme genius of his age and country. He acknowledged his obligations only to Shakespeare, Spinoza, and Linnæus, as Wordsworth, when he resolved to be a poet, feared competition only with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. Compared with Goethe, the memory of Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Tieck, the Schlegels, and Schelling has become faint."

March 2d. — At half past six Cookson came, and I had a most agreeable *tête-à-tête* dinner. Perfectly satisfied with everything he said, and was delighted to remark a sympathy I did not expect on every point we touched on. I say nothing here of the subject. He is an admirable man, and the world acknowledges it. There is now no subject on which I cannot consult him. It is a great comfort to call such a man friend.

March 16th. — At the request of Scharf, I looked at a painting by Cary of dear Charles Lamb. In no one respect a likeness, — thoroughly bad, — complexion, figure, expression unlike. But for "*Elia*" on a paper, I should not have thought it possible that it could be meant for Charles Lamb.

April 11th. — I concluded the day by a call on J. J. Tayler. It was very interesting. I sympathize with all the objects which interest him. He is more decided than ever in his opinions favorable to spiritual religion, as opposed to criticism.

April 27th. — I went to Lady Byron's, and had a long and interesting chat of several hours, improved by Miss Montgomery's coming. I like her much. She has humor and originality. She lives in retirement at Hampstead.

May 5th. — Conferring of degrees by the London University. The Chancellor delivered a respectable address, giving an account of the University charter. A studied, plausible defence, but by no means satisfactory to those who do not think the sole object of the University was to constitute a body of examiners. The admission of any man to be a member, who can stand an examination, utterly destroys the social quality and value of the degree.*

* On this subject H. C. R. felt strongly. In a letter to Lord Monteagle, he

May 7th. — A dinner at Mr. Justice Byles's was the only incident of the day worth noticing. There were seventeen at table. Two judges, Barons Martin and Channell. I had a little conversation with Lady Martin, Pollock's daughter; and Miss Foster, Lady Byles's niece. Baron Martin related, after dinner, that he had heard me mentioned by Baron Alderson as a singular instance of men retiring from the bar in full possession of the lead. I answered that was an exaggeration, but I did well in retiring as I did, knowing that men far superior to myself would otherwise soon take the lead from me, as I was no lawyer. This was the literal truth, unaffectedly spoken. The repetition is not unwarrantable egotism.*

May 11th. — I went to Gibson's.† Stayed there from six till past ten. I enjoyed the evening. The ancestor, in the fourth or fifth degree, came from Kendal, a poor lad of fourteen, having, unknown to his family, stolen away to London in a carrier's wagon. Like one of Dickens's heroes, the boy lay at the door of a London merchant, was taken by him into the house, and became apprentice, partner, son-in-law, and heir!!! He died rich. A descendant of his patronized Arkwright, to whom he lent a large sum of money in confidence. The barber merited it, but acted with a perilous integrity and honor. The money was lent for twenty-one years. He refused to give any of the family an account after the death of the lender. "If you want money, I will let you have all you want, but no account till the twenty-one years are at an end." Then he gave the family some sixty-odd thousands!!! Or was it one hundred? I am not sure.

June 11th. — I called on Dr. Boott. The great traveller

says: "Examinations cannot usefully be carried on irrespective of the time employed and of the means used in obtaining the knowledge. It should be known that the student has had the benefit of a certain course of instruction. Knowledge is not everything. Habits and the power of applying it are also of great importance."

* I dined for the first time with Byles in 1840. From this time our acquaintance continued, though he was too busy for much visiting with any one. And I saw more of Lady Byles than of him. She is a very sweet woman, Joseph Wedd's youngest daughter. Justice Byles is pre-eminent in his fitness for professional business. — H. C. R.

† Thomas Gibson till middle age was a Spitalfields silk-manufacturer. He was a man of considerable literary acquirements, an active politician and great Liberal; an admirable speaker, and one of the earliest among mercantile men who thoroughly mastered and energetically advocated the views of Political Economy, then so obnoxious, now so generally accepted. H. C. R., though differing much from so advanced a Liberal, greatly esteemed him. The influence of his clear intellect, manly character, and generous heart, is always most gratefully and affectionately acknowledged by all those who had the happiness to have been brought under it. He died in 1863.

and botanist, Robert Brown, died in the forenoon. Dr. Boott sat up with him the day before. A great man of science, and morally most excellent, has departed. His simplicity, *naïveté*, and benignity were charming. He once breakfasted with me, and was always friendly.

June 17th. — I called on Mrs. Boott, who confirmed an anecdote I had heard. The Reverend —— called on Robert Brown, but not officially (rather officiously), and said: "Have you thought seriously of death?" — "Indeed I have, long and often, but I have no apprehensions, no anxiety." This is as every good man ought to feel. Of Robert Brown I am not entitled to speak as a man of science, but I may of his most amiable character and benevolence.

September 3d. — (Bury.) Had a call from Richard Martineau, who proposed my accompanying him to Walsham le Willows, where he has bought an estate. There I slept three nights, and highly enjoyed the visit. He is a man to be envied in his domestic relations, and he has at Walsham the elements of a fine estate. Every morning before breakfast, and at odd times, I was reading "Westward, Ho!" Mr. Martineau took me to Wattisfield, the place whence my mother came; but none of her family that I know live there now, and the name of Crabb is apparently forgotten. We drove round the village, by the house in which I lived six months with my uncle Crabb, 1789–90. I recognized the house on the hill. On the Sunday I went to the old meeting, which has undergone no change for the last half-century. I heard of a Mrs. Jocelyn, daughter of Tom Crabb, and was told she sat in the old pew in which I used to sit with my uncle Crabb's family. The village is very little altered. It awakened old feelings, which have no other value than that they connect the latter end with the beginning of one's life.

H. C. R. to T. R.

Brighton, September 28, 1858.

The acquaintance I have seen most of is Samuel Rogers. It is marvellous how well he bears his affliction. He knows that he will never be able to stand on his legs again; yet his cheerfulness, and even vivacity, have undergone no diminution. His wealth enables him to partake of many enjoyments which could not otherwise be possessed. Yesterday I took a drive with him through Lord Chichester's park. He has had a carriage made for himself, which deserves to be taken as a model

for all in his condition. The back falls down and forms an inclined plane; the sofa-chair in which he sits is pushed in; the back is then closed; and a side-door is opened to the seat in which his servant sits when no friend is with him. In spite of the noise of the carriage, the feebleness of his voice, and his imperfect hearing (as mine is in a less degree), we were enabled to converse. His sister and he now occupy one of the largest houses in Brighton, and they visit each other twice a day. I was present the other day when he was wheeled in *his* sofa-chair to her in *her* sofa-chair, and the servant assisted them to put their hands together.

December 1st. — I called on Mrs. Fisher. She sent for Le Breton,* who sat and chatted with us sensibly on the present Church question. He has no prejudices and no antipathies, but manifests a generous love of goodness.

1859.

January 19th. — This morning arrived the news of the death of dear Mrs. Wordsworth. She died in the night of the 17th. I wish I could venture down to show my reverence for her, but to attend a funeral would be dangerous in this weather.

February 4th. — William Wordsworth came in the forenoon. He gave me an interesting account of the last days of his honored mother. For a fortnight before her death her hearing was partly restored. She had also some sense of light. She was perfectly happy. She desired five pounds to be given to me, as one of the oldest of her friends, that I might buy with it a ring. The Mount will be quitted in a few months. I shall, I suppose, never see it again. This is a sad rent in the structure of my friendships.

February 15th. — I went to the Photographic Society, where I heard a lecture on architecture from George Street,

* Rev. Philip Le Breton, youngest son of the Very Rev. Francis Le Breton, Dean of Jersey, and Rector of St. Saviour in that island. He succeeded his father in the rectory of St. Saviour; but, afterwards being led, by reading and reflection, to doubt the truth of some of the principal doctrines of the Church of England, he determined to resign his living; and for the same reason he declined the offer of the Deanery, which would have placed him at the head of the clergy of Jersey. His sacrifices for conscience' sake, his thoughtful intelligence and kindness, the bearing of a true gentleman, and a charm in his personal intercourse, won for him the admiration and high esteem of a large circle of friends.

Ruskin in the chair. I dare not pretend to say that I brought away any definite ideas on art, and yet I really enjoyed the addresses of both, and felt as I used to feel from the German professors, as if some seeds were sowed in me which would produce fruit hereafter, though unconsciously. The lecture consisted merely of an explanation of the photographic representations of the buildings in Venice and Verona; both were the objects of warm eulogy. Ruskin could not help hinting that the value of these representations is increased by the peril in which the originals were likely to be thrown by the chances of war.

April 16th. — Called on Lady Byron, and found with her a very interesting man, a Mr. Macdonald, author of a poem entitled "Within and Without," which I must read. He is an invalid, and a German scholar. The talk was altogether interesting.

May 29th. — The most agreeable incident of the day was Scott's second lecture, — a most eloquent eulogy on five men of transcendent intellect in the world's history, Homer, Æschylus, Shakespeare, Dante, and Michael Angelo. Scott read very beautifully Wordsworth's Sonnet from Michael Angelo. I regretted the absence of all notice of Goethe.

June 22d. — I was on the point of going out when I had a long call from ——. Such is my memory! I cannot recollect who called. I only know it was a call I was well pleased to receive, and that it gave me pleasure. One recollects impressions; it was Le Breton the elder. There are few I like so well, and whose conversation is such a refreshment to me. That a man so excellent should have the infirmities I have, reconciles me to them. His respect makes me respect myself.

June 29th. — I received a catalogue of Wordsworth's books for sale by auction at Rydal, another place where I have had much enjoyment, and which I shall never see again.

July 8th. — I walked to the Olympic Theatre, where I had more pleasure than I generally have. The first *petite comédie*, "Nine Points of the Law." . . . But it was to see Robson I went. He played in two pieces, — "The Porter's Knot," in which the porter, who rises in life, is reduced to poverty by the misconduct of his son; and in the second act, after six years, appears as a porter. His exhibition of passion in his paternal affliction is admirable, — quite unique. But this is far surpassed by his appearance in "Retained for the Defence," a satirical exposure of spurious sentiment. A fool-

ish philanthropist is willing to give his daughter to an advocate for his generous defence of persecuted innocence; and he invites the acquitted felon to an evening party, in order to redress his wrongs and restore his social position. Now, this hero is Robson. Such a brute surely was never conceived; nothing that Liston ever performed was so farcical and ridiculous. Of course, nothing can be conceived more stupid and absurd than the farce; its sole merit is the exhibition it produces of Robson. But one must be content to forego all questions about sense or probability. His grimaces on eating *hice* at a *swarry*, and the way in which he *olds* his *umbrelli*, and *vipes* his nose, defy all criticism.

July 10th. — Dined with Field, and had a very agreeable *cose* with Herbert, the Roman Catholic painter, — a zealot, but not a fanatic; he is too benevolent. There is something very delightful in his pious simplicity.

October 5th. — I called on Mr. J. J. Tayler, and had a very cheering chat with him. He is the man who always comforts; he unites hopefulness with a benignant interpretation of all doubtful matters.*

1860.

January 5th. — A visit to Lord Cranworth. I had a letter from him, proposing that I should meet him at London Bridge Station. There I was accosted very kindly by my old comrade and fellow-circuiteer, the ex-Chancellor. A journey by rail of eleven miles is soon made. At Bromley, Lord Cranworth's carriage was waiting for us, and it is four miles to Hollwood. I had no expectation of seeing so splendid a seat. The house stands on or very near the site of Mr. Pitt's house, and has an extensive view. Lady Cranworth was in attendance on her sister, Lady Culling Smith, but in her place was the widow of her brother, Mr. Carr, with four very fine children. We had luncheon between two and three, and I was left to myself between luncheon and dinner. The hours, which were on a card in my chamber, are, breakfast, 9; luncheon, 2.30; dinner, 7.30. I was put at my ease at once, and had time to read an admirable paper in the *National*. Lord Cran-

* During this year, the Rev. T. Madge, of Essex Street Chapel, having resigned his pastorship, H. C R. became an attendant at Little Portland Street Chapel, where the Rev. J. J. Tayler and the Rev. J. Martineau were the ministers. Before very long, however, he found himself, from increasing deafness, rarely able to follow the thread of a discourse from the pulpit.

worth talked freely of the topics of the day, but seems to interest himself in the legal matters that arise out of his office as Judge of Privy Council. I retired early to my room, where I read till late, — in better spirits, perhaps, than health.

January 6th. — A quiet enjoyable day, spent in reading, and in walking with Lord Cranworth about his beautiful grounds. We took a drive in an open carriage between luncheon and dinner. He showed me the advantageous points of view. He is apparently a happy man, — happy in himself, his wife, his prosperity, and the consciousness of owing his elevation in rank to no unworthy yielding to authority. He is a Liberal in religion and politics.

In the course of the day, I received a letter from young Spence, announcing the death of his grandfather.* Another door closed to me. The family will probably leave.

February 17th. — A letter from Sarah (my niece), giving an alarming account of a fresh attack my brother has had. The medical man thought he could not rally. This, of course, excited feelings, — not of grief at an issue that would be one of mercy, but of anxiety, from a fear of my own inability to discharge, as I ought, the duties imposed on me. I soon learned that the event had occurred. At my niece's request, Dr. Boott came to inform me that an hour after her letter was written, my brother died calmly — as if asleep — in his chair. I went out in the afternoon, but could not recollect the name or the address of a carpenter on whom I intended to call on a matter of business. I then walked on to Donne, who was very kind and obliging. I needed his assistance, for, in the morning, I suffered from giddiness, which was followed by *spectra*, and during the walk the giddiness became violent.†

February 23d. — The funeral took place. It was at St. Mary's Church, where there was a family vault, and special permission was obtained to open it under the Cemetery Act,

* See *ante*, p. 140.

† It need hardly be said that this was the brother to whom were addressed the greater number of H. C. R.'s letters in these volumes. The correspondence between the brothers began early in life, and was carried on with frequency and remarkable regularity up to this time. Indeed, so complete was it, and so freely did they open their minds to each other, and so united were they in brotherly sympathy, that the letters would of themselves, if they had all been preserved, have furnished a full record of the two lives, not only in regard to incidents, but also thought and feeling. H. C. R. wrote to his friend Paynter : "When the news arrived, I was at the same time advised not to go down to Bury immediately ; and, in consequence, I remained in London from the 17th till the 20th with knowledge of the event, but in such a state of stupid dreaminess as to occasion my sitting with my arms on my knees, doing nothing, but feeling uncomfortable at the consciousness of doing nothing."

for there was room for one body more. The vault is now full. I feared I should not be able to stand during the performance of that part of the service which is at the grave; but Mr. Smith,* whose attentions were most kind, had a chair placed at the head of the grave for my convenience. Mr. Richardson read the service with great feeling, and in a sweet tone.†

August 9th. — My first call was on Mrs. Dyer, the widow of George, who attained her ninety-ninth year on the 7th December. If cleanliness be next to godliness, it must be acknowledged she is far off from being a good woman; yet what strength of constitution! She was in an arm-chair. The apartment at the top of Clifford's Inn small, and seemingly full of inhabitants; a child was playing about, — her great-grandchild. It fell out of a window thirty-six feet from the ground, and was uninjured by the fall. She has her eyesight, and, hearing me, guessed who I was. She spoke in warm praise of Charles and Mary Lamb, and her present friends, Mrs. De Morgan and Miss Travers, but there was nothing servile in her acknowledgments. She is a large woman still. I was reminded of Wordsworth's "Matron of Jedborough."‡

August 22d. — Leach § breakfasted with me, and we have talked over our respective prospects. His, those of a young man about to settle, with every prospect of happiness; mine, those of an old man, whose best hope is a quiet departure.

September 16th. — The *Saturday Review* has an article on Sir James Stephen. One remark I could not but apply to myself. The *Review* says that the quantity of literary labor seems incompatible with his official duties. But "the intervals of busy life are more favorable to effective study than unbroken leisure. When there are many spare hours in the

* The medical attendant.

† There is a short account of Mr. Thomas Robinson in the *Christian Reformer* for May, 1860.

‡ George Dyer was Mrs. Dyer's fourth husband. The third was a respectable solicitor, named Mather, who, besides a little money, left her a set or sets of chambers in Clifford's Inn, opposite to those occupied by George Dyer. One who knew much about her is doubtful whether she was ever laundress to George Dyer, or even to any one else. From the opposite chambers she observed the uncomfortable state in which he lived; and this led her to express herself strongly to him about the necessity of his having some one to take care of him. He asked her if she would be the person. Her answer was, that such an affair must not be undertaken without good advice, and especially that of Mr. Frend. After much conference the marriage took place, greatly to Dyer's comfort and happiness. Mrs. Dyer was not so wholly illiterate as H. C. R. imagined; and, if her hopes for the better world did not rest much at last on that which was "next to godliness," she certainly wrought a striking change in the personal appearance of her husband.

§ Nephew of Sir J. Leach, Master of the Rolls.

most active official career, when the pursuit of knowledge is practised as a recreation, the difficulty of concentrating the attention and impressing the memory is reduced to the lowest point." I never could concentrate my attention even on works of speculation.

September 24th. — Went by train to Wimbledon, and then took a cab to Miss Bayley's beautiful residence on Wimbledon Common. I had a very agreeable evening of friendly chat. Miss Bayley is infirm and walks with difficulty, but her mind is in no respect weaker than it was. At ten o'clock she left me to myself, and I had great pleasure in looking over her books. I had read on my short journey Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe;* though the third part is not entitled to so much respect as the first two, for he goes over the ground a second time, and one does not see why what he relates in this part was not related in the former narrative. Like the school-boy who first devours the best cherries, he is content at last with the worst.

September 25th. — The day was spent in talk on all subjects, — political, literary, and personal. Miss Bayley is a woman of excellent sense. She is enviably free from the weaknesses of her sex. I regret much that I cannot profit more by her superior understanding, and generous and kind nature, since her living at so great a distance makes it not easy for me to see her as often as I wish. Miss Bayley, I should remark, did not attempt to keep up a constant talk, but we read from time to time.

November 6th. — In the morning, Mr. Busk came to inform me that his excellent father-in-law, the Rev. Philip Le Breton, was dead. One of my great favorites. Few are now left. There is gone in him a pious, consistent, and intelligent man.*

November 15th. — Saw Edwin Field, and talked over the buying of drawings from the Denmans for the Flaxman Gallery, — a matter in which he takes a strong interest. These are agreeable subjects, and relieve me from the annoyance of hunting among my papers. After dining, I called on the Taylers, and on Dr. Bootт. The evening I spent at home, looking over my accounts, and mortified at the increasing sense of my stupidity. I am comforted only by the kindness of my few stanch friends.

* H. C. R. had been accustomed to meet Mr. Le Breton in connection with University College, University Hall, and Dr. Williams's Library, and speaks of him elsewhere as "a jewel of a man," "one of the good men I look up to with reverence."

December 30th. — Rae came to me for the first time since his marriage, and Dr. Boott brought with him Lover, the Irish song-writer and novelist, one of the most agreeable of his countrymen. We had none of his songs, of course, but he was free in his talk; all his sentiments were of a generous, philanthropic cast, and his humor saved his philanthropy from becoming cant, and his warm-heartedness rendered his free sentiments innocuous to the opposite party. I am anxious to read his Irish Tales, when I have time to go beyond the *Saturday Review.*

1861.

February 11th. — An interesting party at Mrs. Baynes's. The Bishop of St. David's (Thirlwall), Thackeray the novelist, Donne, Paget, an eminent surgeon, and Dalrymple, a great solicitor. Donne brought the news that Dr. Donaldson died on Sunday evening. After his disease made its appearance, its progress was rapid. His merit as a scholar will now be acknowledged. He was a first-rate man, and very kind. When he was urged to give up work, he told his adviser it would be a sacrifice of £1,500 for six months.

I became acquainted with him in 1843. He was then headmaster of the Bury Grammar School, — a man of great learning and excellent colloquial abilities, whose freedom of opinion and of speech exposed him to reproach. Provided he could sign the Thirty-nine Articles, he maintained that he was fully justified in interpreting them as he pleased. In this he did but pursue the course suggested to the freshman in "Faust" by Mephistopheles. In addition to ultra-liberal articles in reviews, and an anonymous work, he wrote a Latin work on the book of Jashar, which appeared in Berlin under his name. He once said to me: "That man is no scholar who not only does not know, but cannot prove philologically, that the first eleven chapters of Genesis are as pure poetry as Homer or Æschylus. Abraham is the first historical person in the Old Testament. The Fall, the Flood, the Tower of Babel, &c., &c., are mythical." Such was the effect of these views, and the rumors to which they led, that he found it advisable to give up his headmastership and go to Cambridge, where he established himself as a tutor, and was highly successful. Early in life he was destined to the law, and became an articled clerk in London. There he was attracted by the newly sprung up London University College, and attended a Greek class, in addition to his

legal pursuits. He was so charmed with classical studies, that he induced his father to consent to his going to Cambridge, where he soon gained a Fellowship, and with remarkable rapidity attained a high standing as a scholar.

May 9th. — I had a note from Sylvester Hunter, informing me of the death of his father. I shall miss him. He was a man of considerable learning and very remarkable character. By birth, education, and profession a Dissenter; but his opinions and tastes were all strictly conservative, and towards the close of life he became the supporter of a religion of authority.

May 23d. — At Miss Coutts's, to hear Fechter read "Hamlet." I sat in a back room with Dr. Skey, &c., till a large party came, when we all went into the great room. A lady addressed me whom I did not at once recognize. It was Lady Monteagle. We talked of departed friends, she with feeling of Henry Taylor, &c. The reading from "Hamlet" interested me less than the circumstances. A few passionate passages were acted, as it were; but I must *see* Fechter.

June 4th. — William Wordsworth the third called, and heartily glad I was to see him. He, the disciple of Jowett, is going as professor to Bombay!!! I honor the intelligent activity of this young man, and think myself happy in being his friend, though I may never see him again.

June 19th. — At my dinner-party to-day, we were placed as follows: —

Rev. D. Coleridge.

Rev. J. J. Tayler.	George Street.
H. C. R.	Rev. F. Maurice.
Boxall.	Richard Hutton.
Rev. James Martineau.	

Edwin Field.

The conversation was lively, and there was only one who, by talking more than others, was what Kant calls a tyrant in table-talk.*

* In the later years of his life, H. C. R. invited friends to Sunday-morning breakfasts, and had occasional dinner-parties, which were remarkably successful. The Diary has generally a little plan of the table, with the place occupied by each guest. Two or three of these will give the best idea of the persons whom he liked to gather together at his table: —

The Host.

D. Coleridge.	F. D. Maurice.
Plumptre.	G. Long.
Beesly.	J. J. Tayler.
G. Street.	J. Smale.

Cookson.

June 21st. — Finished Tom Hughes's "Religio Laici," — an endeavor to show that the religion of a layman does not require the knowledge of a theologian. Why, then, if he entertain scruples, should the layman repeat the metaphysical jargon of theology? If the author would candidly say, "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," that might do; but why insist on it? In fact, Hughes does not; and he censures the prosecutors of the Essayists more than the writers themselves.

August 8th. — I called on John Taylor. He was alone. All the appearance of sound bodily health, but with a sad loss of memory, — not worse than I show, and supported with more calmness and quiet. He is the eldest of the Norwich family. One of our best men, in all respects. It was of this family that Sydney Smith said, they reversed the ordinary saying, that it takes nine tailors to make a man *

September 16th. — I waited in the New Road for a Brompton

Cookson.

H. C. R.	De Morgan.
F. D. Maurice.	J. J. Tayler.
Gooden.	Worsley.
Martineau.	E. W. Field.

Ely.

Cookson.

J. Martineau.	James Stansfeld.
Richard Hutton.	P. Martineau.
E. W. Field.	J. J. Tayler.
De Morgan.	D. Coleridge.

The Host.

There is among H. C. R.'s papers a little book in which are put down the names of *Die Eingeladenen* (the invited), of the years 1859, 1861, and 1862. In this list the name which occurs most frequently is that of his old Bury friend, Mr. Donne, afterwards the Government Examiner of Plays, and resident in the neighborhood of London.† Other names, which occur frequently, are those of H. C. R.'s executors (E. W. Field, and W. S. Cookson), J. J. Tayler, "the best of clerical freethinkers," James Martineau, F. D. Maurice, and E. Plumptre. The following names are included in the list, though less frequently, some only once: T. Madge, Peter Martineau, Richard Martineau, Worsley, Smale, W. Harness, G. Street, Boxall, Wren, Forbes (Erskine), Neuberg, James Stansfeld, M. P., W. A. Case, James Robinson, Dr. Wilkinson, Russell Martineau, H. Amyot, W. Sharpe, H. Busk, James Bischoff, Dr. Carpenter, James Gooden, F. Ouvry, T. Leach, Dr. Sieveking. — Sieveking, Sen., Robert Procter, Walter Bagehot, George Scharf, Talfourd Ely, R. B. Aspland, S. Hansard. This list, however, does not extend beyond the three years named, 1859, 1861, and 1862.

* To this family belonged other intimate friends of H. C. R., — Emily Taylor, Mrs. John Martineau, and Mrs. Reeve. (See Vol. I. p. 455, respecting Edgar Taylor.) Till Mr. John Taylor's health failed, H. C. R. used frequently to spend the evening with him, over a game of whist.

† Author of "Essays on the Drama," and Editor of the "Correspondence of George III. with Lord North."

omnibus, and ventured to mount *outside*, in spite of heavy clouds ; but they blew off, and I did not suffer for my rashness.

October 15th. — Accompanied Beesly to the University Hall. The dinner (at the opening of the session) was numerously attended. The Principal (Beesly) addressed the young men simply and pleasingly. His really best character is that of a teacher ; every one seems to like him. But he is extreme in his opinions, and I fear this may interfere with his usefulness. He is going to attend a meeting of bricklayers, and says they conduct business better than scholars. I chatted with Martineau, Tayler, and Newman. Worsley accompanied me home.

November 10th. — It was not merely reading to-day, for I had a long talk with Henry Busk. He was appointed to address the Prince of Wales, and he accounted for it by relating a circumstance unknown to me. There is an old sinecure office, of which I had never heard, given to Busk by Quayle, when Treasurer. Referees sit on certain days to decide controversies in the Temple. Anybody may, but no one does come ; and £ 20 per annum has been held by Busk. Busk, however, did not choose, as others do, to put the money in his pocket, but he bought good American law books, and thus applied £ 600 to augment the Temple Library. This rendered him a fit person for the distinction conferred.

1862.

April 4th. — A long chat with Newman in the Professors' room. He repeated the best serious conundrum I ever heard, — only too easy : "Why is it impossible to insure the life of Napoleon the Third ? — Because there is no making out his policy."

July 18th. — Received an "At home." "Ten o'clock." My answer was : —

> "At night's tenth hour, when all the young are gay,
> Th' octogenarian's *home* is his lone couch."

August 5th. — Took tea with Dr. Boott. Professor Ranke joined us. I was glad to hear of Savigny, and Bettina, and Tieck, — all dead ! but they are objects of interest to me.

H. C. R. to W. S. Cookson.

September 18, 1862.

I was sorry that I had no opportunity of having a little comfortable chat with you before I went down to Lulworth

Cove, in conformity with Edwin Field's proposal. He had taken two beds for me at the hotel, and as I had managed to supply myself with an abundance of books, and we had the *Times*, I suffered no *ennui*. I took my dinner at the hotel with two sketchers, Mr. Tom Cobb, whom I found a very agreeable man, and the Rev. Mr. Hansard, who carries his liberality to the full extent of propriety. He is a scholar and a gentleman.

Field has taken a small house close to the hotel, and, with his daughters and one of his sons, has filled it. He is as ardent in his sketching as in all his pursuits. We met nearly as a matter of course to play whist at Field's in the evening, and the latter of the two weeks brought Mrs. Field to us, so that the time passed actively enough. I was not able to accompany the sketchers, but, aided by my Mercury,* I managed to see all the famous spots in the immediate neighborhood. . . . .

How I envy all those who can work, — steadily work, which it was never in my power to do! Before the world my years are a sufficient apology. They are not so to myself. I feel, however, as warm an interest in what is taking place as if I had a troop of descendants who would profit by the great social reforms, or at least changes, which are now taking place in the world. . . . .

October 22d. — This day was in a great measure devoted to Rydal James. I did not spend much time with him, but I was regulated by him. He came early, and brought a friend, whom he treated. Jackson accompanied them to the British Museum, where they stayed three hours. They dined below, and I sent James away contented with his London trip, where he has seen more than I have.

December 17th. — Dined at Dr. Williams's Library. Our meeting not numerous, but agreeable. I felt at my ease, and from habit can repeat my old stories still with some effect. And I now perceive why old men repeat their stories in company. It is absolutely necessary to their retaining their station in society. When they originate nothing, they can profit their juniors by recollections of the past.

December 31st. — The last year deserves a "pereat" certainly from me. I have been forced to take a man-servant to be my constant companion out of doors. I am afraid to walk

* His man-servant, Jackson.

alone in the London streets, lest I should be garroted, or lest I should fall. The evening was wearisome, for I was not in spirits. All the civilized world in peril, and from what is called civilization, — the participation of all mankind in political duties.

[Mr. Robinson left among his papers a little Book of Anecdotes, in which he had written : "I need not recommend this to the friends who will have the task of looking over my papers. The *personal* anecdotes may be relied upon. The *bad* ones (there must be such) show the difference between hearing and writing down." Many of these anecdotes have already been given among the extracts from the Diaries, but there are some remaining, and for these and two or three other matters of interest no better place, perhaps, can be found than the present.]

Dr. Burney was one evening with me at Mrs. Iremonger's, and on Flaxman's leaving the room, Burney said, "He is a man of very fine taste, but he has also a clear and sound understanding." The Doctor spoke with great warmth of affection of Dr. Johnson ; said he was the kindest creature in the world when he thought he was loved and respected by others. He would play the fool among friends, but he required deference. It was necessary to ask questions and make no assertion. If you said two and two make four, he would say, "How will you prove that, sir ?" Dr. Burney seemed amiably sensitive to every unfavorable remark on his old friend.

I was once in company with a wealthy patron of religion at a dinner-party, at which Edward Irving was the principal guest. Addressing himself to the great man in honor of whom the dinner was given, the gentleman said : "What a profound and wise thought, sir, that was which I heard from Dr. Chalmers, — that God is more offended by the breach of a small commandment than a great one !" — "Do you suppose, sir," replied Irving, "that Dr. Chalmers meant that it is a greater offence in God's eyes to cut a finger than cut a throat ?"

Coleridge introduced Wordsworth early in life to his patron, Mr. Wedgwood, and was annoyed by the tone in which Mackintosh spoke of Wordsworth to the family, with which Mackintosh was about to be connected. Mackintosh having intimated his surprise at Coleridge's estimation of one so much

his inferior, Coleridge was indignant, and replied: "I do not wonder that you should think Wordsworth a small man, — he runs so far before us all, *that he dwarfs himself in the distance.*" — KENYON.

How truly was it said by — I forget whom (said Kenyon to me), "He who calls on me does me an *honor;* he who does not call on me does me a *favor.*"

It has been truly said of Goethe, that he loved every kind of excellence, and was without envy. He hated only incapacity and *Halbheit* (halfness). Riemer's words deserve to be copied: —

Sein Gedächtniss bleibt in Segen,
Wirket nah, und wirket fern;
Und sein Nahme strahlt entgegen
Wie am Himmel Stern bei Stern.

Far and wide in blessing given,
Lives his memory, works his fame;
And, like clustered stars of heaven,
Flash the letters of his name.

Goethe at one time upheld Wolf's idea, that the Homeric poems, as they now stand, are a compilation. But he gave up this idea late in life, and returned to the unity.

Coleridge denied to Goethe principle, and granted him the merit of exquisite taste only. It requires great modification, and great qualification, to render this just. There is a something of truth in such assertions, but they are more false than true. The deep feeling of Goethe is nowhere more strikingly expressed than in the third volume of the Correspondence with Zelter, where he speaks of Hensel the painter.

Lamb rendered great service to Hone, the parodist, by supplying him with articles for his "Every Day Book." Among them were Lamb's selections from the Ancient Dramatists. These were made at the British Museum, and were afterwards collected and published in two small volumes. I sent this selection from the Ancient Dramatists to Ludwig Tieck, who said of them: "They are written out of my heart," — "*Sie sind aus meinem Herz geschrieben.*" The remark was made as well of the criticism as of the text.

James Stephen said he recollected hearing Mr. Wilberforce say: "We talk of the power of truth. I hope it has some power, but *I* am shocked by the power of falsehood."

[The following interesting anecdotes have not been found in H. C. R.'s papers, but were related by him to Mr. De Morgan several times spontaneously, and once or twice at request.

No note was made, as the hearer relied on there being record in the Diary; but the following may be trusted as very nearly H. C. R.'s own words: "I was sitting with Charles Lamb when Wordsworth came in, with fume in his countenance, and the *Edinburgh Review* in his hand. 'I have no patience with these Reviewers,' he said; 'here is a young man, a lord, and a minor, it appears, who has published a little volume of poems; and these fellows attack him, as if no one may write poetry unless he lives in a garret. The young man will do something, if he goes on.' When I became acquainted with Lady Byron I told her this story, and she said: 'Ah! if Byron had known that, he would never have attacked Wordsworth. He once went out to dinner where Wordsworth was to be: when he came home, I said, "Well, how did the young poet get on with the old one?" — "To tell you the truth," said he, "I had but one feeling from the beginning of the visit to the end, — *reverence!*"'"]*

CHAPTER XXVII.

[Of what remains of Mr. Robinson's life there is little to record. He continued his Diary till within four or five days of his death, but there are in it comparatively few observations or facts of a kind to be added to this work. The Editor, however, has felt it to be right to give, not only those extracts which tell the story of the end, but also passages the interest of which consists simply in the mention of some of those friends who contributed most to Mr. Robinson's happiness in his last years.]

1863.

January 13th. — Miss Rankin read me a capital essay on "Novelty," from the *Spectator*, praised by Johnson, and written by Grove, a Dissenting minister.

* At least one living witness testifies to Lady Byron having stated that Lord Byron had a high respect for Wordsworth. Perhaps Lord Byron would have said to Wordsworth, in the words of the Archangel to his own Satan, *mutata litera*, —

"I ne'er mistook you for a *personal* foe,
Our difference is poetical."

Vision of Judgment, Stanza 62.

April 16th. — Called on Emily Taylor, and with her and Mrs. John Martineau had a pleasant chat. Miss E. Taylor sent me a copy of her brother Edgar's genealogical book of the Meadows family, — a valuable present.*

June 5th. — Looking over letters, I found one from Miss Coutts, in which I read what I had not seen before, — a request that I would inform her in what way she should send me the £100 she had promised to the hospital. This, of course, I have never done. I would not dun the most generous, and delicately generous, person I know. On making this singular discovery, what could I do but drive at once to Holly Lodge? As Miss Coutts was not at home, I left a letter of apology.

July 1st. — This was a day to be recollected. The distribution of prizes took place at University College. The chair was taken by Mr. Lowe, who seventeen years ago was a candidate for the Professorship of Latin. The distribution of prizes was very interesting, as usual; and the address of Lowe very much pleased me. It was calculated to have a salutary effect on the students. What he said on the danger of an exclusive study of demonstrative inferences seemed to me just.

July 10th. — To Stratford-on-Avon. In my earliest travelling days I never was guilty of the folly of attempting to describe the places which I saw. Therefore I am free from *one* reproach. I professed to write only about persons. In relating the few incidents of this journey, I may remark, by the by, how much less apt I am to observe, and with how much less pleasure all the occurrences of life — journeys, visits, &c. — are accompanied.

On my arrival at Stratford, Mr. Flower was at the station with his phaeton. I had a cordial reception from him and Mrs. Flower. She is a very interesting woman, and has personal dignity and ease in her manners. She is quite *au fait* in the topics of conversation she chooses to touch, and is well read in English literature. The house called "The Hill" is a picturesque building, and here Mr. Flower enjoys the *otium cum dignitate*, though he is of too active a nature ever to be unemployed. He has been a very useful public character. I am attracted by his frankness; he is by nature

* "The Suffolk Bartholomeans. A Memoir of the Ministerial and Domestic History of John Meadows, Clerk, A. M., formerly of Christ's College, Cambridge. Ejected under the Act of Uniformity from the Rectory of Ousden in Suffolk. By the late Edgar Taylor, F. S. A., one of his descendants. With a Preparatory Notice by his Sister." Pickering, 1840.

communicative and benevolent. As a politician he is a good Whig.

July 11th. — It is not necessary for me to distinguish one day from another on this short visit, for nothing turns on *time*. Jackson was shown much more of the Shakespeare *Memorabilia* than I cared to see, having, in fact, gone the round with Amyot many years ago. Besides, I do not feel about the dwelling-house as Collier and others think I ought. To-day came, on a visit to Mr. Flower, the well-known Joseph Parkes, a political character. He and I are always on free and easy terms.

Another day we had a drive to the "Welcome," an estate belonging to Mark Philips. There is no house, excepting a mere gardener's habitation, but there are some beautiful spots. Mark Philips resides at Snitterfield, an adjoining estate. Mr. Flower gave me an interesting account of his friend, who is an eminently generous man; his acts of munificence are princely, and performed in the most unpretending way. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Flower and I dined with Mark Philips; a sister of Mr. Philips was there, and two daughters of Robert Philips. We had a handsome dinner, and stayed late.

On the 16th I left Stratford, with feelings of gratitude towards my hospitable friend. We had had many interesting topics of conversation.

[Between August 6th and September 9th of this year H. C. R. made his last tour on the Continent, with Mr. Leonard Field as his companion. It was a farewell visit, and as such was interesting to him; but he felt that he was too infirm for travelling. His time was spent chiefly at Heidelberg. The idea of visiting Frankfort was given up. It was a relief to him when he reached Dover, where he remained three nights, and enjoyed some drives with his "old friend, Edward Foss."]

September 30th. — Dined at the Athenæum, and was complimented on my good looks, but found my loss of memory of a very alarming kind. Having dined, and my spectacle-case being brought me, I took a nap in the drawing-room. Thought it some room belonging to magistrates and quarter-sessions, and took the book-racks at a distance for the court. Everything seemed bigger and older. I at length was spoken to by some one, and asked him where I was. This is worse than anything that ever occurred. There is no doctoring for a case like this; nor can the patient minister to himself.

October 1st. — Took a cab to the Miss Swanwicks', and, find-

ing them at home, remained to tea. An agreeable chat, mainly on poetry and poetical compilations.*

October 17th. — Dined with the Streets. Our amusement was three-handed whist. Both Mr. and Mrs. Street very kind. On every point of public interest he and I differ, but it does not affect our apparent esteem for one another. I hold him in very great respect, — indeed, admiration. He has first-rate talent in his profession as architect. He will be a great man in act, — he is so in character already. Beesly is equally firm, and equally opposed to me. I like him too.

October 27th. — Went through Islington to Highbury; called on the Madges, and as they were going also to Mr. Peter Martineau's to dine, I dismissed my carriage and enjoyed my friends. Old feelings revived. A full party at Peter Martineau's. I was in my *old high spirits*, as I am too apt to be.

November 8th. — I spent two hours at Worsley's. His elder son read me a speech of Napoleon the Third, on the state of Europe. The public welfare is in every respect at stake just now, so that I am not ashamed of confining my reading almost exclusively to the public prints. Those of the religious bodies are also interesting. The two together fully occupy my mind.

JAMES DIXON TO H. C. R.

THE HOLLINS, GRASMERE, November, 1863.

HONORED SIR, — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a Sovereign† which I have just received from Miss Hannah Cookson as I understand you wished it to be given to me. I have received it and return you many thanks for it, and for all former presents of the same kind. My health has been very good since I saw you in London. At the time I left London I intended remaining at Rydal Mount through the Winter, but when I arrived there I found a note for me from Mrs. Wordsworth of Carlisle, asking me to go to their house for 3 Months in the depth of Winter while they were in Brighton; this I could not with reason refuse because I considered it a duty I owed to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth to serve them as

* This is only one of frequent visits to these ladies, with whom he would talk, not only of poetry, but also on German literature, and especially on Goethe. Miss Anna Swanwick is well known by her translations from Goethe and the Trilogy of Æschylus.

† An annual gift.

far as it was in my power.* Tho' Mrs. Hills had shown me a good deal of kindness at Rydal Mount my gratitude felt stronger to Mr. Wordsworth. . . . .

I am now at the Hollins, Grasmere, with Miss Aglionby who has been very kind to me. If all be well I shall stay at Grasmere through the winter; the place is very good and very nice; but still it is not like my dear Rydal Mount. Mr. Carter has been taken from us and I am the only one of the family left; but I pay many little visits to the family in the Churchyard at Grasmere and there I often reflect on the many happy years that I spent with them in life.

With my kindest regards and thanks
Believe me Dear Sir
Your ob^{t} and humble Ser^{t}
JAMES DIXON.

December 25th. — Before one P. M. I walked out with Jackson. We passed the door of Dr. Boott. Every shutter was closed. A sufficient indication that the awful event had taken place, — he had closed his earthly career. I then went to my niece's to dine. Our conversation was chiefly on the departed friend, and kindred subjects. I could not enjoy what partook of festivity. That was not expected of me, or needed. I was again settled in my own room a little after nine. I have been too dreamy in my habit to write at once. Dr. Boott's death took place about noon.† I should have said that the morning's post brought me a very gratifying little token from Torquay, — a pretty picture signed by Miss Burdett Coutts and Mrs. Brown. As an evidence of friendly feeling it gave me great pleasure.

December 30th. — Called on the Esdailes. There is in the old gentleman a something of *bonhomie* which pleases me.

1864.

February 6th. — Attended a meeting at University College. The only interesting matter a letter from E. W. Field, offer-

* After Wordsworth's death, James was hardly able to include among his duties the care of the pony and carriage; but Mrs. Wordsworth resolved to give up the pony and carriage, rather than part with the faithful servant.

† In a letter dated January 12, 1864, H. C. R. says to E. W. Field: "Dr. Boott, you may have heard, is dead. He is a loss to me, for he was affectionate, and gave advice freely without requiring you to take it as a condition of his giving it. He was a near neighbor, and of great value."

ing, on condition of a piece of ground being assigned to University Hall, that two sums of £500 should be contributed towards the cost of a Racket Court.*

February 16th. — The most remarkable occurrence of the times is the position of the Broad Church. Nothing pleases me so much as the letter by F. Maurice, in the *Spectator*, declaring his approbation of the decision of the Privy Council Committee respecting the "Essays and Reviews." He seems to attach great importance to the judgment, as establishing a freedom hitherto denied in the Church.

March 6th. — I did not get into bed till near one. I seldom do. Yet I hardly know what I was about.

April 1st. — An ominous day in my life, as it has been a day on which I have commenced many things, — such as my journey to Germany, studying the law, &c.

April 5th. — A call from De Morgan, who informed me of the resignation of Stansfeld, and declared his conviction that this resignation will raise Stansfeld in public opinion. He will return to his old office, or be in a better place very soon. The attack has been of a kind which is sure to produce reaction. Now, De Morgan is certainly no commonplace man. I have since seen the *Times*, and I do not see how Stansfeld could have done the act in a finer style. It is not by the result that my opinion of him will be formed. Wrote a short note to him.†

May 25th. — Sent a letter to Sergeant Manning, about his paper on the Danish war; and then went to the Russell Institution, from which William Wordsworth's call brought me. He was content with my ordinary dinner, and I enjoyed his friendly chat, all about family and personal matters. He stayed the evening with me, and on his leaving, I went on with the comedy of "Love's Labor 's Lost," which delights me. I could not quit it. And now I must really abstain from again looking into Shakespeare, when this is finished. It is full of absurdities, and altogether the veriest unreal thing, yet intermingled with exquisite beauties. It bears marks of *youthful* genius. It is a joyous piece, full of genuine gayety.

* This Racket Court, which it was thought would provide for the students of the Hall and the College a healthful recreation, was an object of great interest with H. C. R., who really contributed the two sums mentioned above towards its construction, but insisted on the offer being anonymous.

† He is now the Right Honorable James Stansfeld, Third Lord of the Treasury. The circumstances of the attack on him, for having allowed Mazzini's letters to be directed to his residence, will be fresh in the reader's recollection.

One does not look here for serious truth of character, but there are admirable sententious lessons of rhymed wisdom.*

August 26th. — (Hampstead.) My first day has passed off pleasantly enough in this romantic rather than picturesque *village*, for so it is, I believe. I have had the advantage of a fine day, of which I availed myself to take two short walks. I could not well say *where*, for this is to me what Ipswich is said to be by the satirists, a street without names, as well as a river without water. My acquaintances are few here just now.

August 27th. — The day was devoted to looking over old letters, — a necessary task, and the sense of its being a duty almost its only inducement. Some of the old letters were sour-sweet; but it was more painful than pleasant ruminating on them. I dined with the Cooksons, and after that called on Mrs. Field. All the children are in the West. Mr. Cookson goes away on Saturday.

September 10th. — I borrowed of Sharpe Voysey's Sermon, which I read in bed in the morning. The sole importance of the sentiment is that it comes from the preacher of the day. A fit motto to any review of it would be,

> "The thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil it got there."

September 11th. — This day was almost devoted to Henry Sharpe and family. He breakfasted with me alone, and as we had many family matters to talk over, and other interesting topics, — arising out of his formerly residing at Hamburg, — four hours passed over our heads unperceived. And yet, so little were we tired of each other, that I engaged to take tea with them at six. In our talk about German friends, I found Sharpe, in many respects, a better German than myself.†

September 23d. — At the Athenæum, I actually did (a rare merit) what I had resolved to do, — sifted coarsely a bundle of letters, from 1812 to 1820.‡ I must devote my dying memory to separating the wheat from the chaff.

September 28th. — A letter from Scharf, dated Blenheim. He writes too flatteringly; but it gratifies me to find that his mother has been visiting the Pattissons, at Tunbridge. The

* In a week, H. C. R. writes: "I am incurable. In spite of all my resolutions, I have read three acts of 'Troilus and Cressida.'" His object in resolving not to be beguiled by Shakespeare was that he might devote his time to putting his papers in order.

† During this visit of three weeks to Hampstead, H. C. R. spent most of his evenings at Mr. H. Sharpe's.

‡ The sifting of letters was a task which for some years H. C. R. had set himself, and which at last was left very far from completed.

intimacy of two such families must be good. He tells me that Jack, the admirable youth, goes to his mother and plays cards with her, to relieve her solitude. This one reads with pleasure.

October 1st. — I came again to the old No. 30 Russell Square.* There I found that Mrs. Ely had been advised to go to Brighton for a week, and Jackson in vain tried to persuade me to follow her example. But I could take no pleasure in change of scene, while I wanted time to complete my work of paper-examining. Dined with Ely *tête-à-tête.* I retired about eleven, and felt happy in my old room. I thought it looked very comfortable.

October 15th. — I read a capital sermon, by Robertson, before I came down stairs, — "The Word and the World." Bolder than anything I remember by him. Speaking of the Ephesian letters, he says: "Here was one of those early attempts, which in after ages became so successful, to amalgamate Christianity with the magical doctrines. Gnosticism was the result in the East, Romanism in the West. The essence of magic consists in this, — the belief that by some external act, not connected with moral goodness, nor making a man wiser or better, communication can be insured with the spiritual world. . . . . It matters not whether this be attempted by Ephesian letters, amulets, ... or by sacraments, or church ordinances, or priestly powers; whatever professes to bring God near to man, except by making man more like to God, is of the same spirit of Antichrist!" There are three men whose loss is to be especially lamented in this critical age, — Robertson, Donaldson, and Bunsen. W. Wordsworth speaks of Robertson's sermons as "the most satisfactory religious teaching which has been offered to this generation."

October 30th. — Heard that Miss Allen died on Tuesday. This is one of those cases in which we may, with propriety, speak of death as a mercy.†

* From this time H. C. R. and Mr. and Mrs. Talfourd Ely lived together. He and his friends alike felt that he ought to be no longer so much alone as he would necessarily be in apartments by himself. He, therefore, after looking at several houses in the neighborhood, took the whole of the house in which he had formerly had rooms, and it was arranged that one in whose education and character he had taken great interest, and who had warm feelings of respect towards him, should live with him, so that in his last years he might feel that he had a home. Mr. Ely was a grandson of H. C. R.'s early friend, John Towill Rutt, and had recently married a daughter of John Dawson, Esq., of Berrymead Priory, Acton.

† An old friend of H. C. R.'s. In 1861 she was too deaf to converse with him, but, on his calling, she wished to see him, and said, "I am pleased to *look* at you."

November 7th. — A talk with Ely on College matters. I retain my old opinion, that the institution will be, ultimately, a valuable one to the country, though not as originally intended. Ely considers Case one of the most valuable men. He has introduced improvements in the Junior School.

November 14th. — De Morgan called. He is the only man whose calls, even when interruptions, are always acceptable. He has such luminous qualities, even in his small-talk.

November 17th. — I must not forget an epigram I heard today from D——, in the form of an epitaph, —

> "Beneath this stone lies Walter Savage Landor,
> Who half an Eagle was, and half a Gander."

November 27th. — At three, Jackson took me to Russell Scott, a sensible man, with whom I have pleasure in talking. He is a philanthropist, though in temperament not an enthusiast. He thinks favorably of the election of Lincoln for a second Presidentship. On American matters he and I think very much alike.

December 6th. — A call from De Morgan, who stated a fact which has given quite a turn to my thoughts. He said: "You have heard of the death of Jaffray?" * — "Which Jaffray?" — "The member of our Council, — a young man. He was my pupil." This is a sad blow to our hospital. He was very generous and a young man of business talent. His death was from erysipelas, which arose from what seemed a trifling accident. The greatest loss the College has sustained, among its pupils, since that of W. S. Roscoe.

1865.

January 1st. — The last day of the past and the first of the coming year have been in this respect duly spent, — that I have made a sufficient use of my diminishing social advantages. Conscious that I am gradually growing poorer in friends, I have done my best to preserve what I have left. I have merely read to-day the *Spectator*, — always a wise paper, in my judgment.

January 2d. — A day dawdled away. I am an incurable layer-waste of time. Wrote and sent off four letters; one to Mrs. Fisher, and of some length, in which I reported the state

* Mr. Arthur Jaffray left to the University College Hospital a legacy of £2,000.

of my feelings as to the great question of human life, — more cheerful as to my voluntary participation in it.

January 21st. — After dinner a very remarkable call was announced. The name — Allsop — I did not at first recollect. His name has been long forgotten by the public, — an extinct volcano. Our acquaintance was never intimate. He was first known as the generous friend of Coleridge and Lamb. He knew Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Alsager, and Southey. He was an admirer of great men. After the death of the most famous of these he went abroad, and I lost all sight of him, when he reappeared as the friend of Mazzini, &c.

January 28th. — Devoted two hours to the reading, and even study, of a paper on "Cold, in its Influence on Age," according to a law which Dr. Richardson has fully ascertained. At thirty, when man at his full maturity ceases to grow, the effect of cold may be represented by one,

Aged 39 — 2,
48 — 4,
57 — 8,
66 — 16,
75 — 32.

In the strictness of a precise statement there seems something ridiculous in this; but the tone of the M. D. is impressive, and, loosely speaking, my personal experience would confirm it. I enjoyed cold when young; now it indisposes me to everything out of doors.

February 10th. — I was unable to rise early this morning, feeling tired when Jackson called me. After Dr. Watts's model, I craved "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber." While I was turning over my papers, endeavoring to set them straight, I was called away to see De Morgan and Dr. Procter. At my late party, Mr. Tayler asked the former how he distinguished a *wise* from a *good* man. "A wise man," said the Professor, "is one who does not trouble himself about matters of speculation. A good man does not trouble other people." This seems founded on Wordsworth's definition of a good Churchman, as one who respects the institutions of his country, lives in conformity with their precepts, and does not trouble other people about his opinions.

March 18th. — From Mr. Worsley I heard of President Lincoln's inaugural speech. It has fixed me more decidedly than ever in favor of him personally. It is an earnest, honest

speech. As to slavery, he speaks both solemnly and wisely. The sufferings of both North and South are just retributions. No boasting. Those who have endeavored to do right first will suffer the least. The abolition of slavery in the United States is, it seems, on the point of being declared.

H. C. R. to W. S. Cookson.

March 19, 1865.

. . . . Nothing has brought me so near to being a partisan of President Lincoln as his inaugural speech. How short and how wise! How true and how unaffected! It must make many converts. At least I should despair of any man who needs to be converted.

April 14th. — I forgot to mention that yesterday, after my solitary dinner, I called on Mr. Wren, a man I much like. Read this morning, in bed, Dr. Wilkinson's discourse on "Social Health." It has many striking thoughts. I copy one sentence: "I do not contemplate increase of luxury, but rather that all classes should cancel luxury in favor of lasting comfort, health, happy action, and the sense that a constant life of luxury — whether that of the rich or poor — isolates and *enselfs* us."

April 26th. — For the present, everything is forgotten in the assassination of President Lincoln, the intelligence of which came to-day.*

May 13th. — My birthday. To-day I complete my ninetieth year. When people hear of my age, they affect to doubt my veracity, and call me a wonder. It is unusual, I believe, for persons of this age to retain possession of their faculties, or so much of them as I do. The Germans have an uncomplimentary saying: "Weeds don't spoil."

May 16th. — The one fact of the day, that will not easily be forgotten, was the seeing the Marmor Homericum presented to the College by Mr. Grote. It was called mosaic when Mr. Grote asked permission to erect it. I am so ignorant on matters of fine art, that I must content myself with saying that this is a new step in art, and far more pleasing than the old mosaic. A very active and lively man explained the composition, in French, to some ladies. He was the artist himself. Among those present was the Comte de Paris.

* H. C. R. was deeply affected by "this ruffianly attack on the noblest person in America," and ascribed it to "a spirit engendered by slavery."

May 17th. — A very pleasant visit from Professor De Morgan. He has given an excellent reason for believing that our portrait of Harvey* is the genuine one, viz., that it has a glove on the hand pointing to the heart. It seems that the glove was his often-used illustration of his doctrine.

H. C. R. TO E. W. FIELD.

May 25, 1865.

Have you seen the Marmor Homericum? It is worth your seeing at all events. I should like to know your opinion of it. The Baron is, or was, attached to the Court of the Orleanists. Mr. Grote had no better or other name for it than mosaic. It is not mosaic, it is incised marble. The outlines are a colored substance, which hardens in time. And all the drapery and outlines are so expressed. This is its specialty. What says your Foley to it? Goethe would have encouraged it, as he did all novelties. At the same time, he despised all imputations of plagiarism, and all disputes about originality. I remarked to Mr. Grote, the donor, that all works that are offered to the world, with sufficient earnestness of purpose, may be offered with assurance that, if their first object is not attained, they will, indirectly, be of good service. Our College cannot be said to have thriven but in its *indirect* consequences. Without the dome, the Flaxman Gallery could not have existed. That gave consistency to the Graphic Society. Now this new art has a local habitation, — not yet a name. The *Athenæum* speaks depreciatingly of Triquetti as compared with Flaxman. That may or may not be true; —— may think meanly of him as a sculptor. That may be the true view. What then? He is what he is.

June 20th. — I had engaged the Rev. Harry Jones to bring the Rev. Stopford Brooke to breakfast with me. Stopford Brooke is about to publish a "Life of Robertson," of Brighton, or rather his letters with a Memoir. I had several hours' very agreeable chat with these gentlemen. I afterwards went to a meeting of Dr. Williams's trustees, at which there was important business to despatch.

June 23d. — The single noticeable event of the day was going to the Olympic Theatre, to see the "Twelfth Night."

* That is the one belonging to University College, left to it at H. C. R.'s suggestion by George Field (mentioned *ante*, p. 346). It is a fine work of art.

I had resolved to see *one* more play. And I have devoted a part of the last two days to the study of that capital romance. It was, perhaps, on account of the good execution of the parts that I heard distinctly a great part of the piece. Both brother and sister were played by one actress, Miss Kate Terry. She was excellent in the duel. Wonder and fear are the affection she represents best. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, by Wigan, was the best of the men. Miss Farren's clown, and Maria, by Miss Foote, were both excellent.

August 15th. — Worsley informed me of the death of Richard Martineau, of Walsham-le-Willows, a universally honored man and an able man of business; a useful, I should rather say a *valuable*, man. He, J. Needham, and Worsley, three excellent men, united by blood, profession, and religion.*

September 19th. — Rose early, and half dressed, so as to sit in the dining-room, saving time, and not fearing to catch cold, though one must not be sure; for a cold is as great a mystery as orthodox or heretical doctrine. One knows not how it comes or goes.

October 16th. — A home day. I intended to get rid of my City engagements; but I got no farther than the Russell Institution. Indeed, I may say, though very unlike the original sayer, through Shakespeare as an organ, that my days

> "Are fallen into the sear and yellow leaf."

October 30th. — A letter to Dr. Sieveking brought him in the afternoon. I told him of five petty complaints.

December 5th. — Walked with Jackson to that most amiable man, Dr. Skey, travelling M. D. to Miss Burdett Coutts, and in all respects a delightful man. He is two years older than I am. I hope to be less infirm than he is, if I live to be as old as he is; but he is wise and considerate.

1866.

January 15th. — It is strange, but I seldom look at the *Times* now. I have lost the habit of reading it. I retain my love for the *Spectator*, and find even the *Pall Mall Gazette*

* They were all partners in Whitbread's brewery. On one occasion, when what Mr. R. Martineau regarded as an important motion in connection with University Hall was defeated, he said quietly: "I fear the Institution will not prosper, but to prove that I am not one of those who will therefore abandon it, I will now subscribe twice as much." — H. C. R.

readable. My fear is that I shall wear out my friends, though I flatter myself that I am

"On the brink of being born."

February 7th. — Drove to Procter's, *alias* Barry Cornwall. I had an interesting but short chat with him. He spoke with deep interest of Lamb and Wordsworth, and with a mixed feeling of Coleridge. Procter is an excellent man, whom everybody loves. His wife was the daughter of Basil Montagu.

February 13th. — The commencement of a new clean volume * used formerly to be marked by my writing neatly and correctly for a short time. Now I can do neither. The probability is that, being in my ninety-first year, I shall never finish this volume. If alive, I shall not be able to do so.

February 17th. — The only thing I did, which had an appearance of work, was, that I spent several hours in reading Robertson's "Life," an excellent collection of letters of the genuine religious character. His piety undoubted, his liberality equally unquestionable. An admirable man.

March 3d. — Early in the forenoon Cookson and Field came together, and brought, formally drawn up, the accounts of the Flaxman and University Hall Fund, which we all three, being Trustees, signed, so that now the most rigid formalist could find nothing to affect the validity of the transaction; and I trust it will be of some use to two establishments which ought to be closely connected.†

March 11th. — Lest I entirely forget to do an act of becoming politeness, let me mention that I received a letter from Atkinson, stating that as I wished to be relieved from the duties of Vice-President of the Senate, the Council had not sent in my name among the three they send to the General Meeting, and expressing regret at my retirement, &c. I have not yet had courage to write an answer to either Mr. Atkinson, the Secretary, or to Sir F. Goldsmid, the President, who also wrote to me.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, Wednesday, March 7, 1866.

At a meeting of Professors for the choice of a President of the Senate for the ensuing year, Professor De Morgan, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws, in the chair. On the mo-

* That is, of the Diary. In the new volume, H. C. R. wrote only 137 pages, or rather leaves.

† *Vide* Note at the end.

tion of Professor Seeley, seconded by Professor Sharpey: Resolved unanimously, That the Professors learn with great regret the retirement of Mr. H. Crabb Robinson. They beg that their warmest thanks may be transmitted to him for his continuance in the office of Vice-President up to an age far beyond the usual life of man, and for the cordial courtesy which they have always experienced from him, of which they will ever retain pleasant and grateful remembrance. They trust that even yet, active as his mind remains, years of life worth enjoying are in store for him.

A. De Morgan,
Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
Chas. C. Atkinson,
Secretary to the Council and Senate.

April 1st. — Went on reading "Alec Forbes,"* and devoted to it a great part of the first half of the day. It is a capital picture of Scotch manners. A letter came from Mrs. Bayne, announcing, by Miss Sturch's desire, the death of Mrs. Reid, a warm-hearted, generous woman, as Mrs. Bayne truly remarks.†

May 10th. — We had at dinner Mrs. Ely's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson; and they all came down to tea and play

* By G. Macdonald.

† H. C. R. was a frequent visitor at the house of Mrs. Reid and Miss Sturch, for both of whom he expresses in various places in the Diary strong feelings of regard. He continued to visit Miss Sturch till the time of his death. An extract from a brief printed notice of Mrs. Reid, found among his papers, and highly approved by him, may be given here: —

"On Friday, the 30th of March, 1866, died in York Terrace, Regent's Park, after an illness of some months, Elizabeth Jesser, relict of the late John Reid, Esq., M. D., and second daughter of the late William Sturch, Esq., Sen., well known to a former generation as an agreeable and ingenious writer, and an enlightened friend of civil and religious liberty. But she should not be allowed to pass away without some brief record of what she was and what she has done. The history of her life is summed up in the history of her large-hearted benevolence. Endowed by nature with an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, she devoted the energies of her mind and the resources of her fortune with an unswerving persistency of purpose to objects which involved in her belief the redemption and ennoblement of her fellow-creatures. Her sympathies were especially attracted towards those whom she regarded as crushed by wicked institutions, or withheld by the laws and customs of society from exercising their just influence in the world, and rising to the full dimensions of their intellectual and moral capacity. It was under this feeling that she early threw herself with characteristic ardor into the great question of Negro Emancipation, which she lived to see crowned with an unhoped-for triumph, and took up with not less zeal that of elevating the standard of female education. She was one of the first, if not the first, to conceive the idea of a Ladies' College; and the institution in Bedford Square, of which she was really the foundress, owes no small share of the success which has attended it to her ever-wakeful interest and fostering care."

whist, which I enjoyed. I again experienced the benefit of whist for elderly gentlemen.

May 11th. — A call from Mr. Stopford Brooke, and a very agreeable one. I intimated, at first, that I did not desire an eleemosynary acquaintance ; and I had the too great frankness to confess that I did not wish to be acquainted with those who merely tolerated me. He very kindly obviated all difficulty, so far as he was concerned ; but I have the general impression that sometimes Church Liberals take great credit for a very small kindness, as if Unitarians were a sort of eleemosynary Christians, admitted to the title by especial favor.

June 11th. — I awoke early, as is now usual with me ;-and I was in a musing mood, ruminating in an old-fashioned way. All my musings turned to self-reproach. Were I a man of sensibility or acuteness, I know not what would become of me. I could not endure myself.

June 23d. — Dean Stanley delivered the prizes at the University College. There were present, Lord Brougham,* Lady Augusta Stanley, the Dean's lady, Lord Belper, numerous Professors, &c., &c. De Morgan, as Dean, spoke more than Deans usually do, but he spoke with great effect. The Dean drew a parallel between University College, Oxford, and University College, London, and paid a compliment to Grote for his gift of the Marmor Homericum.

H. C. R. TO MRS. SCHUNCK.

LONDON, 30th June, 1866, 30 RUSSELL SQUARE, W. C.

I am sorry that I should have so long delayed answering your very interesting letter. This was occasioned by your mention of Mr. Benecke's "Alte Geschichte," which should have been called "Familien-Geschichte." You excited my curiosity. The book came, after a time. . . . .

It is a singular circumstance, that my life, insignificant as it has been, and my qualities, altogether inferior to those of the Schunck-Mylius connection, have nevertheless had, on one occasion, an important influence on the affairs of the family. I had the satisfaction to know that that influence had been exercised usefully and happily. I purpose, one of these days,

* The Editor well recollects seeing Lord Brougham come into the College Theatre on this occasion, and H. C. R. rise to help his Lordship to a chair, — the tottering steps of the one supported by the other, hardly less feeble, — the one eighty-seven years old, the other ninety-one.

to draw up a short narrative of my German life. It will be, in the first place, connected with Mrs. William Benecke's narrative, which I have read with interest. The more, perhaps, because I could connect with Mrs. William Benecke's history other facts within my own knowledge, and in which I was an agent, which would modify the consequences drawn from those.

This I learned at the bar, — each party would frequently have a *good case*, perfectly clear and satisfactory, when alone considered; and it is only when the balancing mind comes that an adjustment takes place. There is so much inevitable partiality in all men's judgments, as to occasion very erroneous conclusions, with perfect integrity on the part of those who err even the most.

July 5th. — Read of the wonderful victories of Prussia in the north of Germany. It is said the Northern States were already conquered. The Diet, as another name for the Confederation, has no longer a sitting! The German Union is dissolved. Before I had leisure to muse over this news, the evening intelligence came that Austria offers Venice to France as a retaining-fee for her advocacy in securing good terms from Prussia. Buonaparte accepts the commission. Venice is given up; and Austria sets its Venetian army at liberty, if Prussia refuse the armistice. If she do this, and is unreasonable, France may back Austria. "Hang it!" Russia may say, "no; this is not fair. If you back Austria, I back Prussia." And the minor States, and Belgium, what will they do? All this has been buzzing about my head. So the halcyon days of Peace are not actually come, though of course not far off!

July 25th and 26th. — A visit to Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, at Acton. The house was a priory. The grounds are twelve acres, and there are many noble trees. During the day I had two walks in the grounds, which at the back of the house are very fine. Mr. J. J. Tayler and his daughter were there and added to the pleasantness of the visit. I chatted with him on the topics of the day. I stayed all night, and we had whist in the evening. Next day, Mrs. Dawson took me home in the phaeton, and we had interesting conversation on the way.

July 28th. — To-day I have felt really well, and I hope that when *the* hour — the last hour — comes I shall not disgrace it.

August 1st to 13th. — The first two weeks of this month were

spent at Brighton, very pleasantly. I was the guest of Mrs. Fisher, a very kind and considerate friend. There are few persons with whom I talk so agreeably.* Sarah, with her sister and nieces, were also at Brighton. During this visit I had a letter from S. Sharpe, stating that James Martineau had not been elected at the Council-meeting at University College, but that no one else was elected, and he might be appointed at a future meeting. *Nous verrons.* Several days I did not quit the house. The great victory of the Prussians over the Austrians was the subject of general interest.

September 3d. — This was an Athenæum day. Mr. Christie spoke to me of the death of Sergeant Manning, my old friend. who lived to a great age, as it is called, — eighty-seven. He had far less physical power than I, but was far clearer in intellect. I ought not, however, to speak of him in the same sentence with myself.

September 19th. — I was gratified by a call from Sir Frederick Pollock, late Chief Baron. I enjoyed his conversation, and, provisionally, accepted an invitation to spend a day or two at his house, at Hatton.

September 20th. — Took tea with Mrs. Street alone. We talked on family matters. She is a kind friend. Her husband has been working at his designs for a Thames-side hotel. The Courts of Law are enough for a life. London is now not reforming morally, but re-forming architecturally. What a contemporaneous change, — the Law Courts removing to the western boundary of the City, at Temple Bar; the northern valley of Holborn (Hollow-born) bridged over; the City and North Middlesex intersected by railroads, below and above; the Thames crossed in various places!

H. C. R. TO W. S. COOKSON.

[No date.]

I envy you your journey to Manchester, on occasion of the Social Science. But, indeed, I envy you almost everything. I was there in the Great Exhibition year, and was at Mr. Schunck's, an excellent man. His wife I have known since my first arrival at what was the free city of Frankfort. There I saw a fortified town besieged by the French, *anno* 1800 or 1801. I witnessed the siege and capture in five

* During the latter years H. C. R. was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Fisher's house in London, and entertained for her warm feelings of regard.

minutes. There was no slaughter, or fear of it. At night I disputed with a French captain, billeted in our house ; and I did not fear being murdered, though I opposed his judgment respecting Shakespeare. What events have passed since ! I have heard that, at a late conference, the last conqueror of Frankfort, a Prussian general, said to a principal municipal officer : " Do you not know, sir, that I could command my troops to deliver over the city to be sacked and plundered ?" — " Yes, sir, I know that the sad customs of war would justify you in issuing the command ; but your soldiers are Prussians, and I believe they would not obey you !"

September 26th. — De Morgan with me again this morning. Most agreeable. He is desirous of doing a great deal more than I could have hoped any one would do for me. Not only does he see that my sets of books are complete, but helps me in a proper disposal of them.*

September 28th. — (Hatton.) I did not quit the beautiful grounds. Sir Frederick Pollock is a capital talker, and a kind and generous man. What particularly interested me in the place was a long walk of the precise length of the *Great Eastern* ship. We played a rubber. But the great pleasure, after all, was the free talk of the late Chief Baron ; an easy parody of the " Bath Guide," —

" Sir Frederick and Crabb talked of Milton and Shakespeare." †

October 12th. — Went to Drury Lane Theatre, to see " King John." I had little pleasure. The cause manifold : old age and its consequents, — half-deafness, loss of memory, and dimness of sight, — combined with the vast size of the theatre. I had just read the glorious tragedy, or I should have understood nothing. The scene with Hubert and Arthur was deeply pathetic. The recollection of Mrs. Siddons as Constance is an enjoyment in itself. I remember one scene in particular, where, throwing herself on the ground, she calls herself " the Queen of sorrow," and bids kings come and worship her ! On the present occasion all the actors were alike to me. Not a single face could I distinguish from another, though I was in the front row of the orchestra stalls. The after-piece was " The

* This work extended over a considerable time, and the Diary mentions many visits from Mr. De Morgan, to render his assistance.

† In a letter dated September 30, Sir Frederick says of these conversations : " You are really a wonderful person. I think no other living person could have (at your age) continued such discourses."

Comedy of Errors," and the two Dromios gave me pleasure. On the whole, the greatest benefit I have derived from the evening is that I seem to be reconciled to never going again.

October 28th. — At Worsley's in the evening, where I took tea. Afterwards, when music began, I proposed to Richard Worsley to accompany me across the road to Mrs. John Martineau's, where I wished to chat with Emily Taylor. Here I found, unexpectedly, Mrs. Edgar Taylor, widow of the solicitor. I was interested in renewing an old acquaintance.

October 31st. — The topic of the day was the Professorship of Mental Philosophy and Logic, at University College. Nor can I think of anything else till the meeting of the Council.

November 1st. — Samuel Sharpe called on me, and gave me the assistance of his arm; so, going by the Hall, I got to University College just as the chair was taken. The formal business was soon despatched. The real business of the day was the filling up of the Chair of Logic and Mental Philosophy. The right of putting Martineau in nomination, notwithstanding his non-election at the former meeting, was at once admitted. I could not help speaking during this discussion, in answer to the remark that the neutrality of the College would be violated if so able a leader of one religious sect were elected. I endeavored to enforce the thought, but failed to do it with ability, that neutrality ought not to mean indifference to friend or foe.* It was at one time hoped that every sect would have its particular college, and that thus there would be a number of colleges clustering around University College as their common centre. Only one came: and now a gentleman connected with that one institution is to be rejected, though a man of acknowledged ability, and, as such, the first to be recommended by the Senate. [The meeting closed without filling up the Chair, Mr. Martineau not having been elected.]

November 14th. — Read Macdonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "The Coffin," &c. Macdonald exhibits great power in this department of composition. But I get through no work. That is my great vice. My letters are in their primitive disorder. I shall be a fatalist, unless I can get over it soon.

* The favor shown to the principle of a neutrality of exclusion and not of comprehension, led to the resignation of the eminent Professor of Mathematics, De Morgan, and was a disappointment to many friends of the College, who had hoped that professors would be selected from the most eminent men, regardless of denomination, and not simply from those who either belong to no religious body, or, belonging to a religious body, do not take a prominent position in it.

November 18th. — Had a tolerable party at breakfast, though only one of my old *habitués* present. These breakfasts, after all, do not increase in their attractions. They begin to bore me; but everything tires in life.

December 8th. — To-day the decision was finally given (on the election of Professor of Logic, at University College). And I hope that I shall now be able to reconcile myself to what is inevitable. I must not allow myself to waste too much time in recording the incidents of this sad occurrence. I spoke with more passion than propriety.* I was deeply mortified at the result of the meeting, from a sense, not only of my own weakness, but also that of my friends.

December 9th. — This was a day of melancholy brooding over the defeat of the preceding day. Luckily, I had no one to breakfast with me; but I had an invite to Miss Sturch's lunch.

December 13th. — This is one of the dark days of one's existence; to be so considered on account of a *rapid seizure*, so rapid that I could not manage to reach, in time, a place of safety, within a few yards. Such a seizure gives a general sense of insecurity, which takes away all pleasure in visiting, excepting old friends, to whom one may confess any and everything.

December 22d. — I had engaged to take luncheon with the ladies of the Ladies' College, at 16 Mornington Road. With them Misses Martin and Benson. With them I met the now great publisher Macmillan, of Cambridge and London. He spoke of me in connection with Julius Hare. After two hours' chat, I cabbed it home.

H. C. R. to W. S. Cookson.

December 22, 1866.

. . . . I am now *feeling* old age. Till lately, I was only *talking* about it. What I most feel is a loss of memory, and an increasing defect of sight and hearing.

Christmas day. — A fast day rather than a day of rejoicing, which the Christian narrative supposes. The house of Mrs. Robinson, my niece, is the one at which I feel most at home. I knew Jackson preferred being with his own relations, so I

* H. C. R.'s speech on this occasion was one of some length, and full of vigor; and he stood up to deliver it, instead of sitting as he might have done. It was thought by some that this effort would prove injurious to him in his feeble bodily state. This probably was the case; but many things betokened that his long life was drawing to a close.

took a cab alone. I spent a comfortable afternoon. The four ladies and myself spent an agreeable and chatty time.

December 26th. — As the day before was, in form and name, a festival, but little so in fact, so on this there was not the usual consequent collapse. But it was a quiet day. I find much reading in store, almost too much. I made small progress in setting my room right, — that is, putting papers in order and arranging letters.

December 27th. — This was a day of calls, and at my age these are of a melancholy kind. I am sensible of being no longer a desirable companion.* But I do not complain of this as a wrong. It is in the nature of things, and of course.

1867.

January 1st. — This day Charles Lamb calls every man's second birthday. And it is true. Yet this was to me as little of a festival as Christmas was.

January 4th. — In December, last year, I sent to purchase the old Ipswich pocket-book, which, with scarcely an interruption, I have kept since the last century. I was told that the publisher was dead, and the periodical has ceased. There was something melancholy in this breaking up of the oldest custom I was conscious of.† Answered two of the three black-edged letters lying on my table, one to Cookson on his wife's death, one to Harry Jones on his mother's.

H. C. R. to Rev. Harry Jones.

30 Russell Square, W. C., 4th January, 1867.

You are much more to be envied for the recollection of such a mother as you had, than pitied for the grief at her loss. The one is alleviated by everything that brings her back to your mind, — the other is imperishable. I speak from experience. I had an excellent mother, although she was uneducated, and was not to be compared for a moment with yours in intellectual attainments. She died at Bath of a cancer, *anno* 1792, and her memory is as fresh as ever. I am not

* A sentiment in which his friends would have entirely differed from him.

† "The Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire Gentleman's Pocket-Book." In this pocket-book H. C. R. jotted down memoranda for the Diary. The entries are a mixture of German and English, and written partly in shorthand, of which he habitually made considerable use. The pocket-books are sixty-four in number.

conscious of any habit or fixed thought at all respectable, which I do not trace to her influence and suggestion. Petty incidents, which had lain dormant for generations, *I* may say, spring up in that mysterious thing, — the human mind. One of these started up to-day.

When I was about twelve, I teased her to let me go to the Bury Fair play, and see "Don Juan," which contained a view of *hell*. She steadfastly refused. "No, my dear," she said; "you shall *not* go to see the 'Infidel Destroyed.' If it had been to see the 'Infidel Reclaimed,' it would have given me pleasure to let you go."

Things of this kind, however ordinary they may seem, and indeed are, which stick by one for seventy years, cannot be insignificant.

I should be ashamed to write in this style to persons in ordinary circumstances. I make no apology to you.

If you are living some thirty or forty years hence, you may rely upon this, that one of the great enjoyments of your life will be the talking about your mother, her words and ways.

During this severe weather I shall not leave the house, — or my infirmities, which are many; among these is my declining memory, which makes me seldom trustworthy, and has played me false towards you especially, of which I am really ashamed. Warned by *past* misdoings, I dare make no promises for the future. But I hope that I shall have the pleasure of a call at your own leisure.

January 31st. — During the last two days I have read the first essay on the qualifications of the present age for criticism. The writer resists the exaggerated scorn of criticism, and maintains his point ably. A sense of creative power he declares happiness to be, and Arnold maintains that genuine criticism is. He thinks of Germany as he ought, and of Goethe with high admiration. On this point I can possibly give him assistance, which he will gladly —

But I feel incapable to go on.

This was the last entry in the Diary. The meaning is quite clear, though the wording is somewhat confused. The names of two men, who were most honored by Mr. Robinson, were among the last words written by him. On Saturday, the 2d of February, his illness assumed an alarming character. His friend, Dr. Sieveking, was sent for, to do all that was possible to human skill. But the strength of the patient was giving way

beyond renewal. The illness was short, and not a painful one. He dozed a considerable part of the day, but at times was able to talk cheerfully and affectionately to friends, even so late as the morning of the 5th, the day on which he died. Then came the cloud of insensibility, in which he passed out of this world.

The interment took place at the Highgate Cemetery. Many friends, as well as the relatives, were present. The funeral service was read by the friend whom, it was believed, he himself would have preferred, the Rev. J. J. Tayler. The following is the inscription on the tomb : —

BENEATH THIS STONE
LIES INTERRED THE BODY OF
HENRY CRABB ROBINSON,
BORN MAY 15, 1775 ; DIED FEB. 5, 1867.
FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE OF
GOETHE AND WORDSWORTH, WIELAND
AND COLERIDGE, FLAXMAN AND BLAKE,
CLARKSON AND CHARLES LAMB;
HE HONORED AND LOVED THE GREAT
AND NOBLE IN THEIR THOUGHTS
AND CHARACTERS ;
HIS WARMTH OF HEART AND
GENIAL SYMPATHY EMBRACED ALL
WHOM HE COULD SERVE,
ALL IN WHOM HE FOUND RESPONSE
TO HIS OWN HEALTHY TASTES
AND GENEROUS SENTIMENTS.
HIS RELIGION CORRESPONDED TO HIS LIFE ;
SEATED IN THE HEART,
IT FOUND EXPRESSION IN THE TRUEST
CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

NOTE.

Mr. Robinson, in the year 1858, placed, in the names of himself and two gentlemen whom he had chosen to be his executors, the sum of £2,000, which he designated "The Flaxman Fund," and he at the same time transferred into the same three names another sum of £2,000 (afterwards increased by him to £3,000), which he called "The University Hall Fund," and he executed a deed by which he declared that his object had been to create two permanent trust funds, which directly and (through other institutions more or less connected therewith) indirectly might enlarge the sphere of utility, and at the same time improve the character and advance the salutary influence of University College.

With regard to "The Flaxman Fund," Mr. Robinson declared his intention and desire to be that the income should be applied, with the approbation of the Council of University College, towards the preservation, custody, more convenient and complete exhibition to the public, and augmentation of the Flaxman Gallery in University College ; and should there be at any time a surplus

of income remaining unapplied for the purposes before mentioned, such surplus might be applied in the decoration of the Flaxman Gallery, and in the purchase of books, engravings, drawings, and works of art, which might advance the study of the fine arts in the College, and promote any of the sciences connected therewith.

With regard to "The University Hall Fund," Mr. Robinson declared his intention and desire to be that the income should be expended with the approbation of the Council of University Hall, in rendering the abode of the Students there more eligible, and in promoting their domestic comfort, rather than in lessening the necessary costs and charges of such abode.

Mr. Robinson added, that if it should at any time be deemed expedient by the Council of University Hall to unite more closely than at present their institution with Manchester New College (which Mr. Robinson observed was removed from Manchester to London, in order that the Students of that College might enjoy the advantage of attending the educational classes in University College, and whose principal Professors and Students avail themselves of University Hall for educational purposes), so that the two institutions might be brought under one head and government, he declared it to be his intention that his trustees should give their aid to any scheme of union of the two institutions, by applying "The University Hall Fund" to the Students of Manchester New College as well as those of University Hall, or to the Students of any institution composed of or springing out of the union.

Mr. Robinson felt a strong reluctance to any publicity being given during his life to these donations, and exacted a pledge from the two friends whom he had associated with himself, that the trusts should not be disclosed by them until after his death, and he therefore made provision that the income of both funds should during ten years be accumulated for the permanent augmentation of the funds. He, however, empowered the trustees, on any special occasion or emergency arising, to apply the income to any of the objects indicated by him, and a considerable portion of the income was so applied in his lifetime; but means were used to avoid disclosure of the source from which the money was derived.

After the death of Mr. Robinson, his two surviving friends and trustees informed the Council of University College that it would give them sincere pleasure, with the permission of the Council, to exercise a power conferred on them by their venerable friend, of transferring "The Flaxman Fund" to the College, in order that the trusts might thenceforward be executed by the Council. They, however, felt it to be their duty to mention that, since the trust-deed was executed, the Flaxman Gallery had been dealt with in a manner which was not wholly satisfactory to their friend. He had expressed doubt of the taste and judgment evinced in the decoration and coloring of the Gallery; and the painting of the backgrounds of some of the bas-reliefs a year or two previously (which he was aware had been done without the permission of the Council) was extremely displeasing to him.

The trustees went on to say: "Mr. Robinson had misgivings, how far any public body like yours, the members of which change from year to year, and where the attendance at your meetings varies from day to day, could administer satisfactorily a fund dedicated to objects such as he had in view, without the aid of special artistic advice on all occasions where a knowledge of art was required. During Mr. Robinson's life, Mr. Foley, R.A., was, by his desire, consulted on every such occasion.

"We feel, therefore, that it would have been very agreeable to Mr. Robinson, and we venture to hope that it may be to the Council, that some regulation should be made to the effect that the Gallery may not be in any way interfered with, without the express sanction of the Council, or the Committee of Management, and that previous to any important expenditure of the income, or any operation of any kind on the works of art, the opinion and advice of some eminent sculptor should be from time to time obtained; such opinion and advice being for the consideration of the Council only, and of course by no means to control it in the free execution of the trust."

The Council of University College cheerfully concurred in the views expressed by the trustees, and the fund was transferred by them to the College; and the Council have since made arrangements for opening the Gallery to the public on Saturdays.

Mr. Robinson empowered his trustees, if they should at any time deem it expedient so to do, to alter the name of "The University Hall Fund," and to give it any other name or designation they might consider preferable; and since his death they have changed the name to "The Crabb Robinson Fund."

Mr. Robinson's genial sympathy with young men in their amusements, and in promoting healthy recreation, continued to the end of his life. A striking instance of this kindly feeling occurred shortly before his death, in a gift of nearly £1,000 towards the erection of a Racket Court for the Students of the College and the Hall. In this case also, care was taken by him that the name of the donor should not be disclosed.

Though Mr. Robinson noted most trivial things about his own affairs in his diaries, there is an important class of actions entirely without mention there. He used often to say during the last year of his brother Thomas's life, and when the latter was not in a state to make a new will, how much he desired to survive his brother, for a reason which many might misconstrue, viz.: that he knew what his brother's will was, and that if he survived he should be his residuary legatee; and that he desired to survive, because if he did, he could deal with the large property which would come to him in the way he knew his brother would desire. Very shortly after his brother's death, he caused instruments to be prepared, by which he at once made important deeds of gift, taking immediate effect in possession to members of the family, &c. The particulars it would be unbecoming to mention, but the suppression of the fact would be equally unbecoming. In this way, he almost immediately dispossessed himself of what was really in itself, to one in his position, an important fortune. His gifts to strangers and to public objects he confined to the surplus of his own income, from his own savings.

In his will, Mr. Robinson left to special friends pecuniary legacies (not forgetting Rydal James) and those art treasures which he had himself loved. To G. E. Street, the copy, by Mrs. Aders, of the "Worship of the Lamb." To E. W. Field, the pen-and-ink drawing, by Gotzenberger, of the characters in "Faust," the drawing of "A Cascade in Wales," by Palmer,* several engravings and casts, and the mould of the bust of Wieland. To W. S. Cookson, the casts from Flaxman, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Flaxman's "Mercury." Mrs. Niven, Mrs. Bayne, Mrs. Fisher, Rev. J. J. Tayler, Miss Tayler, Miss Swanwick, Miss Anna Swanwick, Henry Rutt, J. P. Collier, Jacob Pattisson, were also recipients of specified articles of virtu. As has already been mentioned in a note, Mr. Robinson had a great dislike to the thought of anything being *sold* which had been his. In connection with the legacies to the Wordsworth family, he mentioned as a "mere suggestion, without meaning to raise a trust," that a portion of the money might be well invested in an edition of the prose-writings of the great poet, if this justice to his memory and to the public should not have already been rendered. The following bequests should be stated in Mr. Robinson's own words (the will was in his own handwriting): "I desire my executors to offer to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, as gifts from me, my portrait, by Breda, of my late friend Thomas Clarkson, the first great agitator of the abolition of the slave-trade, and also my portrait, by Fisher, of Walter Savage Landor, poet and genial prose-writer. Having, at Weimar, in 1829, been requested by the poet Goethe to provide for the return to Weimar of my marble bust of Wieland, by Schadow, I now, in discharge of the promise I then made him, give the same to the Grand Duke of Weimar, for the time being, in trust, that he will cause the same to be placed in the public library there."

Mr. Robinson's library was for the most part distributed among his friends

* The friend of Blake.

after his death. In many instances the selection of books for particular friends was found to have been indicated by himself. A like disposition was made of such of his pictures and other works of art as he had not specified in his will.

In addition to the bust by Ewing, already mentioned, there is a bust made for Miss Coutts, by Adams, after Mr. Robinson's death. There are also two excellent photographs, by Maull and Polyblank, taken late in life, one of which has been made use of for the engraving at the beginning of these volumes.

At the Anniversary Meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London, April 30, 1867, the Address of the President, the Right Honorable Earl Stanhope, contains the following reference: "Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson was elected a Fellow of this Society in 1829, and in 1833 he laid before us a Memoir on 'The Etymology of the Mass,' which was subsequently published in the thirty-sixth volume of the 'Archæologia.' The object of this Memoir is to refute the generally received opinion that the word 'mass' in the Roman Catholic Church is derived from the words *Ite missa est*, and to identify it with the *mas* which terminates our word Christmas, and is found as an adjunct in the names of other ecclesiastical feasts. On the merits of this etymology I shall not offer an opinion. No one, however, can read Mr. Robinson's Memoir, without being impressed with the writer's depth of research and felicity of expression. This Memoir, together with a pamphlet published in 1840, in reply to some misrepresentation about his friend Mr. Clarkson, constitute everything, as I believe,* that Mr. Robinson ever published. But his life, which extended to the venerable age of ninety-one, was, throughout its course, dignified and graced by his familiar intercourse with several of those among his contemporaries who have been most eminent for their genius and renown."

A considerable number of Mr. Robinson's surviving friends have arranged to erect a memorial to him in University Hall, Gordon Square, of which he was one of the most active founders, and which he had in his lifetime largely endowed. It is intended to put up the arms of Mr. Robinson and his brother in the centre compartments of the bay-window of the Dining Hall, and to prepare by colored borders or otherwise, all the windows of the room for receiving the arms of other founders; and as the chief memorial, and principal application of the funds, it is intended to decorate the ends and sides of the room, which are well suited for the purpose, with a Mural Painting, in monochrome, by Edward Armitage, Esq., A. R. A., having for its subject Henry Crabb Robinson, surrounded by many of his most distinguished literary and artistic friends. The aim will be to represent these distinguished persons rather as they may have been graven on Mr. Robinson's memory, and have presented themselves to him in his happiest reveries, than with reference to any chronological or local arrangement.

---

* In his own name. Various other works by H. C. R. have been referred to in these volumes. — Ed.

APPENDIX.

[The Editor has much pleasure in being able to add the following Recollections by Mr. De Morgan, late Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. He was one of Mr. Robinson's most intimate acquaintance during his later years, and a very highly valued friend.]

In University College Crabb Robinson, a member of the Council, was in heart and feeling a Professor. He was a connecting link between the Managing Council and the Professorial Senate, of which last he was a Vice-President for a great many years together. His German associations always put a college before his mind as a band of teachers and pupils, and all other parts of the organization as only supplementary. He was more the companion of the Professors than any of the political and commercial members of the Council; naturally enough, for there was no gulf between his pursuits and theirs.

The use of a person of this kind in a metropolitan college can hardly be overstated. In such a place, and in our time, there is no class except the teachers who know, as a body, what the wants of instruction are. A worthy mercantile man or public officer, hearty in the cause because he knows it is a good cause, is often singularly unfit to form a judgment on what comes before him. For instance, he fancies every book — except a dictionary — is a thing to *read*, and has no idea of the wants of *reference*. Such a one said, on a proposal to get some books for the use of the Professors. "I think the Professors ought to get the books they want for themselves." That is, the Professor of Greek, for instance, should have all the texts, all the dictionaries of research, all the works on philology, all the historical and philosophical discussions, money to buy them, and rooms to hold them. The idea of the worthy objector was that the Professor wanted no books except the three or four which lay on the table in his class-room. A man like H. C. R. is wanted in every management of a metropolitan college, to give the only thing which may be lacking in the minds of some of the members, namely, what a college is. A school *ought to be* a place in which a teacher has the means of teaching himself, but a college *must be* such a place, or it is no college at all.

As a master of the art of conversation, — that is, of power of conversation without art, — H. C. R. was a man of few rivals. He could take up the part of his friend Coleridge, whom Madame de Staël described to him as tremendous at monologue but incapable of dialogue. If any one chose to be a listener only, H. C. R. was his man; he had always enough for two, and a bit over. And he appreciated a listener, and considered the faculty as positive, not negative, virtue. But this did not mean that he cared little whether he was talking to a man or a post, and only wanted something which either had no tongue to answer, or would not use it. Coleridge, or some one like him, is said to have held a friend by the button until the despairing listener cut it away, and finished his walk. On his way back he found his talking friend, holding up the button in his hand, and still in the middle of his discourse. This would not have happened to H. C. R., who took note of his auditor. "I consider ——," he said, "as one of the most sensible young men I ever knew." — "Why! he hardly says anything." — "Ah! but I do not judge him by what he says, but by *how* he listens." But H. C. R. could and did *converse*. When he paused — and he did pause — there was room for answer, and the answer suggested the rejoinder. What you said lighted up some consequence, no matter what he had been just saying. To use the whist phrase, he followed his partner's lead. This is true conversation: the class of persons who begin again with, "Allow me to finish what I was saying," do not converse; they only expound, treat, dissert, &c. And no man alive knows to which class he himself belongs: and no man misses the difference in others. It should be remembered that conversation is to be distinguished from argument: there may, indeed, be conversational arguments, but there are no argumentative conversations. H. C. R. was one of those who keep alive the knowledge that there is such a thing as conversation, and what it is. In our day, what between the feuds of religion, politics, and social problems, and the writers who think that issuing a book is giving hostages to society never to be natural again, conversation is almost abandoned to children.

No person can converse without power of language, love of talking, and love of listening. The two first are necessary to the talker, the proser, and the disputant; the addition of the third is essential to the converser. Let him also be able to forget himself in his subject, and his character is made; he can converse on what he knows.

The elements of conversational power in H. C. R. were a quick and witty grasp of meaning, a wide knowledge of letters and of men of letters, a sufficient, but not too exacting, perception of the relevant, and an extraordinary power of memory. His early education was not of a very high order of the classical, nor did his tastes induce him to cultivate ancient literature: in truth, his German and Italian opportunities *used up* his love of letters, which was very decided. He was fond of the drama, and of ballad composi-

tions. For his profession, the law, he had more turn than taste. With his memory, he got ample knowledge for a practitioner cheaper than most; and his mind was able to form and argue distinctions. So he was a successful barrister: he made the law a good horse, but never a hobby.

His intercourse with the school of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Charles Lamb, &c., and with the German school, from Goethe and Schiller downwards, to say nothing of others, gave him a wide range of anecdote and of comparison. By the time he died the tablet of his memory had more than sixty years of literary recollections painted upon it; and painted with singular clearness. He had a comical habit of self-depreciation, which, though jocose in expression, took its rise in a real feeling that his life had been thrown away. It had, in fact, been of a miscellaneous character, and, save only in his legal career, had nothing to which a common and understood name could be attached. Accordingly it was, "I speak to you with the respect with which a person like myself ought to speak to a great ——." Here insert scholar, mathematician, physician, &c., as the case might be. Or, perhaps, "I am nothing, and never was anything, not even a lawyer." Sometimes, "Do not run away with the idea that I know that or anything else." But the climax was reached when, after giving an account of something which involved a chain of anecdotes, running back with singular connection and clearness through two generations, he came at last to a loss about some name. It would then be, "You see that my memory is quite gone; though that is an absurd way of talking, for I never had any."

His memory was very self-consistent. Those who watched his conversation would find that, though at different times the same anecdote would occur in very different illustrative duties, it was always the same. And this continued to the very last. He died on Tuesday, February 5, 1867; and up to the preceding Saturday his conversation and his memory continued in vigor. On the morning of the Saturday the writer was with him, and saw no change until after his luncheon, when he appeared somewhat lethargic. His medical attendant was summoned, and it was soon found that the end had begun.

He was, like most vigorous old men, apt to task his strength too much. A few weeks before his death he insisted on going out, attended by his usual servant, in very bitter weather. This was imprudent; but no one can undertake to say that it accelerated his end. Much more force of suspicion attaches to a bad habit of many years, — too long protraction of the interval between meals: a thing many old men will do because they have always done it, forgetting that they were not always on the wrong side of threescore and ten. At eighty-eight years of age he used to take nothing but a biscuit and a glass of wine — a sort of luncheon often forgotten — between a ten-o'clock breakfast and a six-o'clock dinner. At the remonstrance of the writer, and probably of other persons, he put a

more nourishing luncheon into the interval, and found the benefit of it. But it may be suspected that his system was weakened by this abstinence; though it is not necessary to prove a cause of death when fourscore and ten is past.

He was eighty when he began to have that suspicion of personal attentions being a tribute to increasing years which susceptible men take up at sixty. He had completed the extra score when the writer proposed to help him on with his great-coat after a dinner. Waving him off, he said, "I look upon every man who offers to help me with my coat as my deadly enemy." — "Do you mean that a true joke is no joke?" — "That 's just it."

The writer never had his full idea of the great bulk of the stock, and of the ready manner in which it was disposed for use, until the summer preceding the death of H. C. R., whom he then assisted in rearranging books, and advising in the disposition of some part of the library. H. C. R.'s share in the matter was to sit in his chair and tell a story about every book — or at least about four out of five — as it was named. It might be about the author, or the contents, or the former possessor, or some incident of the particular copy; but whatever it was, there it was, and out it came. Tumbling on each other's heels, these stories drove one another out of memory; but the writer was forcibly and repeatedly reminded of a story told him by a Fellow of Trinity College, more than forty years ago, about an old Senior Fellow of the same College, then alive. The suggestion sprang up on hearing accounts of book after book which H. C. R. had quite forgotten that he possessed, and had not thought of for a lifetime.

Mr. ——, the senior in question, had in his youth busied himself with the arrangement of the Cambridge library, to which he had attended until his mind suffered, and he was for some time under medical care. It seems that a faculty of exceeding keenness had been dangerously overwrought. A great many years after — those years having been passed in little more than a sluggish animal life, almost entirely without reading — a friend who met him in the street said, "Mr. ——, I have been all the morning in the library, looking for a tract," &c., &c., naming an obscure writing of the time of Charles I. "I know where it is," said, ——. "Go to compartment E, shelf 12," or whatever it was; "but you must take care, for there are two copies, side by side, and they differ in contents, — one has no writing, and the other has the initials, S. T." — "Bless me!" said the other, "how strange that you should have been after the very book!" — "I after the book?" was the answer; "I have not seen nor heard of it for forty years!"

At the first hearing of this story, which the common friend told of one Fellow of Trinity to another, from whom the writer received it, he naturally suspected exaggeration, though his authority was very good. When he heard H. C. R. throw out circumstances as minute about books as long unseen, at the age of ninety-one and a quarter, he began to think his scepticism had been out of place.

The story of the man of seventy, or thereabouts, is not one whit more exceptional than that of H. C. R. The writer hardly knows which of his stories is wanted to confirm the other. He will therefore add that his scepticism would have been much greater if it had not been for another anecdote of Mr. ——, told him by the same colleague, as having taking place in his own presence. As follows: Dr. Parr dined at Trinity College. Mr. ——, when he heard who was present, obtained an introduction, placed himself next the Doctor, and roused himself to talk on literature. When Mr. ——, as was his custom, got up to go to his own rooms [N. B. — There was only port in the common room, and Mr. —— thought his case required a little brandy], he took Dr. Parr by the hand and said, "Sir! I am glad to have met *you*, and I will take my leave with a few words which may not be strange to your ears." He then quoted more than an octavo page — during which Parr showed increasing astonishment — and walked off. When he was gone, Parr said: "Well, gentlemen! I must have heard that to have believed it. That quotation is from a review which I wrote when I was a very young man, and quite unknown. I could not have supposed a soul alive would now have known I had written such a thing, and I do believe that Mr. —— has quoted it word for word."

H. C. R. had also a remarkable power of close verbal quotation, orally given. The writer has verified this by books, and judges that the memory was equally good at repeating conversations. He also noticed that an anecdote, containing a retort or a *bon-mot*, was always given in the same words. There are men who are strong in recollection of the substance of what was said, but who synonymize, not merely words, but idioms and proverbs. You end with, "It was six of one and half a dozen of the other," and are reported as pronouncing, "It was all of a piece." You say, "He will come to the gallows," and "He will die in his shoes" is carried away. Of such paronomasia H. C. R. was incapable.

Such powers of memory do exist, and it may be suspected that, when they exist, they often determine the bent towards conversation, rather than writing. We may almost think, whimsical as it may appear, that the slowness of writing would be an insufferable bore to a person who combined so rapidly, and remembered so fully. H. C. R. should have been a shorthand writer, and should have had a transcriber at his service. But so far from having this quality, his ordinary handwriting was slow and deliberate: it continued full-formed and legible to the last. This appears in the letter written to the Secretary of University College, on his retirement from the Senate.

The depreciation of himself shows that the habit was not merely a joke, but that the feeling interfered on grave and even saddening occasions. It should be remembered, that for nearly thirty years he had, with his sound judgment and genial feeling, taken a most intimate part in the management. And yet he

seems to remember nothing but the advantage — not small — which had been derived from his living near the College, and being obtainable for a quorum at any notice, and with most cheerful acquiescence.

Those who have breakfasted and dined with H. C. R. will find it impossible to describe the charm of those social meetings. We have heard of a difficult host, whose parties were celebrated for unrestrained association, which was accounted for by a saturnine guest as follows: "O, any two persons who can get on with him are sure to be able to get on with one another!" In this case, however, assimilation was powerfully aided by the genial good-humor of the host, and effectually prepared by his choice of associates. For there was nothing like *general society* at his table; the guests were a cluster of persons whose minds had affinities with his own. We all know that an English convivial meeting will, about as often as not, have its barricades erected by one set and another against those of the wrong set. It is not quite the majority of cases in which all the guests unfeignedly believe in the power of the host to choose the proper collection. But at the house of H. C. R. (that all who frequented it knew the secret is more than the writer will undertake to say), each man felt the assurance that every guest would be — in the opinion of a discerning and experienced host, who cultivated acquaintance only according to liking — a man whose society was personally agreeable to that host. Hence what may be called a prejudice in favor of the lot, which is a great step towards easy association. And so it happened that these meetings were pleasant and social, *ab ovo usque ad mala:* free of that annoyance which, though well enough accustomed to it, we never could name by an English word, but characterized as *tedium*, *gêne*, or *ennui*, until some master of language invented the word *bore*, which takes in all the others in agreements and differences both. As to H. C. R. himself, at the head of his table, he managed to secure attention to his guests without the guests themselves feeling that they were on his mind. It is a great drawback on many pleasant parties, that one unfortunate individual — the one whom every other would wish to feel at ease — seems to be but a director of the servants, indulged with a seat at the table. It would sometimes have been a comfort to the writer if he could have been made sure that his host had had, before dinner, what the tale calls a "snack by way of a damper." But this uneasiness never arose with respect to H. C. R., who made his meal and carried on his conversation, while, somehow or other, — the most satisfactory way in which many things can happen, — his guests were perfectly well served, as he knew and saw. And so these parties were too pleasant in all details to allow any remembrance of one part by its contrast with another. The writer would find great difficulty in any attempt at closer description: he was far too agreeably engaged to take note of particulars. To be inserted between two conversible fellow-guests is destructive of the power and the will to watch many other

details: that can only be done with effect by a person who is seated between his foe and his bore.

It has been noticed that H. C. R. had not much of a classical education in his school-days. Perhaps no person alive can authenticate this better than the writer; if, as stated in the *Inquirer*, and, indeed, as remembered by the writer from his own lips, his only classical instructor was his uncle, the Rev. John Ludd Fenner. The writer used to astonish various persons by stating that he was an old school-fellow of H. C. R., but he omitted the trifling addition that more than thirty years elapsed between their dates of pupilage. The writer was, in truth, a pupil of the Rev. J. L. F., who had subsided from his school at Devizes into a petty day-school in a different part of the country; and from him the writer learnt his first — fortunately not his last — notions of Latin and of Greek, with some writing, summing, how to mend a pen, and the first four verses of Gray's "Elegy," with a wonderful emphasis upon the "moping owl." He thinks, too, that he pitied the sorrows of a poor old man; but on this his memory is not so clear. H. C. R. could hardly believe this coincidence; the well-remembered names of J. L. F., and his being a Unitarian minister, were not enough; though *Ludd* is scarce. At last the writer remembered that Mrs. F. was called by her husband *Uty*, or *Utie*. "That *was* her name," said he: which was more than the writer knew; for the boys had settled among themselves that it was a corruption of *Beauty*, and had circulated the account in their homes, to the great amusement of many. Poor lady! the only amends the writer can make to her memory is to declare his full conviction that, let what may be said about her husband's Latin and Greek, there was no lack of good feeding and motherly care. And it is much to the purpose; for such a pinch-commons as was often found in the schools of 1790 might have made H. C. R. sure enough not to live past ninety-one years of age. But Mrs. F., who was as good a soul as ever took snuff, — and not a little of it, — was very much impressed with the idea that boys must eat, and men too. Mr. F., who was as worthy as his wife, was a painstaking scholar of the humblest class of acquirement, and of solemn and somewhat pompous utterance. When the writer had picked up a trifle of Latin, he was promoted to Greek. He asked for a dictionary, and was assured that there were no such things as Greek dictionaries, but that he must have a *lexicon*. So he was soon put to easy sentences out of the Testament: one was 1 John v. 7. He got on fairly until he had mastered πατηρ, and then, taking the rest for granted, concluded that λογος must be the *Son*. When he came up to his lesson, he was set right thus, "No! learned men translate λωγος by the *Word*." H. C. R. used to tell how he accidentally found the translation from which his teacher used to prepare to hear him construe. He accordingly used it himself; and by *knowing his master's crib* was never taken for an ass. The worthy minister had, in Greek, a kind of scholarship not at all uncommon even among the established clergy of the

end of the last century: the New Testament was picked up word for word and phrase for phrase, without any knowledge of the grammatical forms; νεος οἰνος was *new wine;* but which word meant *new* and which *wine* was often an open question. There was a dictionary — no! lexicon: it was the one above mentioned — for those readers, in which every inflexion of every word was entered; thus λογος, λογου, &c., so far as they occur, were separately set down, translated, and described. The writer forgets the name of the lexicographer: it was the Hamiltonian system, interspersed with exercise in turning over leaves. The book went through several editions. But its very existence was unknown in the higher regions. When the writer afterwards came under a teacher who had been a Fellow of Oriel, his master one day took up this lexicon from his desk, and after turning it over, as if he hardly believed his eyes, threw it down with: "Well! I could not have supposed it; but it will not do *you* much harm." There was little chance of H. C. R. picking up a taste for the classics under such teaching: it would be surprising if he learnt as much as that such a taste existed. The boy who was to be the associate of Goethe, Schiller, Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c., must have had an innate power of appreciating the beautiful and the imaginative, or must have grown it in some way which no account of him distinctly states.

If there were two subjects upon which he was apt to be *huffed*, they were German literature generally and Wordsworth. And yet he certainly showed no striking adhesion to German doctrines in philosophy, and no remarkable — certainly no exclusive — adoption of German tone of thought. These things had opened his mind, for his first real studies were in Germany, and in German: but they did not block up the gateway. Real business, that of a reporter from the scene of a campaign, of a newspaper writer, of a well-employed lawyer, probably shaped modes of thought which prevented the speculative from usurping the whole field, and even from entire occupation of any part of it.

As to Wordsworth and his poetical comrades, it is certain that the soul of H. C. R. was not that of a Lake-poet. Had he written verse, the writer feels sure, without pronouncing upon the exact place, that he would have come nearer to Hudibras than to the "Excursion." He admired and appreciated, and saw all that was to be seen; whether, in the meaning of the enthusiasts, he felt all that was to be felt, may be hung up for further inquiry. It may be suspected that, both as to the German and the English schools, his admiration was for the writings, and his affection for his friends: *fiat mixtura* was the prescription. It is worth noting, that both his great objects of enthusiasm, both the points on which his temper was occasionally assailable, were connected with deep personal regards and long friendships. If, then, it be true which was whispered, namely, that under irritation at an assault on Wordsworth, he in former time told a literary lady that she was an "impertinent old maid," — no doubt in that joco-serious tone in which he often

launched a hard word; it was followed by a letter of apology, — it must have been for his friends he spoke, and not for their doctrines.*

The writer, who knows little of the German language, and has little sympathy either with their recent philosophy or their historical criticism, *exceptis excipiendis*, and who is not capable of more than a percentage of Wordsworth, did not abstain from either subject, and spoke his mind with freedom on both. There was never any appearance of annoyance; the worst was: "You 're a mathematician, and have no right to talk about poetry. I wonder whether I could ever have been a mathematician; I think not: to be sure, I never tried. I have often thought whether it would have been possible for a creature like myself, without a head to put anything into, to have a notion given to him of a mathematical process." Such a sparring-match one day ended in the writer undertaking to give an idea of the way in which arithmetic acts in problems of chance. The attempt was very successful; and H. C. R. made several references on future occasions to his having obtained one idea on mathematics.

As to German, the writer one day ventured to bring forward what he has long called the seven deadly sins of excess of that language: 1. Too many volumes in the language; 2. Too many sentences in a volume; 3. Too many words in a sentence; 4. Too many syllables in a word; 5. Too many letters in a syllable; 6. Too many strokes in a letter; 7. Too much black in a stroke. It was all frankly admitted, as it would probably be by most of the Germans themselves. The serious truth is, that the German mind has this kind of tendency to excess, entirely independent of the language. Free, strong, and earnest thought desires to get to the bottom of everything; and what it cannot find it makes. It asks. What is the universe? but this is poor measure for a transcendental intellect. It then inquires how it is to be proved, *a priori*, that a universe is possible. And it is much to be feared that it will come at last to a serious attempt to find out what, if existence had been impossible, we should have had in its place. This, and more, was brought forward by the writer to vex the spirit of the German scholar. He even ventured to ask the like of whether if *Werden*, while transmuting *Nichts* into *Seyn*, had been brought before the Absolute for coining spurious Existence, he would have been able, with Hegel's help, to prove that Existence and Non-existence are all one. Things like these were brought forward when there appeared any languor. It would be: "Well! how are you to-day, Mr. R.?" — "O, a poor creature; my head 's not fit for anything; it never *was* good for much!" If a discussion was thereupon brought about, the head would be roused, all the power would be wakened in five minutes, and a small course of anecdote, beginning

* The story is that H. C. R. rushed down stairs, and when he got to the door, heard the lady calling after him, "You had better take your hat, Mr. Robinson." — Ed.

with Wieland, and ending with yesterday's visit from ——, or perhaps *vice versa*, would send all megrim to the rightabout.

The last of the Lake School — for, though H. C. R. did not serve at the altar, he was free of the Inner Court — was, strange to say, not a poet, not apparently enthusiastic about poetry, more interested in the real life than in the ideal, tolerably satirical in thought and phrase, and a man whose very last wish would have been for the "peaceful hermitage" to end his days in. This is the report of one: how was it with others? Did the mind of H. C. R. take color from that of the person with whom he conversed? Would he have been other things to other men? Such a power, or tendency, or what you please, may go a little in aid of the writer's impression that he was fit for success in anything, — in different degrees for different things, but with sufficient for utility and note. In whatever he tried, he gained opinion, whether in what he liked, or in what he disliked. It is much to be regretted that he had not an absorbing literary pursuit; but there are instances enough in which the peculiar talents which are best displayed in conversation have turned the others to their own purpose.

H. C. R. talked about everything but his own good deeds. But even here he was not always able to prevent a hint from slipping out. A lady applied to him about the truth of a story told by an unfortunate person who, though greatly reduced, claimed to have known H. C. R. in better days. He remembered all about it, and determined to give some relief. Expressing this determination, it came out in half-soliloquy: "I have £ 500 a year to devote to charity, but I am nearly at the end. I cannot do much this year."

If it were required to illustrate the peculiar parts of H. C. R.'s mind, it could be best done, not by his reverential talk about Goethe and Wordsworth, but by the humorous appreciation, mixed with respect, with which he spoke of Robert Robinson of Cambridge, the author of the "History of Baptism," and of George Dyer, the "G. D." of "Elia's Essays." H. C. R. did not personally know Robinson (ob. 1790), but several common friends of his, and of the Cambridge Nonconformist, had furnished him with materials for a small collection of *Anecdotes*, which he published in the *Christian Reformer* for 1845. Among these friends was Dyer, who was himself the first biographer of Robinson. This Life (1796), though the Memoir in the "Bunyan," i. e. Baptist Library (1861), which may be called the *official* account, pronounces it "not satisfactory." was declared by Samuel Parr, and also by Wordsworth (*teste* H. C. R.), to be one of the best biographies in the language. Perhaps the charm of the book is that Robert Robinson's peculiar humor was wholly unappreciated by the simple-minded biographer, who enters gems of satire which will be, as they have been, reprinted again and again, with remarks of the most *impercipient* tameness. It is a resemblance, on a small scale, of what had happened a few years before, but without imitation. Dyer was to Robert Robinson very like what Boswell was to Johnson, with several important dif-

ferences. Now, Robert Robinson had a faculty of satirical * humor, such as made a part of the furniture of the mind of H. C. R.; and the friend of both, George Dyer, was a man in whom want of humor amounted to a positive endowment. The juxtaposition of the two, with H. C. R. as the approximator, was a treat. Charles Lamb would have given the subject an essay: and it is to be regretted that H. C. R. did not imitate his friend; that is to say, we may suppose it to be regretted; but we may be wrong: it may be that he could not have written *much* which would have reminded us of the manner in which he *always* talked.

And to this point there goes another word. The elements of his power of conversation have been enumerated, but all put together will not explain the charm of his society. For this we must refer to other points of character which, unassisted, are compatible with dulness and taciturnity. A wide range of sympathies, and sympathies which were instantaneously awake when occasion arose, formed a great part of the whole. This easily excited interest led to that feeling of communion which draws out others.

Nothing can better illustrate this than reference to the old meaning of *conversation*. Up to the middle of the last century, or near it, the word never meant *colloquy* alone; it was a perfect synonyme for *companionship*. So it was with Crabb Robinson; his conversation was companionship, and his companionship was conversation.

* Over and above what H. C. R. has collected, a little crop might be raised out of the different works and correspondence. Writing to Toulmin, Robert Robinson gives the following: "Says a grave brother, 'Friend, I never heard you preach on the Trinity.' I replied, 'O, I intend to do so as soon as ever I understand it!'" Dyer would have recorded the intention, perhaps with solemn remarks on the propriety of the delay for the reason given.

INDEX.

Vol. Page

Abbott, Chief Justice i. 373, 375, 401, 475
Abeilla . . . . . i. 186
Aberdeen, Earl of . . . i. 332; ii. 181
Abernethy . . . . . i. 242
Consultation with . . . . i. 488
Abicht, Professor . . . . . i. 77
Abington, Mrs. . . . i. 214, 215, 264
Abolitionists, their merits . . . i. 337
Academic shades . . . . . i. 458
Academical Society . . . . . i. 238
Accident to Goddard . . . . i. 438
Adair, Robert . . . . . i. 269, 270
Adams (sculptor) . . . . . ii. 507
Addison . . . . . ii. 310, 312
Aders, Mr. i. 152, 261, 281, 354, 430, 480; ii. 24, 25, 68, 83
his pictures sold . . . . ii. 280
——— Mrs. . i. 469; ii. 14, 40, 183, 194
Aderses, The . . i. 453, 454; ii. 6, 27
Adolphus . . . . . ii. 19
Adoration (The) of the Pope . . ii. 146
Adventurer, An . . . . i. 443, 444
Affairs on the Continent . . ii. 389, 389
Affluence of England . . . . ii. 159
Agnew, Sir Andrew . . . . . ii. 284
Aicken, the actor . . . . . i. 34
Aikin, Charles . . i. 246, 256, 328, 371
——— Dr. i. 169, 219, 359, 480; ii. 357, 456
——— Lucy . . . i. 145; ii. 316
——— Mrs. Charles i. 192, 236, 247, 459
Death of . . . . . i. 466
Aikins, The . . . . . i. 243
Aikenhead, Thomas . . . . . ii. 42
Aix, Archbishop of . . . . i. 42
Akenside . . . . . i. 78
Aldebert, Mr. i. 44, 46, 154, 157, 159, 354, 394
——— Mrs. . . . . i. 49, 444
——— Prints belonging to Mr. . i. 401
Alderson, Amelia . . . . . i. 16
——— Baron . . i. 281, 335; ii. 466
——— Dr. . . . . ii. 33
Alexander, Emperor of Russia . . i. 391
——— Mr., barrister . . . . ii. 177
Allen, Mr. . . . . i. 178
——— The Misses . . . . ii. 354
——— Miss, Death of . . . . ii. 488
Allies, Intervention of the, in France i. 316
Alliston . . . . . i. 397
Allsop . . . . ii. 14, 204, 214, 215, 355
Allston . . . . . i. 384
Alsager i. 310, 311, 313, 315, 378; ii. 296
Alsager's, Party at . . . i. 306, 325
Alsop, Mrs. . . . . i. 354

Vol. Page

Altenburg . . . . . i. 104
Altona, Dangers at . . . . i. 156
Employment at . . . . . i. 150
Escape from . . . . . i. 157
Friends at . . . . . i. 149, 152
Hurried departure from . . i. 155
Mode of spending the day at . i. 151
Order to arrest Englishmen at i. 154
Politics at . . . . . i. 152
post to England stopped . i. 153
"Amatonda," H. C. R.'s translation of i. 231
Criticism on, by Coleridge . i. 231
Amelia, Dowager Duchess i. 393; ii. 112
American war and slavery . . ii. 491
Amory, author of "John Buncle" . i. 273
Amsterdam . . . . . i. 322
Amyot, Thomas i. 16, 173, 188, 217, 229, 244, 255, 260, 266, 299, 302, 312, 316, 326, 332, 376, 456; ii. 8, 87, 88, 89, 169, 231, 259, 296, 371, 483
——— H. . . . . ii. 476
Anatomical riot . . . . . ii. 190
Ancestors of H. C. R. . . . i. 1
Andersen, Hans Christian . . ii. 358
Anderson, Rev. Mr. . . . . i. 243
——— Sir Charles . . . . ii. 375
Andrews, Mord . i. 265, 266, 312, 395
Andros . . . . . i. 339, 379
Anecdotes and bons mots . ii. 479–81
Anæsthetics first used in surgical operations . . . . . ii. 350
Anglo-Papistical Churchmen . ii. 304
Annan . . . . . ii. 64
Anspach . . . . . i. 76
Anspach, Margrave of . . . ii. 103
Anti-Bourbonism . . . . . ii. 10
Anti-English feeling . . . i. 167
Anti-Christ, The real . . . . ii. 488
Anti-Kingites . . . . . i. 453
Antiquarian Club . . . . . ii. 298
——— Entertainment . . . ii. 326
——— Society . . . . ii. 87, 371
Anti-slavery cause . . . . ii. 361
Antrim, Countess of . . . . i. 384
Aphorisms of Blake . . . ii. 27, 28
of Goethe . . . . . ii. 464
Appeal to Privy Council . . . i. 397
case in House of Lords . . i. 474
Abitrator, H. C. R. as . . . ii. 32
Arbuthnot, Mr. . . . . i. 218
Archæological Association . . ii. 325
——— meeting at Canterbury . ii. 325
at Lincoln . . . ii. 374
Archbishop of Canterbury . ii. 365, 402

Architecture, Gothic . . . i. 295
Milner on Ecclesiastical . i. 298
Arguilles . . . . . i. 180
Arianism . . . . . ii. 63
Army Commissioners . . . i. 181
Arndt . . i. 167, 189, 292; ii. 195, 413
his flow of talk . . . . ii. 416
his hopefulness for liberty . . ii. 414
on diversity of race . . . ii. 414
on German unity . . . ii. 416
on Landor . . . . . ii. 415
Religious opinions of . . ii. 415
Arno, The . . . . . ii. 247
Arnold, Dr. . ii. 19, 85, 217, 271, 291, 303, 360, 395
Death of . . . . . ii. 295
Dinner with, at Fox How . . ii. 271
History of Rome by . . ii. 277
Latitudinarianism of . . . ii. 274
on apostolical succession . ii. 275
on controverted doctrines . . ii. 222
on free politics . . . ii. 276
on liberty of thought . . ii. 221
on religious subjects . . ii. 273
Roads named by . . . ii. 223
Sermon by . . . . . ii. 220
Theology of . . . . . ii. 222
——— Lieutenant . . . ii. 450
——— Mrs. . . . ii. 321, 384, 386
on Wordsworth . . . ii. 356
——— Miss . . . . . ii. 364
Arson . . . . . i. 330
Art an inspiration . . . . ii. 26
Art, Works of . . . . . i. 456
Asceticism . . . . . i. 380
Ashe, Captain . . . . . i. 182
Ashford *v.* Thornton . . . . i. 370
Aspland, Rev. R. . . . i. 262; ii. 84
——— Rev. R. B. . . . ii. 339, 476
Assassination of Mr. Perceval . i. 246
Athenæum Club opened . . ii. 7, 31
Porch of . . . . . ii. 96
Atkins, Mrs. . . . . ii. 217
Atkinson . . ii 364, 373, 494, 495
Atonement . . . . . ii. 193
Attic Chest Society . . . . i. 241
Austen, B. . . . . ii. 263
Austerlitz, Battle of . . . . i. 143
Austin, Charles . . i. 401; ii. 294
——— Mrs., Preface, xiii; i. 16, 391
Austria, Emperor of . . . . ii. 13
in Italy . . . . . ii. 152
Austrian military protection . . ii. 147
Autobiography of H. C. R. suggested ii 221
Avoués and Avocats . . ii. 10, 11
Aylesbury, Marquis of . . . i. 332
Ayrton, i. 192, 313, 315, 325; ii. 73, 119, 169
——— Mrs. . . . . ii. 73
Ayton . . . . . i. 276

Baader, Franz . . . . . ii. 197
Babbage . . . . . ii 424
Back, Lieut. . . . . ii. 16
Bacon . i. 127, 218, 257, 335, 358, 386
——— Q. C. . . . . ii. 355
Baden-Baden . . . . . i. 395
Badham, Dr. . . . . ii. 30
Bagehot, Walter . . . . . ii 476
Bagshot, At . . . . . i. 322

Baillie, Mrs. Joanna . i. 246, 248, 250
Baird, Sir David . . . i. 176; ii. 191
——— Dr. . . . . i. 381
Baker . . . . . i. 383
Bakewell, Robert . . . . ii. 70
Balance in political parties . . ii. 202
Baldwin . . . . . ii. 9
Ballyshannon . . . . . ii. 62
Banks, Sir Joseph . . . . i. 278
——— Lieut. . . . . i. 175
Banister, Jack . i. 317, 328, 384; ii. 455
Baptism . . . . . ii. 200
of desire . . . . . ii. 161
Bar dinner at the Athenæum . ii. 19
Intention to study for . . i. 230
quits the, H. C. R. . . . ii. 86
Barbauld, Mr. . . . . i. 15, 145
Barbauld, Mrs . i. 40, 144, 145, 153, 201, 207, 216, 239, 243, 246, 266, 328, 334, 359, 371, 388, 417; ii. 14, 219, 238, 337, 421
and the Lambs . . . . i. 459
Picture of . . . . . i. 456
Poem by . . . . ii. 316, 317
on inconsistency in expectations ii. 210
Barbauld's, Mrs., "Legacy" . . ii. 30
"Nunc dimittis" . . ii. 421, 422
Bard's, Mrs., school . . . . i. 3
Baring, Sir T. . . . . i. 332
Barker, J. E. . . . . ii. 4
——— Miss . . . . . i. 340
Barlow . . . . . ii. 424
Barnes . . . . . i. 241, 297, 405
Barrett, Miss . . . . . ii. 294
Barrister, A, of five years' standing . i. 396
Barrot, Emile . . . . . ii. 401
Barrow (of the Admiralty) . . ii. 88
Barrows opened . . . . . ii. 325
Barry, Spranger . . . . . i. 215
——— James . . . . . i. 303
Bartlett (the actor) . . . . ii. 455
Barton, Bernard . . . . . i. 486
Bathurst (Bishop of Norwich) i. 222, 317
Bavaria, King of . . . . . ii. 115
Bavarian Government . . . . ii. 115
Baxter's "Life and Times" . . ii. 327
comprehensiveness . . . ii. 327
Bayley, Sir John (Judge) . i. 372, 373
——— Miss . . . ii. 425, 456, 473
Bayne, Mrs. . ii. 425, 429, 474, 495
Baynes, Bishop . . . . . ii. 311
Beattie . . . . . i. 385
Beaufoy . . . . . i. 243
Beaumont, Lord . . . . . ii. 404
——— Sir George . i. 244, 325; ii. 242
and Lady . . . . i. 485
——— Lady . . . . . i. 332
Becher, Charles . . . i 334, 359, 495
——— Mrs. . . . . i. 363
Beck, Mdlle . . . . . i 392
Bed on a parish boundary . . i 325
Bedford, Duke of . . . . . i. 178
Beesly, Professor . . . . ii. 475, 477
Beggar, A . . . . . i. 449
Beldam, Joseph . . . . . ii. 20
Bell . . . . . i. 400
——— Dr. . . . . ii. 62
——— Dr. Andrew . . . . i. 237
——— (Publisher) . . . . i. 407

Belsham, Thomas i. 22, 24, 216, 311, 316; ii. 21, 77
on Church Establishments . i. 408
Benecke i. 411; ii. 3, 71, 100, 118, 191, 196, 197, 198, 199, 209, 225
Religious Philosophy of i. 410; ii. 200
Talk with, on religion . ii. 72
Theological views of . . ii. 192
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 118, 401
—— Mr. and Mrs. . . . ii. 496, 497
Benedictines . . . . . ii. 249
Benger, Miss . . . . i. 246, 367
Benger's, Miss, Party at . i. 248; ii. 42
Benson . . . . . ii. 89
Bentham, Jeremy i. 80, 206, 240, 279, 325, 381, 418, 423; ii. 14, 167, 168, 413
Bequeath your books for sale . . ii. 288
Bergami . . . . . i. 442
Bergamo . . . . . ii. 250
Bergstrasse, The . . . . . i. 131
Berlin . . . . . i. 102
Bernadotte . . . . . i. 275
Berne . . . . . i. 434
Berrymead Priory . . . . . ii. 497
Besser . . . . . Preface, xv.
Bessieres, Marshal . . . . i. 180
Best, J. . . . . i. 401
Betterton . . . . . i. 264
Bettina von Arnim . . i. 133; ii. 411
Bettina's daughters . . . . ii. 411
prophecy for Italy . . . . ii. 411
Bexley, Lord . . . . . ii. 182
Bianci, Countess . . . . . i. 176
Birth of H. C. R. . . . . i. 2
of a Prince . . . . . i. 450
Birthday . . . . . ii. 245
greetings for the aged . . ii. 440
wishes . . . . . ii. 421
Bischof . . . . . i. 141
Bischoff . . . . . i. 156, 259, 455
—— James . . . . . ii. 481
Bishop, Mr. . . . . ii. 422
—— A liberal . . . . . ii. 352
—— of Bath and Wells (Law), ii. 88, 182
—— of Bristol . . . . . ii. 50
—— Burnet and Lord Bolingbroke, Anecdote of . . . . i. 216
—— of Durham . . . . ii. 80
—— of Exeter . . . . . ii. 332
—— Grégoire . . . . . i. 283
—— Horsley's advice to the clergy ii. 441
—— of Llandaff . . . . . ii. 398
—— of Llandaff and Lord Southampton, Anecdote of . . i. 216
—— of London . . . . . ii. 398
—— of Norwich . . . . . i. 222
—— of Oxford . . . . . ii. 427
—— of St. David's (Thirlwall) . ii. 426
Blackmore . . . . . i. 382
Blake i. 192, 238, 247, 303; ii. 37, 43, 372
Aphorisms of . . . . ii. 27, 28
Book of Job illustrated by . ii. 33
Description of, by H. C. R. . ii. 38
Effect of the "Excursion" on ii. 39
Hazlitt on . . . . . ii. 75
H. C. R.'s paper on . . i. 191
H. C. R.'s last visit to . . ii. 74
and Linnell . . . . . ii. 24
no man's follower . . . ii. 39
Blake on Art . . . . . ii. 26
on Atheism . . . . . ii. 29
on Boehme . . . . . ii. 27
on Dante . . . . . ii. 39
on death of Flaxman . . ii. 69
on education . . . . . ii. 29
on evil of education . . ii. 26
on fall of man . . . . . ii. 29
on good and evil . . . ii. 26, 29
on his own writings . . . ii. 35
on Manichean doctrines ii. 29, 30
on Milton . . . . . ii. 39
on reason and inspiration . ii. 34
on suffering . . . . . ii. 27
on Swedenborg . . . ii. 26, 27
on Voltaire's mission . . ii. 34, 35
on Wordsworth ii. 27, 30, 34, 39, 75
resists angels . . . . . ii. 33
Blake's faculty of vision . . ii. 30
house . . . . . ii. 28
manner . . . . . ii. 28
opinion of Dante . . . . ii. 28
poverty and refinement . . ii. 40
religious opinions . . ii. 25, 39
remarks on himself . . ii. 75
wife . . . . . ii. 76, 77
Blake, General . . . . . i. 180
Blanchard . . . . . i. 274
Bland, Mrs. . . . . i. 209
Blasphemy, What is . . . . i. 494
Blessington, Lady . . . ii. 175, 271
and Jekyll . . . . . ii. 178
Parties at . . . . ii. 207, 237
Blomfield, Bishop . . . . . ii. 329
—— Mr. . . . . i. 400
Blomfield's, Mr., school . . . i. 3
Blosset, Sergeant . i. 268, 356, 396, 410
Blum . . . . . i. 164
Blunt, Mr. and Mrs. . . . . i. 450
Boat excursion . . . . . ii. 251
Boccaccio . . . . . ii. 114, 140
Boddington, Samuel . . . ii. 94
Bodmer . . . . . i. 139
Boehme, Jacob i. 195, 249, 257; ii. 38
Bohemia . . . . . i. 63
Boisgelin, Cardinal . . . . i. 42
Bologna . . . . . ii. 249
Bon mot on creeds and quantities ii. 281
Bonner, Bishop . . . . . ii. 316
Bonner's Fields . . . . . i. 406
Bons mots . . . . . ii. 425
Book auction . . . . . ii. 15
Booth . . . . . i. 381
—— James . . . . . ii. 283, 297
Boott, Dr. ii. 267, 350, 361, 372, 393, 406, 422, 425, 426, 453, 454, 455, 466, 471, 477
Boott's, Dr., death . . . . ii. 495
Borrower, A universal . . . ii. 444
Bosanquet, Sergeant . . . . i. 382
Boswell as a biographer . . ii. 458
Both and Berghem, their winter scenes ii. 292
Böttiger . . i. 71, 111, 115, 129; ii. 114
Bourbons, The . . . . . ii. 10
Contempt for . . . . ii. 10
ejected from France . . . ii. 136
Bourke, Madame Meyer . . ii. 413
Bowles, Lisle . . . . . ii. 311
Bowring, Sir J. . . . . i. 455; ii 14

Boxall (R. A.) . . . ii. 398, 451, 475
Boyle (Ireland) . . . . . ii. 62
Boyle, Miss . . . . . i. 353, 359
——— Mr. . . . . ii. 63
——— Robert . . . . . ii. 262
Boys, Dr. John . . . . . i. 374
Brabant, Dr. . . . . ii. 353, 354
Braham . . . . . i. 10
——— John i. 208, 209, 210, 387, 428, 476; ii. 97
and Liston in "Guy Mannering" i. 373
Brandreth . . . . . ii. 367
Brass . . . . . ii. 78
Braun, G. C. . . . . i. 355
Breakfast at Rogers's with Moore ii. 307
with Wordsworth and Coleridge ii. 83
party at H. C. R.'s . ii. 264, 406
with Monckton Milnes . . ii. 264
Breakfasts, Two . . . . . ii. 264
Brent . . . . . ii. 30
Brentano . . . . . i. 48
——— Bettina . . . . . i. 133
——— Clemens i. 55, 56, 57, 85, 86, 460
——— Christian i. 56, 57, 58, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 394
——— family, The i. 55, 57, 78, 80, 132, 299, 394; ii. 99
——— George . . . . . i. 299
——— Kunigunda . . . . . i. 80
——— Senator . . . . . ii. 196
Brewster, Dr. . . . . ii. 424
"Bride of Corinth" . . . . i. 115
Bridge at Lucerne . . . . . ii. 471
Bridport . . . . . ii. 213
Briefs . . . . . i. 383
Bright, Dr. . . . . i. 377; ii. 290
Brightwell, Mr. . . . . ii. 66
Bristol, Lord . . . . i. 336; ii. 98
riot . . . . . ii. 161
Britton . . . . . ii. 374
Broad-Churchmen . . . . . ii. 352
Church prospects . . . . ii. 434
Brock, Mr. . . . . ii. 204
Brocken, Ascent of . . . . . i. 57
Broderip, Mr. . . . . ii. 263
Brodrick, General . . . . i. 176, 182
Broek, Mr. . . . . i. 320
Bromley, John . . . . . i. 220
Brooke, Rev. S. . . . . ii. 492, 496
Brothers . . . . . i. 34
Brougham, Lord i. 296, 465; ii. 17, 84, 213, 232, 260, 288, 364, 496
and Ellenborough . . . . i. 296
and the Queen . . . . . ii. 151
Rumored death of . . . . ii. 284
——— Lady . . . . . i. 216
Brown, Robert (the botanist) ii. 449, 453, 467
——— Sir Thomas . Preface, xvii.; i. 141
——— William . . ii. 400, 410, 449
——— Mrs. . . . . ii. 485
Browning, Mr. and Mrs. . . . ii 425
Brownlow, Earl . . . . . ii. 374
Bruce . . . . . i. 330
——— Rev. W. . . . . ii. 63
Brühl, Count . . . . . i. 65
Brunet . . . . . i. 267, 290
Brydge . . . . . ii. 15
Buchan, Lord . . . . . i. 460
Buck, Mr. . . . . i. 287, 330
——— John i. 18, 19, 237, 265, 402; ii. 281
——— Mrs. . . . . i. 237
——— Catherine . . . . . i. 19
Buckland, Dr. . . . . ii. 326
Budin . . . . . i. 66
Buffon's residence . . . . . i. 448
Bullen, Mr. . . . . i. 1
Buller, Judge . . . . i. 253, 430
——— Mrs. . . . . i. 206
Buller's, Mrs., At . . . . . i. 186
Death . . . . . i. 252
Bulwer, E. L. . . . . ii. 237
Bulwer, Sir H.'s "France" . . ii. 231
his prophecy as to Louis Philippe . . . . . ii. 231
Bunbury, Sir C. . . . . i. 172
Bunsen ii. 19, 120, 122, 129, 140, 246, 295, 357, 359, 409, 424, 488
and Wordsworth . . . . ii. 246
——— Madame . . . . . ii. 364
Bunsen's, Dinner at . . . . ii. 246
——— soirée . . . . . ii. 370, 371
Bunting, Jabez . . . . . ii. 366
Bunyan, John . . . . . ii. 372
Buonaparte, Napoleon i. 35, 52, 97, 112, 113, 116, 132, 144, 152, 180, 269, 278, 306, 307, 315, 316, 391; ii. 55, 112
Buonaparte's abdication . . . i. 274
escape from Elba . . . . i. 305
relation to La Fayette . i. 285, 286
Buonaparte, Joseph . . . . i. 175, 286
——— Lucien . . . . . ii. 58
Buonapartism . . . . . i. 331
Buonapartists and Anti-Buonapartists i. 307
Burdett, Sir F. . . . i. 246, 277, 333
Burger . . . . . i. 72
Bürgermeister, Strange behavior of i. 154
Burgoyne, Sir Montague . . . i. 355
Burgsdorf, Baron . . . . . i. 364
Burial service . . . . . ii. 183
Burke i. 18, 21, 50, 73, 212, 228, 270, 323, 385, 405; ii. 58, 94, 387
Burke's, A repartee of . . . . i. 323
Burking . . . . . i 461
Burnet, George . . . . i. 195, 233
Burney, Dr., on Dr. Johnson . . ii. 479
——— Admiral . . . . . i. 467
——— Captain . . . . . i. 192, 313
——— Charles . . . . . ii. 121
——— Martin i. 312, 313, 349, 378; ii. 78, 355
——— Miss . . i. 308; ii. 119, 121, 162
——— Mr. . . . . i. 195
Burns . . . . . i. 249, 253, 382; ii. 294
Burr . . . . . i. 410
Burrell . . . . . i. 267, 307, 325
Bury Fair . . . . . i. 279
Jail . . . . . i. 410
Sessions . . . . . ii. 18
Busch, Professor . . . . . i. 149
Business . . . . . i. 459
Busk, H. . . . ii. 358, 373, 476, 477
Butler . . . . . i. 211
Byles, Mr. Justice ii. 422, 440, 464, 466
——— Lady . . . . . ii. 466
Byron, Lord, i. 19, 238, 241, 248, 311, 339, 363, 388; ii. 81, 105, 108, 109, 175, 176, 214, 235, 246, 412, 446, 481

Byron, Bon mot of . . . . ii. 123
how he ought to be estimated ii. 453
on the Lake poets . . . i. 351
on Rogers . . . . . ii. 178
to Ward . . . . . ii. 123
Byron's "Cain" . . . . . i. 472
Calvinism . . . . . ii. 446
monument . . . . . ii. 179
Byron, Lady ii. 427, 429, 430, 440, 445, 448, 450, 452, 465, 481
on Church horizons . ii. 431, 432
on comprehensiveness and separation . . . . . ii. 444
on Dr. King . . . . . ii. 438
on religious free-thinkers ii. 443, 444
on the Resurrection . . . . ii. 454
and Robertson . . . . ii. 431
on Spiritualism . . . . ii. 454, 455
on Tayler, Rev. J. J. . . . ii. 444

Calder Abbey . . . . . i. 344
Bridge . . . . . i. 344
Calderon . . . . . i. 101
Caldwell . . . . . i. 487
Callcott . . . . . i. 406
Calvin . . . . . ii. 27
Calvinism and the Bible . . . ii. 290
Camaldoli . . . . . ii. 248
Camden, Lord . . . . . i. 355
Camelford, Lord . . . . . i. 53
Campagna grazier . . . . . ii. 243
Campan, Madame . . . . . i. 367
Campbell, Lord . . . . . ii. 367, 371
——— Thomas . . . . i. 385; ii 236
Camoens . . . . . ii. 376
Canal voyage . . . . . i. 318
Canning . . . i. 374, 407; ii. 77, 191
Canova . . . . . i. 364
and Buonaparte . . . . i. 412
his "Mary Magdalene" . . i. 478
Canterbury . . . . . ii. 325
——— Cathedral . . . . . ii. 325
"Canterbury Pilgrims" of Blake and Stothard . . . . . ii. 74, 75
Capitol, The . . . . . ii. 121
Carey . . . . . ii. 214
Cargill . . . . . i. 244, 351, 492
Carlile's trial for blasphemy i. 372, 412, 413, 493
Carlisle, Earl . . . . . i. 354
Carlowitz, Herr von . . . . i. 61
Carlyle, Dr. . . . ii. 244, 245, 246, 247
——— Rev. ——— . . . . . ii. 188
——— Thomas i. 58; ii. 9, 15, 81, 108, 168, 169, 264, 273, 276, 277, 285
on the French Revolution . ii. 277
Wordsworth and Southey on . ii. 277
Lectures of . . . . . ii. 287
Carnival, The . . . . . ii. 124, 146
Carpenter, Dr. Lant . . . . ii. 230
——— Dr. W. B. . . . . ii. 476
——— Miss Mary . . . . . ii. 445
Carr . . . . i. 250, 353, 475; ii. 333
Carrick . . . . . ii. 371
Cartwright, Major . . . . . ii. 267
Case, W. A. . . . . ii. 467, 489
Castle, the informer . . . . i. 359, 361
Castlereagh, Lord i. 371, 384, 407, 494
Casuistry of the bar . . . . i. 409
Catechising in Dunkirk . . . ii. 202
Catechists and Catechumens . . ii. 202
Cathcart, Lord . . . . . i. 149, 154
Catholic Emancipation . . . . i. 405
Caulaincourt . . . . . i. 112, 285
Cave, Otway . . . . . ii. 295
Cervantes . . . . i. 55, 308; ii. 114
Cevallos . . . . . i. 180
Chadwick, Mrs. . . . . ii. 425
Chalmers, Dr. . i. 462, 489; ii. 3, 15, 479
Chandos, Duchess of . . . . i. 255
Channing, Dr. . i. 384; ii. 360, 391, 395
Chantrey . i. 254, 414, 468; ii. 30, 70
Chapman, Mrs. (of the United States) ii. 401
Character, An interesting . . ii. 438
Charitable contributions . . ii. 337, 338
Charlemont, Lord . . . . . ii. 50
Charles VI. . . . . i. 179
——— X. . . . . ii. 54
——— XII. of Sweden . . . . i. 212
Charlotte, Princess . . . . i. 371
Chase, Mr. . . . . i. 380
Chat with a bricklayer . . . . i. 473
Chatterton . . . i. 272; ii. 292, 293
Chaucer . . . . . ii. 75, 311
Chedworth, Lord . . . . . i. 366
Cheerful creeds . . . . . ii. 388, 389
Chester, Bishop of . . . . . ii. 80
Chetwynd, Mr. . . . . ii. 5
Chinon . . . . . ii. 267
Chitty . . . . . i. 262, 371
Chladni . . . . . i. 97
Chloroform . . . . . ii. 392
Cholera, The . . . . . ii. 388
Chorley . . . . . ii. 207
Christening, Wholesale . . . . i. 337
Christian, Who is a . . . . i. 100
scheme . . . . . ii. 193
Christianity and Atheism . . . ii. 420
Attempted substitutes for . . ii. 156
and its shells . . . . . ii. 458
Christie . . . . . i. 314; ii. 17
Christmas, Rev. H. . . . . ii. 42
Chromatic colors and metaphysics, On ii. 346
Church ascendency . . . . . ii. 226
questions . . . . . ii. 305
Religion, how related to the . ii. 302
Scripture, how related to the ii. 300, 305
and State, Separation of . . ii. 299
supremacy . . . . . ii. 300
Churches in Belgium . . . . i. 320
Churchmen and Dissenters . ii. 228, 352
Cibber, Colley . . . . . ii. 96
Civil and religious liberty . . ii. 233
Clarke . . . . . i. 370
——— Miss . . . . . i. 367
——— Rev. J. Freeman . . . . ii. 444
Clarkson, Thomas i. 19, 152, 222, 236, 283, 284, 287, 386; ii. 215, 285
Bury, his departure from . . i. 327
described in his 85th year . ii. 324
Dream by . . . . . ii. 90
Emperor of Russia, his interview with the . . . . . i. 402
Freedom of the City presented to ii. 279
on baptism . . . . . ii. 283
on the eternity of punishment ii. 161
Playford Hall, his residence at . i. 336

Clarkson, Portrait of . . . ii. 316
Sanguine character of . . ii. 293
Vindication of . . . ii. 266
Wilberforce and Clarkson controversy . . . . . ii. 265
—— Mrs. i. 16, 41, 148, 170, 171, 217, 225, 226, 239, 272, 283, 301, 327; ii. 215, 293, 360, 376, 427, 428
Death of . . . . . ii. 451
on Mr. Wilberforce . . . ii. 190
Mrs. Wordsworth's visit to ii. 435, 436
Thomas, Jr. i. 338, 467, 488; ii. 20, 21, 36
Clarksons, The i. 192, 290, 404, 472; ii. 161
Classics, List of, by Capel Lofft . ii. 349
Classification of Wordsworth's poems, H. C. R. on . . . . . ii. 36
Clergyman at Colditz . . . . i. 60
Clerical admonisher, A . . . ii. 443
Cline, Surgeon . . . . . i. 488
Clough, Arthur H. . . . . ii. 384, 389
Cobb, Mr. Tom . . . . . ii. 478
Cobbett . . . . i. 259, 275, 340, 347
Cochrane, Lord . . . . . i. 277
Cockerell . . . . . ii. 410
Cockermouth . . . . . i. 343
Cogan, Mr. . . . . ii. 88
Cola, Dr. . . . . ii. 121, 122
Cold Fell . . . . . i. 343
Coleridge, S. T. . . i. 20, 35, 41, 202, 224, 245, 246, 249, 255, 334, 350, 369, 409, 490; ii. 2, 19, 21, 354, 375, 416, 465, 494
"Aids to Reflection," by . . ii. 41
Coleridge, and Allsop . . . . ii. 14
Allsop's Letters of . . . ii. 215
"Ancient Mariner" of . ii. 221, 222
Anecdotes by, of himself . . i. 237
"Biographia Literaria," by . ii. 357
Blue-coat School, influence on . ii. 224
at Cambridge . . . . . ii. 190
Children of . . . . . i. 340
Conversation of, difficult to report ii. 43
Cottle's Recollections of . . ii. 230
Criticism by, on "Amatonda" i. 231
Death of . . . . . ii. 194
Discursiveness of . . . . i. 223
Early Life of . . . . . i. 253
at the R. A. Exhibition . . . i. 213
Extract of letter from . . ii. 307
German character of his mind i. 226
and Godwin . . . . . i. 238
at Green's . . . . . ii. 6
and Hazlitt . . . . i. 207, 237
Highgate, settles at . . . i. 334
his own publisher . . . . i. 329
and Irving . . . . . ii. 6
and Lady Mackintosh . . . i. 251
Lamb on . . . i. 238, 481; ii. 7
Lay sermon of, reviewed by H. C. R. i. 332
as a lecturer . . . i. 225, 226
Lectures of i. 171, 224, 225, 226, 227, 231, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 380, 381, 382, 383
Coleridge's Marginalia . . ii. 229
met by H. C. R. first time in private . . . . . i. 195
music, his enjoyment of . i. 480
Coleridge on action as the end of all i. 235
on belief . . . . . i. 197
on bibliolatry . . . . . ii. 230
on brotherly and sisterly love i. 207
on Caen Wood . . . . . i. 362
on Church Establishments . ii. 233
on conversion of the Jews . ii. 295
on Dante . . . . . i. 383
on factory children . . . . i. 386
on Falstaff . . . . . i. 199
on fancy and imagination . . i. 196
on "Faust" . . . . . i. 254
on Frere's "Aristophanes" . i. 363
on German philosophy . . . i. 195
on German poetry . . . . i. 217
on Godwin . . . . . i. 208
on Goethe . . . i. 261; ii. 7, 480
on the Greek drama . . . i. 247
on "Hamlet" . . . . i. 198, 235
on his son Hartley . . . . i. 219
on the Hone prosecution . . i. 378
on Hume . . . . . i. 199
on inspiration . . . . . i. 197
on Irving . . . . . ii. 83
on Jeremy Taylor . . . . i. 200
on Johnson's Preface . . . i. 236
on Kant . . . . . i. 244
on Lamb's Essay on Hogarth i. 217
on law . . . . . i. 206
on "Lear" and "Othello" . . i. 236
on Locke . . . . . i. 200
on Milton . . . i. 238, 239, 383
on miracles . . . . . i. 197
on T. Moore . . . . . i. 363
on "Paradise Regained" . . i. 199
on "Pericles" . . . . . i. 198
on philosophy . . . . . i. 207
on the possessive case . . . i. 363
on the Reform Bill . . . . ii. 170
on "Richard III." . . i. 198, 235
on Schiller . . . . . i. 254
on Shakespeare's fools . . . i. 205
on Southey . . . . . i. 207
on Southey's "Cid" . . . i. 363
on Spinoza . . . . . i. 198, 257
on a steam-engine . . . . ii. 186
on Thelwall . . . . . i. 217
on "Titus Andronicus" . . i. 198
on toleration . . . . . ii. 232
on Wordsworth . i. 195; ii. 479, 480
on Wordsworth's tragedy . . ii. 231
one of five poets at Monkhouse's i. 485
Reception of friends by, in bed ii. 170
and Southey on politics . i. 169
"Table-Talk," by, H. C. R.'s criticism on . . . . . ii. 170
Tea with, at Highgate . . . ii. 21
Tieck on . . . . . i. 366
and Tieck at Highgate . . . i. 364
and Tieck at Mr. Green's . . i. 360
Tragedy by ("Remorse") i. 258, 260
Washington Allston on . . i. 384
at whist . . . . . i. 487
Wit of . . . . . i. 349
and Wordsworth . . i. 259; ii. 222
—— Mrs. S. T. . . . . i. 340
—— Derwent . ii. 383, 386, 451, 475
—— Hartley i. 219, 378, 472; ii. 287, 334

Coleridge, Anecdotes of, as a child i. 219
as an author . . . . . i. 472
Death of . . . . ii. 382, 383
Funeral of . . . . . ii. 384
—— H. N. . . . . ii. 232
—— Mrs. H. N. i. 171, 340; ii. 95, 354, 357
Death of . . . . . ii. 424
—— Justice, Mr. . . . . ii. 398
Coliseum, The, at Rome . . ii. 121, 244
College studies . . . . . ii. 377
Collins (poet) . . . . . i. 13, 73, 170
——(R. A.) . . . . . ii. 6, 20, 243
Collier, J. D. i. 87, 146, 148, 158, 186, 205, 216, 229, 230, 270, 297, 304, 311, 323, 324, 326, 362, 374, 378, 382, 411, 415; ii. 371
Death of . . . . . ii. 24
—— Mrs. i. 147, 194, 240, 266, 304, 380; ii. 188
—— Mrs., Senr. . . . . ii. 31
—— J. Payne i. 26, 222, 313, 396, 401, 407, 408; ii. 285
—— Jane . . . . . i. 328
Colliers, The i. 26, 147, 148, 198, 266, 267, 275, 304, 306, 309, 310, 325, 326, 328, 334, 351, 364, 373, 376, 377, 387, 389, 404, 414; ii. 98, 157
and Procters . . . . . ii. 351
Colman . . . . . i. 16, 351
Colquhoun . . . . . ii. 330
Coltman, Mr. . . . . ii. 51
Columbus . . . . . i. 178
Combe, W. . . . i. 188, 189, 303, 362
Comitas Gentium, No, between England and Scotland . . . . i. 405
Como, Lake . . . . . i. 442
Communist, A . . . . . ii. 456
Comprehensiveness . . . . ii. 445
Condorcet, Madame de . . . . i. 269
Conflict of English and Scotch law ii. 73
Conformists, Insincere, the worst enemies of the Church . . . . ii. 228
Conformity and latitudinarianism ii. 376
Conformity, Pretended, lowers a man ii. 228
Congreve . . . . . i. 210, 264
Conservatism . . . . . ii. 210
Constable . . . . . i. 362; ii. 20
Constant, Benjamin . . . i. 116, 120, 291
on monarchy . . . . . i. 403
Constantine, Prince . . . . . i. 126
Contentment . . . . . i. 327
Continent convulsed . . . . ii. 369
Controversy, Evils of . . . ii. 306, 307
Conyngham, Lord A. . . . . ii 325
Cooke (actor) . . . . i. 53, 199, 384
Cooke, Captain . . . . . i. 192
Cookson, Mr. and Mrs. . . . ii. 89
—— W. S. ii. 229. 296, 317, 352, 358, 372, 397, 465, 475, 476, 487
Cooper, Abraham . . . . . i. 406
—— Sir Astley i. 141, 330, 386, 406, 488
—— Henry . . . i. 269; ii. 9, 16, 31
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 322
Copernicus . . . . . i. 49
Coplestone . . . . . i. 292
Copley . . . . . i. 267, 358
—— and Gifford . . . . . i. 361
Copyright in America . . . . ii. 260
Coquerel, Athanase . . . . i. 367
Cork . . . . . ii. 45
Courts of Justice in . . . ii. 45
Cornelius . . . . . ii. 74, 255
A supper to . . . . . ii. 149
Corn-law Rhymer, The . . . . ii. 233
Cornwall, Barry . . . i. 453; ii. 42, 494
Coroner's inquest . . . . . i. 420
Correggio . . . . . ii. 75
Correspondence of Goethe and Knebel ii. 451
and Schiller ii. 104
Corruptions in the Church before the Reformation . . . . . ii. 55
Corry, Right Honorable Isaac . . ii. 61
Corsini Palace . . . . . ii. 244
Corunna . . . . . i. 173
Acquaintance at . . . . . i. 176
Arrival of English troops at . i. 176
Arrival of the French at . . i. 186
Battle of . . . . . i. 185
Description of . . . . . i. 174
English leaving . . . . . i. 185
French approaching . . . i. 183
H. C. R.'s work at . . . . i. 174
In the Bay of . . . . . i. 185
Costello . . . . . ii. 318
Cottle, Joseph . . . . . ii. 230
as a poet . . . . . ii. 230, 231
Coulson . . . . . i. 313, 325
Counsel on circuit in 1777 . . . i. 355
Counsellor's bag, The . . . . i. 399
Head, The . . . . . ii. 49
Courier, The . . . . . i. 218
Court, At . . . . . ii 111
Dinner at . . . . . i. 390
Dinners at . . . . . i. 392
The, on ducal alliances . . ii. 112
Courtenay . . . . . ii. 267
at table . . . . . ii. 267
Coutts, Miss Burdett ii. 295, 318, 424, 425, 449, 454, 482, 485, 506
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 112
Covent Garden . . . . i. 396; ii. 227
An evening at . . . . . i. 387
Hustings at . . . . . i. 404
Cowper . . . . . i. 245
Letters of . . . . . ii. 67
—— Earl . . . . . i. 332
Crabb, Habakkuk . . . . i 8, 9
—— Mr. and Mrs. . . . . i. 329
—— Zachary . . . . . i. 145
Crabbe . . . . . i. 311
Poems by . . . . . ii. 219
Craft . . . . . ii. 429
Craniology . . . . . i. 140
Compilation on, by H. C. R. . i. 141
Cranworth, Lord . . i. 269, 353; ii. 470
—— Lady . . . i. 353; ii. 458
Crawford, General . . . . i. 176
Craven, Lady . . . . . ii. 103
Crébillon . . . . . i. 139
Cresswell . . . . . ii. 464
Creuzer . . . . . i. 108
Cribb, Champion . . . . . i. 293
—— Tom, Memorial of . . . i. 404
Criminal, Execution of . . . . i. 130
Criminal French courts, Procedure in i. 288
law, French . . . . . i. 479
Criminal law, French, defects in . ii. 16

Croker . . . . . ii. 96, 97
Croly, Dr. . . . . i. 264, 467
Crompton, Dr. . . . . i. 196
——— Judge . . . . . i. 197
Cromwell . . . . . i. 199, 270
Cumberland . . . . . i. 189
auction, A . . . . . i. 345
Cunningham, Peter . . . . . ii. 405
Curious books . . . . . ii. 71
Curran i. 191, 203, 222, 269, 270, 381, 404, 408; ii. 58, 60
——— Miss . . . . . i. 292
Curtis, Miss . . . . . i. 369
Cuthbert . . . . . ii. 61
Cuvier . . . . . ii. 172

Dalarö . . . . . i. 163
Drive from, to Stockholm . i. 164
D'Alberg, Elector . . . . . i. 129
D'Alembert . . . . . i. 150
Dallas, C. J. . . . . i. 19, 400
Dalrymple, Sir Hew . . . . i. 494
Danby . . . . . ii. 19
Dancing-master, Anecdote of . i. 222
D'Angiviller, Count . . . . . i. 149
Dante . . . . . i. 77, 205; ii. 27, 29, 235
D'Arblay, Madame . i. 48, 192; ii. 119, 337
——— Mr. . . . . ii. 71
D'Arcy, Colonel . . . . . i. 412
Darling, Dr. . . . . ii. 405
Darwin . . . . . i. 82
David . . . . . i. 283
Da Vinci, Leonardo . . . . i. 333, 445
Davison, Rev. D. . . . ii. 100, 354, 373
Davy, Sir Humphry . i. 250; ii. 6, 94
——— Dr. . . . . ii. 321
——— Lady . . . . . i. 250
——— Sergeant . . . . . i. 303
Dawe . . . . . i. 292
Dawn of a new year . . . . i. 229
Dawson, Mr. . . . . ii. 61
——— Mr. and Mrs. John . ii. 495, 497
Deaf and Dumb Institution . . i. 103
Debate on private theatricals . i. 147
Debating Society . . . . . i. 211
notes of a speech at . . i. 211
Decay of enjoyments . . . ii. 501
De Courcy, Admiral . . . . i. 176
Decree of the new King of Hanover ii. 255
Deeper than creeds . . . . ii. 434
De Foe . . . . . i. 8; ii. 371
De Foe's "Colonel Jack" . . i. 209
Deity of Christ . . . . . i. 411
Dekkar . . . . . i. 383
De Lamennais . . i. 478; ii. 19, 99
on religious indifference . i. 480
De Maistre, Count . . . . . ii. 19
De Morgan Preface, xix.; i. 462; ii. 476, 480, 486, 489, 492, 494, 495, 496, 499, 509
on wise and good men . . ii. 490
De Morgan's, At . . . . . ii. 424
——— inaugural lecture . . . ii. 377
De Morgan, Mrs. . . . . ii. 472
Denman, Miss Preface, xi.; i. 294, 389, 411; ii. 24, 193, 211, 213, 355, 356, 360, 363, 364, 402, 454
Denmans, The Miss . . . . ii. 423
Denman, Lord . . . . ii. 84, 152
——— Messrs. . . . . ii. 70
Denman, Mr. . . . . ii. 182
Dentist, A . . . . . i. 327
De Quincey i. 251, 338, 339, 347, 466; ii. 9, 230
A walk with . . . . . i. 347
De Quincey's writings . . . i. 465
De la Roche, Madame . . . . i. 55
Derrynane . . . . . ii. 54
A journey to . . . . . ii. 53
Des Cartes . . . . . i. 257
Des Vœux . . . . . ii. 81
Devizes . . . . . ii. 44, 353
Devonshire, Duchess of . . . i. 370
Devou . . . . . i. 478
Devrient . . . . . ii. 115
Dewhurst, Mr . . . . . i. 222
Diaries, Value of . . . . . ii. 318
Dibdin, Dr. . . . . ii. 71
Life of . . . . . ii. 237
Dick, Quentin . . . . . ii. 43
Dickens . . . . . ii. 371
Dickenson, Mrs. . . . . ii. 436
Diderot . . . . . i. 150
Difference between English and German philosophy . . . . . ii. 225
between fancy and imagination ii. 461
of opinion . . . . . ii. 347
Difficulty of perfect fairness . . ii. 306
Diffidence . . . . . ii. 213
Digest of Catholic orthodoxy . ii. 254
Dighton, W. E. . . . . ii. 432
Dignum . . . . . i. 209
Dill, Mr. and Mrs. . . . . ii. 236
Dining club, Proposed . . . ii. 14
Dinner after repeal of Test Act . ii. 84
——— à la Russe . . . . ii. 123
Disney . . . . . ii. 371
Disraeli, B. . . . . ii. 88, 237
——— Isaac, on literary character . i. 472
Dissent . . . . . i. 352
favorable to integrity . . ii. 228
greatly maintained by intolerance ii. 228
Dissenters' Chapels Bill . . ii. 328, 333
brought into the Lords . . ii. 329
Debate about, in the Commons ii. 330
Grounds of H. C R.'s interest in ii. 330
grounds of legal decision . ii. 332, 333
H. C. R.'s letter in the *Times* on ii. 329
Object of . . . . . ii. 329
the question not one of property ii. 331, 332
Wordsworth on . . . . ii. 331
Distress in England . . . . i. 51
Distribution of prizes at University College . . . . . ii. 482, 496
Divinity of Christ . . . . . ii. 193
Dobberan . . . . . i. 160
Dobson, Mr. . . . . i. 10
Doctrinal difficulties . . . ii. 193
Doctrine of redemption . . . ii. 193
of satisfaction . . . ii. 222
Doctrines dishonorable to God . . ii. 300
Dodd . . . . . ii. 19
Dog, The guardian . . . . . ii. 150
Doggett . . . . . i. 264
Dolci, Carlo . . . . . i. 332
Domenichino . . . . . i. 354
Donaldson, Dr. ii. 291, 344, 349, 350, 352, 354, 373, 376, 377, 404, 406, 425, 440, 488

Donaldson, death of . . . . ii. 474
and Donne . . . . ii. 348, 358
Early life of . . . . ii. 474
Mot of . . . . ii. 409, 428
on Robertson . . . . ii. 434
—— Professor T. L. . . . ii. 410
Donatio mortis causa . . . . ii. 453
"Don Juan" . . . . i. 466; ii. 109
Donne ii. 348, 358, 387, 395, 457, 471, 476
Döring . . . . ii. 102
D'Orsay, Count . . . ii. 176, 207, 237
Dowling, Sergeant and Mrs. . . . ii. 449
Drake, Midshipman . . . . . i. 175
Dramatic authors, Modern, of Italy ii. 153
Dream by Mr. Clarkson . . . . ii. 90
Dreams and prognostics . . . i. 469
verified . . . . . i. 469
Dresden . . . . . i. 62; ii. 113
At . . . . . ii. 413
Picture Gallery . . . . i. 62
Drury Lane . . . . . i. 454
Dryden . . . . i. 108, 363; ii. 70, 292
Dryden's "Lucretius" . . . . ii. 77
Duar, Mr. . . . . ii. 260
Duchesnois . . . . . i. 282
Duchess, Dowager, Amelia . i. 135, 138
—— Grand, The, of Saxe Weimar i. 136, 390; ii 112
Dinner with the . . ii. 112
and Napoleon . . . i. 391
Ducis . . . . . i. 282
Duckworth . . . . . ii. 209
Dudley, Lord . . . . i. 293; ii 349
Duelling in France . . . . . i. 479
Duke of Cumberland . . . . ii. 255
—— of Gotha . . . . . ii. 398
—— Grand, The . . . . i 392
—— of Sussex at Kensington . ii. 169
—— of Wellington . . . . ii. 255
Death of . . ii. 425
Funeral of . . ii. 426
Dumoulin . . . . . i. 213
Dundonald, Lord . . . . . i. 277
Dupin, M. . . . . ii. 400
Dupont, Marshal . . . . i. 173, 175
Durango . . . . . i. 186
Duroc . . . . . i. 285
Dutch, Good-will of the . . . i. 162
Dutton . . . . . i. 103
Dwarris . . . . . ii. 371
Dyce . . . . . ii. 388
Dyer, George i. 39, 40, 146, 228, 239, 313; ii. 291, 375, 472, 518, 519
—— Mrs. . . . i. 40; ii. 472

Eagle . . . . . ii. 16
Eardley, Sir Culling . . . . ii. 449
Earliest recollections . . . . i 2, 3
Easdale Tarn . . . . . ii. 299
Eastlake, Sir C. . . . i. 271; ii. 405
and Gibson . . . . ii. 120
Eaton in the pillory . . . . i. 248
Ebrington, Lord . . . . . ii. 59
Ecclesiastical titles assumption . ii. 403
censure expected . . . ii 419
Eckermann . . . . . ii. 473
Economical arrangements . . . ii. 119
Edgar . . . . . ii. 231
—— Miss . . . . . ii. 213
Edgeworth, Miss i. 249, 256, 423; ii. 191
—— Mr. and Miss. . . . . i. 266
Edghill . . . . . ii. 17
Edinburgh . . . . . ii. 187, 188
"Edinburgh Review" . . . . . i. 208
article on ants . . . . . i. 256
Edmonds, Mr. . . . . ii. 236
Education of the race . . . ii. 419, 433
Edwards, Jonathan . . . . ii. 210
Effect of cold on old age . . . . ii. 490
of controversial works . . ii. 306
of old age . . . . . ii 420
of W. Smith's Act. . . . ii. 332
Egerton, Mrs. . . . . i 373
Egloffstein . . . . . ii. 175
Ehlers, Dr. . . . . i. 149
Einsiedel, Count . . . . . i. 390
—— Herr von . . . . . i. 393
—— Madame . . . . i. 140, 393
Eldon, Lord i. 276, 357, 386, 400; ii. 80
Elemosynary Christians . . . ii. 446
Elgin, Lord . . . . . i. 254
marbles . . . . . i. 254, 359
Ellenborough, Lord i. 265, 269, 296, 358, 359, 370, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 493
Ellenborough's overbearing ways i. 376
Elleray, At . . . . . ii. 220
Elliot . . . . . ii. 236
Elliott, Ebenezer . . . i. 76; ii. 223, 456
Ellis, Sir H. . . . . ii. 169, 298
Elliston . . . . . i. 209
Elwin . . . . . i. 156
Ely, Talfourd . . . ii. 476, 488, 489
Emancipation dinner . . . . ii. 58
Emerson in company . . . . ii. 371
in England . . . . . ii. 371
Miss Martineau's impression of ii 372
Emerson's lectures . . . . ii. 372
Emery . . . . . i. 373, 387
Eminence in art and politics compared . . . . . ii 44
Emperor Alexander on slavery . i. 402
Empson . . . . . ii. 257, 351
Engerström, Herr von . . . . i. 166
Dinner with . . . . . i. 166
England, Condition of . . . . i. 51
State of mind in . . . . i. 275
English clamor against German theologians . . . . . ii. 225
copyright in America . . ii. 260
friends . . . . . i. 144
and German habits of thought ii. 226
literature . . . . . i. 139
Engravings, good, Charm of . . . i. 379
Ennui the Mother of the Muses . ii. 108
Enthusiasts intolerant . . . . ii. 401
Epicure, An . . . . . ii. 267
Epigram on Dr. Parr . . . . ii. 166
Erlangen . . . . . i. 77
Erolles . . . . . i. 482
Erskine, Henry . . . . . i. 460
—— Lord i. 10, 11, 18, 22, 36, 136, 143, 212, 269, 276, 302, 303, 400, 460; ii. 371
his acceptance of the chancellorship . . . . . i. 460
Escape, Narrow . . . . i. 159; ii. 258
Esdailes, The . . . . . ii. 485
Esmond, Sir T. . . . . ii. 58
Essentials and non-essentials . ii. 198

Established Church, Value of . i. 408
Estlin, Mr. . . . . ii. 290
Eternal punishment . . ii. 23, 210
Eucharist, The . . . . . ii. 200
Europe, Prospects of . . . . i. 275
Settling of . . . . . i. 274
Euthanasia . . . . . ii. 385
Evans, Dr. . . . . ii. 9, 44
——— Joseph . . . . . ii. 9, 44
——— Mrs. . . . . ii. 44, 45
Evanson . . . . . i. 214
Evening with the Savignys . . ii. 412
parties in Italy . . . ii. 144
Evil, Effect of consciousness of . ii. 396
None exempt from . . ii. 396
Place of, in the divine economy ii. 393
Ewald, Professor . . . . . ii. 262
"Excursion," The "Edinburgh Review" on the . . . . . i. 301
Exercises in antique physiognomy ii. 121
Exhibition, Royal Academy . ii. 19, 20
Coleridge on . . . . . i. 214
of English portraits . . . i. 431
pictures . . . . . i. 247
Expurgation of Italian books . . ii. 208
Extortion . . . . . i. 441
Eyre, Hedges . . . . . ii. 49, 404

Faber . . . . ii. 296, 299, 302, 314
a fanatic . . . . . ii. 303
at Rome . . . . . ii. 309
Dinner to . . . . . ii. 304
on the real presence . . . ii. 301
on repression of heresy . . ii. 303
on revelation . . . . . ii. 300
Talk with . . . . . ii. 299
unable to join the Romish Church ii. 303
Fahrenkrüger . . . . . i. 137
Failure of mental powers . . ii. 409
Faith of the heart . . . . ii. 443
in liberty and humanity . . ii. 417
Falsehood, Power of . . . . ii. 480
False impressions . . . . . ii. 438
Fame an evil . . . . . ii. 26
Family blessings and social ones compared . . . . . ii. 421
prayers . . . . . ii. 334
Fanatics, Rome knows how to use . ii. 314
Faraday . . . . i. 107; ii. 287, 408
Farquhar, Lady . . . . . ii. 220
Farren . . . . . i. 396, 415
——— Miss . . . . . ii. 493
Fault-finders . . . . . i. 288
"Faust," Completion of . . . ii. 170
performed in celebration of Goethe's birthday . . . . . ii. 115
Flanagan . . . . . ii. 30
Fawcett . . . . . i. 384, 388
Feast of the Vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul . . . . . ii. 131
Fechter at Miss Coutts's . . . ii. 475
Feebleness . . . . . ii. 490
Fees . . . . . i. 396
of the Bar . . . . . i. 400
Fell, Mr. . . . . ii. 321
Fellows, Sir C. . . . ii. 283, 304, 350
Fenner, Mr. i. 8, 216, 413; ii. 77, 354; Appendix, 515
Fenner Mrs. . i. 8, 44; Appendix, 515
Fenner's school . . . . . i. 7
Fenwick, Mrs. . . . . i. 224
——— Miss ii. 271, 273, 290, 319, 359, 397
at Rydal . . . . . ii. 308
Ferguson of Pitfour . . . . ii. 34
Ferguson's parliamentary experience ii. 34
Fernow . . . . . i. 210
Festival of the Virgin . . . . i. 446
of Corpus Domini . . . ii. 129
Fête of flowers at Genzano . . ii 130
Fichte . i. 57, 84, 88, 103, 129, 195, 244, 271, 291
H. C. R. as . . . . . i. 129
Fichtelgebirge, The . . . . i. 76
"Fidelity" . . . . . i. 342
Field, Barron . i. 238, 241, 310, 313; ii. 76, 216, 326, 327
——— E. W. Preface, xiv.; ii. 229, 344, 351, 354, 355, 356, 358, 359, 360, 364, 367, 372, 406, 410, 422, 429, 473, 475, 476, 478, 485
——— George . . . . ii. 346, 492
——— Leonard . . . . . ii. 483
——— Rev. W. . . . . ii 17, 282
Fielding, Copley . . . i. 308; ii. 166
——— Henry . . . . . ii. 114
Filangieri . . . . . ii. 168
Finch, Mr. . . . . ii. 119, 121, 123
Death of . . . . . ii. 137
——— Mrs. . . . . ii. 124
——— Miss . . . . . i. 328
Finkenstein, Gräfinn . . . ii. 113
Fisher, Dr. . . . . ii. 284
——— Mrs. . . . . ii. 489, 498
Fitzwilliam, Lord . . . . . ii. 58
Flaherty scholarship . . . . ii. 232
Flaxman i. 34, 201, 205, 210, 215, 229, 240, 242, 253, 272, 278, 294, 295, 303, 332, 369, 387, 395, 428, 480, 487, 493, 494, 495; ii. 7, 8, 14, 20, 23, 26, 44, 74, 75, 81, 98, 110, 121, 479
Blake on . . . . . ii. 69
Death of . . . . . ii. 69
on animal magnetism . . . i. 467
on architecture . . . . . i. 294
on Canova . . . . . i. 411
on Dutch sculpture . . . i. 323
on the Elgin marbles . . . i. 254
on Lawrence . . . . . i. 275
on phrenology . . . . . ii. 30
on Reynolds . . . . . ii. 3
on Swedenborg . . . . . i. 496
on West . . . . . i. 331
on Wordsworth's "Excursion" i. 298
Piety of . . . . . i. 414
Statesmen in company with . i. 473
Two evenings with . . . i. 454
Flaxman's belief in spirits . . i. 494
Dante . . . . . i. 205
dislike of Southey . . . ii. 23
dogmatism . . . . . i. 369
funeral . . . . . ii. 69
Italian notes . . . . . ii. 162
lectures on sculpture . i 206, 382
lodgings in Rome . . . ii. 144
Party at . . . . . i. 201
religiousness . . . . . i. 457
shield of Achilles . . . i. 493

Flaxman's works . . ii. 211, 364
works at Lord Bristol's . . ii. 98
works taken from Basinghall Street ii. 356
Flaxman Fund . . . . ii. 504, 505
Gallery ii. 70, 355, 363, 385, 403, 404, 423, 442
—— Mrs. i. 201, 205, 225, 294, 312, 323
Death of . . . . . i. 428
Illness of . . . . . i. 294
—— Miss i. 136, 138, 192, 201, 227, 241, 243, 293; ii. 24, 161, 407
Death of . . . . . ii. 182
Flaxmans, The i. 267, 309, 312, 473; ii. 16
Flaxman, Dr. . . . . i. 495
Flemings, The . . . . . i. 338
Fletcher . . . . . ii. 176
—— Angus . . . . . ii. 383
—— Mrs. . ii. 321, 331, 334, 383, 352
—— of Saltoun . . . . i. 460
Fleury . . . . . i. 290
Flood, Mr. . . . . ii. 50
Florence . . . . ii. 132, 150, 249
Flower, Benjamin . . i. 20, 23, 37
—— E. F. . . . . ii. 482
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 482
Fog, A . . . . . ii. 437
Follen, Mrs. . . . . ii. 391, 401
Follower, A, of Christ . . . ii. 439
Fonblanque . . . . . ii. 167
Fontainebleau, The château at . i. 449
Foote . . . . . i. 7
Anecdote of . . . . . i. 221
—— Miss . . . . . ii. 493
Forbes, Erskine . . . . . ii. 355
Fordham, E. King . . . i. 23, 146
—— Mrs. J. . . . . i. 490
Fordhams, The . . . i. 23, 40; ii. 382
Fortescue . . . . . i. 387
Forthcomingness . . . . . ii. 419
Forster . . . . . ii. 212, 345, 355
Forum, The . . . . . i. 25
Foster, Ebenezer . . . . . i. 31
—— Serjeant . . . . . i. 355
Foss, Edward . . . . ii. 440, 483
—— Henry . . . . ii. 9, 82, 440
Fouqué . . . . . i. 366, 369
Fourier . . . . . ii. 156
Fox, C. J. i. 39, 40, 146, 186, 187, 205, 270, 302, 405
—— George . . . . . i. 197
—— W. J . . . . . ii. 171
Foxhow . . . . . ii 383
Franchise, Enlargement of . . . ii. 378
Francis (of Colchester) . i. 10, 12, 14, 317
Franciscan monks . . . . ii. 148
Frankfort . . . . i. 46, 132, 394
Conductor at . . . . . ii. 201
Journey to . . . . . i. 394
Life in . . . . . i. 49
Old friends at . . . . . ii. 99
Franklin, General . . . i. 241; ii. 73
Franklin, Sir John i. 202, 242; ii. 1, 5, 15
Marriage of . . . . . i. 242
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 242; ii. 15
Fraser, Rev. Peter i. 187, 188, 218, 222, 303, 381, 387; ii. 296
Frederick, King of Prussia . i. 135, 139
Free, Dr. . . . . i. 355, 356
French, Mr. . . . . i. 493
French antipathy towards the English i. 282
arms, Progress of . . . . i. 153
Bar and solicitors . . ii. 10, 11
comedy . . . . . i. 290
courts of justice . . . . i. 289
honesty . . . . . i. 283
judges . . . . . ii. 10
law against seditious articles . ii. 80
poetry . . . . . i. 484
Revolution . . . . i. 9, 10, 35
service, Italian officers in the . i. 163
The, at Frankfort . . . . i. 47
The, at Hochheim . . . . i 49
Frend, William . i. 239; ii. 259, 424, 472
Death of . . . . . ii. 291
Frere, Mr. . . . . i. 177, 178
—— Serjeant . . . . i. 413; ii. 355
Frere's "Aristophanes" . . . i. 333
Friedland, Battle of . . . . i. 153
Friendship . . . . . i. 275
Jeremy Taylor on . . . . i. 280
Fries, Professor . i. 84, 85, 109, 137, 393
Frith . . . . . ii. 30
Froriep, Professor . . . . i. 367, 368
Froude . . . . . ii. 303
Fry, Mrs. . . . . i. 383; ii. 438
Fulton . . . . . i. 146
Fuseli . i. 196, 205, 213, 275, 384; ii. 74
Anecdote of . . . . . i. 196
Future state, A . . . . . ii. 273
Gage, John . . . . . ii. 181
Gainsborough . . . . . ii. 94
Excursion to . . . . . ii. 375
Gairdner, James . . Preface, xviii.
Galicia . . . . . i. 182
Gall . . . . . i. 140, 276; ii. 30
and Spurzheim . . . . . i. 141
Galt, John . . . . . i. 331
Game Law case . . . . . i. 352
preserving . . . . . ii. 186
Garcia . . . . . i. 184
Garnham . . . . . i. 53
Garrick . . . . . i. 214, 215
Anecdote of . . . . . i. 221
Garrison, W. L. . . . . ii. 361
Garrow . . . . . i. 18, 265
about himself . . . i. 483, 484
Garwood . . . . . ii. 9
Gaskell, Mrs. Daniel . . . ii. 281
—— Mrs. W. . . . . ii. 287, 390
Gay . . . . . i 139
Gazelee . . . . . ii. 17
Geckhausen, Fräulein von i. 119, 134, 138; ii. 112
Geddes, Dr. . . . . i. 41, 73, 100
Gemmi, Echo upon the . . . i. 447
Geneva . . . . . i. 448
Genius, A, among politicians . . ii. 44
Gentz, Frederick . . . . . i. 73
Geramb, Baron . . . . . ii. 13
German artists at the Exhibition (1851) ii. 410
baronial court . . . ii 102
ideas of religious freedom . . ii 197
life, Contemplated narrative of ii. 497
literature . . . . . i. 102
manners, Change in . . ii 414

German students . . . . i. 95
thought not comprehended . ii. 226
war . . . . . ii. 497
Germans and Italians . . . . ii. 253
George IV. . . . . ii. 109
his voyage to Scotland . . i. 477
Georges, Mademoiselle . . . . i. 365
Gerstendorf, Fraulein . . . . i. 59, 60
Ghost stories . . . . . i. 495
Gibbon and Schlegel compared . i. 430
Gibbs, Chief Justice . . . . i. 358, 400
Gibson (sculptor), Talk with . ii. 245
——— Thomas . . . . . ii. 466
——— T. F. . . . . ii. 389
Giessen . . . . . i. 79
Gifford, Captain . . . . . ii. 17
——— Lord i. 358, 361, 372, 384, 413; ii. 9
Gil, Don Padre . . . . . i. 184
Gilbert, Davies . . . . . ii. 87
Gilchrist . Preface, xiii. i. 192; ii. 24
Gilman . . . i. 334, 351, 364; ii. 358
Gilmans, The . . . . . i. 486
Girt, Mrs. . . . . i. 4
Gladstone . . . ii. 272, 278, 330, 332
on Church and State . . ii. 272
Gleig, Chaplain-General . . . ii. 424
——— Mademoiselle . . . ii. 115
Gleim . . . . . i. 139
Glenelg, Lord . . . . . ii. 377
Glover, Mrs. . . . . i. 274, 328
Goddard . . . . . i. 435; ii. 429
Accident to . . . . . i. 438
Death of . . . . . i. 438
Sister of . . . . . i. 439
Wordsworth's elegiac poem on . i. 438
Godfrey, Rev. Mr. . . . . i. 405
Godwin, William i. 20, 23, 29, 30, 31, 33, 34, 191, 196, 208, 222, 227, 239, 269, 270, 315, 351, 369, 404, 494; ii. 375
Difficulties of . . . . i. 492
on French politics . . . . i. 314
Opinion of, on the war . . i. 314
on sepulchres . . . . . ii. 407
and Wordsworth . . . . i. 331
Godwin's, Company at . . . . i. 381
Party at . . . . . i. 408
Political Justice . . . i. 20, 117
Goethe i. 15, 45, 55, 58, 59, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 83, 87, 102, 103, 108, 109, 120, 129, 133, 135, 138, 196, 201, 250, 254, 271, 334, 364, 366, 389, 391, 392, 393, 395, 470; ii. 19, 67, 103, 108, 111, 116, 122, 131, 197, 198, 199, 200, 212, 214, 235, 302, 320, 369, 395, 413, 451, 465, 480
Autobiography of . . . . i. 302
Botany of . . . . . ii. 193
"Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde" of . . . . i. 133; ii. 201
and Burns . . . . . ii. 105
Carnival at Rome, sketched from nature by . . . ii. 106, 107
Conversations with . . ii. 105, 106
Death of . . . ii. 170, 171, 172
Description of . . . . ii. 105
Distich by . . . . . i. 138
Epigrams by . . . . . i. 114
Five evenings with . . . ii. 110
Funeral of . . . . . ii 172
H. C. R. on . . . . . ii. 174
Goethe, Home life of . . . . ii. 105
House and rooms of . . . ii. 105
and Klopstock . . . . ii. 198
Last sight of . . . . . ii. 171
Medal presented by, to H. C. R. ii. 80
Monument of, at Frankfort . ii. 413
Mother of . . . . . i. 78
on Byron . . . ii. 107, 108, 109
on Byron's "Vision of Judgment" ii. 108, 109
on the church . . . . . ii. 105
on H. C. R. . . . . ii. 110
on Milton's "Samson Agonistes" ii. 109
on Napoleon's taste . . . ii. 106
on optimism . . . . . i. 121
on Ossian . . . . . ii. 106
on Rome . . . . . ii. 132
on Schiller . . . . . ii. 110
on the students' quarrel with the authorities . . . . i. 122
on "Venice Preserved" . . i. 121
on Walter Scott . . . . ii. 198
realist, a . . . . . ii. 107
Reported death of . . . ii. 157
the greatest man of modern times ii 157
Translating from . . . . i. 201
Visits to . . . . . ii. 104
Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit" i. 252, 491, 492
Dinner at . . . . . i. 121
"Faust," Completion of . . ii. 170
"Iphigenia" . . . . . i. 72
"Natural Daughter" . . . i. 98
son's album . . . . . i 122
son a Buonapartist . . . ii. 139
son, Death of . . . . . ii. 139
wife . . . . . i. 122
works catalogued . . . . ii. 171
zest in living . . . . . i 302
Goethe, Frau Räthinn . . . i. 78, 121
Goldau . . . . . i. 440
Goldoni . . . . . ii. 87
Goldsmid . . . . . ii. 295
——— Sir F. . . . . ii. 423, 494
——— Miss . . . . . ii. 378
——— Sir Lyon . . . . . ii. 267
Goldsmith . . . . . i. 409
Anecdote of . . . . . i 409
Tradition of . . . . . i. 458
Golightly . . . . . ii. 335
Gondolier chanting . . . . ii. 252
Gooch, Dr. . . . . i. 276, 421
Good and bad spirits . . . . ii. 360
Good, Mason . . . . . i. 276
Gooden, Alexander . . . . ii. 291
——— James . . ii. 89, 193, 296, 476
Goodness and goodyness . . . ii. 230
Gordon . . . . . ii. 68
——— Sir — . . . . . ii. 64
Gores, The . . . . . i. 237
Gorres . . . . . ii 196
Gospel of progress . . . . ii. 433
Gossip about Germany . . . ii. 487
Gothic, Modern . . . . . i 488
Gottenburg . . . . . i. 168
Gotthard, St. . . . . i. 441
Göttingen . . . . . i. 56

Gottsched . . . . . i. 129
Götzenberger . . . . ii. 74, 131, 149
Goulburn, Commissioner . . . . ii. 356
Gould, Nathaniel . . . . . i. 336
Gower, Lord Leveson . . . . . ii. 106
Gozzi . . . . . i. 134
Gracious melancholy, A . . . . ii. 391
Graff . . . . . i. 74
Graham, Baron i. 302, 355, 356, 430; ii. 86, 87, 111
——— Sir James . . . . ii. 423, 424
Grahame, Mr. . . . i. 404, 405, 462
——— James . . . . . i. 462
——— "Sabbath" . . . . i. 404, 462
——— Tom . . . . . i. 463
Grandison, Sir Charles . . . . i. 476
Granet . . . . . i. 287
Grant, Sir W. . . . . i. 397
Granville, Dr. . . . . ii. 447
Grattan . . . . . ii. 58, 61
Anecdote of . . . . . i. 404
and the independence of Ireland ii. 50
Grave thoughts in old age . . ii. 346, 347
Gravelli . . . . . i. 421
Graves, Mr. . . . . ii. 412
Gray . . . . . i. 13, 73, 194
Gray's letters . . . . . i. 433
Great rule of true criticism . . ii. 375
Greatest good of greatest number . ii. 418
Green, Dr. . . . . ii. 383
——— J. H. . . . . i. 360, 364
Hunterian oration by . . ii. 354
Greens, The . . . . . ii. 6
Grégoire, Abbé . . . . i. 283, 368
Grey, Lord . . . i. 22, 407; ii. 344
Gries . . . . . i. 101
Griesbach . . . . . i. 101, 128
Griesbach's widow . . . . i. 393
——— Madame, Garden . . . . i. 393
Grigby, Mr. . . . . i. 21
Grillparzer . . . . . i. 392
Grimm . . . . . ii. 196
——— Baron . . . . . ii. 398
——— Jacob . . . . . ii. 410
Grimma . . . . . i. 58, 68
Grote . . . . . i. 396; ii. 492
Grove on novelty . . . . . ii. 481
Growing old, Rogers on . . . ii. 308
Guide, The extortionate . . . . i. 436
Guido's "Aurora" . . . . . ii. 121
Gunn, Mr. . . . i. 294, 295; ii. 170
Gurney, Baron . . . i. 302, 382, 399
——— Hudson . . ii. 33, 34, 87, 89, 95
——— J. J. . . . . ii. 33
Gurney's recollections . . . . ii. 180
Guyon, Madame . . . . . i. 197

H., Mr., Farce of . . . . . i. 148
Haarlem, Organ at . . . . . i. 321
Haldane, Mr. . . . . ii. 284
Halford, Sir Henry . . . . i. 401
Halked . . . . . i. 34
Hall, Rev. Robert . i. 23, 27, 30, 43, 213, 228, 230
Bons mots of . . . . . ii. 203
Hallam . . . . . ii. 353
Haller, Von . . . . . i. 132
Hallet, Mr. . . . . i. 326
Hallstadt . . . . . ii. 254
Hallucination, Curious . . . . i. 322
Hamburg . . . . . i. 45, 157, 158
Hamilton, Count . . . . . i. 139
——— Mr. (bookseller) . . . ii. 78
——— Mrs. Elizabeth . . . . i. 246
——— Sir W. . . . . i. 462
Hamond, Elton i. 240, 250, 255, 259, 261, 276, 279, 288, 354, 372, 382, 388, 406, 417
Character and characteristics of i. 417, 419
Death of . . . . . i. 417
Early life of . . . . . i. 417
Friends of . . . . . i. 418
Inquest on . . . . . i. 420
papers and letters, Extracts from his . . . . i. 423, 424, 425
Southey on . . . . . i. 421
Story of, worthy of record . i. 422
——— Miss . . . . . i. 328
Hamond's belief regarding himself . i. 418
Hampden, Dr. . . . . ii. 296, 335, 335
Consecration of . . . . . ii. 367
Hampstead . . . . . i. 255; ii. 487
"Hamlet" . . . . . i. 48
on the French stage . . . . i. 282
Hancock, Captain . . . . . i. 176
Handel . . . . . ii. 111
Hansard, Rev. S. . . . . ii. 476, 478
Hardcastle, Mr. . . . . i. 170; ii. 281
Hardens, The . . . ii. 220, 272, 275, 276
Harding, George . . . . . i. 355
Hardwick . . . . . ii. 299
Hardy, Thomas . . . . . i. 17, 26, 34
Hare, Bishop . . . . . i. 136
——— Francis . . . . . ii. 279
——— Julius (Archdeacon) i. 136, 187; ii. 19, 190, 224, 357, 365, 397, 398, 426, 428, 501
——— Mr. and Mrs. . . . . i. 136
Harley (actor) . . . . . i. 326, 328
——— Mr., of Yarmouth . . . i. 27
——— Robert . . . . . i. 374
Harness, Rev. W. ii. 295, 296, 304, 377, 476
Harrison, Mr. . . . . ii. 334
——— Johnny . . . . . ii. 390
Harrisons, The . . . . . ii. 220
Harrowby, Lord . . . . . i. 473
Hart, Mr. . . . i. 267, 304, 397; ii. 70, 339
Hartley, David . . . . i. 73, 90, 91, 200
——— M. P. . . . . i. 323
Harvey, Portrait of, by Fisher . . ii. 492
Harz Mountains . . . . . i. 57
Hasted . . . . . ii. 403
Hastings, Warren . . . . . i. 385
Hats, The wrong . . . . . ii. 354
Hawkins . . . . . ii. 30, 374
Haydon i. 264, 314, 384, 385, 431; ii. 15
Hay's, W., Essay on Deformity . ii. 41
Hays, Mary . . . . . i. 37, 41
Hayter . . . . . i. 458; ii. 19
Hazlitt, John . . . . . i. 41, 44
——— William i. 41, 192, 275, 278, 309, 313, 315, 325, 350, 383, 492; ii. 224
Evening with . . . . . i. 208
Father and mother of . . . i. 44
H. C. R.'s acquaintance with, ends . . . . . i. 352
at Lamb's . . . . . i. 296

Hazlitt, Lecture by, on Shakespeare and Milton . . . . . i. 380
on Cervantes . . . . . i. 382
on the novelists . . . . . i. 308
on Wordsworth . . . . . i. 382
Hazlitt's Buonapartism . . . . i. 305
"Conversations of Northcote" ii. 167
compared with Boswell's "Johnson" . . . ii. 167
lectures . . . . i. 236, 238, 244
Healing art, The . . . . . ii. 99
Heart of Switzerland . . . . i 440
Heavenly treasure in earthen vessels ii. 458
Heber . . . . . ii. 8
Hedge school, A . . . . . ii. 52
Hegel . . . . . i. 83; ii. 84
Heidelberg, Castle of, Dinner at . ii. 100
Talks at . . . . . ii. 199, 348
Visit to . . . . . ii. 195
Heligoland . . . . . i. 45
Helwig, Frau von . . . i. 166, 167
Hemsterhusius . . . . . ii. 199
Henderson, Dr. . . . . ii. 94, 97
Henry, Mr. . . . . i. 5
Hensel . . . . . ii. 480
Herbert, J. R., R. A. . . . . ii. 470
—— Lord . . . . . i. 190
—— Sidney . . . . . ii. 424
Herder . . i. 69, 73, 98, 99, 115, 127, 129, 135; ii. 7, 110, 198
—— Madame . . . . . ii 198
Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Weimar i. 136
"Hermann and Dorothea" . . . ii. 182
Hern . . . . . ii. 186
"Herodotus" . . . . . i. 469
Hervey . . . . . i. 172
—— Lord Arthur . . . . . ii. 434
Hessey . . . . . ii. 9
Hexameters . . . . . ii. 384
Heyne, Christian Libericht . i. 104, 108
Heywood, James . ii. 283, 345, 358, 387
Hibbert, G. . . . . i. 332
Hildebrand . . . . . i. 61
Hill . . . . . ii. 374
—— Tom . . . . . ii. 89
Hill's, Mr. Joseph, H. C. R. clerk at i. 24, 27
Hilton . . . . i. 247; ii. 19
History, H. C. R. on . . . . i. 212
Hoare, Mrs., of Hampstead . . ii. 443
Hobhouse . . . . . i. 404
Hogarth . . . . . i. 130, 217
Hogg . . . . . i. 351; ii. 14
Hohenfels, Baron . . . . i. 53, 317
Holcroft . . . . i. 20, 34, 35, 210
Holland, Dr. . . . . i. 242
—— Lord . . . . i. 414; ii. 84
—— Lord and Lady i. 177, 178, 179
—— Stillness and seclusion of its inhabitants . . . . . i. 320
Hollanders . . . . . i. 321
Hollist, Mr. . . . . i. 262
Holm Rook . . . . . i. 345
Holzschuher, Herr von . . . . i. 129
Hone, William . . i. 358; ii. 23, 141
his first trial . . . . . i. 373
his defence . . . . . i. 374
his second trial . . . . . i. 375
his third trial . . . i. 375, 376
Honorable infidelity . . . . ii. 215
Hood, T. . . . . ii. 296, 308
Hook, Theodore . . . . . ii. 89
Hooker, Mrs. . . . . ii. 66
Hooper . . . . . i. 358
Hope, Mr. . . . . i. 205, 411
on for liberty . . . . . ii. 417
Hoper's, Mr., H. C. R. clerk at i. 24, 25
Horne . . . . . i. 384
Horner, Leonard . . . . . i. 26
Horrocks . . . . . i. 318
—— Miss . . . . . i. 437
Hotham, Captain . . . . . i. 174
How evil reports arise and spread . ii. 40
to receive a parental assault . ii. 263
Howard (artist) . . . . . ii. 70
—— Lord and Lady Edward . . ii. 424
the philanthropist . . . . i. 335
Hübner, Professor . . . . . i. 62
"Hudibras" . . . . . i. 188
Hufeland . . . . . i. 110, 141
Hughes, T. . . . . ii. 476
Humboldt and Napoleon . . . i. 140
and Voigt . . . . . ii. 288
Hume . . . . . i. 349
—— David . . i. 83, 215, 244; ii. 26
—— Joseph . . . ii. 14, 247, 423
Hundleby i. 369, 373, 383, 397, 475, 476; ii. 24
Hunt . . i. 267, 347, 350, 388, 404, 411
—— Leigh i. 238, 241, 264, 273, 383, 450, 492; ii. 176, 206
Hunter . . . . . ii. 387
—— John . . . . . i. 82
—— Joseph . . . . . ii. 304
Death of . . . . . ii. 475
—— Lord Mayor . . . . . ii. 423
Huntingdon, Lady . . . . . ii. 314
Huntington, William . . . . i. 258
Huskisson . . . . . ii. 185, 191
Hussites, The . . . . . i. 64
Hutchinson . . . . . i. 330
—— Junior . . . . . ii. 258
—— Miss . i. 310, 348, 378, 486; ii 212
Hutchison, Miss . . . . . i. 337
Hutton, Mr. . . . . i. 343, 345
—— Dr. . . . . ii. 391
—— Joseph . . . . . ii. 372
—— Miss . . . . . ii. 373
—— Richard . . . . . ii. 475
Hypochondria . . . . . i. 322

Icanrenaud, Madame . . . . ii. 295
Iffland . . . . . i. 99, 104, 143
Illuminati . . . . . i. 124
Illumination of St. Peter's . . . ii. 131
Imagination of the divine vision . ii. 76
Imagination, The truly poetical . ii. 292
Imhoff, Amelia von . . . . . i. 165
Immortality, à parte ante . . . . i. 411
Incledon . . . . . i. 210, 220
Journey with . . . . . i. 221
Son of . . . . . ii. 97
Increase of fees . . . . . i. 410
of sympathies in age . . . ii 319
Indian legend . . . . . i. 244
"Indicator," The . . . . . i. 450
Indolence defined . . . . . ii. 395
Influence of individuals . . . ii. 395

Influence of national character on national destiny . . . . . ii. 195
Inglis, Sir R. . . . ii. 206, 330, 331, 371
Initials . . . . . ii. 404
Insurance cause . . . . . ii. 59
Insurrection in the Legations . . ii. 147
Interest in speculations . . . . ii. 441
Interference of the State in religion ii. 233
Internal conviction . . . . . ii. 347
evidence . . . . . ii. 408
Intolerance, Is it inherent in Roman Catholicism? . . . . ii. 60
of Roman Catholicism . . . ii. 50
Intolerances . . . . . ii. 442
Invalid on the healthy . . . . ii. 187
Ireland, On . . . . . ii. 195, 411
Iremonger, Mrs. . . . . i. 205
Irenics, not polemics . . . . ii. 444
Irish anecdotes . . . . . ii. 60
Irish Bar . . . . . ii. 46
Catholics Bourbonites . . . ii. 55
Church . . . . . ii. 210
a casus belli . . . . ii. 206
the rock ahead . . . ii. 194
heroes . . . . . ii. 377
hut . . . . . ii. 53
jollification . . . . . ii. 63
piper . . . . . ii. 53
poor . . . . . ii. 45
prescription . . . . . ii. 62
Irving, Edward i. 491; ii. 5, 7, 10, 21, 479
Appearance of . . . . i. 488
Belief of, in a shortly coming millennium . . . . . ii. 43
Conversation of . . . . . ii. 2
Doctrine of . . . . . i. 490
Intolerance of . . . . . ii. 42
on the eternity of future punishment . . . . . ii. 3
on intellectual and spiritual man i. 490
on repeal of Test Act . . . ii. 83
Preaching of . . i. 489, 490; ii. 24
reserves quiet for study . . . i. 492
and Robert Hall . . . . ii. 3
Sermon of, on Catholic emancipation . . . . . ii. 89
on Christianity and Paganism i. 491
and Wordsworth on points of theological difficulty . . . . ii. 4
Irving's "Argument of Judgment to Come" . . . . . ii. 1
Irving, Washington . . . . . i. 384
Isaacs, Mrs. Thomas . . . . . i. 22
The . . . . . i. 15
Isle of Man . . . . . ii. 189
In the, with Wordsworth . . ii. 189
Isola, Miss . . . . ii. 169, 174, 175
Italian Confederation . . . . . ii. 154
Italian drama, The . . . . . ii. 153
dramas generally turn on judicial proceedings . . . . . ii. 153
image-seller . . . . . i. 339
picture, a favorite of Lamb's . ii. 252
pictures . . . . . i. 332
politics . . . . . ii. 154
receptions . . . . . ii. 144
schemes for the future . . . ii. 154
Italy . . . . . ii. 117, 147
as a residence . . . . . ii. 162
Jackson . . . . . ii. 483
Jacobi, Frederick i. 109, 198, 257, 271; ii. 198
Jacquelein, Madame de la Roche . i. 345
Jaffray . . . . . ii. 77, 213, 255, 286
—— Arthur, Death of . . . . ii. 489
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 183
Jaffrays, The . . . . . ii. 226
Jagermann, Mademoiselle i. 74, 98, 392
James, Miss . . . . . ii. 214
—— (Dixon) of Rydal ii. 366, 386, 478, 484, 485
Early history of . . . ii. 321, 322
favorite, the, of fortune . . ii. 322
Jameson . i. 152, 237, 243, 335, 356, 397
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 429
Jansenists . . . . . i. 369
Jardine . . . . . i. 408
Jay . . . . . ii. 373
Jeffrey . . . . i. 195, 296; ii. 2, 209
Jeffrey's reconsideration of Wordsworth's poems . . . . . ii. 257
Jeffrey, Lord . . . . . ii. 323
Jeffreys, Judge . . . . . i. 432
Jeffries, Mr. . . . . ii. 334
Jefferson . . . . . i. 287
Jekyll . . . . . i. 401
Joke of, on judicial changes . i 401
Jelf, Dr. . . . . ii. 434, 437
Jena . . . . . i. 75, 134, 390
Burschen . . . . . i. 110
Changes at . . . . . i. 136
and Knebel . . . . . ii. 101
Leaving . . . . . i. 142
Matriculation at the University of . . . . . i. 80
University, Second session at . i. 105
Jenyns, Soame . . . . i. 280; ii. 458
Jerdan, Mr. . . . . ii. 42
Jerningham, Mr. . . . . i. 206
Jerrold, Douglas . . . . . ii. 425
Jew and Christian, Anecdote of . ii. 17
Jocelyn, Mrs. . . . . ii. 467
Joddrel, Mrs. . . . . i. 324
Johannes *v.* Müller . . . . . i. 118
Johnson i. 21, 37, 41, 82, 204, 224, 245, 383
—— Dr. . . . i. 394; ii. 37, 94, 313
—— the publisher . . . . . i. 37
and Cowper's "Task" . . . i. 245
—— Under-Sheriff at Cork . . ii. 47
Dinner with . . . ii. 47
Jones, Captain . . . . . ii 266
—— John Gale . . . . . i. 24, 147
—— Mr. . . . . ii. 244
—— R. A. . . . . ii. 70
—— Rev. Harry . . . . . ii. 492
—— Sir W. . . . . i. 136, 138
Jonson, Ben . . . i. 219, 366; ii. 275
Jordan, Mrs. . . i. 25, 354; ii. 179, 465
Joseph, Emperor . . . . . i. 64
Josephine, Empress . . i. 287; ii. 103
Judaism . . . . . i. 66; ii. 295
and Christianity . . . . . i. 122
not an exclusive religion . . ii. 378
Judges, Anecdotes of . . . . . i. 302
Judicial examination of the accused in France . . . . . i. 289
changes . . . . . i. 401

Julius, Dr. . . . . i. 191
Jung, Hofrath . i. 395, 496; ii. 99, 199

Kalb, Frau von . . . . . i. 112
Kant i. 59, 83, 103, 114, 146, 195, 201, 244, 249, 334, 350; ii. 8, 197, 225
A disciple of . . . . . i. 382
Philosophy of . . i. 89, 90, 91–93
Kasper Hauser . . . . . ii. 199
Kastner . . . . . i. 279, 281, 293
Kästner . . . . . ii. 118, 120
Kaufmann . . . . . i. 159
Kaulbach . . . . . ii. 255
Kaye . . . . . i. 400
Kean, Edmund i. 299, 324, 325, 374, 384, 456
as Brutus . . . . . i. 403
as Lear . . . . . i. 430
as Macbeth . . . . . i. 297
as Mortimer . . . . . i. 351
as Othello . . . . . i. 276
as Sir Giles Overreach . . i. 328
as Richard III. . . . . i. 273
in "The Beggar's Bush" . i. 325
in "The Iron Chest" . . i. 351
in society . . . . . i. 328
Keats . . . . . i. 453; ii. 243
Keller . . . . . i. 438
Kelly . . . . . ii. 337
—— Miss . i. 208, 217, 452, 458; ii. 79
Dramatic recollections of ii. 179
Kemble, Charles . i. 323, 388; ii. 197
on his brother and sister . ii. 432
—— Fanny . . . . . ii. 446
—— John i. 53, 71, 242, 247, 274, 284, 297, 304, 384; ii. 21
in "Coriolanus" . . . . . i. 147
in "Pizarro" . . . . . i. 38
Kemble's sale . . . . . i. 456
Kemp . . . . . ii. 403
Kennedy, Captain . . . . . i. 176
—— Colonel . . . . . i. 178
—— Dr. . . . . ii. 446
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 178
Kenny . . . . . ii. 335
Kenrick, John . . . i. 409; ii. 345, 409
Kents, The . . . . . i. 388
Kenyon, John i. 452; ii. 227, 266, 280, 294, 304, 364, 425, 440, 451, 453, 480
Character and tastes of . ii. 456, 457
Death of . . . . . ii. 456
Kenyon's disposal of property ii. 456, 457
"Rhymed Plea for Tolerance" ii. 464
Kenyon, Lord . . . . . i. 52, 386, 484
Keppel, Admiral . . . . . i. 2
Ker, Bellenden . . . . . ii. 171
Keswick . . . . . i. 339, 346; ii. 64
Key, Professor . . . . . ii. 437
Kilian . . . . . i. 101
Killarney, Lakes of . . . . ii. 50, 51
Kilmallock, Labor Market at . . ii. 57
Kindness known by the voice . . ii. 294
King, Dr. . . ii. 408, 419, 429, 430, 431, 439
King's, Dr., speculations on moral evil ii. 435
King of Sweden, Unpopularity of . i. 166
Kinnaird . . . . . i. 388
Kippis, Dr. . . . . i. 243
Kirkconnel Lea . . . . . i. 465
Kirkland, Mrs. . . . . i. 439
Kiss . . . . . ii. 410
Kitchener, Dr. . . . . ii. 42
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 322
—— Miss . . . . . i. 41
Klopstock . i. 55, 73, 217, 253; ii. 111
Knebel, Major von i. 126, 127, 128, 129, 134, 137, 139, 140, 142, 390, 393, 395; ii. 81, 103, 170, 451
Early life of his wife . . . ii. 103
Family of . . . . . i. 128
Family history of . . . . ii. 103
H. C. R.'s attachment to . i. 394
Intimacy with . . . . . i. 127
and Voigt . . . . . i. 150
—— Bernard . . . . ii. 101, 102
—— Madame von . . . i. 390; ii. 102
Knebel's son Charles, Visit to . . ii. 102
Kneipe, The . . . . . ii. 122
Knigge, Baron . . . . . i. 125
Knights electing the Grand Assize ii. 33, 34
Knott, Rev. H. . . . . ii. 451
Koe . . . . . i. 279
Kohl, Madame . . . . . i. 56
Kölle . . . i. 75, 84; ii. 119, 121
Königstein . . . . . i. 63
Kotzebue i. 41, 74, 103, 104, 133, 172, 191; ii. 87
Krahl leaving Rome . . . . ii. 129
Kunigunda Savigny . . . . ii. 411

Ladies' College . . . . . ii. 501
La Fayette . . . . . i. 284, 314
on America . . . . . i. 286
Anticipations of . . . . i. 286
Buonaparte, relation to . i. 285
on the slave trade . . . i. 284
La Harpe . . . . . i. 365
Laing, David . . . . . i. 461, 462
Lake Como . . . . . ii. 250
Garda . . . . . ii. 251
of Iseo . . . . . ii. 251
poets and C. Lamb . . . ii. 357
Lakes, English and Scotch, compared with those of Killarney . . ii. 400
"Lalla Rookh" . . . . . i. 363
Lamb, Charles i. 20, 41, 114, 170, 172, 192, 193, 195, 197, 207, 208, 219, 229, 231, 237, 238, 242, 246, 260, 296, 299, 308, 309, 310, 311, 313, 315, 324, 329, 350, 377, 383, 384, 432; ii. 14, 15, 17, 23, 36, 74, 96, 109, 114, 158, 159, 257, 362, 465, 481, 494
The Aikins on . . . . . i. 242
Album verses of . . . . ii. 182
"Ancient Dramatists," his . ii. 480
Art, his love for . . . . i. 404
and Mrs. Barbauld . . . ii. 6
Blue-coat School influence on ii. 224
Book borrowed from . . . ii. 41
at Cambridge . . . . . i. 433
Childlikeness of . . . . i. 334
at Coleridge's . . . . . ii. 6
Death of . . . . . ii. 204
at Enfield . . . . . ii. 78
Epitaph on . . . . . ii. 214
Funeral of . . . . . ii. 204
Genius of . . . . . ii. 357
Grave of . . . . . ii. 268

Lamb, Charles, Hazlitt's portrait of i. 236
Hoax and confession by ii. 92, 93
India House left by ii. 19, 22
"The Intruding Widow" by ii. 86
and Irving ii. 9
and Landor ii 175
Letter to H. C. R. by i. 193
Letter to Southey by i. 492
Letters, new volume of his ii. 359
Letters of, to Wordsworth ii. 219
Letters to Wordsworth by ii. 219
Library of ii. 1, 96
and Mary Lamb try the water system i. 203
at Monkhouse's with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Moore, and Rogers i. 485
Lamb's account of the dinner i. 486
Lamb on Blake ii. 27
on Blake's Catalogue ii. 75
on Coleridge i. 219, 238, 481
on Dignum and Mrs. Bland i. 209
on the "Excursion" i. 296
on H. C. R.'s "Great First Cause" i. 324
on Keats i. 454
on "King John" i. 224
on Lady Macbeth i. 224
on his friend Manning ii. 7
on Paris sights i. 477
on "Peter Bell" i. 251
on two poems by Wordsworth ii. 464
on puns i. 214, 349
on punsters i. 216
on "Reynard the Fox" i. 211
on "Richard II." i. 224
on Shakespeare i. 224
on Southey's "Kehama" i. 204
on "Titus Andronicus" i. 198
on the "Two Angry Women of Abingdon" ii. 297
on wit i. 349
on Wordsworth and Coleridge i. 204
Piety of ii. 4
Portrait of ii. 465
portrait sitting for ii. 42
Prince Dorus, his story of i. 211
Religiousness of i. 492
serious when tête-à-tête i. 481
Talfourd introduced to Wordsworth by i. 262
Talk with Talfourd about ii. 213
"Triumph of the Whale" by i. 241
Two days with ii. 96
Visit to, at Enfield ii. 79
and Wordsworth correspondence ii. 367
Wordsworth on ii. 214
Lamb's usual Christmas present of turkey from H. C. R. i. 377
Lamb, Mary i. 41, 197, 211, 224, 234, 298, 304. 328, 329. 352, 387, 396, 433, 476, 477; ii. 22, 79, 96, 204, 205, 214. 258, 282, 295, 307
Landor's opinion of "Mrs. Leicester's School" by ii. 149
pension, her ii. 207
Funeral of ii. 355
Lambs, The i. 309, 404, 408, 452, 467; ii. 14, 169, 217
their visit to France i. 476
Lamb, The Honorable George i. 404
—— The Honorable William i. 404
Lambert ii. 88
Lancaster, Joseph i. 44, 227, 237
Landon, Miss ii. 42
Landor, W. S. ii. 19, 137, 138, 173, 175, 176, 194, 205, 229, 292, 455, 489
Attack on Wordsworth by ii. 234
Description of, in "Bleak House" ii. 137
Dogmatism of ii. 139
History of ii. 138
love for Lamb, his ii. 162
on art ii 139
on death of Coleridge and Goethe ii. 194
on "Elia" ii. 162
on Flaxman ii. 174
on flowers ii. 160, 257
on H. C. R. ii. 143
on the Italians ii. 138
on the Lake poets ii. 162
on Mary Lamb ii. 206
on "Mrs. Leicester's School" ii. 149
on pictures ii. 227
on Schlegel ii. 178
Landor's dog Parigi ii. 150
Tuscan villa ii. 137
unlimited utterance, gift of ii. 137
Landseer, Sir Edwin i. 325
—— John, Lecture by i. 325
Langhorne ii. 241
Languages, Foreign i. 137
Lapse of memory ii. 88
Lardner ii. 237
Last Christmas day ii. 501
continental journey ii. 483
look at Rogers's house ii. 452
visit to the theatre ii. 499
volume of the Diary begun ii. 494
Latitudinarian, A ii. 376
clergyman, A ii. 487
Latitudinarianism ii 445
La Trappe, walk to the monastery ii. 11
Laureate, The, commanded to Court ii 308
odes ii 309
The, at Court ii. 337
The, at home i. 340
Laurie, Sir Peter i. 488
Lavaggi i. 179, 186
H. C. R assists i. 182
Madame i. 179, 180, 184, 185
in London i. 194
Lavalette i. 330
Lavater i. 122; ii. 295
Laverna ii. 248
Law, Anomalies of the ii. 353
as an instrument of oppression i. 329
of blasphemy i. 493
Lawrence, Archbishop ii. 345
—— (schoolmaster) i. 6
—— Sir T. i. 215, 216, 220, 242, 387; ii. 19, 20, 44, 70
—— W. i. 452
Lawrence's picture of the Pattissons i. 220, 357
Lawyers bad judges on moral questions ii. 331
bad lawmakers ii. 265

Lawyers' dinner party . . . ii. 60
fees . . . . . i. 400
Layard, A. H. . . . . ii. 371, 400
as a boy . . . . . ii. 422, 423
Lazzaroni . . . . . ii. 126
Leach, Mr. T. . . . . ii. 472, 476
Lease, Mr. . . . . i. 3
Lease's, Mr., school. . . . . i. 6
Leblanc . . . . . i. 353, 355
Le Breton, Rev. P. ii. 358, 468, 469, 473
Lecture-room, Affair in . . . i. 134
Leeds . . . . . i. 348
Lees, Mr. . . . . ii. 63
Legacy, Invaluable . . . . . ii. 267
Legal subtlety, A . . . . . i. 327
Legations in insurrection . . ii. 147
Legends . . . . . ii. 248
Legitimation by subsequent marriage ii. 73
Le Grice, Valentine . . . . . ii. 238
Anecdotes of . . . . . ii. 239
Leibnitz . . . . . i. 90, 200; ii. 23
Leipzig and Dresden . . . . ii. 113
L. E. L. . . . . ii. 42
Lennard, Mr. . . . . ii. 43
Leonardo da Vinci . . . . i. 333, 445
his celebrated picture . i. 445, 446
Leopardi . . . . . ii. 154
Lepsius. . . . . ii. 279
Le Sage . . . . . i. 308
Leslie . . . . . ii. 19
Lessing . . . . . i. 66, 102, 172
his "Nathan der Weise" . . i. 99
Letter from Arnold, Mrs., to H. C. R. ii. 356
Burney, Miss, to H. C. R. . . ii. 207
Byron, Lady, to H. C. R. ii. 431, 438, 443, 444, 445, 446, 448, 452, 454
Clarkson, Mrs., to H. C. R. . i. 223; ii. 90, 190, 437
Coleridge to H C. R. i. 231, 271, 362, 385
Denman, Miss, to H. C. R. . ii. 442
Dixon, James, to H. C. R. . ii. 484
Donaldson to H C. R. . . ii. 434
Estlin, Mr., to H. C. R. . ii. 361
Field, Barron, to H. C. R. ii. 326, 336
Hall, Robert, to H. C. R. . i. 30
Hamond to H. C. R. and others i. 424, 427
Hamond to Coroner and Jury i. 427
H. C. R. to Benecke ii. 191, 209, 225
to Booth, James . ii. 297
to Clarkson, Mrs. i. 225, 226, 235, 239
to Coleridge, H. N. . ii. 232
to Collier, J. D. . i. 158
to Collier, Mrs. . . ii. 125
to Cookson, W. S. ii. 477, 491, 498, 501
to Fenwick, Miss ii. 304, 385, 399
to Field, E. W. . . ii. 492
to a Friend . . . ii. 337
to Hall, Rev. R. . i. 28
to Goethe . . . ii. 80
to Habakkuk R. . i. 402
to Jones, Rev. H. . ii. 502
to Landor. . . ii. 234
to Masquerier ii. 187. 215, 289, 291
Letter from H. C. R. to Mottram, J., Junr. ii. 459
to Pattisson, W. ii. 127, 147, 154, 155
to Pattisson, Mrs. . i. 280
to Paynter ii. 238, 379, 395, 417, 418, 441, 458
to Quillinan. . . . ii. 313
to Schunck, Mrs. . ii. 496
to Talfourd . . . . ii. 375
to T. R. i. 12, 36, 38, 45, 46, 55, 72, 79, 86, 89, 92, 106, 128, 136, 150, 151, 168, 174, 200, 230, 266, 376; ii. 144, 145, 149, 276, 290, 295, 302, 304, 308, 315, 316, 319, 321, 333, 335, 343, 346, 349, 352, 355, 357, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 368, 371, 372, 374, 379, 382, 384, 388, 392, 394, 397, 399, 402, 403, 404, 406, 409, 418, 420, 421, 422, 424, 425, 426, 431, 437, 439, 441, 455, 467
to Wordsworth i. 349; ii. 91, 174, 212, 213, 239, 260, 265, 286, 293, 330, 331
to Wordsworth, Miss i. 202; ii. 22, 35, 186
to Wordsworth, Mrs. ii. 317, 324, 327, 366, 389
King, Dr., to H. C. R. ii. 430, 432, 434, 435, 437, 440
Lamb, Charles, to H. C. R. i. 193; ii. 77, 92
Landor to H. C. R. ii. 149, 160, 162, 178, 194, 256
Lofft, Capel, to H. C. R. . . i. 234
Naylor, S., Junr., to H. C. R. ii. 170
Paynter to H. C. R. . . . ii. 430
Quillinan to H. C. R. ii. 308, 309, 315, 318, 322, 323, 376, 384, 387, 390, 391, 407
Savigny to H. C. R. . . . i. 87
Southey to H. C. R i. 379, 421, 481
Southey to Hamond . . . i. 425
Talfourd to H. C. R. . . ii. 204
T. R. to H. C. R. . . . i. 51, 68
Voigt to H C. R. . . . ii. 171
Wordsworth to H. C. R. i. 457; ii. 94, 180, 211, 260, 264, 268, 281, 285. 287, 323, 331
Wordsworth, Miss i. 192, 471; ii. 163
Wordsworth, Mrs., to H. C. R. ii. 405
Wurm, Dr., to H. C. R. . . ii. 84
L'Enclos, Ninon de . . . . i. 54
Lettsom, Dr. . . . . ii. 9
Levesque . . . . . ii. 284
—— Miss . . . . . ii. 378
Levezow . . . . . i. 159
Lewes, G. H.'s, "Life of Goethe" . i. 75
Lewis . . . . . i. 328
—— Miss . . . . . i. 363
—— "Monk" . . . . . i. 72
Libel case, A . . . . . ii. 40
Libel by H. C. R. in the *Times* . i. 415
Liberal enemies to liberty . . i. 483
expectations respecting the United States . . . . ii. 368

Liberal expectations respecting the French Revolution . . ii. 368
Liberales, serviles . . . . ii. 349
Liberty endangered by the sincerely religious . . . . . ii. 365
Liebig . . . . . i. 79
Liefländer and Curländer . . i. 95
"Life in the Sick Room" . . . ii. 319
Lightfoot . . . . . ii. 229
Ligne, Prince de . . . . . i. 64
Lillo . . . . . i. 137
Limitation to endowments for opinions ii. 333
Lincoln, President, Assassination of ii. 491
on slavery . . . . . ii. 490, 491
——— Bishop of . . . . . ii. 80
Cathedral . . . . . ii. 374
Lincolne, Mr. . . . . i. 5, 9
Lindley, Dr. . . . . ii. 193
Lindleys, The . . . . . ii. 280
Lindsey, Theophilus . . . . i. 246
Ling, Mrs. . . . . i. 4
Linnæan Society, Dinner with . ii. 88
Linnæus . . . . . i. 215
Linnell, Mr. . . . . ii. 24, 28, 76
Lister, Mrs. Daniel . . . . ii. 259
Liston . i. 295, 209, 259, 373, 387, 388, 396, 415, 458; ii. 17, 42, 227
"Literary Gazette" . . . . ii. 42
Literary work . . . . . i. 231
Literati asleep . . . . . i. 452
Littledale, Edward, i. 239, 377, 475; ii. 15, 19
Liverpool, Lord . . i. 378; ii. 20, 227
Lloyd, Gamaliel . . . . i. 26, 191
——— William Horton . . . i. 26
Locke . . i. 14, 33, 70, 73, 82, 88, 89, 90, 107, 200; ii. 27, 29
——— Mr. . . . . ii. 20
Lobo . . . . . i. 186
Loder . . . . . i. 82
Lockhart . . . . . i. 313; ii. 284
Lofft, Capel . i. 18, 21, 26, 41, 234, 275, 315; ii. 349
Lombardy and the Austrian dominions ii. 252
London University . . ii. 81, 213
Londoners and bad French . . ii. 349
Long . . . . i. 316, 326; ii. 30, 475
Longman's, Dinner at . . . . i. 242
Lonsdale, Lord . . . . . i. 267
Lord Mayor's dinner . . . . i. 467
Lords, The, throw out the Reform Bill ii. 158
O'Connel counsel before the . ii. 158
Loring, C. G., on Webster . . ii. 429
Lorraine, Claude . . . . . i. 72
Loss of memory . . . . . ii. 419
Loughborough, Lord . . . . i. 216
Louis Philippe . . . . . i. 403
abdicates . . . . . ii. 389
Louis XVI. . . . . i. 42, 149
Louise, Grand Duchess . . . ii. 112
Lover . . . . . ii. 207, 474
Lovere, Voyage to . . . . . ii. 251
Lovegrove . . . . . i. 217
Lovell . . . . . i. 283
——— Mrs. . . . . i. 340
"Love's Labor's Lost" . . . . ii. 486
Love me, love my book . . . ii. 407
Lovett . . . . . i. 397
"Lucretius" . . . . . i. 127
"Lucy Gray" . . . . . i. 342
Luff, Mrs. . . . . ii. 299
Lugano, Lake of . . . . . i. 441
Lulworth Cove, At . . . . . ii. 477
Lushington . . . . . ii. 335
——— Dr. . . . . i. 250
Lütchens, Madame . . . . i. 152, 154
Luther i. 61, 70, 80, 101, 221, 338, 374, 413; ii. 10, 27
Anecdote of . . . . . i. 337
Lutheran clergy . . . . . i. 61
Luttrell . . . . . ii. 388
Lutwidge, Admiral . . . . . i. 345
Lutwidges, The . . . . . ii. 223
Lyell, Sir Charles . . . . . i. 26
Lectures by . . . . . ii. 172, 304
Lyndhurst, Lord . i. 267; ii. 332, 458
A liberal freak of . . . . ii. 424
Lyttelton, Lord . . . . . i. 188

Macaulay, T. B. i. 385; ii. 283, 314, 330, 386, 402, 412, 458
Estimate of . . . . . ii. 68
Macaulay's criticism of Pope deprecated ii. 310, 311
style . . . . . ii. 312
Macdonald, G. . . . . ii. 489, 495
Macdonald's writing . . . . ii. 500
Mackenzie, Hon. Miss ii. 142, 143, 150, 194, 242, 243, 246, 247
Wordsworth on . . . ii. 285, 453
Mackenzie's, Miss, death . . . ii. 285
Mackintosh, Sir James . i. 38, 313, 332, 492; ii. 94, 213, 479
on the British constitution . i. 33
as a moralist . . . . . ii. 213
——— Lady . . . i. 251, 269, 270, 296
——— Miss . . . . . ii. 408
Macmillan, Mr. . . ii. 501; Preface, vi.
Macpherson . . . . . ii. 76
Macready i. 263, 264, 387, 433, 456; ii. 229, 345
McSwiney, Mr. . . . . ii. 51, 52
Madden, Mr. . . . . ii. 89
Madge, Rev. T. . i. 279; ii. 296, 344, 345, 358, 359, 370, 373, 470, 476
Madrid, Plan for going to . . . i. 179
Magee, Dr. . . . . ii. 203
Mahon, Lord . . . . . ii. 371
Malden, Professor . . . . . ii. 222
Malibran . . . . . ii. 183
Maling, Sarah Jane . . i. 20, 27, 41, 42
Malkin, Dr. . . . . i. 191; ii. 74
Mallett . . . . . i. 186, 187
Malmaison . . . . . i. 287
Maltby, W. . . . . i. 216; ii. 170, 282
Mandeville, Bernard . . . . i. 252
"Manfred" . . . . . i. 363
The indomitable in . . . . ii. 108
Mangerton . . . . . ii. 51
Mankind were fallen angels . . i 411
Man learning only by induction . ii. 435
Manning . . . . . i. 224, 378; ii. 4
——— (Archdeacon) . . . . ii. 357
——— Serjeant . . i. 202, 378; ii. 4, 486
Death of . . . . . ii. 498
Mansfield, Sir James . . i. 303, 400

Marburg . . . . . i. 79
Marcet, Mrs. . . . . ii. 191
Marlborough, Duke of . . . . ii. 71
Marlowe's "Faust" . . . . ii. 107
Marmor Homericum . . . . ii. 491
Marquis of Westminster's pictures ii. 183
Marriage of H. C. R.'s father and mother i. 2
Mars, Mademoiselle . i. 290, 395; ii. 465
Marsden . . . . . i. 403
Marsh, Charles . . . . . i. 15, 312
Martin, Baron and Lady . . . ii. 466
——— Tom . . . . . ii. 258
Martineau, Rev. James i. 81, 408; ii. 470, 475, 476, 477, 493
Martineau's sermons . . ii. 315, 316, 412
Martineau, Miss ii. 191, 260, 271, 319, 343, 344, 372, 386, 455
——— Mrs. John . . . . ii. 476, 482
——— Peter . . ii. 261, 475, 476, 484
——— Richard . . . . ii. 391, 467
Death of . . . . . ii. 493
——— Russell . . . . . ii. 476
Mary of Buttermere . . . . . i. 346
Masquerier i. 369, 385, 412; ii. 14, 215, 284, 378, 379, 399, 400, 408, 410
Masquerier's death . . . . . ii. 447
Party at . . . . . i. 452
Masqueriers, The i. 322, 456; ii. 125, 236, 282
Mass at the Portuguese Chapel . i. 350
A grand . . . . . i. 350
Massacre in Paris . . . . . ii. 373
Massey . . . . . i. 383
Massinger . . . . . i. 328, 374
Material notions of heaven and hell ii. 364
Mather, Messrs. . . . . ii. 70
Mathews i. 208, 209, 210, 259, 264, 304; ii. 21
"at home" . . . . . i. 383, 474
C., Junior . . . . . ii. 227
Maule, Fox . . . . . ii. 330
Maundrel . . . . . i. 7
Maurice, Rev. Frederick ii. 19, 281, 357, 430, 437, 475, 476, 486
Heresy of . . . . . ii. 434, 435
on subscription . . . . . ii. 263
May . . . . . i. 407
May, Mira . . . . . i. 382
Mayer . . . . . ii. 190, 318
Maximilian . . . . . i. 125
Maxwell, Captain . . . . . i. 339
——— Sir — . . . . . ii. 64
Mechanical inspiration . . . . ii. 434
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Duke of i. 160, 161
Medwin . . . . . ii. 176
Meeting, Committee . . . . . ii. 58
Great public . . . . . ii. 58
Meiners . . . . . i. 109
Melanchthon . . . i. 71, 101; ii. 345
Melbourne, Lord . . . . i. 404; ii. 439
Mellish, Mr. . . . . i. 256
Mellon, Miss . . . . . i. 395
Melvill . . . . . ii. 281, 282
Memorial projects . . . . . ii. 399
Memory and responsibility . . . i. 409
of names . . . . . ii. 469
Mendelssohn . . . . . ii. 295
——— Moses . . i. 66, 79, 102; ii. 201
Mengs, Rafael . . . . . i. 210
Mental ossification . . . . . ii. 273
Mental phenomenon . . . . . i. 85
Menzel's "Deutsche Literatur" . ii. 143
Mereau, Sophie . . . . . i. 56
Meredith, Miss . . . . . ii. 318
Merewether, Dr. . . . . ii. 365
Message, A touching . . . . ii. 376
Methodist client, A . . . . . i. 356
preacher's brief . . . . . ii. 40
Metternich . . . . . ii. 349
Meux . . . . . i. 406
Meyer, Professor . . . i. 71; ii. 42
Mrs. . . . . i. 376
Michael Angelo . i. 205, 210; ii. 26, 27, 70, 75
Michaelis . . . . . i. 61
Middle age incapable of new loves ii. 224
course, The . . . . . ii. 349
Temple, Entering the . . . i. 172
Temple, Terms at . . . . . i. 190
Middleton, Sir W. . . . . i. 21, 300
Milan . . . . . i. 443, 444
Cathedral . . . . . ii. 250
Objects of interest at . . . . i. 445
sonnets, The three . . . . i. 444
to Como . . . . . ii. 249
Mill, J. S. . . . i. 278, 418; ii. 14, 169
Millard . . . . . i. 317
Miller . . . . . i. 250, 354
Milman, Dean . . ii. 262, 352, 398, 427
on plenary inspiration . . . ii. 262
Milner, Rev. John . . . . . ii. 50
Milne . . . . . ii. 209
Milnes . . . . . ii. 287, 295, 330
Milton . i. 11, 205, 270, 301, 313; ii. 28, 29, 68, 372
Mina . . . . . i. 482
Mingay . . . . . i. 11, 401
Ministerial crisis . . . . . ii. 173
Minnets, The . . . . . i. 448
Mirabeau . . . . . i. 208
Miracles . . . . . ii. 222
Misanthropist, A, defined . . . i. 459
Miser, A . . . . . ii. 237
Miserere, The . . . . . ii. 149
Mismanagement . . . . . i. 181
Mitford, Miss . . . . . ii. 15, 229
Mittermaier . . . . . ii. 100
Mob applause . . . . . i. 283
opinion, Specimen of . . . i. 332
Mocatta . . . . . ii. 457
Model carriage . . . . . ii. 467
Modern Jewish opinions all but Christian . . . . . ii. 448
Molière . . . . . i. 380
Molo, The . . . . . ii. 126
Mona Statutes . . . . . ii. 189
Monasteries, Visit to . . . . ii. 135
Monk, artist, The . . . . . ii. 249
Monkhouse i. 378, 384, 385, 431, 432, 434, 455, 457, 467, 468, 470, 486; ii. 4, 65
Monkhouse's, Dinners at . . . i. 377, 452
Dinner of the poets at . . . i. 485
H. C. R.'s account of it . . . i. 486
Lamb's account . . . . . i. 486
Moore's account . . . . . i. 485
Monkhouse, John . . . . . ii. 258
Montagu, Basil i. 238, 350, 409, 490; ii. 6, 21, 33, 43, 494
walking the circuit . . . i. 313

Montagu, Mrs. Basil . . . ii. 43
Montague, Mrs . . . . . i. 252
Monteagle, Lady . . . . . ii. 475
Montgomery . . . i. 246; ii. 63
"Monthly Register" . . . . i. 87
Moore, Sir John . . . i. 177, 180, 185
—— Tom i. 267, 485, 486; ii. 107, 264
on the French . . . . i. 484
Political satires of . . . i. 406
with Rogers . . . . . ii. 307
Moral sense, The . . . . . ii. 381
Moravian establishment . . . i. 59
Moravians, The . . . . . i. 59
More, Hannah . . . . . ii. 316
tragedy by . . . . . i. 323
Morgan, Sir Charles . . . . ii. 8
—— Lady . . . . . ii. 8
Morgan . . . i. 195, 249, 253, 329, 335
Morgan's, Evening at . . . . i. 249
Morgans, The . . . . . i. 227
Morghen, Raphael . . . . i. 389
Mosaism . . . . . ii. 448
Moses, Mr. . . . . i. 399
Mosquera, Madame . . . . i. 177
Mosquera's, Party at . . . . i. 178
Mother, H. C. R.'s . . . . i. 6, 9
Death of . . . . . i. 13
Grave of . . . . . i. 44
Influence of . . . . . i. 4
A memory of the dearest . . ii. 503
"Mountain named of God himself" i. 441
Mountains in winter . . . . ii. 246
Mountcashel . . . . . ii. 332
Movement towards the Vatican . ii. 310
Moxhay . . . . . ii. 356
Moxon . ii. 79, 96, 204, 207, 214, 240, 335, 343, 355, 364, 371, 388, 406
Mucewitz . . . . . ii. 111
Müller . . . . . i. 62, 119
Prints by . . . . . i. 354
Müller's engraving of the "Madonna di S. Sisto" . . . . . i. 355
Mulready . . . . . ii 19
Munden . . . i. 326, 328, 384; ii. 21
Munich artists . . . . . ii. 255
Murat . . . . . i. 275
Murch, Mr. Jerome . . . . ii. 353
—— Charles . . . . . ii. 453
Murder revenged, A . . . . ii. 64
Murillo . . . . . i. 332
Murphy . . . . . i. 179
Murray (actor) . . . . . i. 215
—— (publisher) . . i. 259, 267, 269
—— Lady Augusta . . . . i. 295
Music in the air . . . . . ii. 172
Musical party at Aders's . . . i. 486
Muxel . . . . . i. 287
Mylius, Herr . . . . . i. 56, 444
Dinner with . . . . . i. 450
—— Mrs. H. . . . . i. 448
Myliuses, The . . . . . ii. 99
Mystery of colds . . . . . ii. 493
Mysticism . . . . . i. 86
Mystics, The . . . . . ii. 372

Napier, Sir Charles . . . . ii. 424
Naples . . . . . ii. 124, 125
Napoleon i. 149, 150, 153, 161, 162, 177; ii. 38, 103
Narischkin, Prince . . . . . i. 354
Narrow escape, A . . . . . i. 142
Nash . . . . . ii. 445
—— Miss . . . . . i. 324, 395
—— Miss Esther . . . i. 367, 454
—— The Misses . . . . . i 388
—— Mr., Senior i. 228, 311, 323, 359; ii. 30
—— Wedd . . . i. 266; ii. 30. 32
—— William . . i. 23, 27, 28, 32. 190
—— W. and T. (of Whittlesford) i. 323
Nashes, The . . . . i. 40, 473; ii. 32
National Assembly, Conduct of business in . . . . . ii. 400, 401
"National Review" . . ii. 444, 448, 452
requirements of it . . . . ii. 446
Natural conscience . . . . ii. 380
sense of justice . . . . ii. 380
Nature's waterworks at Tivoli . ii. 245
Naylor . . . i. 351, 371, 404, 488; ii. 3
—— Samuel, Junr. . i. 129, 211, 317; ii. 111, 337
—— Thomas . . . . . i. 317
—— Hare . . . . . i. 172. 192
—— Mr. and Mrs. . . . i. 136
Naylor's, Dinner at . . . . ii. 78
Naylors, The . . . . . i. 362
Neander . . . . . ii. 19
Necessity and free-will . . ii. 72, 199
Necker . . . . . i. 116
Needham, J. . . . . ii. 493
Neeff, Dr. . . . . i. 106
Nelson . . . . . ii. 69
Nephew's marriage . . . . i. 479
Netherland voyage . . . . i. 318
Netherlands, Places visited in the . i. 318
Netzel, the Swedish consul . . i. 160
New road to Germany . . . . ii. 253
Newman, F. W. ii 351, 352, 364, 367, 373, 389, 395, 477
—— John . . . . . ii. 335
Newport, Sir J. . . . . ii. 59
Newspaper mis-reporting . . . ii. 63
Newton, Sir Isaac i. 49, 195, 200; ii. 27
New year . . . . . i. 110
year's day . . . . . ii. 562
Niccolini on Catholic emancipation ii. 133
Niccolini's "Nabucco" . . . . ii. 133
Nicholson . . . . . i. 240
Nicolai, Frederick . . i. 102; ii. 118
Nicolai's Satires . . . . . i. 103
Niebuhr . . . . . ii. 19, 123, 357
Niece . . . . . ii. 40
Niese, Madame . . ii. 101, 196, 198
Ninetieth birthday . . . . ii. 491
Nismes . . . . . ii. 141
Niven, Mr. . . . . ii. 64
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 73
"No Crabb, no Christmas" . . ii. 390
Non-con dinner . . . . ii. 286, 345
Norfolk, Duke of . . . . . ii. 404
Norgate . . . . . i. 15
Norris, Mr. . . . . ii. 44
North, Lord . . . . . i. 409
Northampton, Marquis of ii 121, 122, 374
Northcote . . . i. 196, 240; ii. 19
Northmore . . . . . i. 239
Norton, Hon. Mrs. . . . . ii. 335
Norwich . . . . . i. 16, 317, 348
Bishop of . . . . . ii. 374

"Not at home" . . . . ii. 338
Nugent, Lord, ... ii. 31
Nuremberg . . . . . i. 77

O'Brien . . . . . ii. 58
Smith, and Irish martyrdom . ii. 376
O'Connell counsel before the Lords ii. 158
in court . . . . . ii. 46
Derrynane, at . . . . . ii. 51
Incidents by the way with . ii. 49
Family mansion of . . . . ii. 54
H. C. R.'s coach journey with ii. 48
Reformation, on the . . . ii. 55
Talk with . . . . . ii. 48, 50
Visit to . . . . . ii. 51
O'Connell's brother-in-law . . ii. 52
Dinner at . . . . . ii. 52
family chaplain . . . . ii. 55
Legitimacy principles . . ii. 55
mode of settling disputes . ii. 53
principles, are they justifiable . ii. 56
Speech . . . . . ii. 58
tenantry . . . . . ii. 53
great-uncle shot . . . . ii. 49
O'Connell, Maurice . . . . . ii. 56
O'Connells, Cemetery of the . ii. 54
Oersted . . . . . i. 107
Office of the magistrate in suppressing religious error . . . . ii. 233, 234
O'Gorman . . . . . ii. 52
Old age . . . . . ii. 290, 394
Extreme . . . . . ii. 52
musings . . . . . ii 402
Old Bailey . . . . . i. 353
Oldenburg . . . . i. 257; ii. 255
Old letters . . . . . ii. 487
O'Leary, Arthur . . . . . ii. 50
O'Loghlen . . . . . ii. 46
Old man's birthday, An . . ii. 439, 440
Old people stupid . . . . . i. 476
Old times compared with the present i. 411
Omnibuses . . . . . ii. 85
On criticism and partial insight . ii. 212
On Divine aid . . . . . ii. 420
On eternity of future punishment ii. 444
One-mindedness amidst variety . ii. 446
One more play . . . . ii. 492, 493
One-sidedness of genius . . . . ii. 235
O'Neil, Miss . i. 299, 304, 310, 317, 323
On the imperial veto . . . . ii. 145
"On the brink of being born" . ii. 494
On what convictions happiness rests ii. 452
Open church government . . ii. 415
Opera, Pope's benefit at the . i. 209
Opera and theatre at Berlin . . i. 104
Opie . . . . i. 210, 275; ii. 19, 94
——— Mrs. . . . . i. 16; ii. 9, 33
Oppression in Saxony . . . . ii. 417
Oratory, H. C. R. on . . . . i. 211
Order preferred to freedom . . i. 483
Ordination, What sufficient for . ii. 352
Orleans, Duchess of . . . . i. 42
Osborne . . . . . ii. 65
Ossian . . . . . i. 55
Our Lady of the Snow . . . i. 439
Outline of Faber's religious theory . ii. 301
Ouvry, F. . . . . ii. 476
Overbeck . . . . . ii. 122, 247
Owen . . . . . i. 377
Oxberry . . . . . i. 328
Oxford, Parties at . . . . . ii. 335

Pæstum . . . . . ii. 125
Paganini . . . . . ii. 105
Paine, Thomas, Engraving of . i. 35
Paley, Reading . . . . . i. 326
Palgrave, Sir F. . . . . ii. 5
——— Lady . . . . . ii. 5, 66
Palinode . . . . . ii. 88
Pretended . . . . . ii. 93
Palmer . . . . . ii. 335
——— Dr. . . . . i. 243
Palmerston, Lord . . ii. 62, 89, 185, 411
Pamphlet Society, Proposed . . ii. 365
Panic of 1825 . . . . . ii. 32
Papal aggression . . . . . ii. 403
Government on the watch for libels ii. 128
panic . . . . . ii. 404
Parke, Dr. . . . . i. 276
Parkes, Joseph . . . . . ii. 483
——— Mrs. Joseph . . . . ii 372
Parkin . . . . . i. 224
Paris, Journey to . . . . . i. 337
At . . . . . i. 337
Life in, during the Revolution i. 338
Review of trip to . . . . i. 293
Six days at . . . . . i. 395
taken . . . . . i. 316
tour . . . . . ii. 399, 400
under a Republic . . ii. 400, 401
Parodies, The, and Government prosecution of Hone . . . . i. 371
Parr, Dr. i. 39, 100, 189, 255; ii. 4, 17, 78, 121, 175, 432, 513, 518
Parry, editor of the "Courier" . i. 36
——— Captain . . . i. 27; ii. 1
——— of Grasmere . . . . ii. 223
Pascal, Saying of . . . . . i. 98
Pascal's letters . . . i. 356; ii. 273
Pasley, Sir T. . . . . ii. 271
Pasquinades . . . . . ii. 145
Passavant . . . . . i. 390
"Passing Jehovah unalarmed" . ii. 376
Pasta . . . . . ii. 84
Patmore, Mr. . . . . i. 10
Pattisson, Jacob, Senr. . . i. 14, 15
——— Mrs. Jacob . . . . . i. 322
——— Jacob, Junr. i. 215, 220; ii. 176
——— Mr, of Maldon . . . i. 22
——— William, of Witham i. 16, 22, 26, 322, 328; ii. 24, 42, 43, 336
——— Mrs. W. i. 215, 277, 280, 300, 322, 348, 357, 382
——— William, Junr. i. 215, 220; ii. 20, 21, 426
Fatal accident to, with his bride ii. 177
Pattissons, The . . . . ii. 83, 203, 487
Lawrence's picture of the (William and Jacob) i. 215, 220; ii. 178
Paul, Emperor of Russia . . i. 135
——— Jean . . i. 105, 196, 233, 253
——— Prince . . . . . i. 390
Paul Pry . . . . . ii. 42
The original . . . . . ii. 89
Pauli . . . . . i. 149, 156; ii. 115
Paulis, The . . . . . i. 157

Paulus, Professor i. 99, 100, 101, 110, 131; ii. 101, 198, 199
Payne (friend of C. Lamb) i. 477; ii 9, 71
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 119
Paynter ii. 238, 309, 354, 393, 422, 443
Letter to, from H. C. R. . . ii. 417
on an Established Church . ii. 439
Peace, The . . . . . i. 68
Illumination for . . . . i. 324
Peacock, Dean of Ely . . . . ii. 18
Peckwell, Miss . . . . . i. 376
Pedestrians, Tour as . . . . i. 437
Peel, Sir Robert i. 386; ii. 17, 89, 170, 210, 344
Peile, Lessons of . . . . . i. 46
Pelew . . . . . ii. 403
Penalties for not attending church i. 355
Penance by deputy . . . . ii. 199
Penn, A descendant of William . i. 312
—— Granville . . . . . ii. 6
Pennefather, Baron . . . . . ii. 43
Penny post, The new . . . . ii. 285
Pensioned letter writer, The . . ii 398
Pepina . . . . . Preface, xii.
Perceval, Assassination of . i. 246, 260
Percy's Reliques . . . . . i. 167
Perplexing fears of change . . ii. 163
Persecution, On . . . . . ii. 299
Personal talk . . . . . i. 329
Perthes of Hamburg . . . . i. 199
Pestalozzi . . . . . i. 88
"Peter Bell" . . . . . i. 405, 431
Peter the Great . . . . . i. 321
Peter Pindar . . . . . i. 178, 210
Petrarch . . . . . ii. 235, 241
Petrarch's copy of Virgil seized by Napoleon . . . . . i. 445
Pettigrew . . . . . ii. 298, 345
Pett, Samuel . . . . . ii. 439
Philips, Mark . ii. 330, 358, 373, 483
Philips, R. N. . . . . ii. 483
Phillips . . . . . i. 456
—— R. A. i. 241, 311, 313; ii. 20, 70, 279
—— Sir Richard . . . i. 275, 404
Philosopher's, The, estimate of evil ii. 396
Philpotts, Dr. . . . . ii. 89, 170, 173
Pickersgill . . . . . ii. 206
Pickersgill's portrait of Wordsworth ii. 183
Pickpocket, The . . . . . i. 451
Pictet, Mr. . . . . i. 448
Pietsch . . . . . i. 154, 156, 157
Piggott . . . . . i. 384
Pig language . . . . . ii. 343
Pillnitz . . . . . i. 62
Pipiela . . . . . i. 184
Piranesi (engraver) . i. 387, 404; ii. 120
Pistrucci . . . . . ii. 8
Pitchford . . . . . i. 15
Pitt, William i. 35, 50, 186, 187; ii. 34, 69
Pitt and Grenville Acts . . . . i. 21
Pius VIII., Death of . . . . ii. 141
Funeral of . . . . . ii. 141
lying in state. . . . . ii 141
Place, Mr. . . . . i. 381
Places to have seen . . . . ii 125
Plans for the future . . . . ii. 216
Planting trees . . . . . ii. 203
Platt, Mr. . . . . i. 358
Playfellow of C. Lamb's . . ii. 362
Playford Hall . . . . . i. 336
Pleading before the Lords . . i. 475
Plenary inspiration . . . . . ii. 262
Plomer, Sir Thomas . . . . ii. 311
Plumer, Mr. . . . . ii. 362
Plumptre, Rev. E. ii. 330, 332, 449, 475, 476
—— Mrs. . . . i. 371; ii. 443
—— The Misses . . . . i. 41
—— Anne . . . . . i. 191
Plunkett . . . . . ii. 61
"Pocket Book," the Old, no longer published . . . . . ii. 502
Poel, proprietor of the *Altona Mercury* i. 149, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 410
Poel, Junr. . . . . i. 472
—— Madame . . . . . i. 155
Poet of humanity, The . . . . ii. 257
On a young . . . . ii. 297, 298
Poetic imagination . . . . . i. 342
Poetry an epidemic . . . . . i. 457
H. C. R. on . . . . . i. 213
"Poet's eye, The" . . . . . i. 470
Poets need no prompter . . . i. 470
Poets, The, at a concert . . . . i. 486
Poets, The, diverse love of music . i. 486
Point of union between High Church and Non-cons . . . . . ii 305
Points of happiness compared . ii. 421
Polemics in Prussia . . . . . ii. 129
Morbid effect of . . . . ii. 307
On . . . . . ii. 303
Politics . . . . . ii. 193, 202
at Altona . . . . . i. 151, 152
Bear and forbear in . . . i 331
French . . . . . ii. 368, 339
Political crisis in Europe . . ii. 368
expectations at Altona . . i. 152
talk . . . . . i. 246
unsettlement . . . . . ii. 141
Pollock, Chief Baron i. 354, 365, 419, 420, 491; ii. 19, 498, 499
Pompeii . . . . . ii. 126
Poole, the comic writer . i. 326; ii. 400
Poor man's doctor, The . . . . ii. 433
Pope, Alexander i. 102, 239, 357, 362; ii. 32, 96, 104, 292
Enthusiasm for . . . . ii. 310
Lessons learnt from . . . ii. 311
Macaulay's attack on . . ii. 312
The aggressors on . . . ii. 311
Pope's moral character . . . ii. 312
—— place among the poets . ii. 313
Pope (the actor) . . . . . i. 324
Pope, Choice of a new . . . ii. 145
Coronation of . . . . ii. 146
Election of . . . . . ii. 145
Goethe on the . . . . ii. 130
proclaimed . . . . . ii. 146
at Rome better than at Oxford ii. 315
The, at a fête . . . . . ii. 129
Pope's, The "make up" . . . ii. 130
Popish practices of some who cry "No Popery" . . . . . ii. 43
Porden . . . . i 202, 241, 294, 295
—— Ellen . . . i. 202, 242, 312; ii. 1
Porden's, Dinner at . . . . i. 311
Pordens, The . . . . . i. 267, 272
Porson, Professor . i. 35, 108; ii. 121

Porter, Miss Jane . i. 246, 248, 249; ii. 42
Portrait, A, by Lady Byron . . ii. 438
exhibition . . . . i. 432
Portraits by Sir Joshua . . . . ii. 166
Portugal . . . . . i. 491
Pothier . . . . . i. 290
Power (the actor) . . . . . ii 227
Power of the keys . . . . . ii. 428
Praed . . . . . ii. 160
Prague . . . . . i. 66
Prati, Dr. . . . . ii. 8, 22
Preaching, Open-air . . . . i. 464
Predestination . . . . ii. 210, 447
Predisposition to certain notions . ii. 347
Presbyterians retained the power of change . . . . . ii. 322
Presentiment, False . . . . ii. 290
Preston . . . . . i. 358, 381
Prevost, Abbé . . . . . i. 139
Priest, A vehement . . . . ii. 61
Priestley, Dr. i. 10, 22, 54, 82, 100, 138; ii. 279
Primeval question, The . . . ii. 432
Primitive powers inexplicable . . ii. 72
Primogeniture scriptural . . . i. 328
Primrose, Mr. . . . . ii. 56
Prince Albert at the Flaxman Gallery ii. 410
Prince, The Crown, of Weimar . i. 390
Princess Charlotte's marriage . . i. 330
death . . i. 370
Princess of Saxe-Weimar . i. 136, 390
Princess, The Grand . . . . i. 392
Prior . . . . i. 139, 188, 278, 382
Prints and art criticism . . . i. 456
Prints, A present of . . . . i. 354
Prison discipline . . . . . ii. 379
Private theatricals . . . . ii. 337
Proby, Lady Charlotte. . . . ii. 194
Procession in the City . . . . i. 277
Proclamation and shooting down of Catholics . . . . . ii. 49
Procter, George . . . . . ii. 33
——— Robert . . . . . ii. 476
Procter, *alias* Barry Cornwall ii. 356, 494
Procureur du Roi, Office of . . . i. 479
Professional income . . . . i. 468
Professorship of mental philosophy ii. 498, 500
Progress of toleration among Catholics ii. 234
Prohibition of milk in Lent . . ii 148
Projects for future work . ii. 496, 497
Property the creature of necessity . ii. 381
Prophet, A, without honor . . i. 343
Prospects of old and young contrasted ii. 472
Provisional Government in France ii. 369
Pryce . . . . . ii. 345
Pryme, M. P. for Cambridge . . i. 459
Public affairs . . . . . i. 21
Public, The, guilty for not educating its members . . . . ii. 381
Punishment for crime . . . . ii. 380
Grounds for . . . ii. 380, 381
The nature of . . . . ii. 382
Purcell . . . . . i. 221
Putting papers in order . . . ii. 487
Pyecroft . . . . . i. 184
"Quadrupeds," Play of . . . . i. 217
Quain . . . . . ii. 423
Quaker anecdote . . . . . i. 228
scruples . . . . . i. 434
Quakers, Scandal on . . . . i. 228
Quayle, W. . i. 190, 266, 307; ii. 259, 337
Junr. . . . . ii. 170
Queen Caroline . . . . . i. 441
and the counsel . . ii. 151, 152
Coleridge on . . . . i. 453
guilty or innocent? . . . ii. 152
popular feeling respecting . i 430
Queen Caroline's trial . . . i. 453
——— visit to St. Paul's . . . i 453
Queen, The young . . . . . ii 259
Queen's entry into the City . . ii. 259
Quillinan ii. 94, 296, 359, 374, 383, 386, 407
Death of . . . . . ii. 416
Liberal Romanism of . . ii. 310
on Dr. Channing . . . ii. 391
on Pope's writings . ii. 311, 312
——— Mrs. (the first) . . . i. 465
——— Mrs. (the second) . ii. 292, 321
Illness and death of . ii. 256, 358
——— Miss . . . . . ii. 238
Quintet of poets . . . . . i. 485
Quot homines tot sententiæ . . ii. 347
Rabelais . . . . . i. 382
Rachel as Hermione . . . . ii. 401
Racket court . . . . . ii. 506
Radcliffe, Mrs. . . . . i. 304
Rae . . . . . i. 430; ii. 474
Raffles, Sir Stamford . . . . i. 418
Railway journey, First . . . ii. 184
Rainville . . . . . i. 154
Rammohun Roy . . . . ii. 159, 170
Randall, Edward . . . i. 380; ii. 341
Ranke . . . ii. 313, 316, 410, 412
Rankin, Miss . . . . . ii. 481
Ranz des Vaches . . . . . i. 441
Raphael i. 72, 80, 355, 393; ii. 26, 70, 75, 121, 235
Rapid travelling by stage-coach . ii. 216
Rationalists, The . . . . . i. 61
Rauch . . . . . ii. 122
Raumer, Herr von . . . . . ii. 226
Ravenglass . . . . . i. 345
Ray, Mr. and Mrs. John . . . i. 365
Raymond . . . . . ii. 345
Read the blotted page kindly . . ii. 453
Reader . . . . . i. 370; ii. 30
Récamier, Madame de . . i. 479; ii. 176
Reciter, or Improvisatore . . . ii. 126
Recollection of boyhood . . . ii. 353
of eighty years . . . . ii 503
of the French war . . . ii. 498
Redesdale, Lord . . i. 475; ii. 60
Rees, Dr. Abraham . i. 135, 242, 243
Reeve, Mrs. . . . i. 448; ii. 476
Reeves . . . . . i. 374
Reform Bill . . ii. 158, 163, 164, 173
question, The . . . . i. 414
Reforms after the Reform Bill . . ii. 210
Reformation, The . . . . i. 70
Regent's Park, The . . i. 381; ii. 23
Reid . . . . . i. 40
——— Mr. (of Hampstead) . . i. 408

Reid, Mrs. (of York Terrace) ii. 425, 429, 495
Reimarus . . . . . i. 149
Reinhardt, Miss . . . . . i. 410
Relation of Judaism to Christianity ii. 427
Relics . . . . . ii. 148
Religio Laici . . . . . ii. 476
Religion, Family . . . . . i. 259
Interest in, grows with age . ii. 290
Things connected with . . i. 5
Talk on . . . . . ii. 299
Religious belief . . . . . i. 322
character of H. C. R.'s mother . i. 9
Conservatism at Oxford . ii. 226
enthusiasts and religious thinkers ii. 459
freedom . . . . . ii. 197
unity . . . . . ii. 458, 459
Relph, Mr. Cuthbert . . . ii. 73, 86
Remedy for sectarianism . . . ii. 432
Reminiscences, The . . . . . ii. 418
Republic, A, without republicans . i. 338
Resolution of Senate of University College . . . . . ii. 494
Rest in the character of Christ . ii. 448
Resurrection of Christ . . . . ii. 454
Retreat of the English from Spain . i. 179
Retribution not for us . . . . . ii. 382
Retrospect . i. 327, 416, 480; ii. 31, 456
Revery in old age . . . . . ii. 402
Revising "Excursion" . . . . ii. 323
Revolution (French, 1830) . . . ii 133
Revolutionary movements . . . ii. 147
"Reynard the Fox" . . . i. 129, 211
Reynolds, Sir Joshua . i. 210; ii. 19, 94
Reynolds's portrait of Dr. Johnson ii. 166
Rheumatism, An attack of . . ii. 91
Rhine, The . . . . . ii. 98
Rhone Valley . . . . . i. 447
Rice, Spring . . . . ii. 211, 261, 351
Richardson, Dr. . . . . ii. 490
—— Lady . . . . . ii. 428
—— Mr. . . . . ii. 472
Richter, Jean Paul . . . . . i. 76
Translation from . . . . i 231
Rickman . . . . i. 192, 205, 272
Riemer . . . . . i. 121; ii. 480
Riese, Mr. . . . . i. 58, 59, 68
Ridley . . . . . i. 399
Rigi, The . . . . . i. 437
Rioters tried . . . . . i. 334
River Avon at Bristol . . . . ii. 45
Rivett . . . . . i. 11
Robertson, Reverend F. W. ii. 348, 351, 359, 330, 331, 370, 372, 374, 419, 420, 431, 432, 424, 439, 488
fear for his health . . . ii. 370
on the Essence of Magic . . ii. 488
on Lady Byron . . . . . ii. 427
on the Life of Samuel . . . ii. 370
on the temptation . . . . ii. 370
—— Mr., Senr. . . . ii. 377, 379
Robertson's address to working men ii. 397
death . . . . . ii. 429, 430
"Life" . . . . . ii. 431
opinions . . . . . ii. 407
preaching . . . . . ii. 330, 331
self-disregard . . . . . ii. 379
sermons . . . . . ii. 382, 403
Robertson's theology . . . . ii. 430
work . . . . . ii. 433
Robespierre . . . . i. 117, 283, 367
"Robin Hood Ballads" . . . . i. 474
Robinson, Archdeacon . . . ii 337
Robinson, Anthony Preface, xvii.: i. 24, 37, 41, 210, 230, 256, 258, 271, 276, 278, 294, 307, 311, 328, 419; ii. 23, 73, 77
Death of . . . . . ii. 73
—— Mrs. . . . i. 271, 276; ii. 78
—— Anthony, Junr. . . . i. 304, 461
—— Habakkuk . . . i. 222, 402
Death of . . . . ii. 405
—— H. C., A libel by . . . . i. 415
Accident to, at Rydal . . ii. 320
Antiquarian Society, Joins . . ii. 87
Athenæum Club, Joins . . ii. 7
Autobiographical projects of . ii. 221, 302
Bar, Determines to study for the i. 229
Bar, Quits the . . . . . ii. 86
Bequests of . . . . . ii. 506
Birth of . . . . . i. 2
clerk at Colchester . . . . i. 10
clerk at Mr. Hoper's . . . i. 24
clerk at Mr. Joseph Hill's . . i. 24
cross-examines his old schoolmaster . . . . . i. 400
defending a man accused of murder . . . . . i. 238
edits Clarkson's "Strictures" ii. 269
Endowments by . . . . . ii. 504, 505
"Exposure" by . . . . . ii. 269
Family of . . . . . i. 1
Fresco memorial to . . . . ii. 507
Germany, Goes to . i. 44, 339; ii. 98, 195
hustled and robbed in the Strand i. 451
knocked down by a cab . . . ii. 429
Memory of . . . . . ii. 511
leader on the Norfolk Circuit ii 31
Littledale's pupil . . . . i. 238
"London Review," Writes for . i. 189
on Dissenters' Chapels Bill ii. 331, 332
on etymology of Mass . . . ii 181
on his mother . . . . . ii. 502
on Jeffrey's criticism of Wordsworth . . . . . ii. 432
on Landor's attack on Wordsworth . . . . . ii. 234
on personal economy . . . . ii. 239
on political reform . . . ii 155
on Pope . . . . . ii. 313
on retirement from the Bar . ii 466
on Rogers and Wordsworth ii. 293, 294
on theological polemics . . . ii 396
on theology . . . . . ii. 191, 192
on travelling expenses . . . ii. 239
on Wordsworth's imputed plagiarism . . . . . ii. 235
resigns Vice-Presidentship of Senate . . . . . ii. 494
robbed in the street . . . . ii. 142
Rome, Goes to . . . . . ii. 117
at school at Mrs. Bard's . . . i. 3
at school at Mr. Blomfield's . . i. 5
at school at Mr. Crabb's . . . i. 8
at school at Mr. Fenner's . . i. 7
at school at Mr. Lease's . . . i. 3, 6

Robinson, H. C, studies at Jena i. 83
Times correspondent in Altona i. 148
Times correspondent in Corunna i. 183
Times, Foreign Editor of the i. 168
University College Council, member of . . . ii. 267, 509
Vice-President of Senate of ii. 363
works for Dissenters' Chapels Act ii. 328
Robinson's article in the *Quarterly* ii. 16
Bar, Call to the . . . . i. 265
Bar mess, First dinner with . i. 267
Belgium and Holland, Tour in i. 317
birthday, 62d . . . . . ii. 245
birthday, 70th . . . . ii. 337
brother Habakkuk, Death of . ii. 405
brother Thomas, Death of . ii. 471
chambers in King's Bench Walk i. 413
change of residence . . ii. 288
circuit, First . . . . i. 267
Commencement Day . . ii. 486
conversation . . . . . ii. 510
death . . . . . ii. 504
dinner-parties . ii. 440, 475, 476
earliest recollections . . i. 2, 3
escape from Altona . . i. 155
examination for the Bar . . i. 262
executors . . . . . ii. 229
experience of chloroform . . ii. 392
family gifts *inter vivos* . ii. 506
father's death . . . . i. 307
Flaxman Gallery, Interest in ii. 351
France, Tour in . i. 282, 477; ii. 449
Frankfort, Visit to . . . ii. 288
Heidelberg, Visit to . . . ii. 195
home . . . . . i. 4, 5, 6, 7
income . . . . . ii. 86
income (professional) i. 378; ii. 31
Ireland, Visit to . . . . ii. 45
Lakes, Tour to the . . . i. 337
last Continental journey . ii. 483
last speech in public . . ii. 501
licentia loquendi . . . ii. 383
literary work . . . . i. 146
lodgings in London . . i. 22
memory for Wordsworth's poems ii. 464
mother's grave . . . . ii. 186
nephew's death . . . . ii. 290
Normandy, Tour in . . . ii. 10
occasional failure of mind . ii. 483
Paris, Journey to . i. 367; ii. 400
portrait . . . . . ii. 14, 110
prophecy respecting European politics . . . . . i. 274
religious opinions . . . i. 322
"Robinsoniana" . . ii. 339, 340
Rydal, First Christmas at . ii. 217
Scotland, Tour to . . . . i. 460
social powers . . . . ii. 514
Southey, Journey with . . ii. 266
speech at the Academical Society i. 211
speech in Ireland . . . ii. 59
speech in mitigation for Williams i. 372
speech in a *Qui tam* case . . i. 398
studies in religious philosophy ii. 199, 200
Switzerland and North Italy, Tour to . . . . . ii. 348
Times' engagement ceases . i. 187
Robinson's tombstone, Inscription on ii. 504
Turner, Dawson, Visit to . ii. 66
University Hall, Interest in . ii. 351
unmusical ear . . . . ii. 165
unsettled life in London . . i. 34
visit to Goethe . . . . ii. 104
Wales, Tour in . . . . i. 42
will . . . . . ii. 506
Wordsworth, Italian tour with . ii. 240
Wordsworth, Scotch tour with ii. 187
Wordsworth, Tour with, to West of England . . . . ii. 258
Wordsworth, Tour with, to Switzerland . . . . . i. 433
Robinson, Henry Hutchinson . ii. 451
Birthday of ii. 392
Death of . ii. 451
—— James . . . . . ii. 476
—— Marmaduke . . . . ii. 240
—— Robert, Rev. . i. 40, 101, 228, 259; ii 338, 518, 519
Bons mots of —
A child's letter . ii. 340, 341
Bottles and corks . ii. 340
Socratic method . ii. 341, 342
The accuser of the brethren ii. 342
Things undreamt of . ii. 340
—— Thomas . . . . . ii. 296
Death of . . . . ii. 471
his eighty-second birthday ii. 421
his funeral . . . ii. 471
—— Mrs. . . i. 229, 488; ii. 21
Death of . . . ii. 65
—— Mrs. Thomas, Junr. . ii. 501
—— T., Junr., his marriage . i. 479
Robinsoniana . . . . ii. 342, 343
Robison, Professor . . . . i. 124
Robson (the actor) . ii. 455, 469, 470
Roche, Madame de la . i. 73, 133, 140
—— Sophie de la . . . . i. 48
Rogers, Samuel Preface, v, ix.; i. 233, 266, 291, 293, 332, 365, 380, 485, 486; ii. 282, 286, 307, 308, 311, 327, 377. 388, 393, 406, 467
Breakfast with . . . ii. 214, 257
Death of . . . . . ii. 450
Dinner with . . . ii. 206, 335
and Flaxman . . . . i. 490
and Flaxman's works . . ii. 363
and Miss Rogers . . ii. 338, 406
on Flaxman . . . . i. 364
on Gibson and Chantrey . ii. 164
on specific legacies . . . ii. 288
on Sydney Smith . . . ii. 326
on the Poets . . . . ii. 214
on Walter Scott . . . i. 491
on Wordsworth . . . ii. 41, 294
—— Miss . . . . . ii. 261
Rogers's house . . . . . ii. 452
pictures after the Sale . . ii. 454
Table-talk . . . . ii. 191, 238
Rogets, The . . . . . i. 241
Roland, Madame . . . . ii. 239
Rolfe (Lord Cranworth) i. 250, 352; ii. 46, 71
Rolfe's, Dinner at . . . . ii. 209
Rolleston . . . . . ii. 422
Rolt, Sir John . . . . . ii. 344

Roman Catholic piety . . . i. 77
Catholic Cathedral . . . . ii. 57
Catholic meeting . . . . ii. 57
Catholic tradition . . . . ii. 148
Catholicism . . . . . ii. 48
Police . . . . . ii. 142
Romana, General . . . . i. 177, 183
Rome . . . . . ii. 118, 129
Friends in . . . . . ii. 242
Interests at . . . . . ii. 242
likened to Wapping . . . ii. 121
and Naples . . . . . ii. 314
On leaving . . . . . ii. 150
Sights in . . . . . ii. 121
Romilly, Sir Samuel i. 276, 397, 400; ii. 169
A Bar speech of . . . . i. 384
and Burdett elected for Westminster . . . . . i. 387
and Hunt . . . . . i. 388
on Eldon . . . . . i. 276
—— Sir John . . . ii. 169, 267, 284
Roscoe . . . . . i. 196, 246
—— Junr. . . . . i. 246, 388
—— Henry . . . . . i. 455
—— Robert . . . . i. 455; ii. 374
—— W. S. . . . . ii. 489
Rose, Stuart . . . . . ii. 190
Ross . . . . . ii. 408, 446
Rossi . . . . . i. 441
Rostock . . . . . i. 160, 162
Royston . . . . . i. 323
book-club . . . . . i. 23
Walk to . . . . . i. 190
Rough, Serjeant i. 192, 194, 201, 230, 238, 239, 267, 328, 354
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 224, 316
Rough's, Dinner at . . . . i. 214
Roughs, The . . . . . i. 202
Rousseau . . . i. 234, 369; ii. 35, 216
Rowe, Mrs. . . . . i. 139
Rowley, Sir W. . . . . i. 21
Royal Academy i. 206, 387, 406; ii. 183
in pecuniary trouble . . ii. 165
Royal marriage, A . . . . i. 330
Society, its dull doings . . . ii. 87
Rubens . . . . . ii. 75
"Daniel in the Lion's Den" . i. 464
Ruskin . . . . . ii. 406, 469
Russell, Lord . . . . . i. 178
Lord John . . . . ii. 84, 330, 344
Russell Square (30) . . ii. 283, 488
Russia, Emperor of . . . . i. 136
Russian Minister's dinner . . ii. 123
Rutt, J. T. i. 22, 23, 24, 36, 40, 190, 262, 332
Death of . . . . . ii. 291
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 222
—— Rachel . . . . . i. 263, 382
Ryal . . . . . ii. 355
Ryan, Sir Edward . . . . . i. 356
Rydal . . . . . ii. 334
Christmas visit to ii. 299, 366, 382, 386, 405
Circle at . . . . . ii. 386
excursionists . . . . . ii 376
in mourning . . . . . ii. 399
Leaving . . . . . ii. 224
Lodgings at . . . . . ii. 217
More sorrow at . . . ii. 317, 318
Rydal mournings . . . . . ii. 367
Mount . i. 338, 347; ii. 185, 366
Sale at . . . . . ii. 469
society . . . . . ii. 343
Storm at . . . . . ii. 322
visit, Account of . . . . ii. 276
Winter time at . . . . ii. 291
Ryle . . . . . ii. 204

Saardam . . . . . i. 321
Sabbatarianism . . . . . ii. 284
Sabbath, The . . . . . i. 462
Sacerdotalism . . . . . ii. 305
Sacramental theories . . . . ii. 301
Sacrati, Marchioness . . . . ii. 151
Saint Marceau, Countess . . ii. 176
"Sakontala" . . . . . i. 121
Salm . . . . . i. 167
Salvage of life . . . . . ii. 456
Salvation by belief . . . . ii. 452
Salzkammergut, Honesty of the peasants in . . . . . ii. 253
Salzmann . . . . . i. 133, 134
"Samson Agonistes" . . . . ii. 109
San Carlo Theatre . . . . ii. 126
San Miniato . . . . . ii 249
San Salvador . . . . . i. 442
Sand . . . . . i. 441
Sand, George . . . . i. 478; ii. 401
Sandon, Lord . . . . . ii. 330
Santa Croce . . . . . ii. 249
Satan's empire over matter . . ii. 29
Savigny, Von . i. 55, 79, 80, 87, 135, 394; ii. 412
on the art of teaching . . i. 87
—— Frau . . . . . ii. 411
Savignys, The . . . . . ii. 410
Saul among the Prophets . . ii. 281
Saunders . . . . . ii. 15
Saving grace . . . . . i. 356
Savona . . . . . ii. 242
Saxe-Gotha, Duke of . . . . i. 125
Saxe-Weimar, Duke of . . . i. 126
—— Duchess of . . . . i. 165
Saxon nobility . . . . . i. 61
Saxon Switzerland . . . . i. 63, 67
Saxony . . . . . i. 58
Sayer . . . . . i. 355
Sayers, Dr. . . . . i. 15
Scargill . . . . . ii. 42
Scarlett . . . . . ii. 59
Scenes of childhood . . . . ii. 467
Schadow . . . . . i. 70, 395; ii. 110
Schall, Herr von . . . . . i. 65
Scharf, G. . Preface, xviii.; ii. 476, 487
Schelling i. 67, 81, 82, 83, 84, 88, 95, 106, 110, 112, 115, 131, 195, 244, 249, 412; ii. 115, 116
on Bacon and Newton . . i. 107
Schiller i. 73, 74, 75, 99, 102, 120, 123, 127, 134, 135, 138, 198, 277, 392; ii. 7, 15, 66, 110, 171
Death of . . . . . i. 137
Funeral of . . . . . i. 138
and Goethe . . . . . i. 114
—— Frau von . . . . . i. 392
Schiller's "Bride of Messina" . i. 98
"Maid of Orleans" . . . . i. 99
"Wilhelm Tell" . . . . . i. 119

Schlaberndorf, Count . . i 367
Schlegel, A. W. i 73, 105, 113, 117, 121, 133, 205, 256, 261, 271, 291, 293, 352, 361, 493; ii 114, 170, 201
on Indian philosophy . . i. 294
Schlegel's cosmical speculations . i. 476
"Julius Cæsar" . . . ii. 112
obligations to Gibbon . . i. 430
translation of "Twelfth Night" ii. 413
Schlegel, Friedrich . i. 79, 389; ii. 201
—— Madame von . . . ii. 201
Schlegels, The . . . . i. 55, 102
Schleiermacher . . ii. 19, 103, 415
Schleswig grievance . . . ii. 414
Schlosser, Friedrich and Christian . i. 84
—— F. . . i. 133, 389; ii. 196, 198
—— Frau von . . . . ii. 101
—— Geheimerath . . . ii. 193
—— Hofrath . . . ii. 100, 101
Schlossers, The . . . i. 85; ii. 195
Schmeller . . . . . ii. 110
Schmidt . . . . . i. 140
Schnepfenthal, School-boys at . i. 133
Schnorr . . . i. 69, 75; ii. 239
Schönhäuser . . . . ii. 413
School, Model . . . . i. 133
plays . . . . i. 6
School-boy recollections . . ii. 47
School-fellow, An old . . . ii. 47
Schoolmaster, The ideal . . . ii. 445
Schulz, Professor . . . i. 120
Schunck, Mr. . . . . ii. 498
Schuncks, The . . . . ii. 99
Schwarz, Kirchenrath . . . ii. 470
Schwyz . . . . . i 440
Scotch Antinomianism . . . ii. 188
girl . . . . . i. 464
journey . . . . ii. 188
law . . . . . i. 405
Scotchman, The . . . . ii. 284
Scotland, East of . . . . ii. 187
Scots, Queen of . . . . i. 212
Scott, Walter i. 206, 210, 248, 311, 461; ii. 64
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 250
—— of Bromley . . . . ii. 21
—— Dr. . . . . i. 409
—— John . . . . . i. 314
—— Professor . . ii. 395, 396, 398, 459
—— Russell . . . . ii. 489
—— Sir William . . . . i. 397
Scott's "Minstrelsy" . . . i. 219
Sea-shell image, The . . . . ii. 240
Seals used in Persia . . . i. 412
Seceders, How to treat . . . ii. 402
Seclusion, The value of . . . i. 321
Second sight . . . . . i. 463
Seeley, Professor . . . . ii. 495
Seiler . . . . . i. 56
Seizure, A . . . . . ii. 501
Self-depreciation . . . . ii. 458
Selfishness of saints . . . ii. 215
Self-sacrifice . . . . ii. 420
Senate of University College . . ii. 333
Senior . . . . . ii. 168
Sennhouse, Mr. . . . . ii. 236
Separate education for Dissenters ii. 299
Separation, the one heresy . . ii. 449
Serviere, Charlotte Pref. xii.; ii. 99, 170, 201
Serviere, Charlotte and Paulina . i. 54
Servieres, The . . . . i. 56, 78
Sessions business . . . . i. 281
Seume . . . i. 69, 71, 72, 75; ii. 239
Severn . . . . . ii. 244
Shaftesbury . . . . i. 79, 100
Shakespeare . . . i. 205, 361; ii. 35
Anachronism of . . . i. 204
Sharp (the engraver) . . i. 34, 35, 303
Sharpe, Conversation . . . ii. 94
—— Henry . . . . ii. 406, 487
—— Samuel ii. 261, 350, 377, 388, 406, 418, 423, 427
—— Sutton . . . i. 492; ii. 209
—— William . . . . ii. 476
Sharpey, Professor . . . ii. 495
"She dwelt among the untrodden ways" . . . . . i. 343
"She Stoops to Conquer" . . . i. 388
Shee, Sir M. A. . . . i. 332; ii. 70
on Flaxman . . . . ii. 30
Sheep and goats . . . . ii. 396
Sheep-shearing dinner . . . ii. 244
Shelley, P. B. . i. 369; ii. 81, 121, 221
—— Mrs. . . i. 494; ii. 260, 279
Shelley's "Prometheus" . . . ii. 79
—— son . . . . . ii. 279
Shepherd, Attorney-General i. 359, 375
—— Dr. . . . . ii. 17
Sheil . . . . . i. 238; ii. 227
A ride with . . . . ii. 61
and the Bishop of Exeter . ii. 206
Sheridan . . . i. 172, 217, 258, 270
Sherwood . . . . . i. 357
Shipley, Bishop . . . . i. 136
Shutt . . . . . ii. 85
Sic transit . . . . . ii. 146
Sicard and his deaf and dumb pupils i. 316
Sicily, Journey to . . . . ii. 127
Siddons, Mrs. i. 39, 72, 214, 220, 252, 266, 267, 287, 317; ii. 84, 179, 371, 401, 465, 499
as the Lady in "Comus" . i. 251
as Margaret of Anjou . . i. 209
as Mrs. Beverly . . . i. 244
in "Pizarro" . . . . i. 33
as Queen Caroline . . . i. 247
Recollections of . . . . ii. 79
Sidmouth, Lord . . . . i. 371
Sieveking, Madame . . . . i. 149
—— William . . . . i. 155, 453
—— Dr. . . . . ii. 476
Sievekings, The . . . . i. 157
Sifting old letters . . . . ii. 324
Simeon advising with the Non-con ii. 342
Sinclair . . . . . i. 387
—— Sir James . . . . i. 461
—— Captain . . . . ii. 355
Sismondi . . . . i. 448; ii. 243
Sisterly counsel . . . . i. 229
Six Acts, The . . . . i. 414
Skey, Dr. . . . . ii. 493
Slander . . . . . ii. 238
Slave-trade . . . i. 337; ii. 323
Sleep-walking . . . . i. 85
Sleigh . . . . . i. 325
Smale, J. . . . . ii. 475, 476
Smirke . . . . . i. 203
Smith, Mr. . . . . ii. 472
—— Adam . . . . . i. 51

Smith, Grafton . . . ii. 117
—— James and Horace . . i. 258
—— Sir James . . . . i. 311
—— Patty . . . . . i. 223
—— Dr. Pye, on Solomon's Song ii. 262
—— Sydney ii. 186, 228, 262, 287, 294, 388, 450, 476
—— W., M. P. for Norwich i. 348, 357, 407, 413
Soane, Sir John . i. 264; ii. 69, 70, 71
Soane's house and museum . . ii. 70, 71
Society of Antiquarians . . ii. 87, 181
Soldier, Adventure with a . . i. 291
Solger . . . . . i. 366
Solitude in cultivated country . . ii. 258
Somers, Lord . . . . . i. 374
Sommariva, Count . . . . i. 152
Sonnets and Sonneteers . . . ii. 390
Sortaine . ii. 361, 362, 378, 379, 443
Sotheby . . . . . i. 266
Soult's, Marshal, pictures . . i. 478
South's sermon on Man the Image of God . . . . . i. 350
Southcott, Joanna . . . i. 303; ii. 314
Southern . . . . . ii. 14
Southey i. 35, 41, 186, 206, 207, 208, 233, 237, 250, 311, 312, 334, 339, 340, 344, 345, 377, 378, 419; ii. 185, 186, 194, 230, 235, 236, 238, 240, 272, 274, 277, 289, 307, 357
Anti-popular views of . . ii. 238
asks H. C. R. to write for the *Quarterly Review* . i. 494; ii. 16
books, his love of . . . . ii. 274
civil war, his dread of . . i. 346
H. C. R.'s tour to France with ii. 266
Jeu d'esprit by . . . . . ii. 289
Letter from, to Hamond . . i. 425
likeness between him and Shelley i. 369
on Blake . . . . . i. 217
on Blanco White . . . . i. 218
on Brougham . . . . . ii. 186
on the Cintra Convention . . i. 483
on Lord Egremont . . . ii. 186
on English and French courts of justice . . . . . i. 288
on the eternity of future punishment ii. 33
on Ferdinand of Spain . . . i. 340
on forms of government . . i. 217
on German rule in Italy . . i. 482
on Goethe . . . . . ii. 111
on Hamond . . . . . i. 421
on Hamond's papers . . . i. 423
on imported forms of representative government . . . i. 483
on non-interference . . . i. 482
on the old régimes . . . i. 482
on politics . . . i. 169, 340, 346
on politics and morals . . ii. 185
on the prospects of England i. 340
on his "Wat Tyler" . . . i. 357
The Radicals on . . . . ii. 18
Verses for children by . . ii. 289
Wordsworth's epitaph on . ii. 319
letter to his daughter from Paris ii. 267
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 340
—— Cuthbert . . . . ii. 266
Southey's "Cid" . . . . i. 363
"Doctor" . . . . ii. 272
justification of his history of the Spanish War . . . . i. 481
"Kehama," Lamb on . . i. 204
refusal to edit the *Times* . i. 379
Spa-Fields rioters . . . . i. 358
Spain, civil wars of . . . . i. 482
H. C. R.'s journey to . . i. 173
H. C. R.'s love of . . . i. 203
Political feeling in . . i. 173
Spanish ladies . . . . . i. 180
language . . . i. 180, 181
political agents . . . . i. 186
tea-party . . . . . i. 178
Spalding, Mr. . . . . i. 159
Spät, Major von . . . i. 154, 155, 159
Spectator newspaper . . . ii. 489
Spedding . . . . . ii. 335
Spelman, Sir Henry . . . ii. 67
Spence . . . . . ii. 140, 471
Spencer, Lord . . . . . ii. 71, 72
Spenser . . . . . i. 79
Spinoza . . . i. 31, 257, 258; ii. 22, 198
Spirit of persecution . . . ii. 59
Spittler . . . . . i. 88
Spohr with the Non-cons . . ii. 358
Sponsors of opposing creeds . . ii. 412
Spurrell . . . . . i. 408
Spurzheim, Dr. . . . . i. 276
Squintum, Dr. . . . . i. 7
St. Albans, Duke of . . . . ii. 112
St. Asaph, Dean of . . . . i. 136
St. Bride's Church . . . . ii. 24
St. Francis d'Assisi . . . . ii. 246
St. Hilaire, Geoffrey . . . ii. 172
St. Maurice, Count . . . . i. 287
St. Peter's chains . . . . ii. 148
St. Simonism . . . . . ii. 155
St. Simonites . . . . . ii. 156
Church service of . . . ii. 156
Conference of . . . . ii. 157
Stachelberg, Herr von . . . ii. 113
Staël, Madame de i. 19, 64, 109, 112, 113, 115, 116, 117, 119, 121, 122, 201, 266, 270, 284, 290, 365, 429, 479; ii. 8, 176, 455, 510
Anecdote of . . . . . i. 479
Staël's, Madame de, Dinner at . i. 269
"Germany" . . . . . i. 271
"Ten Years' Exile" . . . i. 466
Stafford . . . . . i. 350
—— Marquis of . . . . ii. 20
Stage-coach journey to Belfast . ii. 63
Stammbuch, Goethe's son's . . i. 95
Stammerers . . . . . i. 316
Stanhope, Lord . . . . . i. 40
—— Earl of, on H. C. R. . . ii. 507
Stanley, Bishop . . . . ii. 85, 330
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 85
Stanley (Dean) . . . ii. 85, 397, 496
—— Lord . . . . . ii. 89
—— (Earl Derby) . . . ii. 185
—— Sir T. . . . . ii. 189
Stansfeld, Mr., Senr. . . . . i. 348
—— G. i. 150, 152, 154, 156, 163, 348
—— H. . . . . i. 454
—— James, M. P. . . . ii. 475, 476
and Mazzini . . . ii. 486
—— T. . . . . i. 387, 408

Stansfelds, The Miss . . . . i. 205
Starting-point for controversy . . ii. 48
State trials . . . . . i. 17
of Watson and others . . i. 359
Statue, Ancient . . . . . i. 458
Staunton, Sir G. . . . . ii. 88
Stavely, Captain . . . . . i. 294
Steffens . . . . . i. 352
Stephen . . . . . ii. 168
——— Senr. . . . . i. 276
——— Sir James . ii. 21, 68, 433, 472, 480
Stephens . . . . . i. 274
——— Miss . . . . . i. 337
Liston, and Farren . . i. 415
Stephenson, Mr. . . . . ii. 231
Sterling . . . . . i. 333, 381
Sterne . . . . . i. 47, 188, 308; ii. 114
Sterry, Anthony . . . . . ii. 31
Steward, Dr. . . . . ii. 67
Stewart, Dr. . . . . i. 318, 319
——— Dugald . . . . . i. 418
——— Lord . . . . . i. 384
Stiles, Lieutenant . . . . . i. 175
Stilling . . . . . i. 395
Stillingfleet . . . . . i. 200
Stock . . . . . ii. 453
Stockholm, beauty of situation . i. 165
Voyage to . . . . . i. 163
Stoddart, Dr. . . . . i. 333; ii. 320
Stokes . . . . . ii. 20, 88
——— Charles . . . . . ii. 70
Stolberg . . . . . i. 254
——— The Counts . . . . . i. 107
Stone . . . . . ii. 238
——— Frank . . . . . ii. 458
Stonehenge . . . . . i. 474
Storks i. 267, 281; ii. 8, 19, 30, 71, 360, 367
Storms at Rydal . . . . ii. 273, 275
Stowe, Mrs. H. B. . . . . ii. 429
Stratford-on-Avon . . . . . ii. 482
Strauss . . . . . ii. 354
Strayed Poet, The . . . . . ii. 252
Street, G., A.R.A. ii. 468, 475, 476, 484, 498
——— Mrs. . . . . ii. 484, 498
"Strictures," Publication of the ii. 265
Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson on the ii. 266
Strutt . . . . . i. 336
——— Ben . . . . i. 13, 14, 15, 350
——— (Lord Belper) . . . . . ii. 207
Student (Swiss) . . . . . i. 441
Students . . . . . i. 126
Russian, at Jena . . . . . i. 95
Students' duels . . . . i. 95, 96, 97
festivals . . . . . i. 94
life at Jena . . . . i. 82, 93
quarrels with town authorities i. 110, 111
trick on a landlord . . . i. 129
Studies, German . . . . . i. 172
Review of . . . . . i. 141
Study of Italian . . . . . ii. 87
of science . . . . . ii. 151
Sturch, Mrs. . . . . ii. 497
——— Miss . . . . . ii. 495, 501
Sturges, Rev. J. . . . . ii. 50
Sturm . . . . . i. 333
Summons from King Dan . . ii. 57
Sunday labor . . . . . i. 450
Sunday, Weariness of . . . . i. 5
Superstition, Act of . . . . i. 144
Supper-party, A . . . . . ii. 63
Surpassing enjoyments . . . . i. 443
Sussex, Duke of . . . i. 295; ii. 83
Suwarrow . . . . . i. 69
Swabey . . . . . i. 335
Swanwicks, The Miss . . . . ii. 433
Sweden, Journey in . . . . . i. 167
Swedenborg . . . . ii. 28, 30, 33, 74
Swedish hospitality . . . . . i. 164
people, Civility and honesty of i. 167
politics . . . . i. 166, 167
Swift . . . . . i. 11, 382; ii. 60
Swindler, A, and H. C. R. . . . ii. 442
Sydenham . . . . . i. 333, 381
Sykes, Godfrey . . . . . i. 372
Sylvester, Mot of . . . . . ii. 337
Symbolism of ornament . . . . i. 295
Symonds, John . . . . . i. 19
Syntax, Dr. . . . . i. 188
System of checks a desideratum . ii. 155

Tagart, Rev. E. . . . . ii. 423, 428
Talfourd, Sir T. N. i. 22, 246, 262, 263, 264, 310, 313, 349, 364, 378, 383, 404, 411, 476, 491, 492; ii. 27, 91, 204, 219, 257, 260, 264, 345, 355, 359, 337, 439
a Judge . . . . . ii. 337
about Lamb . . . . . ii. 213
——— Junr. . . . . ii. 367
Talfourd's, At . . . . . ii. 15
call to the Bar . . . . . i. 456
"Ion" . . . . . ii. 229
"Lamb" . . . . . ii. 375
marriage . . . . . i. 479
rise in the world . . . . ii. 227
Talleyrand . . . . . i. 284; ii. 170
Bon mot of . . . i. 479; ii. 455
Talma . . . . i. 290, 334, 335, 383
Tamerlane . . . . . i. 324
Tasso . . . . . i. 55, 101
Tate, Canon . . . . . ii. 316
Tayler, Rev. J. J. Preface, xvi.; ii. 419, 444, 465, 470, 475, 476, 477, 497
Taylor . . . . . i. 314
——— Adam . . . . . i. 229
——— Edgar . i. 455; ii. 17, 358, 482
——— Emily . . . ii. 476, 492, 500
——— Henry . . . ii. 6, 7, 138, 475
——— Henry, Mrs. . . . . ii. 359
——— Isaac . . . . . ii. 273, 278
on aberration of mind . . . ii. 278
——— J. E. . . . . ii. 353
——— Jeremy . . . . . ii. 2, 4, 63
——— John (author) . . . i. 311, 312
——— John (Dr.) . . . . . ii. 63
——— John (Mining Engineer) ii. 230, 354, 373, 437, 450, 476
——— Mrs. Meadows . . . . ii. 280
——— Richard i. 26, 314; ii. 17, 270, 423
——— Sydney . . . . . ii. 279
——— William i. 15, 16, 27, 72, 74, 420, 421, 481
Taylor's "Natural History of Enthusiasm" . . . . . ii. 278
——— "Physical Theory of Another Life" . . . . . ii. 278
——— "Spiritual Despotism" . ii. 278

Taylors, The, of Diss . . . ii. 280
—— The, of Norwich i. 16, 314; ii. 476
Tempest, Lady Frances Vane . . i. 384
Temple . . . . . i. 213
—— Lord . . . . . i. 53
Tennemann . . . . . i. 110
Tenterden, Lord . . . . i. 373, 410
Tennyson . . . . . ii. 335, 385
Teplitz . . . . . i. 64
Terni . . . . . ii. 247
Term-keeping . . . . . i. 190
Terry, Miss Kate . . . . . ii. 493
Tertulias . . . . . i. 175
Test-Act dinner . . . . . ii. 84
Test and Corporation Act, Repeal of ii. 79
Testa, Countess . . . . . ii. 134
Thackeray's "Esmond" . . . . ii. 426
"Thalaba" and "Castle of Indolence" i. 218
Thanksgiving of an octogenarian . ii. 464
"The Kitten and the Falling Leaves" i. 342
"Leech-gatherer" . . . i. 342
"Oak and the Broom" . . . i. 342
Poet worshipped, not the politician ii. 344
Slaves of nature are atheists . ii. 39
Theatre, Covent Garden i. 205, 240, 244
Thelwall i. 17, 42, 43, 217, 239, 244, 283, 303, 315, 316, 326, 335
married . . . . . i. 359
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 303
Thelwall's, At . . . . . i. 210
—— Mrs., death . . . . i. 353
Theological speculation . . . . i. 411
Theology, Schemes of . . . . ii. 209
Thibaut . . . . . i. 135; ii. 100
Things too wonderful for us ii. 441, 442
Thirst for knowledge leads beyond our depth . . . . . ii. 441
Thistlethwaite . . . . . i. 358
Tholuck . . . . . ii. 449
Thompson, Dr. . . . . i. 348; ii. 247
—— Dr. A. Todd . . . . . ii. 364
—— Dr. Seth . . . . . ii. 120
—— Miss . . . . . ii. 119
—— R. A. . . . . i. 69, 70
Thomson . . . . . i. 218
—— Rev — . . . . . i. 461, 462
—— the Edinburgh publisher . ii. 284
Thornton i. 153, 154, 370, 371; ii. 32
Thorold, Sir John . . . . . i. 268
Thorwaldsen . . . . . ii. 120, 141
and scandal . . . . . ii. 150
Thorwaldsen's studio . . . . ii. 246
Thoughts in sickness . . . . ii. 393
Three friends . . . . . ii. 465
Threescore years and ten . . . ii. 402
Three sermons in one day . . . ii. 382
Thurlow, Lord . . . . . i. 216
on the Athanasian Creed . . i. 487
and the Established Church. i. 243
Thurlow's, Lord, advice how to annoy parsons . . . . . i. 487
Churchism . . . . . i. 487
Thwaites . . . . . ii. 46
Tiarks, Dr. . . . i. 278, 293, 307; ii. 87
Ticknor . . . . . ii. 243
Ticknors, The . . . . . ii. 249
Tieck, Ludwig i. 55, 102, 121, 196, 291, 352, 361, 362, 363, 364; ii. 113, 115, 116, 195, 410, 413, 480
on Catholicism . . . . . i. 354
on English classics . . . ii. 114
on English poets . . . . ii. 366
on Wordsworth . . . . ii. 174
Tieck's, Dinner at . . . . . ii. 113
opinion of English poetry . i. 366
prologue to "Faust" . . ii. 113
readings . . . . . ii. 115
"November the 15th" . . . ii. 115
"Wassermensch" . . . . ii. 231
Tiedemann, Professor . . . . i. 79
Tiedge, author of "Urania" . . ii. 114
Tiefurth . . . . . i. 393
Tillbrook, Mr. . i. 338, 339, 378; ii. 65
Times, Connection with . . . . i. 169
dinner-party . . . i. 333, 381
H. C. R. writer for the . . i. 168
The . . . . . i. 218
The, now and in former days . ii. 320
Writers in the . . . . i. 187
Timidity of old Reformers . . . ii. 155
Tindal, Lord Chief Justice . . . i. 264
Tipper . . . . . i. 146, 188
Tite . . . . . i. 339, 397
Titian . . . . . i. 236; ii. 75
Tivoli . . . . . ii. 245
Tobin . . . . . i. 251
Tode . . . . . i. 165
Tooke . . . . . i. 267
—— Horne i. 39, 53, 90, 210, 274; ii. 288
and his school-boy philosophy i. 366
"Russia" . . . . . i. 242
—— Senr., and Mrs. Tooke . . i. 216
—— William . . . ii. 81, 267, 412
Töpfer . . . . . i. 58, 59
Topping . . . . . i. 372
Torlonia . . . i. 337, 338, 339, 341, 350
Torlonia's short memory . . . ii. 118
Torrens, Justice . . . . . ii. 46
Tralee, Journey to . . . . . ii. 56
Translating, Engagement in . . i. 146
Translation from Richter . . . i. 231
Transubstantiation and consubstantiation . . . . . ii. 302
Trappists, Visit to . . . . . ii. 11
Travelling companions i. 292, 318; ii. 266
Travers, Miss . . . . . ii. 472
Treason trials . . . i. 358, 380, 381
Tree, Miss Ellen . . . i. 263; ii. 229
Trelawney . . . . . ii. 237
Trial of agricultural rioters . . i. 334
of Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall i. 17
of Hone . . . . . i. 373–376
of Sir T. More . . . . i. 416
Triquetti's Marmor Homericum . ii. 492
Trotter . . . . i. 435, 438, 439, 448
Troy, Dr. . . . . ii. 50
True Catholic Church . . . . ii. 300
Truro, Lord . . . . . ii. 6
Truth, A, to be had . . . . ii 442
in popular error . . . . ii. 316
Tulk, Mr. . . . . ii. 44, 70
—— the Misses . . . . . ii. 68
Tuthill, Dr. . . . . i. 202
Turner, Dawson . . . . ii. 5, 19, 66
Visit to . . . . . ii. 68

Turner's (Dawson) autographs . . ii. 66
collection of MSS. . . . ii. 68
house . . . . . ii. 66
Mr. and Mrs., hospitality . ii. 68
Turner, Mrs. . . . . ii. 66
—— Miss . . . . . ii. 67
—— J. M. W., R. A. . i. 245, 247, 406
—— and other landscape painters compared . . . . . ii. 20
Turner's landscapes . . . . i. 387
Turner, Sharon . . . . i. 242, 312
Turrets guarded by San Salvador . i. 442
Twiss, Horace . i. 186, 213, 258, 267, 281, 288; ii. 213
"Two Angry Women of Abingdon" ii. 297
Tyndall, Professor . . . . i. 97, 107
Tyrtæus . . . . . i. 140

Uhlmann . . . . . ii. 197
Uncle, H. C. R.'s, death . . . i. 27
Underlying truths . . . . . ii. 221
Unitarian preaching . . . . ii. 262
University studies . . . . i. 81, 82, 83
—— College . . . . . ii. 82, 500
and Flaxman's works . . ii. 364
order of Fellows created . ii. 423
prospects . . . . . ii. 422
Racket court . . . . . ii. 486
—— education . . . . . ii. 441
—— degrees . . . . . ii. 465
—— Hall . . . . . ii. 354
Dinner of the founders of . ii. 373
First stone of . . . . . ii. 373
fund . . . . ii. 504, 505, 506
opened . . . . . ii. 391
open to all religions . . ii. 373
scheme of, set afloat . ii. 358, 367
Usher, J. . . . . ii. 214
Usury case . . . . . i. 397

Val d'Arno . . . . . ii. 247
Vallombrosa . . . . . ii. 135
Valpy, Dr. . i. 262, 263, 307; ii. 466
Value of recorded gossip . . ii. 398
Vardill, Mrs. . . . . ii. 73
—— Miss . . . . . i. 298, 466
Varese . . . . . ii. 446
Vatican, Visit to, with Gibson . ii. 244
Vaucluse . . . . . ii. 241
Vaughan . . . . . i. 401
Veit, the famous preacher . . ii. 116
—— the painter . . . . . ii. 201
Venice . . . . . ii. 117
from the tower of St. Mark's ii 252
Veraguas, Duke of . . . . . i. 177
Verbal inspiration . . . . . ii. 409
Vere, Aubrey de . . . . . ii. 402
Vernet, Horace, his facility at work ii. 148
H. C. R.'s misconception of . ii. 149
Vernet's, Soirée at . . . . . ii. 148
Veronese, Paul . . . . . i. 332
Vespers at the inn in the Tyrol . ii. 253
"Vestiges of Creation" . . . . ii. 323
Vestris, Madame . . . i. 428, 454, 473
Vesuvius . . . . . ii. 126
Vico . . . . . ii. 22
Vienna . . . . . ii. 116
Villa d'Este . . . . . ii. 246
Villers, Charles . Preface, xv.; i. 150
Vincennes . . . . . i. 283
Vinter . . . . . ii. 45
Virgil . . . . . i. 55, 205
Voigt, Geheimerath . . . . i. 80, 81
—— Professor i. 123, 142; ii. 104, 106, 111, 170, 288
Voltaire i. 69, 99, 200, 222, 324; ii. 39, 284, 285
Bust of . . . . . ii. 263
on Shakespeare . . . . . i. 380
Voltaire's mission . . . . . ii. 34
Von Arnims, The . . . . . ii. 413
Von Hofer . . . . . ii. 410
Von Leonhardi . . . . . ii. 99
Von Stein, Baron . . . . . ii. 101
Voss, Professor . i. 107, 108, 136, 364
Voss's "Louisa" . . . i. 108, 109
Protestantism . . . . . i. 107
Voyage from Hamburg to England i. 144
down the Thames . . . . i. 477
to the North Pole . . . . i. 242
to Sweden . . . . . i. 163
Voysey, The Rev. . . . . ii. 487

Waddington . . . . . i. 52
—— Miss . . . . . ii. 120
Wade, Joshua . . . . . i. 384
Wager of battle, Last . . . . i. 370
Waggett . . . . . ii. 46
Wagner, Dr. . . . . Preface, xviii.
Wake, Kyd . . . . . i. 21
Wakefield, Gilbert i. 22, 35, 36, 39, 40, 127, 144, 278, 279, 459
in prison . . . . . i. 42
—— Mrs. . . . . i. 39, 42
—— Miss . . . . . i. 144
Waldegrave, Captain . . . . i. 336
—— Mr. . . . . i. 6, 9
Waldron, Mr. . . . . ii. 205
Walduck the Quaker . . . . i. 434
Wall, Anton . . . . i. 60, 104, 231
Walter, Mr. i. 148, 168, 169, 173, 187, 188, 189, 218, 241, 264, 303, 337, 338, 350, 362, 379, 405, 407, 415; ii. 32, 216, 350
Death-bed of . . . . . ii. 357
—— Mrs. . . . . ii. 350
—— at Bearwood . . . . ii. 388
—— John . . . . . i. 146
—— John, Junr. . . . . ii. 349, 353
Walpole, Horace . i. 212; ii. 293, 354
Walton . . . . . i. 322, 369, 379
Waltzing . . . . . i. 49
Wansey . . . . . ii. 88
Warburton . . . . . ii. 213, 278
Ward . . . . . ii. 20
—— Plumer . . . . . ii. 294
Waring, Major Scott . . . . i. 385
Wartburg, Castle of . . . . i. 80
Warton, Joseph . . . . . ii. 311
—— T. . . . . i. 278
"Wat Tyler," Southey's . . . i. 357
Waterland . . . . . i. 225
Waterloo, Battle of . . . . i. 315
Field of . . . . . i. 319
Tour to . . . . . i. 318
Bridge opened . . . . . i 332
Watkins . . . . . i. 318
Watson, Trial of . i. 358, 360, 361, 362
—— Sculptor . . . . . ii 356
Watson's statue of Flaxman . . ii. 405

Watts, Dr. . . . . i. 160
"Waverley," First appearance of . i. 304
"We are Seven" . . . . ii. 222
Weber . . . . . i. 246
Webster, D. . . . . ii. 280
Wedd, George . . . . . i. 190
——— Mr. . . . . i. 190, 323
Wedgwood . . . . . ii. 479
Weimar . . . . . i. 69; ii. 111
Court at . . . i. 119, 127, 390, 391
Leave-taking at . . . . i. 142
Party at . . . . . i. 138
Town of . . . . . i. 75
Theatre . . . i. 73, 74, 98, 392
Weimar, Duke of . i. 113, 115, 275, 392
——— Crown Prince of . . . i. 390
——— Duchess Dowager of . . i. 126
——— Grand Duchess of . . . i. 391
——— Regent of . . . . i. 126
Weishaupt, Adam . . . i. 124, 125
——— Writings of . . . . i. 126
Wellesley, Marquis of . . . i. 169, 265
Wellesleys, The . . . . i. 333, 381
Wellington, Duke of i. 283, 318, 362; ii. 80, 334
and Marlborough . . . i. 432
Welshman at Chemnitz . . i. 60
Werner . . . . . i. 137, 389
Wesley, John . i. 12, 248; ii. 314, 316
——— Miss . . . . i. 248, 249
——— Samuel . . . . i. 248
Wesleyan's, A, notion of grace . i. 357
West, Benjamin . . i. 278, 384; ii. 258
——— Mr. . . . . i. 332
——— Mrs. W. . . . . i. 430
Westall . . . . . i. 276; ii. 183
——— Junior . . . . . i. 340
Westminster, Dean of . . . . ii. 85
election . . . . . i. 389
Westmoreland, Lord . . . . ii. 413
Weston, Miss . . ii. 320, 443, 453
Westphal . . . . . ii. 122
Wetherell, Sir C. . . . i. 359, 360, 361
Wetzlar . . . . . i. 56
Whately . . . . . ii. 315
Whewell, Dr. . . . . ii. 397
Universality of his pursuits . ii. 287
Whist club . . . . . ii. 31
Whitaker, Serjeant . . . . i. 355
Whitbread . . . i. 258, 267, 335
Whitbread's death . . . . i. 317
White, Blanco . . . . . i. 218
——— Mr. (solicitor) . . . i. 23, 313
Whitgift, Archbishop . . . . i. 327
Whittington . . . . . i 298
"Who's Who?" . . . . . i. 326
Why Eve was made of a man's rib ii. 202
Why are morals so difficult? . . ii. 434
Why time flies in old age . . . ii. 458
Wicksteed, Rev. C. . . . . ii. 224
Wide-world religion . . . . ii. 449
Wieland i. 48, 55, 67, 69, 70, 71, 75, 79, 99, 108, 112, 117, 127, 128, 135, 139, 140, 142, 393; ii. 112
Bust of . . . i. 395; ii. 110
on Schiller's poetry . . . i. 138
Wieland's "Musarion" . . . . i. 139
Wiesbaden . . . . . i. 50
Wigan . . . . . ii. 493
Wightman . . . . . ii. 19
Wilberforce i. 223, 276, 407, 489; ii. 215, 306, 480
and Clarkson controversy ii. 268, 269, 270
——— Archdeacon . . . . ii. 305
——— Bishop of Oxford ii. 269, 270, 427
——— Henry . . . . . ii. 402
Wilde, Serjeant . . . . . ii. 5
Wildwood . . . . . ii. 428
Wilkes, John . i. 61, 192, 474; ii. 238
Wilkie, D. . . . . ii. 184, 194
Wilkinson . . . . . i. 229
——— Dr. J. G. . ii. 372, 377, 476, 491
——— Tate . . . . . i. 474
Willes, Justice . . . . . i. 302
Williams . . . . . i. 318
——— (bookseller) . . . . i. 371, 375
——— Helen Maria . . . . i. 367
Williams's, Dr., library . . . ii. 478
Willis, N. P. . . . . ii. 207
Wilmott, Rev. Mr., his sermon . ii. 388
Wilson, Sir R. . . . . i. 330
——— Dr. . . . . ii. 168
——— Professor . . . ii. 220, 312
Winckelmann . . . . . i. 57, 76
Windham . . . . . i. 16, 188, 196
Windischmann, Dr. . . . . ii. 99
Winter walk in the mountains . ii. 276
Wirgmann . . . . . i. 382
Wismar, Companions at . . . i. 161
Witham, At . . . . . i. 458
Wolcott, Dr. . . . . i. 210, 211
Wolf . . . . i. 108, 109; ii. 22, 480
Wollstonecraft, Mary . . . i. 37, 134
Wolzogen, Frau von i. 134, 392; ii. 104
Women, Against strong-minded . i. 234
Wood . . . . . ii. 19
——— Baron, working for a non-suit i. 352
——— John . . . . i. 468; ii. 17
Wooden bridges at Lucerne . . i. 436
Woolman, John . . . . . ii. 7, 33
Woolman's Journal . . . . ii. 1
Words have as many interpretations as readers . . . . . ii. 327
Wordsworth, Preface, vi., xvi., i. 20, 35, 40, 41, 79, 107, 167, 169, 170, 189, 207, 228, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 253, 263, 278, 297, 299, 301, 304, 306, 309, 310, 312, 316, 330, 331, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 346, 348, 351, 369, 451, 452, 467, 485, 486, 489, 490; ii. 5, 7, 19, 26, 27, 30, 36, 38, 40, 65, 74, 94, 103, 124, 188, 191, 204, 206, 207, 214, 216, 218, 219, 221, 229, 239, 242, 253, 257, 260, 265, 272, 273, 274, 290, 295, 296, 297, 298, 308, 309, 319, 321, 333, 355, 356, 359, 366, 367, 371, 376, 382, 383, 385, 386, 390, 399, 453, 494, 516, 517
an alarmist . . . . . ii. 169
at a Cumberland auction . i. 345
at Charles Aikin's . . . . i. 246
at the grave of H. C. R.'s mother ii. 290
at home . . . . . i. 338
at St. Peter's . . . . . ii. 242
careless of relics . . . . ii. 242
Characteristic incident of . . ii. 252
and Coleridge, Misunderstanding between . . . . . i. 260

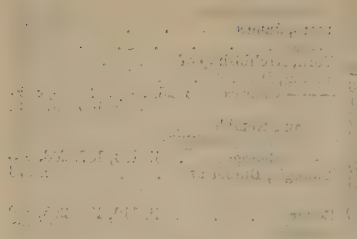
Wordsworth, composing . . i. 471
Day with . . . . . i. 484
and Faber . . . . . ii. 302
and Godwin . . . . . i. 331
Hazlitt's attack on . . . i. 313
H. C. R.'s tour with . . . ii. 187
immortal fame . . . . . ii. 397
Human interests uppermost with ii. 241
introduced to Bunsen . . . ii. 243
Italian tours with i. 434; ii. 187, 240, 258
and Lamb . . . . . i. 431
Last visit to . . . . . ii. 384
meeting about a monument to ii. 397
and Moore . . . . . i. 484
not intolerant . . . . . ii. 235
on the "Ancient Mariner" . . ii. 222
on Arnold . . . . . ii. 323
on Byron . . . . . ii. 481
on Chatterton . . . . . ii. 293
on "Death and Dr. Hornbook" i. 249
on Ebenezer Elliott . . . . ii. 223
on English copyright in America ii. 260
on good Churchmen . . . ii. 490
on Hallam . . . . . ii. 353
on his critics . . . . . ii. 211
on his domestic poems . . . ii. 294
on his home treasures . . . ii. 95
on his own childhood . . . ii. 224
on his own poems . . . i. 245, 250
on Landor's satire . . . . ii. 240
on Milton . . . . . ii. 220
on Milton's Satan . . . . ii. 221
on naturalistic poets . . . ii. 272
on Norway . . . . . ii. 94
on old-age travelling . . . ii. 94
on other poets . . . . . ii. 223
on the penny post . . . . ii. 285
on the poets . . . . . ii. 292
on politics . . . . . i. 250
on Talfourd's copyright efforts ii. 264
on "Tam O'Shanter" . . . i. 249
on the Reform Bill . . . ii. 180
on the sonnet . . . . . ii. 223
on "We are Seven" . . . i. 251
Pantheism ascribed to . . . i. 300
revisits Como . . . . . ii. 250
Rogers on . . . . . ii. 41
Sight-seeing with . . . . ii. 244
Study of . . . . . ii. 459
suggests H. C. R.'s autobiography ii. 302
Swiss tour with . . . . i. 433
Talk about . . . . . i. 299
Talk with . . . . . i. 245
Talk with, about Dissenters' Chapels Bill . . . . . ii. 333
the English Goethe . . . ii. 461
the Poet of Common Things . i. 309
Tieck on . . . . . ii. 461
in town . . . . . i. 373
Walk with . . . . . i. 247
Wet walk with . . . . . i. 341
With, up Nab Scar . . . i. 347
Wordsworth's alterations in his poems i. 309
attachment to his friends . . ii. 286
"Brownie" . . . . . i. 463
Wordsworth's Chartist sympathies . ii. 369
conversation . . . . . ii. 302
conversation and poems . . . i. 341
death . . . . . ii. 397
dedication to H. C. R. . . . ii. 256
Elegiac poem on Goddard . . i. 438
"Excursion" . . . . i. 279, 296
"Eclectic" review of . . i. 300
"Edinburgh" review of . i. 301
father . . . . . i. 344
funeral . . . . . ii. 397
habit of thought . . . . ii. 293
High-Churchism . . . . ii. 303
Highland tour . . . . . ii. 164
house and family . . . . i. 339
Human Life poems . . . . ii. 37
influence on Byron . . . ii. 459
interest in men . . . . . ii. 275
Italian sonnets . . . . . ii. 268
"Memorials" . . . . . i. 473
Memorials of a Tour on the Continent . . . . . i. 470
Memorials of Tours . . . ii. 462
monument . . . . . ii. 406
nature poems . . . . . ii. 37
new poems, On . . . . . i. 470
open-air study . . . . . ii. 344
opinion of Gladstone's work ii. 277
own appreciation of his works ii. 460
poems, Classification of . . ii. 37
Poems especially characteristic of ii. 461
poems, first love, then study them ii. 463
poems, Order in which they should be read . . . . . ii. 460
poems of The Age . . . . ii. 37
poems of Humanity . . . . ii. 212
poems, Origin and purpose of several of . . . . . i. 342
poems, Wisdom of, if reduced to prose . . . . . ii. 462
poetry . . . . . ii. 412
political pamphlets . . . . ii. 276
politics . . . . . i. 331
political poems *nil* after 1814 . ii. 38
portrait by Pickersgill . . . ii. 180
railway sonnets . . . . . ii. 336
religious comprehensiveness . ii. 462
religious poems . . . . . ii. 38
sonnets . . . . . ii. 461
talk about his boyhood . . ii. 385
"Waggoner" . . . . . ii. 387
want of vulgar intelligibility i. 311
"White Doe of Rylstone" . . i. 311
wishes about a memoir . . ii. 397
"Yew Trees" . . . . . i. 309
University honors . . . ii. 268
Wordsworth, Mrs. i. 308, 311; ii. 95, 218, 322, 366, 384, 385, 390, 397, 401, 405, 416, 435, 436 437
Continental journal of . . . i. 493
Death of . . . . . ii. 468
——Miss i. 145, 192, 309, 432; ii. 31, 64, 117, 185, 190, 217, 319, 385
——Dora . . . i. 193; ii. 163, 218
——Dr. C. . i. 458; ii. 230, 397, 401
——Jane . . . . . ii. 436, 437
——John . . . . . ii. 451

Wordsworth, William . . ii. 486, 488
—— W., the third . . . ii. 475
Worldly texts . . . . . ii. 67
Worship, Mr. . . . . ii. 66
Worsley, P. . ii. 475, 476, 477, 484, 493
Would persecution be right if effectual? . . . . . ii. 232
Wraxall, Sir N. W. . . . . i. 323
Wren, Mr. . . . . ii. 491
Wright . . . . . ii. 445
—— Walter . . i. 18, 19, 21, 230
Written and extempore discourses ii. 362
Wrong judgment from mere words ii 439
Würzburg, Visit to . . . . i. 129
Wynn, Mr. . . . . i. 407; ii. 43
Wyon . . . . . ii. 355, 410
Wyse and O'Connell . . . ii. 57
Wyvill . . . . . i. 26

Yarmouth Church . . . . ii. 67
Yates, James . . . . ii. 358, 423
Yonge . . . . . i. 386
York, Archbishop of . . . . ii. 80
Young, Dr. . . . . ii. 95
—— Charles i. 25, 240, 244, 323, 384; ii. 105, 197, 318
and Kemble . . . . . i. 240
in "The Stranger" . . . i. 304
—— George . . ii. 183, 187, 263, 402
Young's, Dinner at . . . . i. 276

Zelter . . . . ii. 110, 199, 295, 480
Zenobio . . . . . ii. 101

THE END



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09932 548 0